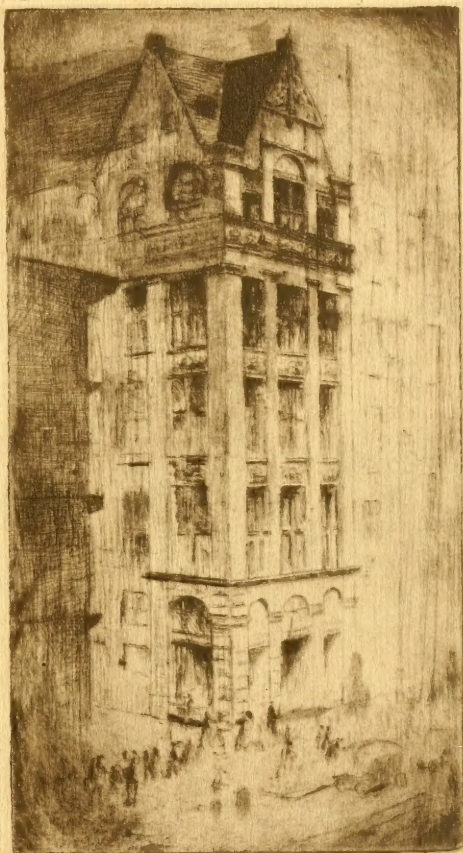
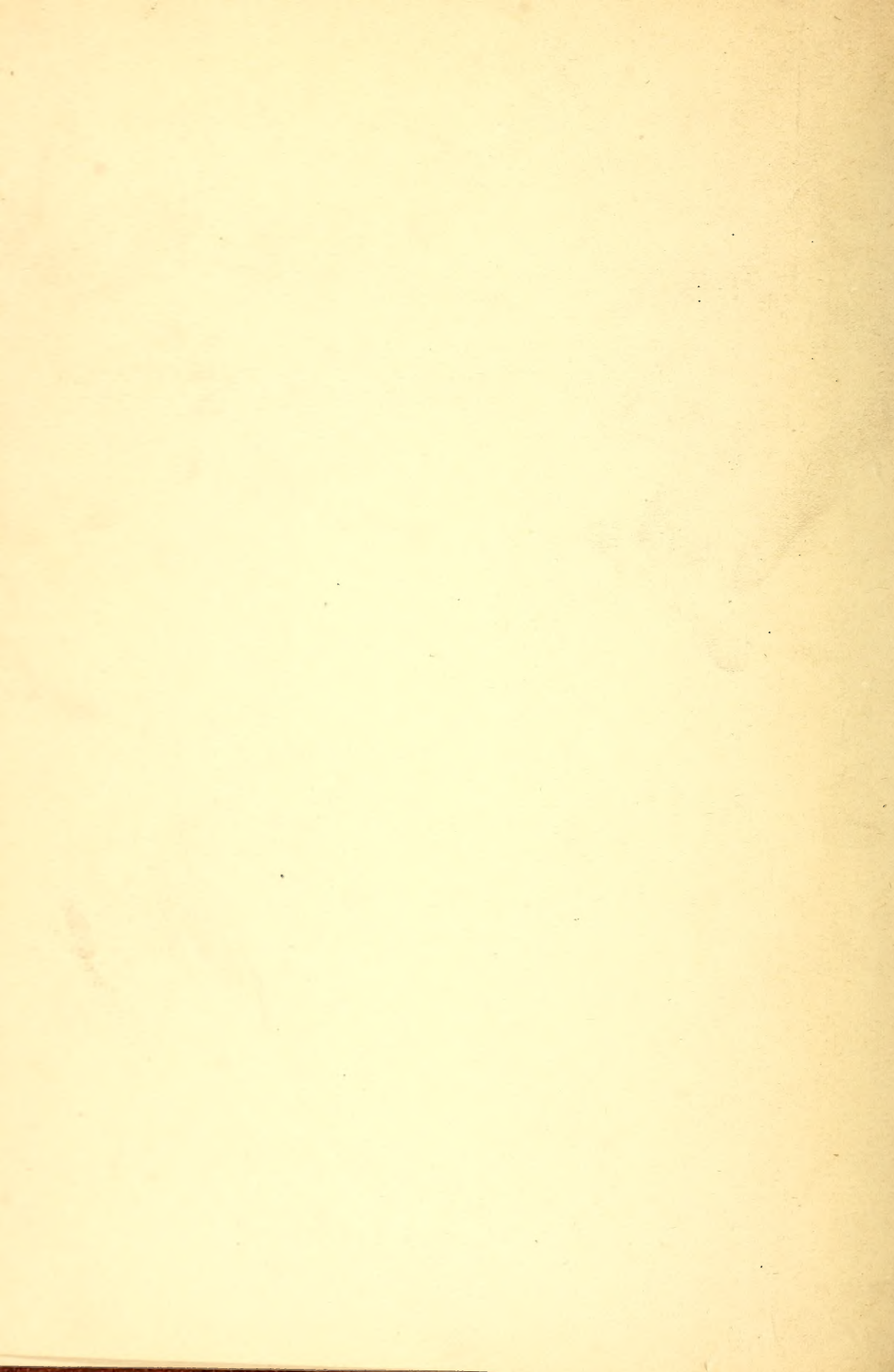
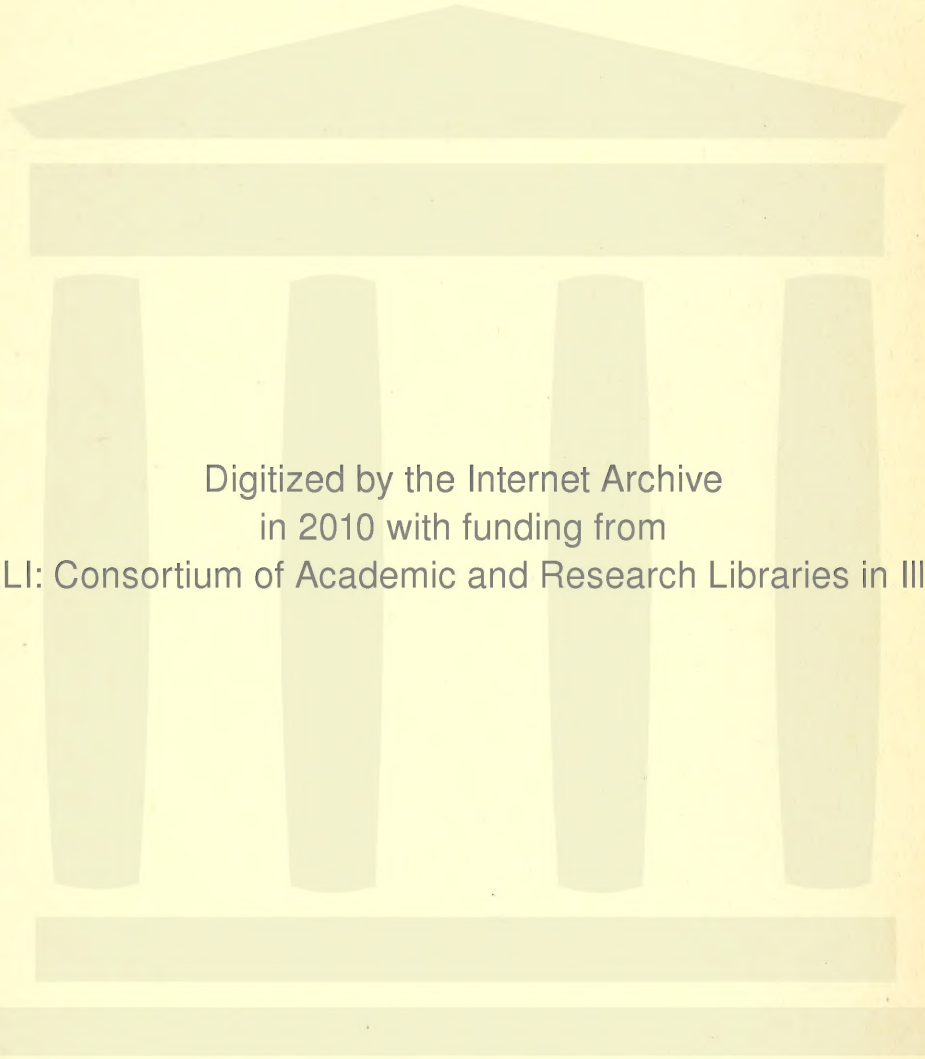


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PRESS CLUB
CHICAGO





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Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, October 14, 1911

Number 1

THE BULLETIN

What it is, why it is, and what it aims to be; its plan and its purpose, and the things it hopes to do

The PRESS CLUB BULLETIN, Volume 1, Number 1, is the realization of a long-cherished dream.

It is a part of a plan that aims at two things in Club administration: Reduction of expense and increase of efficiency.

Its chief purpose is to bring the Press Club member into closer acquaintance with his Club and with his fellow member—to make the member who frequently comes here glad he comes and to make the member who comes infrequently realize how much he misses.

This is Chicago's best club. The BULLETIN is to be its newspaper—its herald of coming events and its record of things accomplished.

The BULLETIN will print announcements of coming meetings, dinners and entertainments in the Club. And it will print a brief story of these affairs after they have happened.

The BULLETIN will acquaint the Club with the official acts of its officers, as a part of a policy which believes that the member is entitled to the fullness of such information.

The BULLETIN will be a standing directory of the committees of the Club, so that the member may take up at any time with any committee pertinent suggestions or complaints.

The BULLETIN will be made of practical value to writers by the announcement of op-

portunities that are open to members of the craft.

The BULLETIN will print brief communications from members away from home that will keep them in the minds and hearts of their fellows.

The BULLETIN will publish announcements of books by Press Club authors, aiding author, publisher, membership and public by this means.

The BULLETIN will announce new books presented to the Press Club library and new publications regularly received.

The BULLETIN will announce the names of those to whom visitors' cards have been issued. (Perhaps some one you would like to see is in the Club right now.)

The BULLETIN will announce amendments proposed by any member so that they may have the fullest consideration of members.

The BULLETIN will publish personal news concerning members—the places they go, the honors they win, the things they do, thereby promoting acquaintanceship and fellowship.

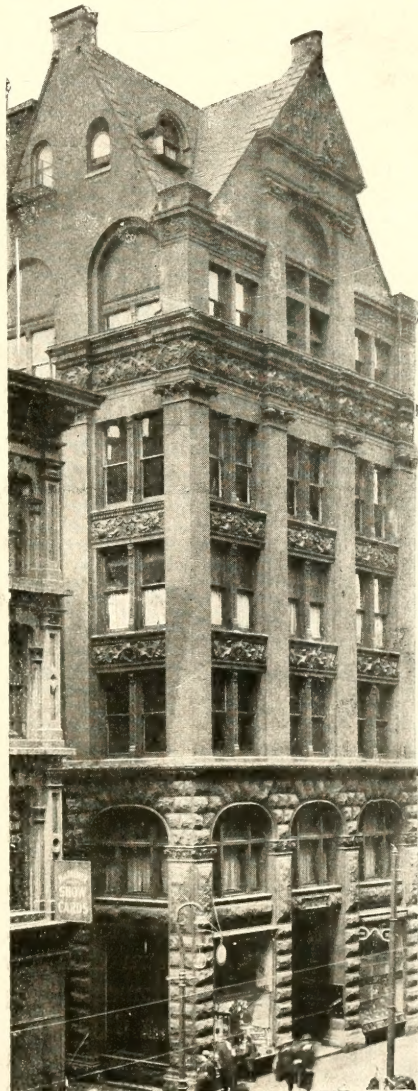
The BULLETIN will be a tremendous force in interesting the prospective member.

The BULLETIN will do all this and much more—with your help.

The directors of the Press Club believe the BULLETIN will do great things for the Club. It means a lot of work.

The member is asked for but one thing—his subscription.

Will you immediately upon receipt of this copy—don't wait and forget—mail your subscription to the Club?



Home of the Press Club of Chicago

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors and the

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Otto Kney, Chairman
James L. Regan C. S. Peterson Roy O. Randall
C. E. Gould Mason Warner

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First Vice-President.....E. J. Baker
Second Vice-President.....William Emmet Moore
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Financial Secretary.....Theodore Van R. Ashcroft
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Harry B. Bogg William Frederick Nutt
Edgar Hall John A. Brown
WAYS AND MEANS
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COMING EVENTS

Wednesday noon, October 18—William E. Curtis memorial meeting.

Saturday evening, October 21—Bolling Arthur Johnson.

Saturday evening, October 28—Hallowe'en dinner and dance.

Saturday noon, November 25—Alfred Tennyson Dickens.

Monday noon, November 27—Senator Joseph L. Bristow.

THE CURTIS MEMORIAL

Wednesday noon, October 18, the Press Club will pay tribute to its former president and member

Wednesday noon, October 18, at 12:45 o'clock, a memorial meeting of the Press Club will be held to pay honor to the memory of the late William E. Curtis, former president, who died October 5.

Among those who are expected to speak at the memorial are ex-President William M. Knox, ex-President Henry Barrett Chamberlain, managing editor of the Record-Herald; Victor F. Lawson, publisher of the Daily News, and H. H. Kohlsaadt, publisher of the Record-Herald. Samuel Ellsworth Kiser, of the Record-Herald, will read a poem written for the occasion. Other members will be heard in brief tributes.

The music will be furnished by a quartet from the faculty of the Chicago Conservatory.

WILLIAM E. CURTIS

Fourth President of the Press Club of Chicago passes away and the profession loses a great man

Monday, October 6, the readers of the Chicago Record-Herald were shocked to see framed in black the face of William Eleroy Curtis and to read the announcement of his death at Philadelphia on the day preceding. For almost twenty-five years his name had appeared on the front page of that paper and its predecessor, the Chicago Record. For a short time Mr. Curtis acted as the Washington correspondent of his paper but he soon discovered his true field and for a generation he has travelled all over the world writing of the countries visited. His ability to see everything of interest, to glean the essential historical facts of each locality and to depict all in terse, graphic English gave him first place in the ranks of travel writers. One can but wonder at the literary quality of his work when recalling the conditions under which it was performed. A generation of men and women looked for his letters daily and read them eagerly.

In the death of William Eleroy Curtis, the Press Club of Chicago mourns a co-worker probably more widely and certainly more intimately known than any newspaper writer in the world. It laments the passing of a member who in the early days of the Club was a constant power for good, a wise counsellor and an energetic official.

He was the fourth president of the Press Club, elected in 1883. He was one of the early officials

who laid the foundation of the Press Club broad and deep. Associated with him was an illustrious group:

First Vice-President—John F. Ballantyne, Herald.
 Second Vice-President—N. A. Reed, Jr., News.
 Secretary—Robert B. Peattie, News.
 Financial Secretary—Edgar L. Wakeman, Correspondent Louisville Courier-Journal.
 Directors—Samuel V. Steele, Times; W. A. Taylor, Tribune; J. H. Ballard, Inter Ocean; O. H. Perry, Journal; John Ritchie, Associated Press.

William Eleroy Curtis was born in Akron, Ohio, November 5, 1850. He was a newspaper man all of his life. He completed his last assignment, the state of Minnesota, and was taking a brief rest when the call came.

Heaven grant to all of us the privilege of closing our life work with as clean copy as our brother left behind him. He was buried at Washington, D. C., and a roster of the names of those who stood with bowed heads at his grave would include representatives of every English written metropolitan newspaper on the globe.

WANDERING SHEEP

When away, drop a card letting us know where you are and how you are and how you like the town

ROLAND PARK, Md.—I hope I may get into the dump and observe your features some of these fall and winter times. I have missed the bunch sorely.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—

Let others rave o'er *What to Eat*,
 But, if they will abet it,
 A magazine would be more meet
 Entitled "How to Get It."

RUTLEDGE RUTHERFORD.

GEORGE FITCH A GUEST

Author of the Siwash College stories comes to the Press Club by motor-boat from Peoria for lunch

Thursday noon, October 12, the Press Club gave a luncheon in honor of George Fitch, of Siwash College fame. Mr. Fitch came from his home in Peoria, Ill., by motor-boat for this occasion via the Illinois river, Illinois and Michigan canal and drainage canal. He arrived too late to eat, because of tire trouble, but in time to address the Club. President Douglas Malloch presided. The other speakers were E. W. Miller, who escorted Mr. Fitch to the Club, and Willis J. Abbot. The attendance exceeded the ordinary capacity of the dining room.

J. U. H. vs. B. L. T.

Initial disappearance from the Tribune and initial appearance in the BULLETIN are explained

The BULLETIN is pleased to announce that it has profited by the misunderstanding between Bert Leston Taylor of the Line-O'-Type-or-Two and J. U. H. to the extent of securing a part of the latter's time and talents. To do this, the BULLETIN has had to agree to pay J. U. H. just double the former salary paid him by the Tribune. Remember that J. U. H. now writes inclusively for the BULLETIN. The understanding is that his stuff goes first to Taylor and, if it is not printed in three days, the BULLETIN gets it.

The trouble started at Joliet, where so many troubles end. J. U. H. lectured there. When he reached the depot there was so much confusion, so many bands, such an army of reporters, that he handed the representative of the News the wrong interview, the one which states that he is editor of the Line-O'-Type. The one which he meant to give out was the one claiming to have written Clayhanger, The Heavenly Twins and Schedule K. He never uses the Line-O'-Type interview east of the Missouri River or west of the Hudson.

You all know what happened. The News printed the interview furnished. J. U. H., realizing that the jig was up, wired us: "What salary to go on staff of BULLETIN?" We replied: "Double salary Taylor pays you. 5 Collect." And we got him—Bokoo Scoop!

VISITORS' CARDS

J. Hampton Baumgartner, Baltimore, Md., guest of Douglas Malloch.

Edward Beekley, Walucka, Ill., guest of R. F. Frazer.

Fred Cran, Australia, guest of G. Cooke Adams.

S. D. Coit, Chicago, Ill., guest of W. L. Richardson.

Oscar L. Gagg, Philadelphia, Pa., guest of R. J. Campbell.

Maj. Henry Hayne, Newton Center, Iowa, guest of A. J. Mowat.

James K. Hackett, New York, guest of John A. Weber.

George Gilman, Rochester, N. Y., guest of Geo. C. Adams.

E. J. Kenny, New York, guest of Theo. Van R. Ashcroft.

M. Meehan, Quincy, Ill., guest of R. E. Walker.

W. L. Pierce, Chicago, guest of B. A. Ulrich.

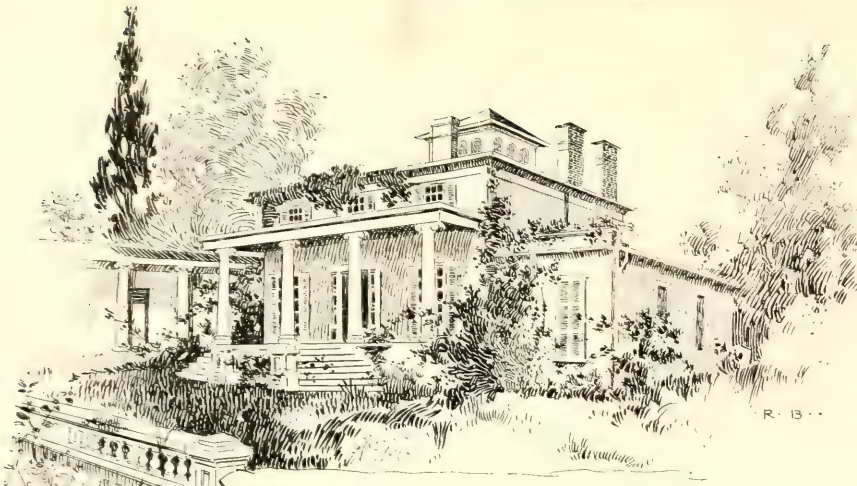
F. O. Patridge, Chicago, guest of B. A. Pratt.

Louis Sondheim, Portland, Ore., guest of Otto Kaey.

D. E. A. Valentine, Cleveland, Ohio, guest of Mark Hayne.

R. A. Wirfs, St. Louis, Mo., guest of E. H. Fox.

Some day you'll be sorry you didn't save a file of the BULLETIN from the very first number.



"STORIES OF THE OLD SOUTH AND THE NEW"

Bolling Arthur Johnson's splendid illustrated entertainment to be given at the Press Club Saturday evening, October 21

Saturday evening, October 21, at 8:15 o'clock sharp. Bolling Arthur Johnson will present for the third time at the Press Club his splendid illustrated entertainment, "Stories of the Old South and the New." Since its original presentation at the Press Club, Mr. Johnson has twice been asked to repeat the evening, so great has been the pleasure afforded the members on each such occasion.

The program is a noble assembling of the literature, art and music of the South and is inspiring in theme and treatment. The people, the romance, the chivalry and the beauty of the South are presented in picture, song and story. It is a weaving together of the best productions of the best minds of the South, adequately illustrated and ably interpreted.

John D. Cress will be in charge of the stereopticon projections. The special committee for the evening will consist of Fred Pelham, David B. Clarkson, R. A. Halley and John Glass.



Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, October 21, 1911

Number 2

AS TO THE MEANS

The unanimous support of the members of the Press Club is necessary if the BULLETIN is to be

The officers and directors of the Press Club believe the BULLETIN will do great things for the Club. It means a lot of work.

The member is asked for but one thing—his subscription. Those who receive the BULLETIN must be actual paid subscribers.

Hardly an issue but will be worth more than a year's subscription to the member—but will directly or indirectly bring him more than fifty cents' worth of enjoyment.

Will you immediately upon receipt of this copy—don't wait and forget—mail your subscription to the Club?

CORRESPONDENTS COMING

Press Club will be host of the party of distinguished newspaper men who accompany President

The freedom and facilities of the Press Club have been extended to the newspaper men who are with President Taft on his transcontinental tour. They will arrive in Chicago Friday, October 27, and remain until Monday, October 30, and, while they will be kept mighty busy informing the world of the doings of the chief executive, it is hoped they will find a little time for diversion.

The correspondents, who include in their number some of the best known newspaper men in the country, occupy a special car in the presidential train and have a comparatively easy time of it. All they have to do is to do all that the President does each day, and then write a few thousand-word story about it. In addition "Bobby" Small has his pet camera along and is taking some shots of the tour for the illustrated magazines. Gus J. Krager is the publicity man of the party. The veteran is George G. Hill, of the New York Tribune, while one of the youngest is Sevellon Brown, of the New York Sun. John B. Pratt has been named "Rummy," not in honor of the game now devastating the Press Club of Chicago but as a nickname for his other nickname, "Judge Rumhauser." Royal Kent Fuller, of the New York Herald, is the funniest man in the party and R. O. Scallan the biggest. Two

other members of the delegation are H. F. Taff, manager of the Washington office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and the representative of the Boston & Albany railroad, C. E. Colony, "C. E." being short for Christian Endeavor.

FRANK CROXTON QUARTET

We are going to use these two lines to thank Manager Fred Pelham for that superfine attraction

As the playful south wind ripples and ruffles the sea, as the mountain stream frolics and cascades down the hillside, as the joyous bird carols a welcome to the morning sun—so, after that manner—gaily, heartily, most cheerily—did the Frank Croxton Quartet, of New York, shower its golden vocal melody o'er members of the Press Club and their guests Saturday evening, October 14.

The Press Club spirit kindled and glowed; the audience gave inspiring appreciation to every member, and the artists responded gloriously. Solos, duets, trios, quartets—ranging from the tragic trio of Faust to the humorous harmony of The Peddlers' Catch—gave variety to the program and opportunity to the singers for individual triumphs.

This noteworthy organization consists of Mme. Agnes Kimball, soprano; Mme. Nevada Van Der Veer, contralto; Mr. Reed Miller, tenor, and Mr. Frank Croxton, basso. Mr. Edgar A. Nelson, on very brief notice, was at the piano, and did difficult work masterfully well.

TO HONOR DICKENS

The eldest son of the great novelist will be the guest of the Press Club at luncheon in November

Coincident with the approach of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens, the Press Club will tender a luncheon Thursday noon, November 16, to his eldest son, Alfred Tennyson Dickens, who is now on a visit to this country.

November 28 Mr. Dickens will lecture at Orchestra Hall under the auspices of the Chicago Woman's Outdoor Art League, and will speak of his famous father. The occasion will be one of absorbing interest, not only to the literary men of Chicago, but to the whole reading public.

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COMING EVENTS

Tuesday noon, Oct. 24—Democratic nominees for the Superior Court.
Friday noon, Oct. 27—Frederick Warde.
Saturday night, Oct. 28—Hallowe'en dinner and dance.
Saturday night, Nov. 4—Fellowship dinner.
Tuesday night, Nov. 14—Warden Sanders.
Thursday noon, Nov. 16—Alfred Tennyson Dickens.
Monday noon, Nov. 27—Senator Joseph L. Bristow.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES

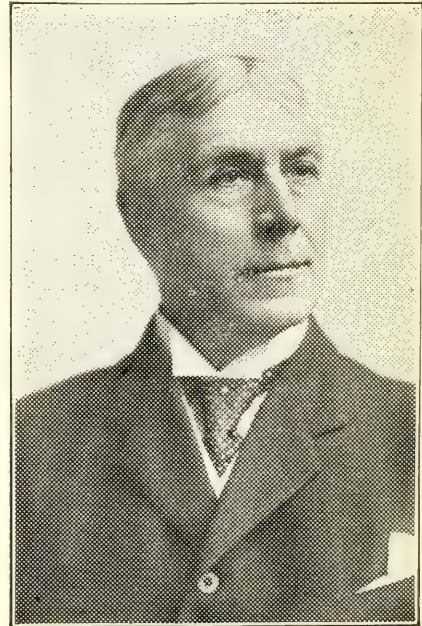
Tuesday noon, Oct. 24, the Democratic nominees for judge of the Superior Court will lunch at the Press Club. Ransom E. Walker will represent the Club.

Thursday noon, Oct. 19, the Club was similarly host to the Republican nominees.

FREDERICK WARDE

Eminent actor will be the guest of the Press Club at luncheon Friday noon, October 27, and address us

Frederick Warde, the eminent tragedian, will be the guest of honor at a luncheon at the Press



Frederick Warde

Club Friday noon, October 27, and will be heard in some of those interesting and entertaining reminiscences of the stage and of American life for which he is famous. The Press Club will thus have opportunity to meet and greet and hear at close range a delightful gentleman and a great actor who has long lent lustre to the American stage.

Opie Read will introduce Mr. Warde. The com-

mittee for the day consists of Fred Pelham, John McGovern and Harry Irving Greene.

All seats will be reserved, and they are now on sale at the club office. They may be ordered by 'phone, messenger, mail or in person, and should be obtained early, as the sale will be necessarily limited to the capacity of the dining room. To avoid disappointment members should reserve their seats immediately upon reading this notice. The tickets will be 60 cents.

Luncheon will be served promptly at 12:15 o'clock.

HALLOWE'EN PRANKS

Saturday night, October 28, the Press Club gives a dinner and dance with appropriate accompaniments

Hallowe'en, the season of pranks and pastimes, will be celebrated with a dinner and dance at the Press Club Saturday night, October 28. The dinner will be served at 7 o'clock and will afford opportunity for any Hallowe'en experiments by which the members, their ladies and their guests may wish to ascertain the likeness of future lovers according to the most approved Hallowe'en methods.

This is the first of the fall dances, and all those who have ever attended a Press Club dance, and all those who have never attended a Press Club dance, are expected to be present, so there ought to be a jolly crowd.

There will be special decorations for both dinner and dance. The dancing will begin at 9 o'clock. Tickets, including both dinner and dance, are now on sale at the club office. The price is \$1 each.

The committee for the evening will be Rutledge Rutherford, Charles E. Glessner and E. H. Norris.

IS YOUR ADDRESS RIGHT?

Compare the address on the envelope carrying this issue of the BULLETIN with the number as given under the new numbering system. If any correction is desired, notify the Financial Secretary.

R. A. Halley, E. A. Taft, Morton Hiscox and Andrew T. Murphy have been appointed a special committee of the Press Club to look after the welfare of members of the mining press coming to the American Mining Congress in Chicago October 24 and 28. An invitation extending the courtesies of the Club has been sent to each of the men coming to cover the Congress.

OCTOBER MEETING

Membership augmented by admission of eight life members, nine active members and one non-resident

The regular monthly meeting of the Press Club of Chicago was held Saturday afternoon, with President Malloch in the chair and the following members present:

Malloch, Fox, Hyman, Butler, Sternfeld, Bennett, White, E. S., Ashcroft, Dunham, Lederer, Ormes, Barnes, Henderson, Knox, Louis, Baker, E. J., Sergel, Walker, R. E., Humphrey, Carr, McGovern, Kline, Pritchard, Chas., Lydston, Merrill, Cone, Pelham, Cho Yo, McIntyre, Walker, W. S., Brewer, O'Neill, Purchase, Van Gilder, Abbott, Visscher, Comerford, Green, H. S., Kney.

The reports of the Board of Directors, the President and the Financial Secretary were read and approved. The Board reported that it had held three regular and four special meetings since the September meeting and authorized warrants amounting to \$6,599.16. The Financial Secretary reported the total membership to be 1,220. The President reported that the Club's assets over liabilities, October 1, were \$141,970.37, an increase of \$1,568.19 over September 1.

Samuel Sternfeld presented the report of the committee on constitution, recommending that the proposed amendment discontinuing suspension from membership for non-payment be not adopted. On motion of Mr. McGovern, this was made the sense of the meeting.

Mr. Sternfeld offered an amendment that the hours of the annual election be changed from 4 to 8 p. m., as at present, to from 12 to 7 p. m. Under the constitution, action was deferred until the November meeting.

On motion of Mr. McGovern, the thanks of the Club were extended for the bust of W. S. Walker recently presented.

The following were elected to membership:

LIFE MEMBERSHIP

| | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| Maurice J. Dorney | Martin B. Madden |
| David G. Joyce | Horace E. Horton |
| Frederick H. Hess | La Verne Noyes |
| Don Curtis Blanchard | Francis E. Baker |

ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP

| Name | Sponsor |
|---|-------------------|
| Sydney A. Hale, Traffic World..... | H. Dumont |
| Alfred Hiles Bergen, composer and publisher.. | Opie Read |
| Frank McElwain, Dry Goods Reporter... | Guy Blanchard |
| Elmer C. Hole, American Lumberman.. | Douglas Malloch |
| George T. Odell, Record-Herald..... | W. E. Moore |
| Benedict Papot, author..... | Charles H. Sergel |
| Clayton C. Picket, Industrial Age and | |
| A. F. L. Record..... | Wm. R. Bullion |
| John E. Williams, American Lumberman | |
| | Douglas Malloch |
| William Fuller, M. D., author..... | G. G. Bernhard |

NON-RESIDENT MEMBERSHIP

| |
|---|
| R. D. Aldrich, Sterling Gazette, Sterling, Ill. |
| Wesley A. Stanger |

A LINE-O'-PIPE OR TWO

FOREWORD

We have no cat,
We have no goat,
Nor any such symbolic bluff.
Get in the race,
Fill up the space—
We need an awful lot of stuff.

And we will probably get it.

OUR PLATFORM

The only tests that we shall make of matter submitted for insertion in the PIPE are:

Did it makes US laugh?

Had WE ever heard it before?

Of course, we will occasionally print something YOU have heard before. WHAT OF IT? There is only one joy greater in life than to hear a new joke, and that is the pleasure of growling "Chestnut" when we are handed an old one.

Our Motto: SMOKE UP!

D. M.—No. Tag Day is *not* of Scotch origin. It is done without instruments.

NOTA BENE!

We want suggestions for improving the Pipe.

But we draw the line at suicide.

What do we pay for suggestions?

NOTA BEAN!

Oh, well. The Pipe may give you a Puff occasionally.

SPECIAL—IMPORTANT

We will NOT have any ball players, pugilists, actresses or members of the no-ability write for the Pipe. We will not even print what they sign.

B. L. T.—We will gladly exchange with you. 6 to 1 looks to us about the right odds.

Our Own Sporting Dictionary

Clever Work—Blocking a base-runner when the Ump is not looking.

Dirty Ball—When the other fellow does it.

EXTRA!!!

The only way contributors can prevent our printing our own stuff is to send in some of their's.

P. S.—Pretty soft.

J. U. H.

Boosts for the Bulletin

I want 'em all.—W. A. RITCHIE.

The best idea yet. Bully!—R. A. HALLEY.

This J. U. H. stuff captures me.—W. F. YOUNG.

Every success to the venture.—ROBERT BREWSTER.

Fine idea. Give me an assignment if you need copy and nobody else will write it.—PAUL WOODRUFF.

It is a splendid idea and a move in the right direction to bring the members closer together.—GEORGE L. COX.

It is a splendid idea. I am sure it will make for a greater, truer and better Press Club.—FRANK COMERFORD.

Congratulations. All good luck. Was among several to suggest a Bulletin several years ago.—CHARLES FRENCH.

THE CURTIS MEMORIAL

Associates of early days pay tribute to memory of one of America's best known and loved journalists

A memorial meeting in honor of William E. Curtis was held in the parlors of the Press Club at 12:45 p. m., Wednesday, October 18. President Douglas Malloch presided at the meeting, which was largely attended. Frederick Ward was secretary.

Following an introductory address by President Malloch, a quartet composed of Mrs. Clara Stenger Gamble, Mrs. Gertrude Grosscup-Perkins, Allen Weary and Alfred Hiles Bergen, of the Chicago Conservatory faculty, sang "Lead, Kindly Light." Addresses then were made by William M. Knox, S. E. Kiser, of the Record-Herald; Henry Barrett Chamberlin, managing editor of the Record-Herald; William Penn Nixon and John McGovern. The quartet sang "Homeland," after which Col. William Lightfoot Visscher presented the following resolutions:

Whereas, William E. Curtis, president of the Press Club of Chicago in 1883 and until the end a true and faithful member of this organization, a diligent and successful newspaper man and writer of renown, a gentleman of high integrity, dignity and culture, a patriotic citizen and an affectionate and provident husband and father, a friend that could be relied upon in storm and sunshine, has been called to the unknowable but hopeful Beyond; therefore, be it

Resolved by the Press Club of Chicago, that in the passing away of William E. Curtis this Club has sustained a great and saddening loss in all the ways by which it has thus been bereft of this man's exalted traits of character and helpfulness. Be it further

Resolved, That during all the time of his membership in this Club William E. Curtis' career reflected upon the organization his share of that distinction which is its highest aim in manhood, fraternity and progress, sought from all its membership. Be it further

Resolved, That this Club herewith extends to the bereaved family of William E. Curtis its deep sympathy and condolences.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously by a rising vote.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Gen. Ed. Kittleston, of Rock Island, Ill., non-resident member, was greeting old friends at the Club this week.

Alfred Hiles Bergen, the baritone, gave a recital of his own and other American compositions at the Whitney Opera House Sunday afternoon, October 15. He sang, among others, "Kisses in the Rain," one of his songs that scored a hit at the inaugural dinner.

George F. Butler is to address the Illinois State Conference of Charities and Corrections at Champaign, Sunday, October 22.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, October 28, 1911

Number 3

BUST OF W. S. WALKER

Graven image of an old member presented to the Press Club of Chicago and is now in library

A bust of W. S. Walker, by Baldini, has been added to the art treasures of the Press Club, and has been given a place of honor in the Club library. Mr. Walker is one of the old members of the Club, and was for many years an active newspaper man in Chicago. He has retained his membership in the Club for many years since his active participation in newspaper work. Mr. Walker was city editor of the Chicago Times when that journal was at its zenith.

R. RUTHERFORD EXPOSED

The pure food editor may know what to eat down east but he never does at home; here are the facts

As much as we hate to do it, our duty to our readers forces us to spread before them a few facts about Rutledge Rutherford, one of our subscribers who has been traveling in the East in the interest of the National Pure Food Magazine, of which he is editor.

We had no objection to his working all the hotels on his line of march for a second helping of white meat; we did not care when he told Bostonians that beans had done more for Boston than Bacon ever did for Shakespeare; we stood it when he raved over chicken a la Maryland in Baltimore and scrapple in Philadelphia; but when he said that only four cities in the U. S. A. have distinctive types of cooking we line right up behind the New York World to expose him.

This same Rutledge Rutherford, gentlemen, who has apotheosized the Boston Bean, who knows more about the composition of beer than Eddie Fox, more about refrigerating than 'Gene Skinkle, comes to the Press Club daily, seats himself at the Knockers' Table and does not know what to eat.

This advance agent of the alimentary canal gazes helplessly from one plate to the other of his surrounding comrades and says: "Gosh, fellows, what are you eatin'? Blamed if I know what to order."

If he is the first man in, he sits and mopes until some one comes along and suggests something. And this, Editors of the East, is the same

Rutledge Rutherford who has been crowding himself on to your front pages for the last month telling you what to eat.

GILLILAN OBJECTS

Author of "Off agin, on agin, gone agin, Finnegin" says the same thing keeps happening to his name

ROLAND PARK, MD.—I got your pink slip and the latter addressed to "Gillan." Who gave you the right to knock "L" out of me, and also remove one of my "I's" at the same time?

I know of only one fault in you, and that is the inability to spell my name. Never did anybody connected with the Press Club spell my name right. As soon as a good speller is elected to office in that Club he is attacked with aphasia, and forgets the orthography of my name. It's odd but true. And pity 'tis, and all the rest of it.

Very sincerely and fraternally,

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

CURTIS AS A CUB

Member of the Press Club who gave him first assignment tells how it came about and how it resulted

By request, George E. Plumbe, statistician of the Chicago Association of Commerce and a member of the Press Club, has written the following concerning the late William E. Curtis:

It was my good fortune to become acquainted very early in his newspaper career with William E. Curtis. Shortly after the fire Mr. Curtis, then a boy just out of college, came to my room in the office and handed me a card signed by Mr. Halford, managing editor, asking me if I could "set this young man at work." At that time, Mr. Scammon, who controlled the paper, was greatly interested in the tariff and was very fearful that Congress would reduce it upon the plea that, the war being over, we did not need so large a revenue. He had spoken to me to make somewhat of a feature in the *Inter-Ocean* of new manufacturing establishments in the West. As I looked at Mr. Curtis it occurred to me that possibly he might be able to do that work, and, after some conversation with him, he undertook that feature of the paper. It did not suit him, however, as he was anxious to use a pen rather than shears and, after a week or two, I got him transferred to the local staff. This position as reporter he filled admirably and he soon acquired a reputation that resulted in his being sent on an exploring expedition to the home of the James brothers, the Missouri bandits, who lived sixteen or eighteen miles from Kansas City, Mo. His articles written upon his return were full of exciting escapades and hair-breadth escapes. Later he was sent to Washington by the *Inter-Ocean* as its correspondent, being made secretary of the Senate Committee on District of Columbia Affairs by Senator Logan, who had recently been elected to the United States Senate. This gave Mr. Curtis his start, from which he made a most enviable record as a correspondent, while he wrote some books which are of permanent value to the country. GEO. E. PLUMBE.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

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FELLOWSHIP DINNER

Members of the Press Club of Chicago will greet new members of the organization and their sponsors

Saturday evening, November 4 (ladies' night), the Press Club of Chicago will hold a "Fellowship Dinner" in honor of the new members elected at the October meeting of the Club, and their ladies. This is the first of a series of dinners at which new members will be officially welcomed to the organization. It is expected that before the evening is over the new members will be received into full fellowship and will feel quite at home for all time in the Press Club.

A reception to the new members and their ladies, which will be in charge of the sponsors and their ladies, will be held in the Press Club library from 6 to 6:30 o'clock. It will be entirely informal in nature and to promote acquaintanceship its only purpose.

At 6:45 o'clock dinner will be served in the main dining room. This also will be informal and given up primarily to fellowship. The program will be furnished entirely by the new members. Among those who will address the Club will be Rev. Fr. Maurice J. Dorney and Congressman Martin B. Madden. Alfred Hiles Bergen, the baritone, will be heard during the evening in his own compositions. The program by the new members promises to be one of the most notable in a long time and to add new stars to the glittering constellation of "Press Club favorites."

It is announced that the dinner will be served at 75 cents a plate and that seats may now be secured at the office of the Club. The affair will be in charge of a special committee consisting of William R. Bullion, Guy Blanchard, H. Dumont, G. G. Bernhard and Wesley A. Stanger. The following are the new members in whose honor the dinner is given:

Maurice J. Dorney
David G. Joyce
Frederick H. Hess
Don Curtis Blanchard
Sydney A. Hale
Frank McElwain
George T. Odell
Clayton C. Picket
William Fuller

Martin B. Madden
Horace E. Horton
La Verne Noyes
Francis E. Baker
Alfred Hiles Bergen
Elmer C. Hole
Benedict Papot
John E. Williams
R. D. Aldrich

Eric Delamarter, dramatic and musical critic of the *Inter Ocean* and organist and choirmaster of the New England Congregational church, has been appointed conductor of the Musical Art Society of Chicago, following the resignation of Frederick A. Stock, conductor of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra.

Saturday, October 7, the school principals of district No. 5 of the City of Chicago held their monthly meeting in the Press Club library.

ARNOLD BENNETT COMING

Eminent English author who has just landed in this country has accepted invitation to the Press Club

Arnold Bennett, England's most discussed author of the present day, who recently landed in New York and will write his American impressions for Harper's Magazine, will be tendered a luncheon in the latter part of November at the Press Club. The writer of "Clayhanger" and "Old Wives' Tale," however, believes authors should be seen and not heard. He writes:

I am infinitely flattered by the invitation of the Press Club of Chicago to an informal luncheon, so kindly transmitted by you. If this means I shall not be expected to make a speech I shall be delighted to come. Under no circumstances do I speak in public. I only write. It is a poor thing, but it is what I do. Every American can speak. Almost no Englishman can; and I won't—until I take out American papers.

A NOTABLE PROGRAM

The Illinois Woman's Press Association has arranged an interesting evening for its November meeting

The November meeting of the Illinois Woman's Press Association will be held Thursday evening, November 2, in the library of the Press Club of Chicago. The following program will be in charge of Frances A. Woods, chairman:

Trio, op. 50.....Tschaikowsky
Mrs. Bruno Steindel, pianist; Mr. Bruno Steindel,
cellist; Mr. Hans Letz, violinist.
Mr. Douglas Malloch, President Press Club, Chicago—
Greetings.
Adagio from Concerto.....Bruch
Mr. Letz.
Mr. Ballard Dunn, President Civil Service Commission—
Address.
Hon. Peter Bartzan, County Commissioner—Civic Reform.
Variations.....
Mr. Steindel.
Mr. S. E. Kiser—Alternating Currents.
Trio, op. 101.....Schubert
Mrs. Steindel, Mr. Steindel, Mr. Letz.

PRESS CLUB DELEGATES

This organization was properly represented at two national conferences of recent date in this country

The following were appointed delegates to the recent National Conservation Congress at Kansas City, Mo., as representatives of the Press Club of Chicago: Bolling Arthur Johnson, chairman; Edgar H. Defebaugh, Wesley T. Christine and Benjamin F. Cobb.

The delegates appointed to represent the Press Club at the annual convention of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway Association at Chicago October 12-14 were: F. D. Abbott, chairman; E. S. Hanson, E. L. Thornton, Charles Mylert Carr, W. Arthur Gray.

These appointments were in line with the policy of taking part in great national non-political and non-sectarian movements for the public good.

OBITUARY

Dr. Alexander Hugh Ferguson, one of the leading practitioners of Chicago, died October 20, after a brief illness. His passing takes from life a genial soul, whose associations with his fellow man were always pleasant.

John R. Walsh, for many years a power in the Chicago publishing and financial field, died at his home in Chicago on October 23. He numbered among his true friends many of the most prominent business and professional men of the city.

The sudden death of William R. Payne at Gary on October 25 was a great shock to his many friends and associates in Chicago legal and fraternal circles. Mr. Payne was a 32nd degree Mason and a member of the Shrine. He was born in Indiana fifty-six years ago, the son of a minister. He was a deep student and known throughout the country as a lecturer on philosophical topics.

A BRILLIANT LECTURE

Bolling Arthur Johnson's illustrated "Stories of the Old South and the New" proves graphic portrayal

Saturday evening, October 21, Bolling Arthur Johnson gave, for the third time before a Press Club audience, his charming illustrated lecture, "Stories of the Old South and the New." Notwithstanding the rainstorm there was a well filled auditorium and the entertainment was even more pleasing than ever, and that is saying a great deal.

In preparing the pictures for this lecture it should be known that Mr. Johnson gave unusual care and spared no expense. He particularly had the pictures made upon the very scenes that they represent, and they were made by special artists for Mr. Johnson's exclusive use. For instance, where he presents the story of "Marse Chan," by Thomas Nelson Page, he had the pictures made in Virginia on the very scenes of "Marse Chan." For the Kentucky stories of James Lane Allen and William Lightfoot Visscher, the pictures were made on the beautiful country roads leading out of Lexington. In the stories concerning Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, by Will Allen Dromgoole, the photographs are from the picturesque scenery of East Tennessee. The entire series, in all their details, were planned and directed by Mr. Johnson in person.

New Books

BEN KING'S SOUTHLAND MELODIES, by Ben King; Forbes & Co., Chicago.
THE SHADOW MAN, by Donald Richberg; Forbes & Co., Chicago.
HUMAN CONFESSIONS, by Frank Crane; Forbes & Co., Chicago.
AT THE AGE OF EVE, by Kate Trimble Shanber; Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

A LINE-O'-PIPE OR TWO

Drop It

Our heart responds and our bosom thrills
 At the grasp of a friendly hand.
 But why we should suffer
 The fist of some duffer
 Or writhe in the grips
 Of a damp paw that drips
 Or suffer the squeeze
 Of an indigent cheese
 Or be set a-sweating
 By a hand like a herring
 Or try to be calm
 When a germ laden palm
 Holds us firm in its grasp
 With an unending clasp
 Is a thing that we can't understand.

Minor Troubles

Rain checks are all right fer de Boss, but wen a guy tells de main squeeze dat his granmudder has croked an gits off fer de funeral Monday an it ranes in de second innin and den he tells de ole man dat de funeral wus put over to Tuesday cos sum relations missed de trane and DEN dis geezer Kavanaw moves it up anudder day an ses yer rane checks is good—wots de use.

Georgie

(Philadelphia papers please copy.)

PRIZE CONTEST.

We are offering a Bleriot monoplane to the player in each League who has been in wrong with the grandstand and bleachers most frequently during the season. The winning (?) candidates to mount their machines at the Battery, New York city, and fly east. The judges are following well known newspaper men: George Fitch, Laura Jean Libbey and Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

INQUIRY DESK.

Several: He writes the best part of it.

Our First Correspondent

A. S. Chapman, who has taken the BULLETIN since its opening number, is our first duly accredited correspondent. His job is to put Gilman, Ill., on the map. His first letter is a dandy. To print it in full would dim our own spark. Besides, we have to fight for space like a woman at a bargain counter. He expresses sorrow that at his last visit the P. C. elevator had temporarily deserted the uplift. Come again, old Chap!

THE American Music Hall now guesses that it will open October 31. It has had more openings than a Swiss cheese.

THE benefits of trial by jury are being lessened by trial per-jury.

EDDIE FOY wants to play in an aluminum theatre. Aren't his houses light enough at present?

ARE our paragraphs too long? We haven't time to be brief.

WATCH our Smoke!

J. U. H.

PERSONAL NOTES

Franc R. E. Woodward has returned from two years in Europe and is again in our midst.

Victor Eubank is on a long automobile tour with the Garford cars to the Pacific Coast. He will carry a dust proof typewriter and a puncture proof imagination, and spring thrillers on the editors on the way. Vic will narrate incidents of the tour in the BULLETIN.

D. L. Hanson, a former Chicago resident, has moved to Petersham, Mass. That he has not lost all thought of Chicago is shown by the fact that he calls his farm "Ravenswood."

B. J. Beardsley has located at Roslyn Estates, Roslyn, Long Island, New York. He works in New York—and it must be a good job that tempts a Chicago man to Manhattan.

Director Horace M. Ford has returned from a three weeks' visit to California.

William R. Humphrey, industrial commissioner of the Association of Commerce, and Mrs. Humphrey have returned from a long vacation visit to Boston, Mass., and the Catskills of New York.

John C. Shaffer, publisher of the Evening Post, has been elected president of the Southern Club of Chicago.

J. Hampton Baumgartner, press representative of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, spent several days at the Press Club during the week. When the Press Club made its celebrated junket to Baltimore, Washington and New York Mr. Baumgartner assisted Mandel Sener in "receiving." Mr. Sener is now publicity representative for the city of Baltimore and Mr. Baumgartner succeeds him on the section.

VISITORS

Willis J. Abbott, Washington, D. C., guest of E. W. Miller.

W. A. Baylis, Waupun, Wis., guest of James G. Prosser

Frank Croxton, New York, guest of Fred Pelham.

George Fitch, Peoria, Ill., guest of Douglas Malloch.

Alfred D. Green, Peoria, Ill., guest of Douglas Malloch.

L. Heppe, Germany, guest of P. H. Hansen.

W. B. Keller, Jr., New York, guest of Edward H. Fox.

Victor McKinstey, North Adams, Mass., guest of R. O. Randall.

Reed Miller, New York, guest of Fred Pelham.

W. W. Parry, Toronto, Ont., guest of Joseph Wright.

Frank Pixley, Europe, guest of Charles H. Sergel.

John Shields, Ottawa, Ill., guest of Douglas Malloch.

Theo. L. Stern, New York, guest of John L. Weber.

Frederick Warde, New York, guest of Fred Pelham.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, November 4, 1911

Number 4

AMONG THE PRESS CLUBS

EVANSVILLE, IND.—The Evansville, Ind., Press Club, is preparing to stage a burlesque on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for procuring funds to enlarge the club and add to its treasury. It has an active membership of 85. Its river excursion last summer brought out the elite of Evansville.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The annual entertainment of the Milwaukee Press Club will be given Thursday evening, November 16, at the Davidson theatre, on which occasion Henry B. Harris will present the famous comedy, "The Country Boy."

TRADE PRESS MEN MEET

October meeting of the Chicago Trade Press Association was very largely attended and interesting

The October meeting of the Chicago Trade Press Association was held Monday evening, October 30, at the Press Club with Vice-President J. F. Nickerson in the chair. The attendance was exceptionally large. B. F. Lippold delivered an able address on the necessity of the publisher having exact knowledge of the value of his publication to the advertiser, and suggested how that knowledge might be obtained. Douglas Malloch responded to the toast "The Trade Press Man" in characteristic way. There were also interesting impromptu addresses by John R. Purchase, G. G. Place, John Willy, W. J. McDonough, William Mida, R. R. Shuman and others. The following trade press men were present:

W. S. Parker, National Builder.
Morton Hiseox, Retail Coalman.
W. J. McDonough, Dry Goods Reporter.
O. F. Byxbee, Inland Storekeeper.
A. R. Matheny, Inland Storekeeper.
C. E. Wright, Iron Age Hardware.
William Mida, Mida's Criterion.
G. H. Lamberton, Merchants' Record and Show Window.

Thomas A. Bird, Merchant's Record Company.
R. E. Wood, American Food Journal.
Arthur L. Rice, Practical Engineer.
Tracy D. Luccock, American Lumberman.
Paul Staehlin, American Lumberman.
Albert B. Cone, American Lumberman.
F. W. Maas, Advertising & Selling.
J. N. Nind, Jr., Furniture Manufacturer & Artisan.
Fred D. Porter, Building Management.
C. A. Miller, Jr., National Builder.
F. W. Peterson, Fuel Publishing Company.
John R. Purchase, National Laundry Journal.
G. G. Place, Trained Nurse & Hospital Review.
J. C. Strong, National Hay & Grain Reporter.
John Willy, Hotel Monthly.

F. M. Jackson, American Contractor.
E. H. Baumgartner, Construction News.
T. O. Thompson, Confectioner & Baker.
C. A. Patterson, Building Management.
F. M. Bailey, Building Age.
C. S. Barnes, Rock Products.
B. F. Lippold, Rock Products.
Douglas Malloch, American Lumberman.
J. F. Nickerson, Ice & Refrigeration.

FINANCES FUTURITY FUND

Chicago publisher in a patriotic movement to increase the cotton yield per acre in the South

David B. Clarkson, a member of the Press and Publishers' Clubs, has made possible a series of experiments for the breeding of cotton in his native state, Texas. Mr. Clarkson has provided a sum of \$1,000 each year for five years, the money to be spent in the cross-breeding of cotton plants, with a view to developing a plant which will excel known varieties in yield and staple. The experiments are to be conducted by the Texas experiment station of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of the state.

In arranging for the fund Mr. Clarkson had in mind improving the cotton plant so that the cotton raisers of Texas would get increased efficiency from their acres, as well as raising the standard of the crop.

It is expected that the example set by Mr. Clarkson will be followed by various commercial interests which would profit by the more scientific cultivation of cotton in the state of Texas.

Mr. Clarkson leaves Saturday evening, November 4, for Texas on a week's trip in connection with the philanthropic project.

Open House for the Congressmen

Congress will convene in December and the western Congressmen have been invited to visit the Press Club when passing through Chicago. The last week in November and the first week in December will be known each as "Congressional Week." The Congressmen will be informally entertained under the direction of a special committee, of which Ransom E. Walker is chairman.

Will the reader who sent an anonymous letter to the BULLETIN signed "Observer" kindly send the BULLETIN his name?

MEMORIAL TO BE HELD

Press Club will pay tribute to its recently departed members at meeting Saturday noon, Nov. 11

A memorial meeting to the memory of three members of the Press Club of Chicago recently deceased will be held in the Press Club library at 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon, November 11. There will be brief and informal tributes by the members who are present and who knew the deceased well in life.

The departed members to be thus remembered are the late Alexander Hugh Ferguson, who died October 20; John R. Walsh, who passed away October 23, and William R. Payne, who was suddenly stricken October 25.

NOVEMBER CLUB MEETING

The next regular meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held in the Club library Saturday, November 11, at 1:30 p. m.

A feature of the meeting will be consideration of the amendment to the Constitution changing the hours of the annual election, as posted on the bulletin board, and reported in the BULLETIN.

The following candidates for membership will be voted upon:

ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP.

| Name. | Sponsor. |
|---|-----------------------|
| Hyman Coehn, writer..... | E. R. Pritchard |
| Frank Crane, writer..... | George Weymouth |
| Percy Douglas, Marquis of Queensberry, Tribune..... | Douglas Malloch |
| Frank Emerich, writer..... | Edward C. Moore |
| O. C. Finney, Currier Pub. Co. | Fred Dunham |
| W. G. Harding, Record-Herald.. | Theo. Van R. Ashcroft |
| W. H. Head, writer..... | Ransom E. Walker |
| F. S. Howe, writer..... | Douglas Malloch |
| E. F. Kemp, former member.. | E. H. Fox |
| Ed. L. Kolakowski, Polish National Daily..... | John M. Tananoviez |
| Andrew Dick Luckman, sport- ing writer..... | Douglas Malloch |
| Chr. Malatka, contributor to musical magazines..... | Edward C. Moore |
| D. A. Meany, correspondent New York papers..... | Douglas Malloch |
| Walter Palens, artist..... | Douglas Malloch |
| H. F. Pomeroy, Hill Pub. Co. | Douglas Malloch |
| Fred A. Record, commercial editor Tribune..... | Wm. E. Wray |
| John A. Robinson, writer..... | William Fuller |
| J. Carver Strong, mgr. National Hay and Grain Reporter.... | John E. Bacon |
| R. M. Vandivert, former news- paper man..... | Arthur E. Ormes |
| Jaroslav J. Zmrhal, writer..... | G. Charles Griffiths |

NON-RESIDENT MEMBERSHIP.

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| A. W. Barker, Freeport, Ill., editor | Douglas Malloch |
| Richard F. Locke, Rockford, Ill., writer..... | Edmund Jackson |

WARDEN SANDERS COMING

The great prison reformer will be in Chicago this month and will address the Press Club November 14

J. C. Sanders, warden of the Iowa State Prison at Fort Madison, Iowa, is to be a visitor to Chicago during the present month, and on Tuesday evening, November 14, will address the members of the Press Club of Chicago and their ladies. The subject of his lecture will be "Observations of Prison Reforms," and will afford him opportunity to discuss some of the problems he has had to meet and some of the remedies he has applied. He is a recognized leader in the matter of more intelligent handling of the criminal, and the occasion promises to be most interesting.

LUNCHEON TO MR. WARDE

"The most enjoyable occasion of the kind ever given by the Press Club," said many who were there

The luncheon given in honor of Frederick Warde by the Press Club Friday noon, October 27, will be long remembered by those who were present. Only too seldom nowadays is granted the privilege of hearing a reminiscent talk by an associate and friend of Samuel Phelps. E. L. Davenport, Adelaide Neilson, Charlotte Cushman, Henry Irving, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and Richard Mansfield.

Mr. Warde was in the house of his friends, and knew it. He told of incidents grave and gay that threw sidelights on the lives and characters of the great men and women whose splendid artistic achievements of a generation ago will remain traditions of the stage for centuries to come.

When speaking of Irving and Booth, Mr. Warde was fine and effective, and his hearers were so keen and eager in their appreciation that it seemed anything more would be anticlimax, but then followed a story of Richard Mansfield, a little tale of generosity, the telling of which was gratitude in a most noble form,—and the conclusion of Mr. Warde's address found a crowd of ordinarily blase and cynical men with wet eyes, choked voices and hearts in a tender mood.

So long as the Press Club of Chicago endures, so long will there be at least one place where will be honored memories of Frederick Warde, great actor and splendid gentleman, much esteemed and well beloved.

S. McIntosh, director of irrigation of South Australia, whose home is at Adelaide, was the guest of D. H. Anderson at the Press Club Thursday.

A LINE-O'-PIPE OR TWO

A HORACE A PIECE.

On Stationery of the Heligon Star.

Ave, Maecenas of this latter quire!

To you alone hereafter shall my fame

Redound, to you alone my Styx-hid name

Bring newer splendor forth from Dis' empire!

No more upon the spirit-wailing pyre

Shall the rich incense of my verses flame

Unto the manes of Carrie, faithless dame;

Ave, Regenitor of Hearts' Desire!

Petrarch, in this our sorry after-state

Hath to his lyre my Grecian measures tuned;

Pray I may shame not him mine archetype!

So, brother, to thy pages consecrate,

Flaccus sends greeting from the shadow-duned

Dark Styx, whence keep the gods thy Line o' Pipe!

Q. H. Flaccus, Esq.

We have adopted (slang for swiped) the following from a Chinese contemporary: We have read your manuscript with infinite delight. By the sacred ashes of our ancestors, we swear that we have never read such a splendid piece of writing. But if we printed it his majesty the emperor (Doug Malloch) our most mighty ruler, would order us to take it as a model and never print anything inferior. As this would not be possible in less than a thousand years, we, with great regret, return thy divine manuscript and ask a thousand pardons.

A. M. B. See above.

KERNEL JIM DAVIS warns us that the Pipe is a close imitation of a book that he will SHORTLY publish, entitled "How to Smoke a Pipe." Bless your heart, Kerneljim, we expect to imitate a lot of things that may not catch up with us for a century.

WHY, INDEED?

(Chicago Evening Post, Oct. 27, 1911.)

Arnold Bennett may be an interesting novelist but why should he expatriate on foreign literature?

Does Editor Dell mean expatriate or expectorate?

TWENTY YEARS AGO TO-DAY IN THE EVENING POST.

(Issue of Oct. 24, 1911.)

When will the ground be borken (sic) for the new buildings?

Isn't it about time the Post changed proof-readers?

AND DOC WOKE UP.

I saw as in a dream her face

Upturned to his with loving eyes

And murmur of a sweet surprise

Commingled with a girlish grace.

"Give me a cocktail"—and anon

Her fair head on his shoulder laid,

The lustre of her chestnut braid

Brushing his cheek—and she was gone.

—Geo. F. B.

SAY! but we are getting some live wires connected up! Looks as if we would have to spread over into that space on the next page, "Standing Committees," etc.

(I was afraid he would swell up. Managing Ed.)

THIS thing of furnishing copy a week ahead of press day excludes such vacillant topics as the weather, the stock market, Republican majorities and President Taft's popularity. For much the same reason correspondents should never despair. Posterity may yet pull a smile at some of your pathos or weep at your merry jest. J. U. H.

NEW BOOKS

"Poems of the South, and Other Verse," being a collection of late poems by Col. William Lightfoot Visscher, has been issued by the David B. Clarkson Company, of Chicago.

From the introduction by Opie Read to the last verse the book breathes the life of the South. From gay to grave, from light verse to epics, the book carries the reader into the spirit of the Sunny South. Col. Visscher knows his South and loves it. He knew it in the days before the war, and the book exhales the atmosphere and action of the ante-bellum days. The sentiment, the humor and the tragedy of the Southland are set forth on every page.

There is a peculiar satisfaction to the friends of Col. Visscher that this collection of verse has been published. Between its covers are many poems which the author thought of passing value when first published. The fleeting fancies of other days have been given permanence—republished from the daily papers in which they saw the light of day, and added to the literature of the country.

"Poems of the South" has been carefully dressed by the publisher. Legible, easily read and bound in attractive covers, the book makes a welcome addition to the shelves of all interested in Americana. The book has been issued with a view to holiday gift giving, and is boxed in appropriate style.

"Sylph, A Nation's Honor in a Woman's Hands," is fresh from the press of W. R. Vansant, Chicago. It comes from the pen of a new Indiana authoress, May Juneau, and weaves with romance a tale of national politics and graft that comes close to the doorsteps of some of those who attained fame during the time of action of the book. In it is found the blare of battle, the glare of social ambition, the gamut of love, the trail of politics; leading to the triumph of virtue, whose lamp is lifted to illuminate the darkened way.

Emmett Newton, of the Springfield *Republican*, and Inspector General of the State of Missouri, was a guest at the Press Club last week. At the Frederick Warde luncheon Mr. Newton spoke briefly and extended an invitation to his hearers to claim Missouri hospitality of the Springfield Press Club, of which he is president. Mr. Newton is proud of his state, his city and his press club, and if he is a criterion, his press organization is a live wire.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors and the

Committee on Printing and Publication:

Otto Kney, Chairman
James L. Regan C. S. Peterson Roy O. Randall
C. E. Gould Mason Warner

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RECEPTION

William R. Barnes, Chairman
Harry B. Bogg William Frederick Nutt
Edgar Hall John A. Brown

WAYS AND MEANS

Harry S. Hyman, Chairman
E. J. Baker Julius Reynolds Kline

The following have been appointed delegates from the Press Club of Chicago to the eighth annual convention of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress at Washington, D. C., December 6, 7 and 8: Robert W. Gannell, Edward B. Clark, John B. McLean, Frank B. Noyes and George C. Rankin.

VISITORS

F. L. Beerman, Muskegon, Mich., guest of Douglas Malloch.
Thos. H. Clarke, Seattle, Wash., guest of W. L. Visscher.
B. M. Downs, New York, guest of Wm. H. Graffis.
Anton Granoille, New York, guest of J. F. Henderson.
E. M. Holland, New York, guest of Fred Pelham.
Emmett Newton, Springfield, Mo., guest of Albert Cone.
Jas. O'Neil, New York, guest of Fred Pelham.
R. G. Rost, Muskegon, Mich., guest of Douglas Malloch.
C. C. Smith, Muskegon, Mich., guest of Douglas Malloch.
R. W. Wharton, Harrisburg, Pa., guest of Horace M. Ford.
Chas. Adams, Minneapolis, Minn., guest of J. R. Taylor.
Wm. Bonneli, New York, N. Y., guest of A. Milo Bennett.
J. L. Cechran, Washington, D. C., guest of A. T. Murphy.
Chas. Danielson, Cannon Falls, Minn., guest of Edmond L. DeLestry.
M. B. Downer, Downers Grove, Ill., guest of John McGovern.
O. E. Goodrich, New York, N. Y., guest of W. A. Ritchie.
Gus. Henderson, Seattle, Wash., guest of F. L. Petty.
Walker Horton, New York, N. Y., guest of John L. Weber.
Thomas Hooker, Spokane, Wash., guest of Arthur Hooker.
J. Harry Lewis, St. Paul, Minn., guest of E. T. Skinkle.
Gen. S. E. Olson, Minneapolis, Minn., guest of E. L. DeLestry.
J. B. Finfter, Washington, D. C., guest of W. R. Rothacker.
A. B. Morris, St. Joseph, Mich., guest of Mark Hayne.
Robert Whittier, Paris, guest of J. R. Kline.
F. S. Wood, Boston, Mass., guest of F. I. Wetherbee.

Boosts for the Bulletin

A good stunt.—JOSIAH CRATTY.
You bet!—CHARLES E. GLESSNER.
Just the thing!—W. H. Burke, Three Rivers, Mich.
Just it. Glad to get it.—A. S. Chapman, Gilman, Ill.
A good move indeed. It will extend general interest and increase growth.—ERICH GERSTENBERG.
Charge two copies to my account. Send one to my house and one to my office.—SYDNEY A. HALE.
A great esprit de corps promoter—for good of cause should have been started years ago.—RICHARD J. MURPHY.

Through the BULLETIN I see a new era of progressiveness that will count for great things for the Club.—GEORGE D. PRENTISS.

Its object appeals to me, and I enclose one dollar for subscription for myself and for any other that you may wish to send out.—MORTON HISCOX.

Inclosed find a dollar bill. Sow the extra fifty cents in the Press Club fields so it will make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. The BULLETIN will be greatly appreciated, I assure you.—EDWARD WHITE, Peoria, Ill.

Fine business. Just enter my name for two years. The BULLETIN will be just the stuff for the ramblers who are away from 26 N. Dearborn street. Inclosed is one dollar. Vol. I, No. 1, was a dollar's worth.—GEORGE J. KAVANAUGH, Denver, Colo.

NEW BOOKS.

Philip Steele, by James Oliver Cunwood; the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, November 11, 1911

Number 5

FELLOWSHIP DINNER

Jolly assemblage of Press Club members and ladies
welcome new members elected at October meeting

As J. U. H. might say, a good time was had by all present at the Fellowship dinner given in the club rooms last Saturday night in honor of the new members, elected at the October meeting. The eats were good and the speaks smacked of proficiency. Congressman Madden told a number of his celebrated stories, which were happily rendered and well received. LaVerne Noyes and William Fuller and William Lightfoot Visscher also delivered entertaining addresses.

President Douglas Malloch had prepared a loving cup from ingredients which coated the tongue with silver and it was not fair to some who merely could rely upon their natural advantages, but everybody enjoyed it. A feature of the evening was a poem read by Mrs. Ida Noyes, entitled "A Newspaper Man's Relation to the Public." It is here given in part:

He stirs us up, he calms us down,
He makes our hearts to quake
With dire predictions of distress,
Then says 'twas a mistake.

He claims omniscience for his press
And all his news "a scoop";
Says other papers didn't score
And dooms them "to the soup."

His head-lines tell us one thing, and
The text another quite;
We get confused and then amused,
And don't know which is right.

Should editors and owners, though,
Approve the saffron hue,
Alack, alas, and woe betide
The folk they interview!

Then, these relations of the press,
Though very hard to bear,
Perhaps are preferable to
No color anywhere.

Because of the relations to
The public by the press,
A nation's sins seem magnified
And yet, we must confess,

So we are glad the press is bad
To evil men and bold,
And that these knights of will and quill
'Most everything have told.

Guy Blanchard tossed off a few verses, each of which had been written "at" one of the new mem-

bers, and no audible objections were heard, perhaps because each party so attacked immediately immersed his features in the loving cup. They are printed here, unexpurgated:

Congressman Martin B. Madden,
Your presence the Press Club will gladden.
Always work with a will
For the good little bill,
And jump with both feet on the bad un.

This moment the Press Club employs
To make quite a little of Noyes.
We really don't care
If there's gray in his hair—
Tonight he is one of the boys.

Dr. Frederick Hess;
We're glad such a man to possess.
When the Club gets such bills
That they give us the chills
We'll call in the doctor, we guess

Don Curtis Blanchard, *stand up!*
We're glad that you came here to sup.
If you feel a bit shy—
Don't know what to reply,
Just bury your phiz in the cup.

Now Sydney A. Hale has the floor,
The Traffic World's young editor.
On railroads you ride—
Please tell us outside
Why *we* can't get passes no more?

Lord bless us, here's old Dr. Fuller.
We're glad in the Press Club to pull yer.
Just hang up your hat,
Just laugh and grow fat;
In other words, make yourself right at home, Doc.

Regrets were received from R. D. Aldrich, Clayton C. Pickett and Maurice J. Dorney.

A very much appreciated addition to the program was given by Mrs. R. L. Cairncross, who sang a number of songs, including "A Birthday Song" and "The Butterfly's Song." At the conclusion of the regular program an informal good time was arranged in the library, where W. F. Nutt called upon everybody to do a stunt. Stories, songs and piano selections.

A dinner will be given to the new members to be elected at the November meeting of the Press Club, on Friday evening, December 1.

POSITION WANTED.

POSITION WANTED—Reporter formerly on Montreal Star wants Chicago position. Twenty-seven years old, shorthand writer, speedy, a graduate of McGill University. Address, REW, PRESS CLUB BULLETIN.

COMING EVENTS

Tuesday evening, November 14—(Ladies' Night).

LECTURE—"Observations of Criminal Reforms."

Warden J. C. Sanders, Ft. Madison (Ia.) Penitentiary.

Wednesday noon, November 15—12:15 sharp.

LUNCHEON to Arnold Bennett, the distinguished English author.

Sunday afternoon, November 19.

Visit to Field Museum.

Tuesday evening, November 21—6:30 sharp.

DINNER to Marquis of Queensberry, of the Tribune staff.

Saturday noon, November 25—12:15 sharp.

LUNCHEON to Alfred Tennyson Dickens.

Saturday evening, November 25.

DANCE, tickets 50 cents a person.

Monday noon, November 27—12:15 sharp.

LUNCHEON to Senator Bristow of Kansas.

Wednesday evening, November 29—(Ladies' Night).

AN EVENING OF KIPLING.

Henry J. Hadfield.

WARDEN SANDERS COMING

The great prison reformer will be in Chicago this month and will address the Press Club November 14

J. C. Sanders, warden of the Iowa State Prison at Fort Madison, Iowa, is to be a visitor to Chicago during the present month, and on Tuesday evening, November 14, will address the members of the Press Club of Chicago and their ladies. The subject of his lecture will be "Observations of Prison Reforms," and will afford him opportunity to discuss some of the problems he has had to meet and some of the remedies he has applied. He is a recognized leader in the matter of more intelligent handling of the criminal, and the occasion promises to be most interesting.

HERE NEXT WEDNESDAY

Arnold Bennett, the English author now gathering American impressions, is to visit Chicago very soon

As announced recently in the BULLETIN, Arnold Bennett, the English author, will visit Chicago during the present month in search of those American impressions which are to form the basis of a series of articles which he will write for Harper's Magazine. Mr. Bennett will arrive in Chicago Tuesday, November 14, in company with George H. Doran, of New York, his American publisher.

On the following day, November 15, at 12:15 o'clock noon, Mr. Bennett will be the guest of honor at a noonday luncheon at the Press Club of Chicago.

Speeches will be made by Mason Warner, Geo. F. Butler, Frank Lydston and H. B. Darlington. The committee is Leroy T. Globe, chairman;

W. F. Nutt and George Cook Adams. Inasmuch as the club members take a great interest in Mr. Bennett there will undoubtedly be a large attendance. Tickets 50 cents each. Get them early, as there will be a big demand.

TO VISIT FIELD MUSEUM

Special privileges and exceptional opportunity to be extended to the Press Club Sunday, November 19

An exceptional opportunity to see the exhibits at the Field Museum of Natural History in Jackson Park will be afforded the members of the Press Club of Chicago and their ladies Sunday afternoon, November 19. The members and their ladies and friends will meet at the main entrance to the museum at 2 o'clock sharp that afternoon, where they will be met by Fay Cooper Cole, a member of the Press Club and ethnologist of the institution, and other prominent members of the museum staff.

The party will then be conducted through the museum and in each department the professor interested in that particular science will deliver a ten-minute talk, indicating the exhibits of chief interest and value and explaining their significance. The other professors have agreed to co-operate with Professor Cole in this generous manner and thereby have afforded opportunity for an intelligent tour of the museum under pleasant and unusual auspices.

The Press Club will be further favored by demonstrations in the various departments, of taxidermy, modelling of groups and similar work not ordinarily open to public view.

Members will be welcome to bring the children sufficiently advanced to understand and enjoy the occasion.

The tour of the museum will begin at 2 o'clock sharp, Sunday, November 19.

ENTERTAIN THE MARQUIS

Club members will be pleased to learn that a dinner will be given in honor of the Marquis of Queensberry, or "Q" as he prefers it, November 21.

It is expected that something special will be introduced in the way of entertainment and of a character appropriate to the proclivities of the guest. Probably some vocal crimes will be committed by Henry W. Lee and Franc R. E. Woodward. It will probably not be a slow evening at any rate, as the mob will be given the right to attack the speakers if they don't "make good."

A LINE-O'-PIPE

ANNOUNCEMENT

In accordance with the custom which prints the November magazines in August and rushes the five-o'clock editions onto the streets at noon, we wish to announce that THIS is WEEK AFTER NEXT'S Pipe.

GO SLOW, CHLOE!

A Line from Helgon.

Immortal pal, I'm up against it,
And own I'm feeling mighty blue;
Of course, the LINE O' PIPE commenced it,
My Chloe's got her lamps on *you*!
Your smoke has knocked me cold and silly,
For Chloe's death on litrachoor;
My word, old top, she's got my billy,
I don't know what to do, I'm sure!
She's waiting for you, J. U., waiting,
Here beside the Stygian well;
She says my talent is abating
And worth about two whoops in Tophet
Compared to yours, and I don't blame her!
So here's a tip, old man, to queer
Fond Chloe's hopes; please, please disclaim her
Or else send word you won't be—here!
Q. H. Flaccus.

WE hope we are not infringing, but Peregrinating Pendleton, perseveringly perceptive, pipes plaintively that he saw these two signs in suggestive juxtaposition in a Galveston street car:

"Smoking on rear platform only."

"Those who ride on rear platform do so at their own risk."

AT THE KNOCKERS' TABLE

"Don't you admire the Scotch lassie?"

"Yes, but I am weary of hearing Harry Laud'er."

Has This Occurred to You?

Twixt Line-o'-Type and Pipe-o'-Line

The difference is this:

If you send stuff you think is fine
And watch for it, come rain or shine,
'Tis only once in seven days
That you can make a miss.

Bert S.

THIS is crap shooters' day, 11-11-11.

THE Editor of National Art, a magazine, says that the Hearst Building opens a new school of art. We wish he would send some of his funny stuff to this column.

THE public does not exactly distrust the money kings, but views the various currency plans submitted by bankers very much as an oft trimmed sport looks upon a "System" recommended by a dealer.

WE do not mind splitting an infinitive with a friend, but when Arnold Bennett says, in Denry the Audacious, "This is by very few done," we feel like we were present at a blasting operation.

THE Pipe seems to draw.

J. U. H.

LUNCHEON TO MR. WILE

Comrades of Auld Lang Syne pay respects to well known European correspondent of Chicago Tribune

The luncheon given by the Press Club Friday noon, November 3, to Frederic William Wile, an old-time Chicago newspaper man, now Berlin correspondent of the Chicago Tribune and the London Daily Mail, was well attended. Duncan Smith was in excellent form and did some "Hit and Miss" presiding; score: hits, 12; misses, 0.

The Marquis of Queensberry made an address that was cordially received. Mr. Wile told too briefly of his experiences as a newspaper man in Chicago, London and Berlin, and was as happy to be among old friends as they were to have him with them.

Letters conveying regret for circumstances which made their presence impossible and expressing tributes of appreciation and friendship for the guest of honor were read from Harry Smith and Charles H. Dennis, of the Daily News, and James Keeley, Harry Woodruff and Hugh E. Keough, of the Tribune.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

James F. Pendleton, of New Orleans and elsewhere, was a Chicago visitor last week, renewing his fealty to the Knockers' Table and other institutions he cherished while an active member.

W. Frederick Nutt, who has been on an extended vacation, has returned to his Chicago haunts.

Horace M. Ford spent the week in St. Louis, Mo., on business.

Willard Carpenter is back to town from Texas or somewhere.

WANDERING SHEEP

Hugo, Ore., November 2, 1911.

Please hand inclosed P. O. order to the proper party for the BULLETIN. If I don't get the BULLETIN whenever it is issued, I will have to assassinate somebody when I get back to "Chi." Marooned as I am, away out here at the stepping-off place into the Pacific, the paper came to me like a breath of fragrant perfume from some enchanted garden.

JOHN RITCHIE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The Press Club holds for me many pleasant memories and I hope to be able to be present at many future gatherings of that social body.

D. C. HERNDON,

157 West 47th St., New York City.

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E. J. Baker Julius Reynolds Kline

CLUB VISITORS

Louis A. Bryan, Gary, Ind., guest of B. A. Ulrich.
W. H. Hunt, Chicago, guest of J. E. Montgomery.
Sen. W. L. Jones, North Yakima, Wash., guest of W. R. Humphrey.
S. McIntosh, Adaliade, Australia, guest of D. H. Anderson.
W. J. Way, New York, guest of B. B. Osborne.
R. W. H. Wharton, Harrisburg, Pa., guest of Horace W. Ford.
R. R. Palmer, St. Louis, Mo., guest of F. R. E. Woodward.

WOMEN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION

A large attendance of members and guests enjoyed the excellent program of the Illinois Press Women's Association in the Press Club library on November 2. Addresses by Douglas Malloch, Ballard Dunn and S. E. Kiser were well received. The musical program by Mr. and Mrs. Bruno Steindel and Mr. Hans Letz was excellent and received merited recognition.

BOARD MEETING NOVEMBER 6

President Malloch presided. Following answered the roll call: Malloch, Ashcroft, Barnes, Ford, Lederer, Fox, Walker, Kney.

The Financial Secretary's report recommending payment of \$2,666.48 was approved unanimously and warrants drawn.

President Malloch announced the presentation of a portrait of Franc Wilkie, former president of the Club. The portrait was the property of F. J. Schulte, who had loaned it to the Club. It now passes into the hands of the Club by the generosity of Mr. Schulte.

ABOUT PAUL HULL

Paul Hull has been absent from the Press Club for some time, having been confined to his home by illness. In reply to the many inquiries about Paul from various members THE BULLETIN will state that he is at home, 814 Crescent place, on the North Side. Take the Evanston avenue car to Crescent place and walk three-quarters of a block east. Or, inquirers can stand on the corner and call out the name "Paul Hull" in a resonant voice and somebody will volunteer to show you the way.

The Club has some steel lockers for rent to members. They are handy as wardrobes, and an excellent place to keep an umbrella when the sun shines, to store a secret ambition or to hide a disappointment.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, November 18, 1911

Number 6

LUNCHEON TO ARNOLD BENNETT

Arnold Bennett, distinguished author and Englishman, was the guest of honor at a luncheon at the Press Club, Wednesday noon, November 15, and was greeted by the membership in great numbers. Mr. Bennett had asked to be excused from making a speech and his wishes were respected. Instead Mason Warner and Harry B. Darlington each made a speech which each considered to be the speech Mr. Bennett would have made if he would have made a speech. Frank Lydston humorously addressed the Club and Geo. F. Butler paid a tribute to Mr. Bennett containing the striking epigram, "To criticise Arnold Bennett is to criticise life." President Douglas Malloch presided.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

John E. Williams is on a month's tour of the South.

Elmer C. Hole returned Monday from a trip to New York.

B. F. Cobb came up from Kansas City Sunday to do a lot of hand shaking.

James Boyd, of New Orleans, La., made the Press Club headquarters a few days ago.

Sigmund Kraus has returned from a trip of several months in foreign lands and thereabouts.

D. H. Anderson, of the Irrigation Age, has designs for a weekly newspaper in Fox River Valley.

Frank Roderus left Tuesday for a trip to New Orleans. He will attend the convention of beet sugar manufacturers.

W. A. Meese, of Moline, Ill., author of a celebrated bungalow on the Mississippi river, spent Saturday in our midst.

Hugh Blake Williams is reported confined to his home by illness which has kept him a close prisoner for several weeks.

MAKE THE PRESS CLUB HOME

Members of the Press Club of Chicago should not forget that the Club has provided excellent sleeping accommodations in the Press Club building, and room with bath may be had there by the non-resident member when in town and, indeed, by any member desiring transient down-town quarters. This is a feature of the Club that constitutes one of its chief conveniences.

Non-resident members coming to Chicago should

engage a room in advance, and may do so by writing to the Financial Secretary. Even if they fail to do so every effort will be made to accommodate them. They will find it much pleasanter to be quartered in their Club instead of in a public hotel, and the accommodations superior.

Chicago and suburban members will find the Press Club a great similar convenience.

Have YOU that new member yet?

WARDEN SANDERS SPEAKS

Tuesday evening, November 14, one of the most stirring and interesting addresses to which the Press Club ever listened to, was delivered by Warden J. C. Sanders, of the Iowa State Penitentiary, Fort Madison, Iowa. Warden Sanders intensely interested his audience and instructed it as well.

The use of the library the first Thursday evening of each month during the winter season has been granted to the Illinois Women's Press Association for its regular literary and musical evenings. These are interesting and entertaining events to which members of the Press Club and their ladies are welcome.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED

HIS RISE TO POWER, by Henry Russell Miller. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Obituary

Fernando Jones, an honorary member of the Press Club, died in Chicago November 8.

STATED MEETINGS

Club—Second Saturday of each month at 1:30 p. m.
Board of Directors—Each Monday at 12:30 p. m., except the first Monday after the first Tuesday of each month at 6 p. m.
Printing and Publication Committee—Each Tuesday and Wednesday at 12 m.
Entertainment Committee—Each Friday at 6 p. m.

CLUB VISITORS

Edwards Davis, New York, guest of A. Milo Bennett.
R. L. Fenton, New York, guest of W. H. Graff's.
S. V. Kadam, India, guest of D. H. Anderson.
Harry Moran, Canton, Ill., guest of W. H. Hill.
H. Percy Millar, Chicago, guest of W. E. Moore.
F. K. Smith, 309 La Salle St., Chicago, guest of Albert Cone.
Geo. H. Doran, New York, guest of Douglas Malloch.
Arnold Bennett, London, Eng., guest of Douglas Malloch.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Sunday afternoon, Nov. 19—Meet at Field Museum, 2 p. m.

Tuesday night, Nov. 21—Stag Dinner to the Marquis of Queensberry, 6 p. m.

Saturday noon, Nov. 25—Luncheon to Alfred Tennyson Dickens, 12:15 p. m.

Saturday night, Nov. 25—Thanksgiving Dance.

TO ENTERTAIN QUEENSBERRY

Tuesday evening, November 21, at 6 o'clock an informal stag dinner to the Marquis of Queensberry will be given by the Press Club. It will be a big night!

The Marquis of Queensberry will speak, and there will be special diversions by F. R. E. Woodward, Henry W. Lee, Harry Sheldon White and Frank D. Comerford.

(A good night to bring around a prospective member and your pet pipe.)

Tickets, 60c. Better get them now. All will be reserved.

The committee will be George S. Wood, chairman; J. R. Taylor and Alfred Dick Luckman.

Have YOU that new member yet?

CHARLES DICKENS' SON

Saturday noon, November 25, Alfred Tennyson Dickens, eldest son of Charles Dickens, will be the guest of the Press Club at luncheon at 12:15 sharp, and will speak of his distinguished father.

John S. Zimmerman will preside. The committee of the day will be George Southerland, chairman; La Verne Noyes and Edgar Hall.

Tickets, 50 cents. Better reserve yours at once and get a good location. (A good time to bring that prospective member around.)

Have YOU that new member yet?

THANKSGIVING DANCE

Saturday evening, November 25, a Thanksgiving Dance will be given in the main hall of the Press Club. The Press Club dances are notable as occasions of unusual delight. There will be the usual excellent music. Tickets, 50c a person, may be had at the office of the Club.

The committee will be Arthur Glessner, F. L. Wetherbee and Charles Lederer.

SENATOR BRISTOW COMING

Monday noon, November 27, Senator Joseph L. Bristow, of Kansas, one of the most celebrated

members of Congress, will be the guest of the Press Club at lunch at 12:15 o'clock sharp. The Press Club will thus have an opportunity to hear this brilliant Kansas orator at close range. John U. Higinbotham, a Kansas product, will preside.

Tickets, 50c. Better make sure and 'phone your order at once. (A good time to bring around that prospective member.)

COMING EVENTS

Tuesday evening, November 21—6:30 sharp.

DINNER to Marquis of Queensberry, of the Tribune staff.

Saturday noon, November 25—12:15 sharp.

LUNCHEON to Alfred Tennyson Dickens.

Saturday evening, November 25.

DANCE, tickets 50 cents a person.

Monday noon, November 27—12:15 sharp.

LUNCHEON to Senator Bristow of Kansas.

Wednesday evening, November 29—(Ladies' Night).

AN EVENING OF KIPLING.

Henry J. Hadfield.

Friday night, December 1—(Ladies' Night).

FELLOWSHIP DINNER to new members elected in November.

Thursday night, December 7—(Ladies' Night).

DINNER to Gifford Pinchot.

SPECIAL 25c DINNER

A special plate dinner will be served in the dining room each day, beginning Monday, from 12 to 2 o'clock, at 25 cents. This will undoubtedly be a popular innovation.

Employment Service

Any Press Club member wishing to secure employment or to hire can have his wants made known through the columns of the BULLETIN, free of charge.

Press Club Chorus

The Press Club Chorus will meet to organize for the season Thursday evening, November 23, at 8 o'clock. Prof. Sandor S. Radonovits, composer and vocal teacher, will act as director. Everybody is invited to attend the first meeting and rehearsal.

A LINE-O'-PIPE

THE Teddy bear has a successor. The Taft bear works on the stock exchange.

EXTRACTING edicts from the Chinese emperor is like taking candy from a baby.

Several Inquiries: Yes, it is a humorist's privilege to be homely, but he should not abuse the privilege.

AT THE KNOCKERS' TABLE

"He acts as if he owned the club."

"No, he just has a lien on the bar."

Why didn't the Haucks go into the Poultry Business?
Dixon, Mo., Pilot.

A deal which had been pending for several days was closed first of the week wherein Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hauck, of Newburg, now own and conduct the bakery, and Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Folk have withdrawn from same and intend to engage in the poultry business.

Ours Runs the Other Way.

The best thing about our office boy is that he runs every time he hears the bell. The worst thing about him is that he never hears it.

Heiny O'Flaherty.

What is the best and worst thing about YOUR office boy?

R. F. D. NO. 1.

dere Sur the goods Came threw o k but the musy-lage wus unkorkt & spilt over evrything untill thay is all stuck. shall i return the hole shipment. i hav kep it all togather i kant git it apart & oblige yores Resp

R. F. Y.: YOU *might* call a U. S. Senator a buy-product of the legislature but we would rather you sent it to the W. G. N.

H. H. H.: That goes for "buy-partisan," too.

TO THOSE who have read this far we wish to say that every one who missed the Fellowship Dinner (and that was several) missed a most D. O., and it was only a starter. The next one will be several "degrees" warmer.

REMEMBER to bring a guest in addition to the Missus (present or prospective) to the next one.

SPEAKING of "oratory and after-dinner speeches," Cong. Madden (that does not stand for Congregationalist) spoke at the F. D. of "seats packed with Congressmen and galleries with people." Apparently, there's a difference. But Martin B. is not only one of the people, he is "home folks" in the P. C. now.

J. U. H.

WHERE TO EAT

Privacy of place and quality of the service makes the Press Club Cafe the best spot in town to eat

Under the capable management of L. R. Priest, the two Press Club restaurants are now giving the best service for the money in Chicago. The noonday table d'hote for fifty cents has steadily improved until it now is what an ad writer calls "wonderful value." It includes three bounteous courses.

Patronage of the restaurants, particularly of the men's restaurant on the sixth floor, is steadily increasing. The reason is not hard to find. To the fact that these are restaurants giving the fullest value is to be added the advantage of the privacy to be found in a Club. One dines each day with his friends instead of in the rush of a public restaurant among strangers. Good fellowship promotes good digestion.

The frequent presence of distinguished visitors also adds interest to the noonday hour at the Press Club. In this respect also the Press Club occupies the highest rank among Chicago organizations. Eating at the Press Club is a privilege that is one of the most important of those enjoyed through membership. There is no reason for a Club member eating elsewhere; there is every reason for spending the luncheon hour or dinner hour here.

Meanwhile each day the ladies of the members enjoy the same facilities. There is a commodious restaurant and rest room for them on the fifth floor, where they may dine in privacy or entertain their friends. To dine at the Press Club is looked upon, and properly, as an unique and delightful experience.

MEMORIAL MEETING

A special memorial meeting of the Press Club was held November 11. Resolutions on the death of Wm. R. Payne, presented by B. A. Ulrich; on the death of John R. Walsh, by Thomas O'Neill, and on the death of Alexander Hugh Ferguson, by Geo. F. Butler, were adopted.

"The Havoc," which opens at the Illinois Theater Sunday, November 19, is by Harry Sofus Sheldon, a Club member. It had had a very successful run in New York City, with Henry Miller playing in the principal role.

A prize catch of J. N. Buchanan is displayed in the window of H. A. Whittemore, 153 North State street, a monster brook trout.

POSITION WANTED.

POSITION WANTED—Reporter formerly on Montreal Star wants Chicago position. Twenty-seven years old, shorthand writer, speedy, a graduate of McGill University. Address, REW, PRESS CLUB BULLETIN.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors and the

Committee on Printing and Publication:

Otto Kney, Chairman

James L. Regan C. S. Peterson Roy O. Randall
C. E. Gould Mason Warner
Franc R. E. Woodward William Lightfoot Visscher

Terms of Subscription: By mail, postage prepaid, Fifty Cents per year; single copy, Five Cents

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Composition by the Peterson Linotype Company, 531-537 Plymouth Court, Chicago.

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First Vice-President.....E. J. Baker
Second Vice-President.....William Emmet Moore
Treasurer.....Harry S. Hyman
Financial Secretary.....Theodore Van R. Ashcroft
Recording Secretary.....Otto Kney
Librarian.....Joseph F. Henderson
Directors—William R. Barnes, Horace M. Ford, Julius Reynolds Kline, Ransom E. Walker, Charles Lederer, Edward H. Fox.

Committees of the Press Club of Chicago:

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Charles Lederer, Chairman
Mark Hayne L. R. Merrell

BUILDING

Julius Reynolds Kline, Chairman
Ransom E. Walker Harry S. Hyman
Otto Kney William Emmet Moore

CLAIMS AND ACCOUNTS

Horace M. Ford, Chairman
Theodore Van R. Ashcroft William R. Barnes

CONSTITUTION

Ransom E. Walker, Chairman
Samuel Sternfeld J. B. Mansfield

ENTERTAINMENT

Edward H. Fox, Chairman
Fred Pelham Edward C. Moore
Rutledge Rutherford Harry Sheldon White
B. Beecher Osborne

HOUSE

Theodore Van R. Ashcroft, Chairman
Edward H. Fox Horace M. Ford

LIBRARY

Joseph F. Henderson, Chairman
R. A. Halley Leroy T. Goble

MAINTENANCE

E. J. Baker, Chairman
Eugene T. Skinkle Ernest McCullough

MEMBERSHIP

William Emmet Moore, Chairman
Albert B. Cone, Secretary

RECEPTION

William R. Barnes, Chairman
Harry B. Bogg William Frederick Nutt
Edgar Hall John A. Brown

WAYS AND MEANS

Harry S. Hyman, Chairman
E. J. Baker Julius Reynolds Kline

MONTHLY MEETING, NOVEMBER 11

The monthly meeting of the Press Club was held Saturday afternoon, November 11, with President Malloch in the chair and the following members present: Fox, Sergel, Ford, Ulrich, Knox, Young, Ormes, Pelham, Olson, P. B. Wood, Henderson, Bennett, Visscher, Hyman, Nutt, Pickard C. Cone, Walker, Woodward, Roberts, Humphrey, Lederer, McIntyre, Gould, Higginbotham, Bullion, Ward, Kney.

Mr. Cone reported for the membership committee, outlining plans for an aggressive campaign, and calling on the members for active assistance.

The report of the Financial Secretary was read and ordered placed on file.

The President's report showed assets over liabilities November 1 of \$145,289.13.

Mr. Ford, of the special committee appointed to settle the claim of Architect Buck, covering charges for superintending the remodeling of the old University Club building, reported that the claim had been settled on a basis satisfactory to the Board of Directors.

The following new members were elected:

ACTIVE.

| Name. | -Sponsor. |
|---|-----------------------|
| Percy Douglas, Marquis of Queensberry, Tribune | Douglas Malloch |
| Frank Emerich, writer | Edward C. Moore |
| O. C. Finney, Currier Pub. Co. | Fred Dunham |
| W. G. Harding, Record-Herald. | Theo. Van R. Ashcroft |
| W. H. Head, writer. | Ransom E. Walker |
| F. S. Howe, writer. | Douglas Malloch |
| E. F. Kemp, former member. | E. H. Fox |
| Ed. L. Kolakowski, Polish National Daily | John M. Tananovicz |
| Andrew Dick Luckman, sporting writer | Douglas Malloch |
| Chr. Malatka, contributor to musical magazines | Edward C. Moore |
| D. A. Meany, correspondent | |
| New York papers. | Douglas Malloch |
| Walter Palens, artist. | Douglas Malloch |
| H. F. Pomeroy, Hill Pub. Co. | Douglas Malloch |
| Fred A. Record, commercial editor Tribune | Wm. E. Wray |
| John A. Robinson, writer. | William Fuller |
| J. Carver Strong, mgr. National Hay and Grain Reporter. | John E. Bacon |
| R. M. Vandivert, former newspaper man | Arthur E. Ormes |
| Jaroslav J. Zmrhal, writer. | G. Charles Griffiths |

NON-RESIDENT.

A. W. Barker, Freeport, Ill., editor.....Douglas Malloch
Richard F. Locke, Rockford, Ill., writer.....Edmund Jackson
Frederick Warde, author and actor, New York City.....Fred Pelham

The Committee on Constitution presented an amendment for action at the December meeting, providing that applications for membership must be posted not later than the last day of the month preceding the month in which they are to be voted upon.

An amendment was adopted changing the hours of the annual election from 12 noon to 7 p. m.

WEEKLY BOARD MEETING, NOV. 13

Present: Malloch, Hyman, Ford, Fox, Barnes, Lederer and Kney.

The Financial Secretary's report, recommending payment of \$360.50, was approved.

A project for extending dumb waiter service to the dining rooms on the fifth floor, to expedite service, was referred to the maintenance committee.

President Malloch announced that a buffet luncheon would be served on the fourth floor after 9 o'clock evenings.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, November 25, 1911

Number 7

QUEENSBERRY DINNER

The advance notices of the dinner given in honor of the Marquis of Queensberry by the Press Club last Tuesday evening said the occasion would be a "big night." The press agent proved what George Ade would call a "poor describer." It was a big, big night.

Douglas Malloch acted as toastmaster and George S. Wood, chairman of the committee on arrangements, led off with some good stories. He was followed by Billy Way, who played the piano and sang songs of his own composition, making a hit with his "musical melodrama." Fred Hayner, sporting editor of the Daily News; Alfred Dick Luckman, sporting writer known in Europe, Australia and America, and Hugh E. Keogh (Hek), of the Chicago Tribune, in characteristic speeches, and A. W. Christenson, the "ragtime king," contributed to the enjoyment of the evening. Henry J. Hadfield, English actor and noted Kipling reader, recited two poems in faultless style, and Walton Perkins, head of the Chicago Conservatory, gave a splendid piano number.

A special diversion of the evening was interrupted by the police, who, acting in good faith, came in response to a hurry call from some unknown person who tipped off a three-round bout that was staged between Henry W. Lee and F. R. E. Woodward. B. B. Osborne and Robert Campbell were the seconds; referee, Henry Sheldon White; time keeper, Harry Irving Greene. However, when Inspector O'Toole and the other officers of the law saw that the fight was being carried on with typewriters, according to the custom of modern prize fighters, the police were as anxious to make their "get away" as the contestants had appeared to be a moment previously. Harry Irving Greene almost lost his reputation because of his realistic impersonation of the slightly inebriated timekeeper.

When President Malloch introduced the guest of honor he described him as "a modest gentleman, a delightful companion, a good fellow and a loyal friend." And the Marquis of Queensberry made good. He spoke not as the bearer of a title of nobility, not as the lineal descendant of the Douglasses, whose bravery on a hundred European battlefields makes glorious pages of Scottish history; he spoke as a working newspaper man, glad and happy to be recognized as such by his fellow craftsmen. His speech was simple, straightforward, honest, sincere. It was a fitting climax to a memorable occasion.

Yes, it was a big night.

Have YOU that new member yet?

VISIT TO FIELD MUSEUM

A considerable party of Press Club members, with their ladies, visited the Field Museum of Natural History Sunday afternoon, November 19, and was splendidly entertained by Fay Cooper Cole, a fellow member who is Ethnologist of the institution, and other gentlemen similarly connected. Charles L. Owen, Assistant Curator of Archaeology, conducted the party through the Egyptian halls. Dr. Berthold Laufer, Associate Curator of Chinese and Tibetan Ethnology, gave a short talk on Chinese bronzes. Fay Cooper Cole, Ethnologist, conducted the party through the Philippine halls and into the installation rooms. Clyde Gardner, Modeler, exhibited miniature groups in course of construction. H. R. Voth took the party to the Hopi Indian halls and gave a short talk on the religious secret societies of that tribe. William J. Gerhard, Assistant Curator of Zoology, then took the party into one of the taxidermy shops and explained the preparation of animal groups, after which a number of groups on public exhibition were visited. E. S. Riggs, Assistant Curator of Geology, gave the concluding talk, in which he explained the work of excavation and restoration of certain prehistoric American animals.

It was an unique and valuable experience that will long be a pleasant and profitable memory to the members of the Club.

Have YOU that new member yet?

AMONG THE PRESS CLUBS

The Authors' Club of London announces that its guest for the Monday dinner on December 4 will be Sir Frederick Pollock, Bt., LL.D., editor "Law Reports." The topic will be "Literature and the Bench."

WILL YOU HELP?

If your concern could double its business tomorrow, wouldn't it be a great thing?

We can do that for the *Press Club*.

All *each* needs to do is to bring in *one new member*.

You know some one who is eligible who ought to be one of us.

Bring him in *now*.

You can offer him entertainment, inspiration, the companionship of Chicago's brightest minds.

A little effort by *each* member means great things for *all*. Will you help?

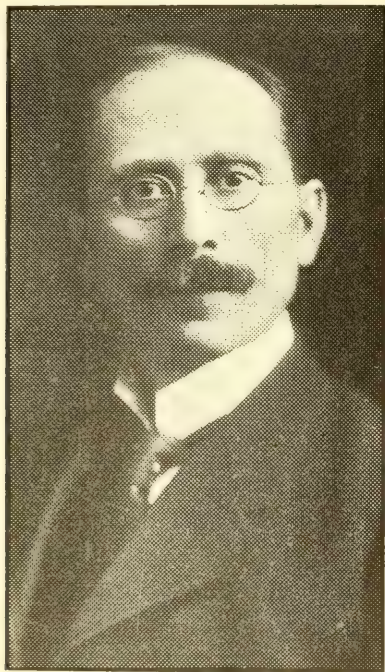
Art Committee Busy

The matter of painting the Club fire escapes has been referred to the art committee with power to act.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Monday noon, Nov. 27, 12:15 sharp; Luncheon to Senator Bristow of Kansas.
 Wednesday Nov. 29 (Ladies' Night); Henry J. Hadfield, Kipling Recitations.
 Friday night, December 1 (Ladies' Night); Fellowship Dinner to new members elected in November.

LUNCHEON TO SENATOR BRISTOW



JOSEPH L. BRISTOW

Monday noon, November 27. Senator Joseph L. Bristow, of Kansas, will be a guest of the Press Club at lunch, 12:15 o'clock sharp. John U. Higginbotham, a Kansas product, will preside. Senator Bristow is one of the most celebrated members of Congress and he will surely have something to say which will greatly interest the Press Club members and their friends.

Phone your order for tickets in order to secure places. You surely know somebody who will perhaps become a member. Bring him along. Tickets 50 cents.

Have YOU that new member yet?

AN EVENING OF KIPLING

Henry J. Hadfield, one of the most popular lyceum and club recitationists, will appear in several of his favorite delineations of Kipling's characters at the Press Club Wednesday evening, November 29. It will be "Ladies' Night."

Mr. Hadfield will wear costumes which will

illustrate the Kipling viewpoint. The program for the evening is:



HENRY J. HADFIELD

Tommy
 Snarleyow
 Fuzzy Wuzzy
 That Day
 Gunga Din
 Paget, M. P.
 Study of an Elevation in Indian Ink
 Army Headquarters
 McAndrew's Hymn
 The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House
 The Dove of Dacca
 The Ballad of East and West
 And the following poems in ordinary dress:
 Christmas in India The Recessional
 An Answer The Story of Uriah
 The Lover's Litany The Neolithic Age

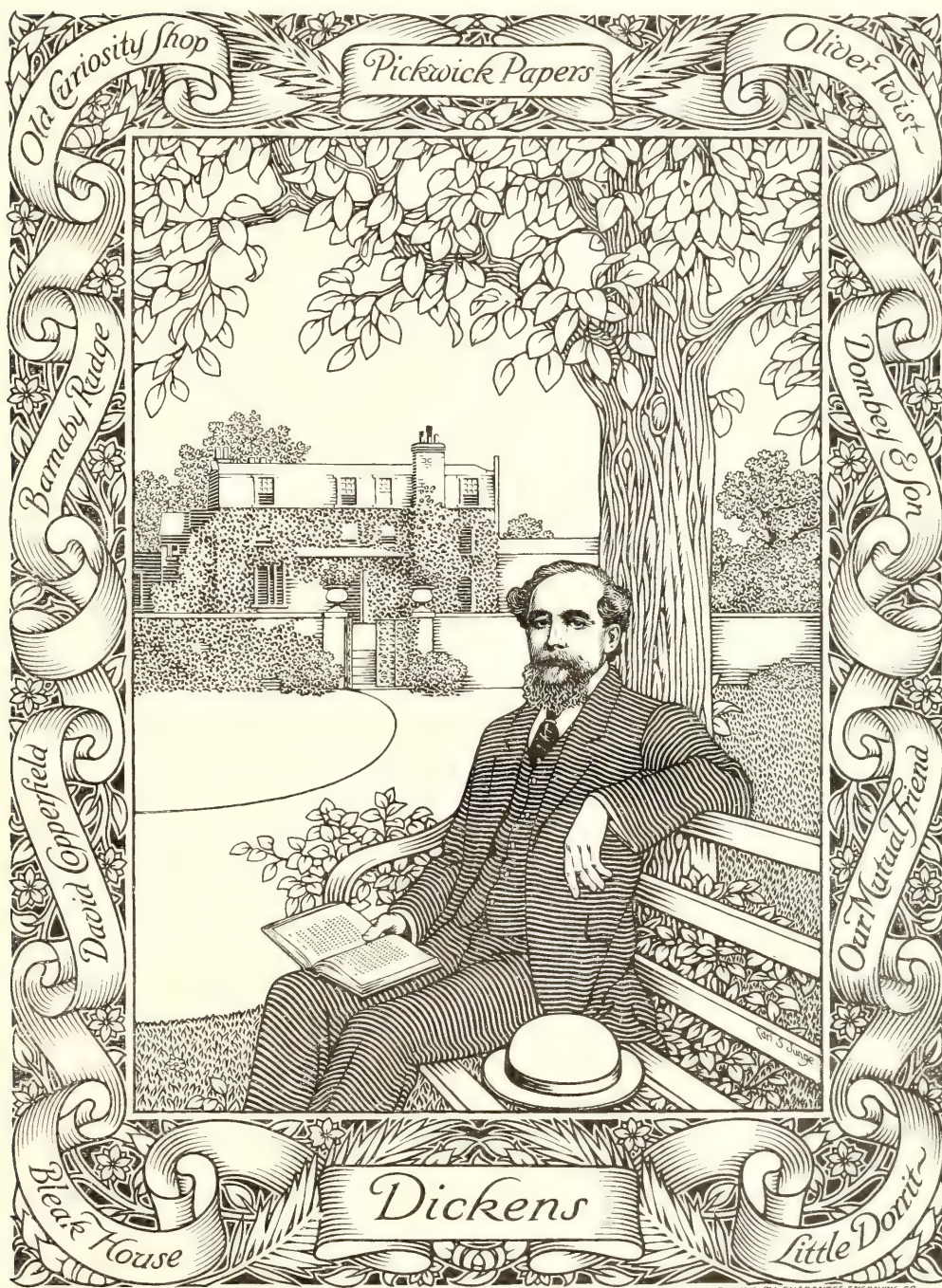
COMING EVENTS

Monday noon, Nov. 27.
 INFORMAL LUNCH to Senator Bristow.
 Wednesday night, Nov. 29.
 KIPLING RECITAL by Henry J. Hadfield. (Ladies' night.)
 Friday night, Dec. 1.
 FELLOWSHIP DINNER to new members. (Ladies' night.)
 Thursday night, Dec. 7.
 DINNER to Gifford Pinchot. (Ladies' night.)
 Saturday noon, Dec. 9.
 MEMORIAL MEETING for the late Fernando Jones.
 Saturday afternoon, Dec. 9.
 MONTHLY business meeting.

Souvenir of CHICAGO PRESS CLUB LUNCHEON

November 25, 1911

To ALFRED TENNYSON DICKENS



CHARLES DICKENS

Printed by permission of the artist, Carl Junge, from original etching
PRESS OF REGAN PRINTING HOUSE, CHICAGO

FELLOWSHIP DINNER NEXT

Next Friday night, December 1, an informal reception and Fellowship Dinner to the new members elected at the November meeting and their ladies will be held at the Press Club. It will be another of those "big nights" that are a common occurrence there. No old member, and certainly no new member, should miss it. The splendid Fellowship Dinner of a month ago is likely to be eclipsed at this affair.

Among the new members who will speak are the Marquis of Queensberry, Frederick Warde, the eminent tragedian now starring in "Everywoman," W. H. Head, Jaroslav J. Zmrhal and Andrew Dick Luckman. Chr. Balatka, another new member, will be the musician of the evening. G. Charles Griffiths will respond to the toast "The Old Member to the New." Colonel William Lightfoot Visscher will preside as toastmaster. With this brilliant program a notable night is assured.

At 6 o'clock there will be an informal reception to the new members and their ladies in the library of the Club, which will be in charge of the following sponsors and their ladies: Douglas Malloch, Edward C. Moore, Fred Dunham, Theodore Van R. Ashcroft, Ransom E. Walker, Edward H. Fox, John M. Tananovicz, William E. Wray, William Fuller, John E. Bacon, Arthur E. Ormes, G. Charles Griffiths, Edmund Jackson and Fred Pelham.

The dinner, which will be entirely informal in character, will occur at 6:30. Proper resolutions of sympathy to members who stay away will be presented for adoption. Come for the reception and get acquainted with the new boys!

All seats will be reserved and should be immediately secured by telephone or otherwise to avoid disappointment. Call Randolph 2957. Tickets 60 cents a plate. (Ladies' night.)

(A good night to bring around that prospective member.)

A FRATERNAL HOME

The shadings and tintings of weather make bright days, dark days, pale days; the atmosphere of the good old Press Club of Chicago makes all days pleasant. The library, with its great store of books from which one may select pabulum to suit the taste of the moment; the wide and long tables where the current magazines of the world succeed each other in their temporary bindings, month in and month out; the cosy couches, cushioned window seats, huge arm chairs, invite rest, reading or a siesta. The billiard room; the spacious general room, with its chess, checkers, buffet, bring amusement, confabs and symposiums. The refectories and big dining hall, and the satisfying cuisine of these; the comforts, of one kind or another, that ramify five floors of a big and handsomely furnished house, in the heart of the "Loop"; here and there groups and coteries of genial fellows; a mansion without an outer key; a mighty family

of mighty-minded men; careful attendance and service. Suppose the day outside is dark or pale; suppose that the wind blows viciously, or that the rain and sleet beat against the window panes. Who cares? Who cares? Here is a fraternal, comfortable, glorious home, "far from the mad-dling crowd."

AMONG THE MEMBERS

J. E. Montgomery was in Kansas City last week.

Samuel Sternfeld left Tuesday night for somewhere.

N. J. Dilday has returned from a trip through British Columbia.

Fred Squibb has added his smiling presence about the club after a long absence.

Omar F. Doud is now writing and placing advertising for the American Film Company.

Edward H. Fox is on a ten days' trip to Buffalo, Louisville, St. Louis and all intermediate points.

The Marquis of Queensberry will go to Dixon, Ill., Monday to assist the Elks of that city at an important function.

Edward White, now located in Peoria, is Making Good, with the emphasis on the capital G. Which is just what his Chicago friends expected.

"Billy" Freeman, a past president, and ever in the hearts of his fellow members, is recovering from an attack of incipient pneumonia. He is the editor of the Chicago Heights Signal, which is some beacon.

Brig.-Gen. F. E. Davis, of New York, has been making the Press Club headquarters during the week. He is particularly interested in the saving of lives in mines by the use of oxygen and recently gave a demonstration in Pittsburgh before President Taft under the auspices of the Bureau of Mines.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS' MEETING, NOV. 20.

President Malloch presided. Present: Malloch, Hyman, Ford, Baker, Barnes, Lederer, Walker, Henderson, Kney. Financial Secretary's report recommending disbursement of \$1080.48 read. On motion payment of accounts scheduled was authorized.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FIND THE WOMAN, by Gelett Burgess, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

Special 25-Cent Lunch

The new policy of serving a 25-cent lunch in the Press Club dining room every noon from 12 to 2 o'clock has proven popular with the members. Scores of members find it convenient and relishing to lunch and dine in the Club and the service and cuisine is freely commended. Members and their friends may be served a la carte or table d'hôte.

Employment Service.

Any Press Club member wishing to secure employment or to hire can have his wants made known through the columns of the BULLETIN, free of charge.

SITUATION WANTED—Advertising director, department store, millinery, theatre, wholesale jewelry, amusement park, insurance, catalogue, follow up and correspondence; experienced newspaper and magazine writer; last two years in Europe. Address W. F., Press Club.

SITUATION WANTED—Publicity director; broad experience in western land, irrigation, colonization and mining exploitation. Writes magazine and newspaper articles, advertisements, pamphlets, conduct follow-up correspondence; good talker. Address F. R., Press Club, Chicago.

POSITION WANTED—Reporter formerly on Montreal Star wants Chicago position. Twenty-seven years old, shorthand writer, speedy, a graduate of McGill University. Address, REW, PRESS CLUB BULLETIN.

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ENTERTAINMENT

Edward H. Fox, Chairman
Fred Pelham Edward C. Moore
Rutledge Rutherford Harry Sheldon White
B. Beecher Osborne

HOUSE

Theodore Van R. Ashcroft, Chairman
Edward H. Fox Horace M. Ford

LIBRARY

Joseph F. Henderson, Chairman
R. A. Halley Leroy T. Goble

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Eugene T. Skinkle Ernest McCullough

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Albert B. Cone, Secretary

RECEPTION

William R. Barnes, Chairman
Harry B. Bogg William Frederick Nutt
Edgar Hall John A. Brown

WAYS AND MEANS

Harry S. Hyman, Chairman
E. J. Baker Julius Reynolds Kline

STATED MEETINGS

Club—Second Saturday of each month at 1:30 p. m.
Board of Directors—Each Monday at 12:30 p. m., except the first Monday after the first Tuesday of each month at 6 p. m.

Printing and Publication Committee—Each Tuesday and Wednesday at 12 m.

Entertainment Committee—Each Friday at 6 p. m.

THE PIPE

Our Little Holler.

We know the quip about the hen,
And why she crossed the road.
We can smile at jests about the cab
Which charges for your "load."
We can laugh at old Cervantes' stuff,
For Joe Miller we can root;
But do not tell us any more
About the young lady whose escort, thinking
To remove a thread from her dress,
Unraveled her union suit.

We had to run that in because our this week's pome from Horace Helngon is so soaked with atmosphere, i. e., so warm, that we dassent print it. Private view on application. Form line to left of window. Quit your crowding.

At the Knockers' Table.

"He is a pretty shrewd politician, ain't he?"
"Naw! He couldn't even fool Taft."

A Depressing Thought.

The Maine was not blown up at all. It was blown down. Answer to the Tribune's question: "Well, how WAS the Maine blown up?"

W. L. V.

A Few Simple Rules for Jokesmiths.

I. If you have a joke too blasphemous for adult promulgation, let four-year-old Willie say it to the minister.

II. If you have one with no more point to it than a cracker box or one whose point has been worn smooth by ages of exposure, make a rhyme and work it in.
(To be continued.)

Thanksgiving Proclamation Codicil.

Among other things to be thankful for, we gladly chronicle the impending advent of "A Line o' Verse or Two," a book of lilting lyrics by B. L. T., who has a thousand imitators and not a single equal (we are married) in his line of biz.

Reilly & Britton Co., Chicago, 75 cents net.

Ping Bennett.

Arnold Bennett is the fence buster of the Literary League. His hits are always long ones. When Bennett comes to the bat George Doran, his publisher, signals the readers to move back to the bleachers—and then some of the stuff goes over their heads.

If you don't believe it, read this:

If You Don't Believe It, Read This.

To write a nonsense verse

Requires no talent great.

Make meter bad, rhythm worse,

And ne'er a new thought state.

Teapot Kettleeson.

A Chicago Thanksgiving.

This year's Thanksgiving Proc. was issued from the Blackstone Hotel by President Taft. It is the first thing that ever issued from the Blackstone without tipping that uniformed dignitary at the entrance. Scientists, during Aviation Week, were puzzled by the Death Dip. Simplicity! The aeroplanes were tipping as they passed the Congress and the Blackstone.

The Chinese rebels are getting pointers from the Occident. At least, they are using West Pointers.

A Minor Pest: The man who whistles in the street car.

ADD: The Contributor whose initials are illegible.

J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, December 2, 1911

Number 8.

THE DICKENS LUNCHEON

Saturday noon, November 25, Alfred Tennyson Dickens, eldest surviving son of Charles Dickens, the English novelist, was the guest of honor at a luncheon of the Press Club. The dining room was filled to its capacity and the membership heard an address that indicated that the humor and the genius of the father had been inherited by the son despite the son's modest statement to the contrary. Mr. Dickens read the footnote to his father's American Notes, which corrected many of the impressions of his first visit to America. The guest received warm and long-continued applause.

President Douglas Malloch presided. John S. Zimmerman, a Dickens enthusiast, spoke briefly of his appreciation of Dickens the elder. The committee of the day was George Southerland, chairman; Edgar A. Hall and LaVerne Noyes.

LUNCHEON TO BRISTOW

Senator Bristow was entertained by the Press Club at luncheon last Monday, November 27, but the Senator gave full measure of entertainment in return. He spoke of the project to elect Senators by direct vote of the people.

John U. Higinbotham acted as chairman and William Chalmers Covert delivered the speech of welcome. The affair was a most enjoyable one and the members of the Press Club demonstrated their appreciation by filling every available seat in the big dining room.

SEND IN THEIR NAMES

Not all the members have sent the Membership Committee the names of those eligible to the Press Club. Have you sent your list?

We are anxious to have the name, address, occupation and qualification of every man in Chicago eligible to active membership.

We would like suggestions as to desirable life members.

We want the names of men living outside Cook County who are eligible to non-resident membership and who come to Chicago occasionally.

Address Membership Committee and sign your name so we will know from whom the list comes. Let's all help!

The dance last Saturday night was a pronounced success, 23 couples participating. A feature was the improvement in the music provided.

THE EXTENSION FUND

An Extension Fund has been created.

It will be made up entirely of voluntary contributions from members.

It will be used entirely for one purpose: For postage on the Bulletin and other matter sent prospective members.

The Extension Fund will be kept separate from all other funds, and so disbursed.

Contributions of from one cent to one hundred dollars will be received. More than one hundred dollars will be grabbed.

Each two cents will send one letter, or the Bulletin for two weeks, to some one who should be one of us.

A mailing list of such is now being made up. Have you sent in your list of eligibles yet?

Send contributions to the Extension Fund, Press Club of Chicago, 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, and make checks payable to the Press Club.

And hurrah for you and the Press Club!

WANDERING SHEEP

Seattle, Wash.—I expect to be back in Chicago for Christmas.—Nathaniel I. Rubinkam.

Charles E. Glessner, enroute to Spokane, sends picture post cards with regards for fellow members.

Edward H. Fox got home from his eastern trip in time for Thanksgiving and the Fellowship dinner.

D. L. Hanson, former financial secretary of the Press Club, delivered a lecture in New York last week on the making and handling of credits.

John Gregg, dressed as usual in one of those suits which so admirably match his auburn locks, is again in the Club telling of his adventures in Egypt and other Mediterranean ports.

Pearl L. Stromme drifted into his old chair in a Press Club corner last Monday upon his return from a trip around the world. The rebellion in China was halted until Pierre got aboard his vessel at Hankow.

DIRECTORS' MEETING, NOVEMBER 27.

President Malloch in chair. Present—Malloch, Ashcroft, Ford, Barnes, Henderson, Kney.

Financial Secretary's report recommending payment of accounts aggregating \$1,990.43 favorably received, and on motion and roll call, warrants covering the several accounts were authorized.

Thirty-three names of applicants were considered by the Board and recommended election at the December Club meeting.

President Malloch outlined a plan for a membership campaign, which was unanimously approved.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Monday noon, Dec. 4—Luncheon to Enos A. Mills, 12:15 sharp.

Thursday night, Dec. 7—Dinner to Gifford Pinchot, 6 o'clock.

Saturday, Dec. 9—Memorial meeting for the late Fernando Jones, 1 o'clock.

Saturday, Dec. 9—Press Club regular monthly meeting, 1:30 o'clock.

SENATOR POINDEXTER, SATURDAY

Saturday noon, December 2, at 12:15 sharp, United States Senator Poindexter, of Washington, will be the guest of the Press Club at lunch and will address this organization. Senator Poindexter stops off en route to Washington to accept the Club's invitation. This will be his only appearance in Chicago at this time.

Senator Poindexter will arrive in Chicago at 11:59 a. m., will come directly to the Press Club for luncheon and will depart at 5 o'clock the same afternoon.

The Club is to have opportunity to hear one of the West's most celebrated members of the upper house. Ransom E. Walker will preside.

Seats will be reserved at 50 cents each.

ENOS A. MILLS, MONDAY NOON

Monday noon, December 4, Enos A. Mills, author of the new Houghton-Mifflin book "The Spell of the Rockies" and other volumes, and world-famous as a lecturer on his experiences in the American wild, will be the guest of the Press Club at an informal luncheon. The regular table d'hôte will be served at 12:15. At 1 o'clock service will be suspended and Mr. Mills will address the Club. Better come early. No seats will be reserved.

Hailed as another Thoreau or Burroughs, Mr. Mills' appearances at Orchestra Hall and elsewhere have made him familiar to Chicagoans. The Press Club is now to have opportunity to hear this entertaining writer and lecturer at close range.

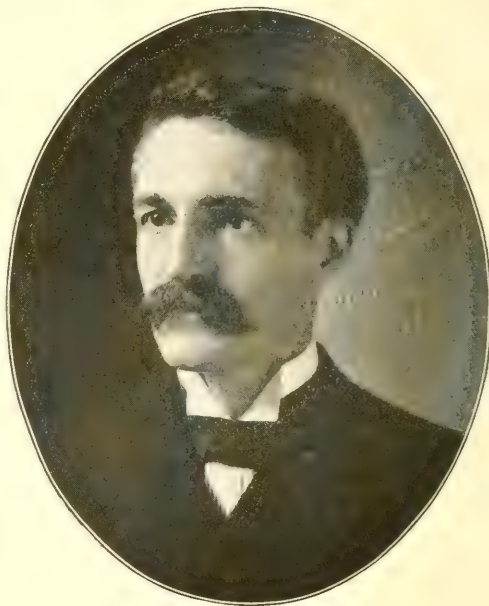
The committee of the day will be John P. Brady, C. M. Cartwright and Josiah Cratty. George Weymouth will preside.

GIFFORD PINCHOT, THURSDAY EVE.

Thursday evening, December 7, an informal dinner in honor of Gifford Pinchot, distinguished American, will be given at the Press Club of Chicago. This will be Mr. Pinchot's first public utterance of his observations during his recent trip of investigation to Alaska. This fact gives the event unusual and important significance.

Mr. Pinchot will deliver the principal address of the evening. Elmer C. Hole will respond to the toast "Gifford Pinchot." President Douglas Malloch will preside. The committee of the

evening will be L. E. Fuller, chairman; Walter Wright, Benjamin F. Cobb, Albert B. Cone,



GIFFORD PINCHOT.

W. T. Christine, Bolling Arthur Johnson, E. R. Coolidge and D. H. Anderson.

It will be Ladies' Night. Tickets for the dinner, which will be served promptly at 6 and will be entirely informal, should be reserved at once, as the capacity is limited. They may be reserved at the office for 75 cents each. Telephone Randolph 2957.

TO ENTERTAIN LILLIAN BELL

Tuesday afternoon, December 5, the Illinois Woman's Press Association will give a tea in honor of Mrs. Arthur Bogue (Lillian Bell), of New York City, in the ladies' parlors at the Press Club.

MEMORIAL MEETING

A memorial meeting for the late Fernando Jones, honorary member, will be held in the Press Club library at 1 p. m. Saturday, December 9.

E. H. Defebaugh will leave Monday for Washington to attend the annual convention of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress as a member of the committee on resolutions.

COMING EVENTS

Monday noon, December 4, 12:15 sharp.

INFORMAL LUNCH to Enos A. Mills. "The Spell of the Rockies."

Thursday and Friday, December 14-15.

EXHIBIT by Chicago Camera Club.

Thursday evening, December 14, 6 to 8 o'clock.

EXHIBIT by Chicago Camera Club. (Ladies admitted.)

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHS TO BE SHOWN

All day Thursday and Friday, December 14 and 15, there will be an exhibition of prize photographs in the library of the Press Club of Chicago by the Chicago Camera Club.

Thursday evening, December 14, from 6 to 8 o'clock, the exhibit will be open to the ladies of the members of the Club.

There will be extra service in the ladies' cafe from 5 to 8 o'clock.

TO DECORATE SHIELDS

A plan will be proposed at the next meeting of the Press Club for the decorating of the shields which hang on the dining room walls with pithy excerpts and epigrams from the works of Press Club authors.

AMONG THE PRESS CLUBS

December 11 the Authors' Club, of London, England, will entertain Earl Winterton at its regular Monday dinner. His topic will be "The Responsibilities of Empire."

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED

ORATIONS, ADDRESSES AND SPEECHES. Volumes 1 to 8 inclusive. Chauncey Dewey.

AMAZING ADVENTURES OF LETITIA CARRBERRY, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Strickland W. Gillilan, of Baltimore, Md., will be here in a few days.

Edward Malloy came up from La Porte, Ind., to attend the luncheon to Alfred Tennyson Dickens.

E. A. Stowe of Grand Rapids, Mich., was one of the non-resident members who attended the Dickens luncheon.

Capt. Jack Crawford, the poet scout, was at the Club Friday evening and promises to be back again in a few days.

Alfred Hiles Bergen, the composer, is nearing the end of a six weeks' concert tour and will soon be among us again.

The Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, announces "Echoes of Petrarch," a book of sonnets of love, with interludes, by George F. Butler.

Henry J. Hadfield, the English author and actor, returned Wednesday from a tour of Kipling recitals to give his recital at the Press Club Wednesday evening and to spend Thanksgiving with us.

George F. Butler, of Wilmette, has been appointed county physician by Peter Bartzen. Besides being a physician he is a newspaper, magazine and book-writer of note and a lecturer at Rush Medical College and Northwestern University.

DECEMBER CLUB MEETING

The next regular meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held in the Club library Saturday, December 9, at 1:30 p. m.

A constitutional amendment providing that applications for membership must be posted not later than the last day of the month preceding the month in which they are to be voted upon will be presented for action.

The following candidates for membership will be voted upon:

LIFE MEMBERSHIP

| Name. | Sponsor. |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Elmer H. Adams | Douglas Malloch |
| James B. Wescott | Douglas Malloch |

RESIDENT MEMBERSHIP

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| F. F. Ainsworth, publisher | W. R. Barnes |
| Otto M. Becker, former member | Douglas Malloch |
| Channing W. Barrett, writer | William Fuller |
| Ben S. Boyce, publisher | Douglas Malloch |
| DeLysle Ferree Cass, Hardware Record | |
| | Arthur Brown Glessner |
| Frank Crane, writer | George Weymouth |
| John D. Cress, American Lumberman | |

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| James C. Denvier, editor | Douglas Malloch |
| Austyn Granville, former member | Charles H. Sergel |
| Henry S. Blum, Sentinel | Louis T. Berlin |
| Edgar A. Hall, Jr., correspondent | Edgar A. Hall |
| H. Percy Millar, N. Y. Times | W. E. Moore |
| Daniel N. Pierce, Architectural Record | |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------|
| James A. Rice, former reporter | Douglas Malloch |
| William F. Roberts, publisher | R. M. Vandivert |
| Gilbert Shorter, author and actor | W. M. Roberts |
| Otto P. Slyde, Keystone | Walton Perkins |
| John P. Tansey, Democratic Bulletin | Douglas Malloch |

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| John J. Tobias, publisher | Albert H. Putney |
| R. A. Ward, writer and illustrator | Albert W. Birchwood |
| A. J. Way, Chicago Republican | Stanley Waterloo |
| Clifford Leon Webb, Chicago Daily News | B. Beecher Osborne |
| | Douglas Malloch |

NON-RESIDENT MEMBERSHIP

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Archibald Cooke Adams, composer, London, Eng. | Fred Pelham |
| James H. Baird, Southern Lumberman, Nashville, Tenn. | Douglas Malloch |
| Arnold Bennett, author, London, Eng. | |

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Judson H. Carter, Spokane Tribune | Douglas Malloch |
| George H. Doran, publisher, New York | Horace M. Ford |

| | |
|---|----------------|
| Charles E. Gardner, publisher, Dansville, N. Y. | G. Cooke Adams |
| | Geo. B. Hische |

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Arthur L. Holmes, editor and publisher, Detroit, Mich. | Douglas Malloch |
| Edward Malloy, Herald, La Porte, Ind. | |

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Ross F. Moore, author, Gary, Ind. | David H. Reeder |
| Frederick William Wile, London Telegraph, Berlin, Germany | B. A. Ulrich |
| | Douglas Malloch |

It is essential that sponsors of the above candidates be present at the meeting, which will be held at 1:30 sharp.

PRESS CLUB BILLIARD CUP

Charles Sergel has announced his intention to contribute a cup to the Press Club, to be played for annually at a tournament of the three-cushion players. The cup will be of silver and will remain the property of the club; the names of the annual winners to be engraved upon it.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors and the

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND PUBLICATION:

Otto Kney, Chairman

M. H. McMillen C. S. Peterson Roy O. Randall
James L. Regan C. E. Gould Mason Warner
Franc R. E. Woodward William Lightfoot Visscher

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO:
President.....Douglas Malloch
First Vice-President.....E. J. Baker
Second Vice-President.....William Emmet Moore
Treasurer.....Harry S. Hyman
Financial Secretary.....Theodore Van R. Ashcroft
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Directors—William R. Barnes, Horace M. Ford, Julius Reynolds Kline, Ransom E. Walker, Charles Lederer, Edward H. Fox.

COMMITTEES OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Art—Charles Lederer, Chairman; Mark Hayne, L. R. Merrell.

Building—Julius Reynolds Kline, Chairman; Ransom E. Walker, Otto Kney, Harry S. Hyman, William Emmet Moore.

Claims and Accounts—Horace M. Ford, Chairman; Theodore Van R. Ashcroft, William R. Barnes.

Constitution—Ransom E. Walker, Chairman; Samuel Sternfeld, J. B. Mansfield.

Entertainment—Edward H. Fox, Chairman; Fred Pelham, Rutledge Rutherford, Edward C. Moore, Harry Sheldon White, B. Beecher Osborne.

House—Theodore Van R. Ashcroft, Chairman; Edward H. Fox, Horace M. Ford.

Library—Joseph F. Henderson, Chairman; R. A. Halley, Leroy T. Goble.

Maintenance—E. J. Baker, Chairman; Eugene T. Skinkle, Ernest McCullough.

Membership—William Emmet Moore, Chairman; Albert B. Cone, Secretary.

Reception—William R. Barnes, Chairman; Harry B. Bogg, Edgar Hall, William Frederick Nutt, John A. Brown.

Ways and Means—Harry S. Hyman, Chairman; E. J. Baker, Julius Reynolds Kline.

STATED MEETINGS

Club—Second Saturday of each month at 1:30 p. m.

Board of Directors—Each Monday at 12:30 p. m., except the first Monday after the first Tuesday of each month at 6 p. m.

Printing and Publication Committee—Each Tuesday and Wednesday at 12 m.

Entertainment Committee—Each Friday at 6 p. m.

Employment Service

Any Press Club member wishing to secure employment or to hire can have his wants made known through the columns of the BULLETIN, free of charge.

SITUATION WANTED—Publicity director; broad experience in western land, irrigation, colonization and mining exploitation. Writes magazine and newspaper articles, advertisement, pamphlets, conduct follow-up correspondence; good talker. Address F. R., Press Club, Chicago.

MANUSCRIPTS read, revised and made ready for publication. Speeches, papers, etc., written on all subjects. High grade services rendered. Address E. W., Press Club, Chicago.

SITUATION WANTED—With newspaper, trade journal or publicity promoter. Six years' experience. First-class references. Address Rex, Press Club.

THE PIPE

BOOKS NOT RECEIVED (YET).

Doc, George F. Butler, S. P. (some poet), has grown suspicious since entering politics. He insists that we review his Echoes of Petrarch before he sends us a presentation copy. Here goes:

Notwithstanding a handicap of 500 years, Doc. has caught up with his Italian imitator in one jump so far as good English goes and undoubtedly will beat him in sales in 1912. From Petrarch to Pete Barten is some jump but Doc. does it without turning a hair.

Special limited edition of 500 at \$1.25. Send your money to the Doc, at 1101 Lake Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

ART NOTE. ART NOTICING?

"Chicago's enthusiasm outdid that of Europe," when Tetrizzini sang. That means that we out-hollered 'em. In art we may not capture the altitude prize but the endurance record is ours for keeps.

AT THE KNOCKERS' TABLE.

"Have you seen Gertrude Hoffman's Dance of the Four Seasons?"

"I saw one of them."

"Which one?"

"I think it must have been the pepper."

IT PAYS TO BE GOOD—WHY BE GOOD FOR NOTHING?

Billy Sunday has figured out that it costs from \$75 each in Atlanta to \$620 apiece in Indianapolis to save souls. Salvation is no longer free. Over the portals where St. Peter now operates a turnstile hangs the sign:

FREE LIST SUSPENDED. Billy Sunday.

—J. U. H.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Many members have written in, "How can I help?" Here's how:

1. Send cash contributions to the Extension Fund. Every penny you send will send a copy of the Bulletin to some prospective member.

2. Send in names of men who meet the following eligibility requirements:

(a) Editors, reporters, artists, proprietors, paid correspondents or contributors; general managers, business managers; proofreaders of the daily press. (b) Authors of books of original matter and of literary character, publishers and illustrators of such books and of magazines, and persons whose chief occupation is literary. (c) Persons who can produce indisputable proof of having at some time fulfilled one or more of the above qualifications for a period of five years.

Initiation fee for resident membership is \$10. Dues are \$40 yearly, payable \$10 quarterly in advance.

Non-Resident—Persons possessing one or more of the above qualifications, but who do not reside or have their place of business in Chicago or Cook County, are eligible to non-resident membership. Initiation fee is \$10. Dues are \$10 a year.

Sign the list, so we'll know who sent it.

3. Bring a guest to the Club who is eligible to membership.

What the club will do:

1. Use every cent contributed to the Extension Fund to pay postage on the Bulletin and other matter sent to prospects.

2. Keep in touch with the prospect until he joins.

3. Send some one to see him, if necessary.

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, December 9, 1911

Number 9

THE KIPLING EVENING.

Those who had the pleasure of hearing Henry J. Hadfield in readings from Kipling at the Press Club on Wednesday evening, Nov. 29, understand why he is one of the most popular lyceum and club recitationists before the public. Mr. Hadfield brings to his work in addition to the technique of the trained actor, a rare interpretative sympathy and insight. His program overflowed with good things, and every number was excellent, but this brief report would be incomplete without particular commendation of Mr. Hadfield's artistic rendition of "The Ballad of East and West," "Paget, M. P.," "Snarleyow," "McAndrew's Hymn," "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House," and "The Dove of Dacca."

SENATORS AT LUNCHEON.

With leading senators from both great parties present last Saturday noon, a member of the Press Club unaware of what was on would have been pardoned for thinking he had by mistake entered a session of the United States Senate instead of his usual noon-day haunt.

Those present had the pleasure of hearing at first hand a discussion of important measures pending in Congress by Senator Miles E. Poindexter (Republican), of Washington, and Thomas P. Gore (Democrat), of Oklahoma.

Senator Poindexter confined his remarks to proposed legislation for Alaska, and declared his position was for government ownership and operation of the harbor in Controller Bay and a railroad from the coalfields to tidewater. He stated that Controller Bay is the only harbor remaining outside the influence of the Alaskan syndicate.

Senator Gore, in his speech, touched on the news of the day and discussed the Los Angeles dynamiting cases. "It is fortunate," he said, "that the McNamaras have pleaded guilty. If they had been convicted organized labor still would have insisted upon their innocence; had they been acquitted interested capitalists would have insisted justice was not accomplished."

Ransom E. Walker presided as toastmaster. Among those present were: W. Sanford Evans, mayor of Winnipeg, Man., and E. G. Barstow, former president of the National Irrigation Congress.

WINNIPEG MAYOR AT CLUB.

A luncheon in honor of W. Sanford Evans, mayor of Winnipeg, was given at the Chicago Press Club on Saturday, Dec. 2nd. Among those present, in addition to "his honor," were W. K. Pattison, president of the British Empire Association; John Crerar, vice president Illinois St. Andrews Society; A. C. Shaw, A. G. P. A. Canadian Pacific Railway, Winnipeg; John McGavin, Winnipeg; Dr. John S. Laidlaw, and George Sutherland, business manager, Western British American.

ENOS A. MILLS LECTURE.

Enos A. Mills, the traveler, camper, lecturer and author, gave a short lecture in the Press Club dining room last Monday noon, upon which occasion he was a guest of the club.

He told of his adventures in the wild spots of America and described the joys and pleasures of camping out in practically every state in the union. The dining room was crowded by an appreciative audience. George Weymouth presided, assisted by a committee including John P. Brady, C. M. Cartwright and Josia Cratty.

WANDERING SHEEP

"I was entertained by the Press Club of Chicago, which I consider the highest honor paid me since my arrival on this continent."—Alfred Tennyson Dickens.

Kindly permit me to say that there is one very glaring fault I find with the Press Club Bulletin, namely that it tells me what a raft of good times you are having in the club which we temporary exiles down here in this little suburb of Chicago known as New York City are deprived of having.—O. R. Young.

"No one who has not enjoyed the hospitality of the Chicago Press Club knows what he has missed. I am deeply sensible of the fact that I have never known Chicago at her best until today; have never known the real source of her strength and the secret of her renown. Chicago is here. The Press Club is Chicago incarnate. This is what makes Chicago famous."—Charles Warren Fairbanks, Former Vice President of the United States.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

SOUTHLAND MELODIES, by Ben King; THE SHADOW MEN, by Donald Richberg; LOVES PURPLE, by S. Ella Wood Dean, from Forbes & Company, Chicago.

Member's badges are on sale at the club office.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

All Day Thursday and Friday, December 14 and 15—Chicago Camera Club Exhibit.

Thursday Night, December 14—Chicago Camera Club Exhibit open to the ladies, 6 to 9 o'clock.

Saturday Noon, December 16—Informal Luncheon to George F. Butler.

LUNCHEON TO GEO. F. BUTLER.

On Saturday noon, December 16, at 12:30 o'clock, a luncheon will be given by the Press Club in honor of George F. Butler, poet, author, raconteur, club member and, incidentally, the new appointee as county physician.

Frank Comerford will preside as toastmaster and among the speakers will be Opie Read,



PHOTO MATLENE
GEORGE F. BUTLER.

Peter Bartzen, John E. Owens, W. A. Evans and George B. Young.

The affair will be well worth attending. A number of reservations for the luncheon have already been made and apparently the tables will be crowded, therefore get your tickets early. Dr. Butler, as well as the other speakers, will have something to say well worth hearing.

CAMERA CLUB EXHIBIT.

All day Thursday and Friday, December 14 and 15, there will be an exhibition in the Press Club library by the Chicago Camera Club of approximately fifty photographs under frame, comprising the finest work along pictorial and artistic lines in carbon, ozobrome, platinum, gum, toned bromide and other photographic mediums. Nearly all of these pictures have received honors in competitive exhibitions and prize contests, and the greater portion of them have been entered in the American Photographic Salon, being exhibited in the Art Institute of larger cities included in their circuit. The exhibit will be open Thursday evening to the ladies from 6 to 9 o'clock.

The Exhibition Committee of the Chicago Camera Club consists of: F. M. Tuckerman, E. J. Sturtz and B. J. Morris. The exhibit is given under the auspices of the Press Club art committee.

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE.

The Membership Committee has opened an office on the seventh floor of the Press Club, where lists of eligibles, applications and suggestions may be filed and information regarding the extension work of the Club secured. The office will be open all day. It is hoped that the Board of Directors and the Committee will have the hearty co-operation of the members in this important work. We need first the names of eligibles to whom we may send the Bulletin and an invitation to join.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday night, Dec. 23—Christmas Dance.

Saturday night, Dec. 30—Dinner and Smoker to new members.

Saturday night, Feb. 10.—"Lincoln," by Chief Justice Carter, Illinois Supreme Court. (Ladies' night.)

AMONG THE PRESS CLUBS

The annual dinner of the Authors' Club, of London, will be held December 18, with Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell as chairman.

The early bird that catches the worm isn't a circumstance to the member who makes early reservations for club luncheons.

CLUB VISITORS

Dr. C. J. Miner of Galesburg, Ill.
Mr. Jas. C. E. Allum, Chicago.
Mr. E. E. Gore, La Grange, Ill.
Mr. W. S. Luce, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mr. W. J. McDonald, Calumet, Mich.
Mr. H. A. Storres, Denver, Colo.

FORESTRY CLASS ENTERTAINED.

Tuesday evening, December 5, the American Lumberman entertained with a dinner at the Press Club the forestry class of the Michigan Agricultural College. Harry B. Darlington was chief host. The young foresters who made up the party were:

J. Fred Baker, East Lansing, Mich.; Herbert D. Hall, Ionia, Mich.; Charles Burns, Leonard, Mich.; Edward F. Juergens, Bay City, Mich.; Gordan G. Gabel, St. Joseph, Mich.; Louis H. Steffens, Baltimore, Md.; E. C. J. Sanford, Grass Lake, Mich.; Charles B. Baker, Bancroft, Mich.; W. Irving Gilson, Adrian, Mich.; W. C. Geogley, Bristol, Va. and Tenn.; A. G. Bovay, Rodney, Mich.; C. R. Garvey, Milwaukee, Wis.; Max Gardner, Lansing, Mich.; Irving R. Browning, Iron Mountain, Mich.

Home Comforts—Then Some.

Now members of the Press Club can find all of the comforts of home in the club, and then some. In addition to the magnificent library, excellent restaurant, billiards, etc., a member can enter the main portico, step to one side and leave his watch, go across the lobby and get out his laundry, then to the rear into Tom Carr's barber shop, where even if he doesn't have a narrow escape he will have a close shave (if he wants it), and then up to the club rooms.

What more does a man want?

AMONG THE MEMBERS

E. D. Fisk, who now lives in New York City, visited the club Wednesday.

H. Guy Woodward is writing stories and giving a monologue in Pacific coast theaters.

A. W. Christiansen, known as the "King of Rag-time," has been to Denver for a short trip.

Opie Read has nearly finished another book. It will probably be brought out this winter.

C. F. Whitmarsh, of the Printing Art, Boston, was in Chicago this week, combining business with pleasure. Mrs. Whitmarsh accompanied him, it being her first visit to Chicago since the hegira to the East seven years ago.

Bruce Calvert has been rattling the bones in New York, telling the people things that sting about the public school system. Bruce is capping for the Ferrer system of education, founded in honor of Professor Ferrer, whose death in Spain made history.

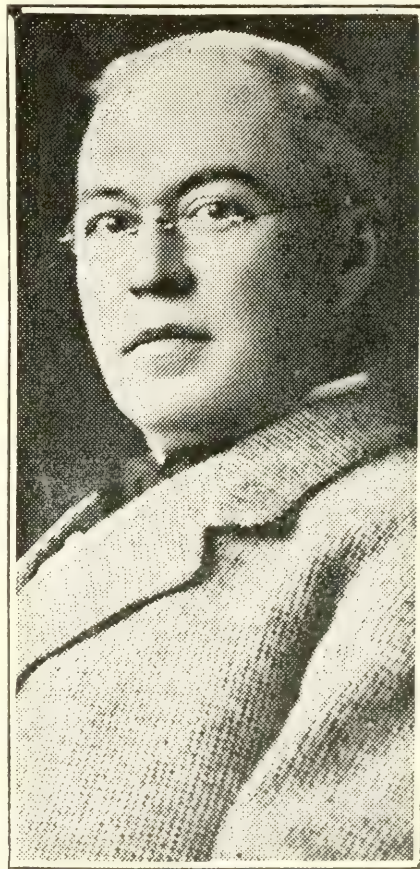
Henry W. Lee, the only bona fide Chicago "country editor" in captivity, is in Washington this week attending the National Rivers and Harbors Congress. He has an appointment with President Taft to discuss Calumet waterways and to tell him about the good times at the Chicago Press Club.

New books are constantly being added to the library. Read them while they are new.

HUGH BLAKE WILLIAMS' FUNERAL.

Hugh Blake Williams is dead. He passed away Monday, December 4, after a protracted illness which culminated in cerebral hemorrhage.

The funeral took place Wednesday, the body being taken to the vault in Graceland cemetery to await cremation. Characteristic addresses were made at the funeral by John McGovern,



HUGH BLAKE WILLIAMS.

Emerson Hough and E. R. Prichard. Opie Read uttered a few words of final farewell when the remains were left in the chapel.

A large representation of Press Club members was present, including E. J. Baker, Alex. Johnson, C. H. Sergel, B. A. Johnson, John Brown, James West and W. R. Barnes.

A memorial meeting will be held at the Press Club in the near future. Dr. Williams was a valued member of the Press Club, and immensely popular.

TRADE PRESS MEN MEET

The monthly meeting of the Chicago Trade Press Association was held Monday evening, November 27, at the Press Club. The speakers and subjects announced are: "The Validity of Advertising Contracts," by E. C. Hole; "Advertising Copy and Typographical Display," by C. N. Manfred; "Training Advertising Representatives," by W. J. McDonough. The next meeting will be held Dec. 29.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

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Otto Kney, Chairman

M. H. McMillen C. S. Peterson Roy O. Randall
James L. Regan C. E. Gould Mason Warner
Franc R. E. Woodward William Lightfoot Visscher

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO:
President.....Douglas Malloch
First Vice-President.....E. J. Baker
Second Vice-President.....William Emmet Moore
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Directors—William R. Barnes, Horace M. Ford, Julius Reynolds Kline, Ransom E. Walker, Charles Lederer, Edward H. Fox.

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Printing and Publication Committee—Each Tuesday and Wednesday at 12 m.
Entertainment Committee—Each Friday at 6 p. m.

Employment Service

Any Press Club member wishing to secure employment or to hire can have his wants made known through the columns of the BULLETIN, free of charge.

SITUATION WANTED—Publicity director; broad experience in western land, irrigation, colonization and mining exploitation. Writes magazine and newspaper articles, advertisement, pamphlets, conduct follow-up correspondence; good talker. Address F. R., Press Club, Chicago.

WANTED—Copy writing, booklets, pamphlets; anything requiring high class work by a writer who knows word value. Author, Press Club.

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MANUSCRIPTS read, revised and made ready for publication. Speeches, papers, etc., written on all subjects. High grade services rendered. Address E. W., Press Club, Chicago.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED—By a club member, past middle age; varied experience as editor, publisher and general business; sure to render full value of moderate salary. Address E. A. T., Press Club.

Bennett to Write of Chicago.

A special dispatch to the Chicago Daily News from New York, November 29, gives this warning: Chicago, beware Arnold Bennett! The author, who left today for England on the Cunarder Lusitania, declared that he would tell all about Chicago in the stories which he is to write on the other side of the Atlantic. So mysterious was Mr. Bennett when he was asked to give a hint as to what he would say about Chicago that he declared that "Chicago is so intricate" that it would be impossible to give any idea of his impressions before his stories appeared. Mr. Bennett also labeled Chicago as being "complicated."

The newly revised constitution is on hand at the office for members who wish to receive a copy.

Life members are expected to be live members—come around and enjoy the club and its associations.

THE PIPE

THIS is our Explanation Number. MOTTO: Square thyself!

TO OUR Valued Contributors: Most of your contributors to Thanksgiving arrived after we had mixed the dressing for the Turk (a l'Italian). Do your Christmas joshing early!

ONE of our correspondents says, "Not so d-d much poetry." As most of our poetry is postmarked Helngon, L. R., we assume that he means not so much d-d poetry. Anyhow, we will quit for awhile. A column that cannot suit everybody all the time is not much of a column.

THIS is NOT a Funny Column. (Business of shuddering.) You knew that? Well, here is another. It is not INTENDED to be funny. Got that? It is a running commentary (comment first, then run) on the Passing Show. The show that sends the most passes gets the largest comment.

Mrs. M. M. W.: It is no trouble to fill a column. The trouble is to HOLD a column against our pushing Membership Committee. The chairman once walked the bridge on a stay-where-you-enter car and is actuated by habit, not malice, when he shoves us up into the top half of the page.

DON'T WORRY.

The Brotherhood of Man is working out as irresistibly as the thickening of the earth's crust. Earthquakes and volcanoes are but symptoms of the one as dynamite is of the other. They neither help nor hinder. The man on the side-lines sadly is convinced that when it comes to the apparent retarding of progress, honors are easy between the active enemies and the fool friends of labor. Neither does as much as the other accuses him of in the way of delaying the Inevitable. They cannot. It is in higher hands than theirs.

C. G. M., Frisco: You are booked. Any subject but climate!

E. S. H. writes that Wilbur Nesbit Mason has just been elected president of a Kansas college. Who would have thought that the Innocent, as it were, Bystander had a namesake of presidential age?

R. J. H. calls our attention to the fact that the White-Sheetz Co., Burlington, Ia., spoils 'em by printing popular songs thereon.

MARY GARDEN is occupying nearly all of one floor at the Blackstone. Rolling, Mary?

AT THE KNOCKERS' TABLE.

"He is not handsome but his face lights up wonderfully when he talks."

"That is because he has a lantern jaw."

ABOUT AWL FROM YOU.

J. O. B. asks: Can a politician who practices gumshoe methods be said to be the sole of discretion?

DOC. COOK (you remember Doc.) is going to grow wheat. If Doc's wheat grows as tall as his stories he will get a lot of chaff, but then Doc. is used to that.

WHY THE FRENCH REVOLUTED.

"After us the deluge," said Louis XV.

"What of it? Look at the fine reign we are having now," giggled du Barry.

IS IT easy to fill a column? It's a Pipe.

J. U. H.

FUTURE ENTERTAINMENTS.

The entertainment committee is preparing plans for a Christmas dance, a Bobby Burns entertainment and a number of other events which will be announced in due time.

Now is the time to subscribe.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, December 16, 1911

Number 10

FELLOWSHIP DINNER.

One of the most entertaining and enjoyable functions held by the Press Club was the Fellowship dinner given December 1 to the new members, elected at the last meeting. William Lightfoot Visscher presided, Charles G. Griffiths made a few appropriate remarks and several of the new members, including Frederick Warde and W. H. Head, addressed the members. Chr. Balatka acted as the musician of the evening. The feature of the evening was the reading of a set of "Limericks" by Harry Sheldon White, each new member present being selected as a target.

Everybody had a lot of fun out of the palatable hits. The limericks are as follows:

A toast to you, Frederick Warde.
We welcome you here to the board.
Not because you're a star,
But the man that you are—
Just because you are Frederick Warde.

Frank Emerich hustles out copy
That never is careless or sloppy.
Frank, the truth of it is
We'd say more of your biz,
But we fear that the talk would seem sloppy.

Good evening, friend Kolakowski,
And how are you feeling right nowski?
The stuff that you write
We would read with delight—
We would read if we only knew howski.

Balatka this is, if you please,
Who soon the piano will seize.
He pounds baby grands
Not alone with his hands,
But he uses his elbows and knees.

Walter Palens, the artist is here,
Who pictures can draw like a dear.
I am dry reading rime
So if Walter has time
I wish he would draw me a beer.

H. F. Pomeroy is a new member
Who entered the fold in November.
Now, H. F., here's your cue:
Get a member that's new
And bring him around in December.

John Robinson, here at my right,
We're glad you are with us tonight,
To smile and to sup
And to sip of the cup—
We trust we are treating you right.

Look not on the wine when it's red.
(You'll observe this is yellow instead).
Here your thirst you may slake
And tomorrow awake
Without crying, "O Lord, what a Head!"

Now J. Carver Strong will imbibe.
He is one of the trade journal tribe.

We, too, print a sheet
That is newsy and neat—
And now is the time to subscribe.

When we landed this Vandivert steady,
"Now, how can I help matters?" said he,
More members we need;
To get some he agreed—
And he's landed one member already.

THE GIFFORD PINCHOT DINNER.

The Press Club dinner to Gifford Pinchot on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6, if it didn't make history, made news—columns and columns of news. Mr. Pinchot played mighty fair with those who gathered to do him honor; he refused in any preliminary interviews to discuss what he intended to say, so interest in the occasion was kept bright and keen—no blunting because everybody knew beforehand what was going to be said. The result was another "typical Press Club event," with the pleasant murmur of satisfaction buzzing about when the preparations for home-going began.

Douglas Malloch presided as toastmaster. Albert B. Cone, of the Club, and George Maxwell, of Pittsburgh, a leader in reclamation and irrigation work, made brief addresses, paying tributes to Mr. Pinchot's work as forester, and to his services in the movement for the conservation of the nation's natural resources. W. J. Way contributed several of his characteristic numbers at the piano—and, of course, they "went" well. The toastmaster introduced the guest of honor as "a man whose name never will be forgotten, and seldom will be pronounced correctly."

Mr. Pinchot's speech had been carefully prepared, and was full of "good stuff" for the reporters, every paper quoting liberally from it the following day. He reviewed the present political situation in detail, and was listened to with close attention.

WANDERING SHEEP

"The evening of November 20 will always be one of the most pleasant memories of my life. The members of the Press Club were gracious enough to invite me to a dinner and we spent one of the nicest evenings that I have ever been lucky enough to enjoy."—Marquis of Queensbury.

Member's badges are on sale at the club office

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Tuesday Noon (12:15 O'clock Sharp), December 19—Informal Luncheon to Peer Stromme.

Saturday Night, December 23 (Ladies' Night)—Annual Christmas Dance.

THE BUTLER LUNCHEON.

George F. Butler is one of those fellows whom you always want to slap on the shoulder and say, "Hello, Doc." to. Those who have failed to hear his stories will have ample opportunity to make up for lost time at the luncheon which will be tendered him by the Press Club (this) Saturday noon, December 16. There will be several prominent men, well known in public affairs, who will also say something of interest. Press Club members should turn out in a body to this affair. You have got to eat somewhere, so why not in your club at the regular time. If you have not yet obtained your ticket telephone in a reservation as soon as you read this.

PEER STROMME TUESDAY.

Tuesday noon, December 19, at 12:15 an informal luncheon to Peer Stromme, a member who has just returned from a long sojourn in Siberia and was in China during the revolution, will be given by the Press Club. No seats will be reserved, so members are advised to come early. (A good day to bring that prospective member around.)

Edward H. Fox will preside and John A. Brown will welcome Stromme back into our midst. The committee of the day will be Alan F. MacIntyre, William Knox and J. F. Kellogg. The usual table d'hôte will be served.

Stromme is one of the keenest observers among our American journalists and the talk he will give the Club promises to be intensely interesting.

ROBERT BURNS' ANNIVERSARY.

Thursday night, Jan. 25, a dinner and entertainment will be given in honor of Robert Burns. This will be one of the finest affairs of the winter. Mr. M. J. Reid, just over from Glasgow, bag pipes, Scotch dancers and the Press Club Scotchmen in their kilts are some of the features which will be provided for this occasion.

CHRISTMAS DANCE.

It is expected that the Press Club will have the merriest party of the year Saturday, December 23, when the annual Christmas dance will be held. The great dining room will be

appropriately decorated and light refreshments will be served. There will be special service in the Women's parlors. The entertainment committee is arranging unusual preparations to make the affair one of particular enjoyment for every member and his lady. Tickets, 50 cents each.

DINNER AND SMOKER.

A dinner and smoker, one of the old time kind, will be given Saturday night, December 30. Several of the new members will be put through their paces and duly initiated with the expert help of some of the old time members. There will be a program of speeches, story telling, singing, piano stunts and a lot of tobacco smoke. The entertainment committee hints that some unusual feature will be provided for the evening and every effort will be made to have a general good time. Don't forget the date. Be sure to come.

PIANO RECITAL.

Miss Violet Clarence, of Vienna, Austria, pupil of Lichitiski, will give a piano recital at the Press Club, Friday evening, Dec. 29.

COMING EVENTS

Tuesday noon, Dec. 19—Informal luncheon to Peer Stromme.

Saturday night, Dec. 23—Christmas Dance.

Friday night, Dec. 29—Piano recital by Miss Violet Clarence of Paris.

Saturday night, Dec. 30—Dinner and Smoker to new members.

Thursday noon, Jan. 4—Memorial to the late Hugh Blake Williams.

Saturday noon, Jan. 13—Monthly business meeting.

Saturday night, Feb. 10—"Lincoln," by Chief Justice Carter, Illinois Supreme Court. (Ladies' night.)

The newly revised constitution is on hand at the office for members who wish to receive a copy.

New books are constantly being added to the library. Read them while they are new.

The early bird that catches the worm isn't a circumstance to the member who makes early reservations for club luncheons.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Arthur I. Holmes, of Detroit, was in Chicago on business Wednesday.

Wesley Staiger has moved to New York where he will direct the office appliance propaganda.

D. L. Hanson, of Petersham, Mass., gave an address on "Saints and Sinners I have Known," before the Unity Club of Petersham, December 6.

Peer Stromme, the Madison, Wis., globe-trotter, just home from China, will spend all next week with us, so he writes.

Edward H. Fox returned Saturday from another one of those swings around the circle for which he and the circle are famous.

Henry J. Hadfield, our accomplished Kiplingist, in fact our Kiplingest member, had a day or two with us this week, but left Wednesday on another tour of recitals which will keep him away until Spring.

FERNANDO JONES MEMORIAL.

A memorial meeting for the late Fernando Jones was held in the Press Club library at one o'clock, Saturday, December 9, 1911. The following resolution was presented by Francis E. Woodward:

"An all-wise Providence has summoned the soul of our oldest member to join the ranks of the mighty hosts beyond the river of life. The Press Club of Chicago will miss this venerated member, so old in years, so youthful in endeavor.

"March on, soul of Fernando Jones; neither Indian attacks in Chicago's pioneer days or the devastating flames of '71 could stem the ardor of your career. Grim Death alone could conquer your spirit.

"The Press Club as a body hereby expresses the deepest sympathy for the relatives of Fernando Jones in their bereavement."

Mr. H. E. Dickson spoke feelingly, as an old time Chicago newspaperman, of the memory of the deceased member.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

CONTROL OF HEREDITY, by Casper Lavator Redfield. Alfred Clark of Chicago.

Among the good fellows who will have a pull at the loving-cup at the next blow-out and blow-up of the Press Club Fellowship will be Wm. J. Way. This man has just published a book with the title: "BILLY WAY'S GAY WHITE WAY NURSERY RHYMES." It is a mighty funny book and one of the funniest things about it is that Way can play it all on the piano. That's the Way of it.

AMONG THE PRESS CLUBS

Reginald Smith, K. C., LL. M., will address the Authors' Club of London, January 22, on the interesting topic "Does the Author Understand the Publisher and Vice Versa?" Sir A. Conan Doyle will be the chairman of the evening.

YOUR CORRECT ADDRESS.

Does your mail from the Press Club reach you properly? Several members have stated that the club has not properly recorded their addresses. In other words, if you don't get this paper, let us know at once.

MONTHLY CLUB MEETING, DEC. 9.

The regular monthly meeting of the Press Club was held December 9 with President Malloch in the chair and the following members present: Malloch, C. Pickard, Hall, Davidson, Tait, McIntyre, H. S. White, Bennett, Osborne, Lederer, Blakely, E. Pickard, Henderson, Dickson, Hische, Brickwood, Visscher, Knox, C. W. Brown, Brewer Gould, Kendall, Pickering, Halley, Lampman, Ford, Woodward, Perkins, Schreyer, Squires, Weymouth, Nutt, Griffith, W. M. Roberts, Cone, Waterloo, Van Gilder, E. S. White, Cooley, Kellogg, Ashcroft, Mansfield, Moore, Kney.

The President's Report, Art Committee report and Recording Secretary's report were read and filed.

The Financial Secretary's report was approved. The quarterly audit by the Safeguard Account Company was transferred to the Financial Secretary's report at the January meeting.

The Committee on Constitution offered an amendment changing the method of election of members, relieving the Club meetings of this detail, and vesting the authority of electing members in the Board of Directors, under suitable restrictions, for action at the January meeting.

The following applicants for membership were elected:

Life Membership.

| Name. | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| Elmer H. Adams | James B. Wescott |
| Resident Membership. | |
| E. F. Ainsworth | James A. Rice |
| Otto M. Becker | William F. Roberts |
| Channing W. Barrett | Gilbert Shorter |
| Ben S. Boyce | Otto P. Slyde |
| DeLysle Ferree Cass | John P. Tansey |
| John D. Cress | John J. Tobias |
| James C. Denvier | R. A. Ward |
| Edgar A. Hall, Jr. | W. J. Way |
| H. Percy Millar | Clifford Leon Webb |
| Daniel N. Pierce | |

Non-Resident Membership.

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| Archibald Cooke Adams | Charles E. Gardner |
| London, Eng. | Dansville, N. Y. |
| James H. Baird, | Arthur L. Holmes |
| Nashville, Tenn. | Detroit, Mich. |
| Arnold Bennett | Edward Malloy |
| London, Eng. | La Porte, Ind. |
| Judson H. Carter | Ross F. Moore |
| Tacoma, Wash. | Gary, Ind. |
| George H. Doran | Frederick William Wile, |
| New York | Berlin, Germany |

An amendment to the constitution providing applications for membership must be posted by the first of the month was adopted.

Thanks for the superior excellence of work in the publication of the Press Club Bulletin during October and November were extended to the Regan Printing Company and the Peterson Linotype Company.

DIRECTORS' MEETING, DEC. 11.

Present—Malloch, Kline, Baker, Moore, Fox, Lederer, Ford, Barnes, Henderson, Kney. The Financial Secretary's recommendations covering expenditure of \$1,245.91 were approved, and warrants authorized. An invitation to the National Newspaper Association to make the Press Club its headquarters during its annual convention in June was extended.

John U. Higinbotham, winner of the "Congo" Tournament for 1911, has received a very beautiful billiard cue made in accordance with his elaborate specifications. H. M. McMeal was the donor of the trophy.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors and the

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND PUBLICATION:

Otto Kney, Chairman

M. H. McMillen C. S. Peterson Roy O. Randall
James L. Regan C. E. Gould Mason Warner
Franc R. E. Woodward William Lightfoot Visscher

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Entertainment Committee—Each Friday at 6 p. m.
Claims and Accounts Committee—Last Friday of each month at 1 p. m.

COMMITTEES OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Art—Charles Lederer, Chairman; Mark Hayne, L. R. Merrell.
Building—Julius Reynolds Kline, Chairman; Ransom E. Walker, Otto Kney, Harry S. Hyman, William Emmet Moore.
Claims and Accounts—Horace M. Ford, Chairman; Theodore Van R. Ashcroft, William R. Barnes.
Constitution—Ransom E. Walker, Chairman; Samuel Sternfeld, J. B. Mansfield.
Entertainment—Edward H. Fox, Chairman; Fred Pelham, Rutledge Glessner, Edward C. Moore, Harry Sheldon White, B. Beecher Osborne.
House—Theodore Van R. Ashcroft, Chairman; Edward H. Fox, Horace M. Ford.
Library—Joseph F. Henderson, Chairman; R. A. Halley, Leroy T. Goble.
Maintenance—E. J. Baker, Chairman; Eugene T. Skinkle, Ernest McCullough.
Membership—William Emmet Moore, Chairman; Albert B. Cone, Secretary.
Reception—William R. Barnes, Chairman; Harry B. Bogg, Edgar Hall, William Frederick Nutt, John A. Brown.
Ways and Means—Harry S. Hyman, Chairman; E. J. Baker, Julius Reynolds Kline.

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THE PIPE

AN EXPURGATED EXEGESIS.

Oh, brethren of the well-caked briar,
Whose fumes are blithlier far than wine,
How oft do I in vain aspire
To join you as the wreathes untwine!
Smoke up, nor shun the merry Line,
Spare not the alcoholic tear,
Take toll of all the suns that shine,
For little joyaunce waits you here!
Go smile with Malloch (well-tuned lyre!)
Or shriek with Noisy Joe, or dine
With Sikes, the well beloved Friar
Of politics Sine and Cosine.
Smoke up, nor shun the merry Line!
Life has no evil worse to fear
Than Skinkle's yarns, so don't repine
If little joyaunce waits you here!
With Visscher bid your blues expire!
No, not upstairs—or at the shrine
Of Congo seek Dean McIntyre
Or J. U. H., and woes* resign.
Smoke up, nor shun the merry Line!
Your cue take from the Marquis—cheer
Is all that makes man's life divine
And little joyaunce waits you here!

Envoi.

A parting tip—your ear incline—
"Smoke up, nor shun the merry Line."
Give life her due ere she grows ere—
For little joyaunce waits you here.

Q. H. Flaccus.

*Probably misprint for "hopes."

They write a helva lot of poetry down there. We are holding one over (the ice) received from Pluto this week.

TRAVESTYING LINDLAY MURRAY.

The program at the American Music Hall says: "No offensive satire is intended and we trust not conveyed."

A WELL EARNED WAIL.

Oh, oh, why such a lack?
Pass the little 'baccy sack
And hand a match aflame—
The Pipe's glow grows tame.

Sine Dubio.

Question:—What's become of the Club's quon-dam wits? Where's Opie, Col. William and others who might drop a little saltpetre into the bowl and make it crackle?

S. D.

WE print the above and emphasize the futility of trying to glow it alone. We had hoped that our helplessness mutely would appeal to these quon-dam wits and induce them to get busy. This is no one-man column.

THIS IS NOTHING TO LAUGH AT.

(From the N. Y. Sun, via B. L. T.)

The little girl said she had been whipped as far back as she could remember.

Far be it from us to coach our alma mater, but why not head it THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL?

SMORE HISTORICAL NOTES.

After the death of her husband, Francis II., Mary Stuart was returned to England with a curt note to Elizabeth: "We are returning herewith your Scotch and hereafter will stick to Bourbon." Elizabeth promptly bottled the Scotch.

ARNOLD BENNETT and Alfred Tennyson Dickens suffered much at the hands of the auto-grafters. The autograph evil should be stamped out. Use a self-inker. J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, December 23, 1911.

Number 11

GEORGE F. BUTLER LUNCHEON.

George F. Butler was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the Press Club, Saturday, December 16. Among the other guests were John E. Owens, W. A. Evans, George B. Young and Opie Read. Peter Bartzén had been invited, but sent regrets.

Frank Comerford acted as toastmaster and called upon the various speakers with proper eclat. First he introduced George B. Young, health commissioner of Chicago, and Mr. Young related some of his experiences in the important work in connection with his office. John E. Owens, of the circuit court, next told of the new work in connection with caring for the insane unfortunates and of certain reforms which he was instituting with the aid of Dr. Butler, the new county physician.

Opie Read then delivered one of the best speeches he has made before the club. W. A. Evans, city physician, told a story or two, and then the guest of the day was introduced.

The doctor declared that he will do all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunates under his charge, that he will wear the "collar" of no man, and that he will follow precedents only so long as he can maintain his self respect.

The dining room was packed, and the remarks of the various speakers were frequently applauded.

CAMERA CLUB EXHIBIT.

Much interest was manifested in the exhibit of prize photographs made by the Chicago Camera Club in the Press Club Library last week. Thursday evening the exhibit was visited and inspected by many of the ladies of members.

The collection was of great interest to the Press Club. There were about fifty framed exhibits, examples of the finest work along pictorial and artistic lines in carbon ozobrome, platinum, gum, toned bromide, etc. The greater number have received honors in competitive exhibitions and contests and practically all have been entered in the American Photographic Salon.

The exhibit was in charge of a joint committee of the Chicago Camera Club, consisting of F. M. Tuckerman, E. J. Sturtz and B. J. Morris; and the art committee of the Press Club.

PEER STROMME LUNCHEON.

It wasn't because Peer Stromme was short of rations during his trip around the world, just terminated, that the Press Club gave him a luncheon last Tuesday, but because the club members were hungry to hear him tell of his adventures.

Edward Fox presided. He requested John Brown to say a few words of welcome to the prodigal member, and the words spoken gave Stromme an idea of the estimation in which he is held by the members.

Peer Stromme told of some of his experiences in Germany and France; of his invasion of heathen temples in Asia, of his mixing with Chinese rebels when he bought a rifle to protect himself and his possessions from looting, of his visit in Siberia with a Russian nobleman, where he was questioned by a collection of apes and monkeys, which the noble kept in his dining room, and other weird and peculiar adventures. The event was of unusual interest, and when the speaker would conclude his narrative he was vociferously required to continue.

Peer Stromme made the trip for the purpose of writing a series of articles for a North Dakota newspaper, of which he is the editor.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Victor Eubank will go to New York in a few days. Milo Bennett is receiving congratulations. It's a boy.

"Billy" Way has been away, way down Cincinnati way.

John Zimmerman is seen in the club rooms again after an illness.

John Edward Buck says he has an ambition to interview the Sphinx next summer.

Karl Harriman will go to Philadelphia to become editor of the Ladies' Home Journal.

William Lightfoot Visscher is away on a literally diplomatic mission, down in Indiana.

John U. Higinbotham advises his friends to not hang up their Xmas halos on the 26th.

"Uncle By" Williams has been asked to give a series of lectures and "Boy Talks" in Southern Illinois.

"Dick" Luckmann is preparing to start a weekly sporting and dramatic publication to be called the "Fan."

Opie Read, big, hearty and generous as ever, has been about the club for a few days again after his trip East.

Frank Comerford has gone to the Pacific coast.

Percy Douglas, marquis of Queensberry, has gone to England for a short trip.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Thursday Afternoon (3 to 5 o'clock), December 28—Children's Annual Holiday Party.

Friday Evening (8:30 o'clock), December 29—Piano Recital by Miss Violet Clarence of Paris (Ladies' Night).

Saturday Evening (6 o'clock), December 30—Dinner and Smoker to New Members.

SMOKE UP SATURDAY NIGHT.

Saturday night, December 30, at 6 o'clock there will be another Press Club smoker that is expected to out-smoke all of the smokers of the past. Incidentally it will be for the newly elected members, and there will be something stirring from the minute the soup appears. The menu will be an English Sporting Dinner, as suggested by the Marquis of Queensberry. There will be an evening of refreshments, pipes, tobacco, stories, songs and piano acrobatics. The toastmasters will be F. R. E. Woodward, Henry W. Lee, Douglas Malloch and others. This committee of conspiracy refuses to disclose its plans; but things are in preparation that are decidedly out of the ordinary, and will make the fellow who stayed away say afterward: "Gee! If I had known that I would have been there!"

Alfred Hiles Bergen will sing the Toreador song and Billy Way will be received into membership via the piano. These are only two numbers of an unique program. Every recently elected member is especially urged to be present.

The time—Saturday night, December 30, at six o'clock; the place—the Press Club; the price—75 cents. Bring your pet pipe and a prospective member! Better reserve your seat while there are seats to reserve!

CHILDREN'S PARTY.

On the afternoon of Thursday, December 28, from 3 to 5 o'clock, a party will be given for the children of Press Club members and their young friends. Besides games, a delightful program has been arranged, which will interest every one of the little folks who attend. Their age doesn't matter. The party will take place in the main dining room on the 6th floor.

The program will be provided by Charles Lederer, the cartoonist, who will draw a series of pictures; Byron Williams, better known to the children as "Uncle By," will read some of his poems; Mrs. F. S. Hodge, through the courtesy of Walton Perkins of the Chicago Conservatory of Music, will sing, and Bertha Jane Fox will read selections by Marjorie Benton Cooke.

Refreshments will be served.

It is hoped that all the children of the Press Club members will be present, for the occasion will be one they will long remember.

AN EVENING OF MUSIC

The piano recital to be given by Miss Violet Clarence, of Vienna, at the Press Club Friday evening, Dec. 29, promises to be unusually entertaining. Miss Clarence will be assisted by other artists. If her music did not overshadow all her other accomplishments, Miss Clarence would be noted as a linguist, for she speaks



VIOLET CLARENCE.

all the languages of civilization, excepting Portuguese, and she is now studying that. She is of English birth and parentage, but has been schooled principally in Vienna under the constant tutorage of the great Lechitzki. She was his favorite pupil, and as such has played before the nobility, and the most competent critics of Vienna, Berlin and Vienna.

A feature of the program of the evening will be the singing by Anna C. Gulbrandsen, the famous contralto, of songs of Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Franz, Grieg, etc. She will also

sing a number of folk songs in Norwegian, Swedish, Hungarian, German and French.

Miss Gulbrandsen is a well known contralto from the church of Dr. Parkhurst, New York City.

CHRISTMAS DANCE.

It is expected that the Press Club will have the merriest party of the year Saturday, December 23, when the annual Christmas dance will be held. The great dining room will be appropriately decorated and light refreshments will be served. There will be special service in the Women's parlors. The entertainment committee is arranging unusual preparations to make the affair one of particular enjoyment for every member and his lady. Tickets, 50 cents each.

BOBBY BURNS NIGHT.

The special committee having in charge the management of the "Bobby Burns" night, to be held January 25, call attention to the limited seating capacity of the dining room, and advise the early reservation of space at the tables.

There will be an interesting program with bagpipe music, broadsword dance, etc.

COMING EVENTS

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Saturday night, Dec. 30—Dinner and Smoker to new members.

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Thursday evening (6:30 o'clock), January 25—Robert Burns Anniversary Dinner (Ladies' night).

Saturday night, Feb. 10—"Lincoln," by Chief Justice Carter, Illinois Supreme Court. (Ladies' night.)

BOARD OF DIRECTORS, DEC. 18.

President Malloch in the chair. Present—Malloch, Ashcroft, Ford, Fox, Barnes, Lederer, Henderson, Kney.

The Board sanctioned a box for Christmas contributions for Club employees. It will be found on the office floor.

Financial Secretary's report, covering claims aggregating \$1,670.82, adopted and warrants authorized.

A brisk collection campaign for outstanding accounts of members was directed.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Sec. 1.—The election of all classes of members shall be by the Board of Directors each month, at its last regular meeting prior to the next regular meeting of the Club, such meeting of directors to be held between the hours of 12:30 P. M. and 2:00 P. M., and each director shall receive a written notice stating the time, place and purpose of the meeting.

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The Board of Directors will meet in Room of the Club building, 12:30 to 2 P. M. (name day of week and month), for the purpose of voting upon the applications for membership noted below. Any member in good standing, who may desire to give information favorable or otherwise, concerning these candidates for membership, may do so privately at this meeting, either in person, or by signed letter. (Names of applicants under proper classification as to kind of membership shall follow here, only one name to be placed on each line.)

(Signed) BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

(Dated) By
Recording Sec'y.

Sec. 4.—At the end of the hour (period named in Section 1 of this Article) the Board of Directors, in executive session, shall proceed at once to discuss and to vote by secret ballot (white balls and black cubes) upon the candidates whose names have been properly proposed and posted. However, if in the judgment of a majority of the directors, there shall be insufficient information concerning any candidate, action on such application shall be deferred until the next regular meeting for election of members, with due notice as before.

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Any Section, or Sections, of the Constitution, or parts of Sections, in conflict with this amendment, hereby are made of no effect. The various portions so affected shall be changed accordingly, and arranged into properly numbered Articles and Sections.

LONDON AUTHORS' CLUB MONDAY NIGHT.

The Authors' Club, of London, announce as guest for the dinner January 29, Mr. E. J. Sullivan. Mr. Walter Emanuel will preside. The topic is, "The Illustration of Books."

NOT KNOCKING THE BULLETIN.

* * * The Bulletin, by the way, is good stuff—push it along.—B. F. Cobb.

WANDERING SHEEP

E. D. Fisk is making a trip through the Southwest.

D. A. Anderson has been in bed with a bad cold for the past week.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors and the

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND PUBLICATION:

Otto Kney, Chairman

M. H. McMillen C. S. Peterson Roy O. Randall
James L. Regan C. E. Gould Mason Warner
Franc R. E. Woodward William Lightfoot Visscher

Terms of Subscription: By mail, postage prepaid, Fifty Cents per year; single copy, Five Cents.

Printed by the Western Newspaper Union, 521 West Adams Street, Chicago.

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First Vice-President.....E. J. Baker
Second Vice-President.....William Emmet Moore
Treasurer.....Harry S. Hyman
Financial Secretary.....Theodore Van R. Ashcroft
Recording Secretary.....Otto Kney
Librarian.....Joseph F. Henderson
Directors—William R. Barnes, Horace M. Ford, Julius Reynolds Kline, Ransom E. Walker, Charles Lederer, Edward H. Fox.

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Printing and Publication Committee—Each Tuesday and Wednesday at 12 m.
Entertainment Committee—Each Friday at 6 p. m.
Claims and Accounts Committee—Last Friday of each month at 1 p. m.

COMMITTEES OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Art—Charles Lederer, Chairman; Mark Hayne, L. R. Merrell.

Building—Julius Reynolds Kline, Chairman; Ransom E. Walker, Otto Kney, Harry S. Hyman, William Emmet Moore.

Claims and Accounts—Horace M. Ford, Chairman; Theodore Van R. Ashcroft, William R. Barnes.

Constitution—Ransom E. Walker, Chairman; Samuel Sternfeld, J. B. Mansfield.

Entertainment—Edward H. Fox, Chairman; Fred Pelham, Rutledge Glessner, Edward C. Moore, Harry Sheldon White, B. Beecher Osborne.

House—Theodore Van R. Ashcroft, Chairman; Edward H. Fox, Horace M. Ford.

Library—Joseph F. Henderson, Chairman; R. A. Halley, Leroy T. Goble.

Maintenance—E. J. Baker, Chairman; Eugene T. Skinkle, Ernest McCullough.

Membership—William Emmet Moore, Chairman; Albert B. Cone, Secretary.

Reception—William R. Barnes, Chairman; Harry B. Bogg, Edgar Hall, William Frederick Nutt, John A. Brown.

Ways and Means—Harry S. Hyman, Chairman; E. J. Baker, Julius Reynolds Kline.

Employment Service

Any Press Club member wishing to secure employment or to hire can have his wants made known through the columns of the BULLETIN, free of charge.

WANTED—Copy writing, booklets, pamphlets; anything requiring high class work by a writer who knows word value. Author, Press Club.

SITUATION WANTED—With newspaper, trade journal or publicity promoter. Six years' experience. First-class references. Address Rex, Press Club.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED—By a club member, past middle age; varied experience as editor, publisher and general business; sure to render full value of moderate salary. Address E. A. T., Press Club.

THE PIPE

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER: 26 N. Dearborn St.

A QUESTION OF DESCENT.

When Mary Garden fain would dally
With dress—or undress, as it were—
And gives a pointer to the ballet,
And critics hail with scornful "Sir!"
We look about us for a reason
The dearth of raiment to explain,
Ignoring warmth of summer season,
Because 'twas in cold Winter's reign.

We can but think her name is ample
Excuse for "beauty unadorned,"
Since she but gave us all a sample
Of Eve's pink dress ere she was warned;
And, looking up her tree, dear Mary
But thought the Garden from whom she
Descended was the one unwary
Eve graced in sacred history.

Earl Marble.

SALT HELPS SOME.

A sign in a Southport avenue saloon window reads: "Soup in Season." What IS the season for soup?
D. M.

THIS IS HOW HE FEELS ABOUT IT.

There are many days and hours when to rest our mental powers, we would sooner court a grouch than listen to a pun; when we care not a continental what's doing in the Occidental, nor for the world that's all too shorn of fun. There are times when we grow weary of the yarn that's fitting dreary, and we wish to sit in silence thinking things that smell of smoke; and at such a dismal season prowls the pest without due reason to prod us with his bunk and putrid joke.
F. S. H.

(To Be Continued.)

NOW, you can either thank us for printing that much or for suppressing the remainder which is twice as long. We mean to play THIS contribution both ways.

WOOD, LEGGETT & CO.—Fine! but we are afraid it is a knock at Socialism and until we find out what Socialism is, we refuse to knock it. Have handed Ms. to Seymour Stedman.

H. B. J.: Cheer up; You beat Rutherford to it, at that.

WE may not like him, but why call him the County Board head?

THE trouble frequently is that the Christmas spirit has an I knocked out and is only a Christmas spirt.

DON'T jeer at the man with the muffler. There's many a soiled muffler that covers a Christmas tie.

CASH your Christmas checks early.

NEVER put a gift cigar in the mouth.

THERE! We have put in all the stock jokes.

Let your Christmas gifts to discerning friends be books by Press Club authors.

OUR OWN KIN HUBBARD.

Wes Turner is bragging that he is the only man in his township who can't afford an automobile

SALLIE FISHER AT HER BEST.

We saw Modest Suzanne last week—just Suzanne herself. If the management wants us to see rest of the cast, it will have to leave Suzanne out, because so long as Sallie plays Suzanne, We can see nothing but Suzanne.

J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, December 30, 1911.

Number 12

CHRISTMAS DANCE.

The Christmas dance, held Saturday evening, December 23, was an enjoyable affair. About 100 guests participated in the dancing and excellent music was provided.

BOBBY BURNS DINNER.

The Robert Burns dinner, January 25th, will be a distinct novelty of the season. The following special committee have the entertainment in charge:

Douglas Malloch.
Malcolm McDowell.
J. J. McComb.
Percy Douglas.
T. N. Jamieson.
John A. Campbell.
Bob Campbell.
R. W. Millar.
Geo. Sutherland.
Allan F. McIntyre, Chairman.

An unusual program, Scotch in every detail, will be rendered.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Col. Wisscher occupied his regular corner in the club on Christmas eve.

Christianson, the "Rag-Time King," is opening new offices in the Auditorium building.

Dr. Rubinkamp has returned from an extended tour of the Pacific Coast and will be regularly at the club again.

Ole Theobaldin, of Bloomer, Wis., was a club visitor last week.

H. Guy Woodward is spending a few days in Los Angeles, Cal.

Earl Marble made his annual pilgrimage to St. Louis for the holidays.

Joe Mitchell Chappel was a club visitor last week.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS, DECEMBER 26.

In the absence of President Malloch, who was unable to attend on account of the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Barnes was made president pro tem. The directors present were: Ford, Lederer, Fox, Kline, Barnes, Henderson, Kney.

Accounts aggregating \$2,622.68 were audited, and warrants authorized for payment of the several amounts.

Candidates for membership, to be passed on by the club at the January meeting, were canvassed. Sponsors were present in person or by proxy.

FISHING IN FLORIDA.

One of our members is not bothered by the cold wave—Chas. K. Lush. He is loafing in the sunshine of Florida, catching tarpon from the Indian River

1912 CONGO TOURNAMENT.

Congo players are signing up for the new tournament and playing will begin right after the first of the year. The trophy will be a fine jointed private cue furnished by Allan F. McIntyre.

CLUB VISITORS

W. J. Hindley, of Spokane, Wash., guest of Arthur Hooker.

Victor Herbert, New York, guest of Charles Ffrench.

Dr. J. H. Menick, St. Joseph, Mo., guest of F. A. Yount.

John McComb, Brazil, guest of A. Cone.

W. J. McDonald, Calumet, Mich., guest of W. G. McNair.

Timothy Murphy, New York, guest of A. Milo Bennett.

H. A. Storres, Denver, Colo., guest of B. A. Ulrich.



Violet Clarence.

The beautiful and accomplished pianiste who gave a recital in the Press Club Friday evening.

AMONG THE PRESS CLUBS.

A topic that comes near to the Press Club will be discussed by the Authors' Club, of London, England, February 5, 1912. "Dickens's Centenary" will be the theme of the meeting, at which Hall Caine will preside. Sir Francis Marzials, C. B., will be the club guest.

SMOKE UP SATURDAY NIGHT.

Saturday night, December 30, at 6 o'clock there will be another Press Club smoker that is expected to out-smoke all of the smokers of the past. Incidentally it will be for the newly elected members, and there will be something stirring from the minute the soup appears. The menu will be an English Sporting Dinner, as suggested by the Marquis of Queensberry. There will be an evening of refreshments, pipes, tobacco, stories, songs and piano acrobatics. The toastmasters will be F. R. E. Woodward, Henry W. Lee, Douglas Malloch and others. This committee of conspiracy refuses to disclose its plans; but things are in preparation that are decidedly out of the ordinary, and will make the fellow who stayed away say afterward: "Gee! If I had known that I would have been there!"

Alfred Hiles Bergen will sing the Toreador song and Billy Way will be received into membership via the piano. These are only two numbers of an unique program. Every recently elected member is especially urged to be present.

The time—Saturday night, December 30, at six o'clock; the place—the Press Club; the price—75 cents. Bring your pet pipe and a prospective member! Better reserve your seat while there are seats to reserve!

LETTER FROM JOHN RITCHIE TO B. F. COBB, REPLYING TO THE LATTER'S INQUIRY, "WHERE IN H—L IS HUGO?"

Hugo, Ore., Nov. 30, 1911.

Brother Cobb:

A young fellow with a skin full of bootleg booze dropped off the train here a few days ago, and asked the question you put to me, but he left the "hell" in. He was told that Hugo is not in hell at all—rather in the other place. On one side of us we have "Jump Off Joe" Creek, running alongside of "Rattlesnake Hill." Then when the natives over there get through with you, you are in trim for a stroll up "Brimstone Gulch," and that will take you to "Grave Creek." By that time you will be in shape to be surveyed by Mr. Heller, our civil engineer, for a pine or "fir" overcoat. The above names are all here. When I see you I will give you their history. For instance, "Jump Off Joe" gets its title from an incident in the life of two miners and a Modoc squaw. There is also a few miles from here a creek which you will find on the maps as "Windy Creek."

So you see we are rather picturesque, if nothing else.

Hugo is in Josephine County, Ore., on the Southern Pacific Road, 283 miles south of Portland and 489 miles north of San Francisco. It is in the Rogue River Valley, and raises the choicest fruit I ever saw.

My youngest son is here developing a fruit farm. I came here last February, a physical wreck. Now I am climbing mountains with ease. Yours,

JOHN RITCHIE.

Now is the time to subscribe.

WILLIAMS MEMORIAL MEETING.

A memorial meeting in honor of Hugh Blake Williams will be held in the Press Club Library next Thursday noon, January 4. Addresses will be made in memoriam by such club members who knew him well, and a set of memorial resolutions will be presented for action by the club. In view of the immense popularity of Dr. Williams it is expected that a number of members will be present to pay a last and fitting tribute by the Press Club. Among those expected to address the meeting are Opie Read and Emerson Hough. Edward Prichard will preside.

| |
|----------------------|
| COMING EVENTS |
|----------------------|

Thursday afternoon (3 to 5 o'clock), December 28—Children's Annual Holiday Party.

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Saturday night, Feb. 10—"Lincoln," by Chief Justice Carter, Illinois Supreme Court. (Ladies' night.)

SEND IN THEIR NAMES

Not all the members have sent the Membership Committee the names of those eligible to the Press Club. Have you sent your list?

We are anxious to have the name, address, occupation and qualification of every man in Chicago eligible to active membership.

We would like suggestions as to desirable life members.

We want the names of men living outside Cook County who are eligible to non-resident membership and who come to Chicago occasionally.

Address Membership Committee and sign your name so we will know from whom the list comes. Let's all help!

PRESS CLUB CHORUS.

Regular rehearsals of the Press Club Chorus will begin January 5 and will continue regularly every Friday evening. An endeavor will be made to organize a Press Club Minstrel Show.

Bruce Amesbury is doing "Kipling" in the Willamette Valley cities of Oregon.

THE EXTENSION FUND

An Extension Fund has been created.

It will be made up entirely of voluntary contributions from members.

It will be used entirely for one purpose: For postage on the Bulletin and other matter sent prospective members.

The Extension Fund will be kept separate from all other funds, and so disbursed.

Contributions of from one cent to one hundred dollars will be received. More than one hundred dollars will be grabbed.

Each two cents will send one letter, or the Bulletin for two weeks, to some one who should be one of us.

A mailing list of such is now being made up. Have you sent in your list of eligibles yet?

Send contributions to the Extension Fund, Press Club of Chicago, 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, and make checks payable to the Press Club.

And hurrah for you and the Press Club!

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Many members have written in, "How can I help?" Here's how:

1. Send cash contributions to the Extension Fund. Every penny you send will send a copy of the Bulletin to some prospective member.

2. Send in names of men who meet the following eligibility requirements:

(a) Editors, reporters, artists, proprietors, paid correspondents or contributors; general managers, business managers; proofreaders of the daily press. (b) Authors of books of original matter and of literary character, publishers and illustrators of such books and of magazines, and persons whose chief occupation is literary. (c) Persons who can produce indisputable proof of having at some time fulfilled one or more of the above qualifications for a period of five years.

Initiation fee for resident membership is \$10. Dues are \$40 yearly, payable \$10 quarterly in advance.

Non-Resident—Persons possessing one or more of the above qualifications, but who do not reside or have their place of business in Chicago or Cook County, are eligible to non-resident membership. Initiation fee is \$10. Dues are \$10 a year.

Sign the list, so we'll know who sent it.

3. Bring a guest to the Club who is eligible to membership.

What the club will do:

1. Use every cent contributed to the Extension Fund to pay postage on the Bulletin and other matter sent to prospects.

2. Keep in touch with the prospect until he joins.

3. Send some one to see him, if necessary.

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE.

YOUR CORRECT ADDRESS.

Does your mail from the Press Club reach you properly? Several members have stated that the club has not properly recorded their addresses. In other words, if you don't get this paper, let us know at once.

Employment Service

Any Press Club member wishing to secure employment or to hire can have his wants made known through the columns of the BULLETIN, free of charge.

EDITOR WANTED—For country weekly newspaper, located in Canton, Ill. Telephone John M. Glenn, Central 729, for information.

WANTED—Copy writing, booklets, pamphlets; anything requiring high class work by a writer who knows word value. Author, Press Club.

SITUATION WANTED—With newspaper, trade journal or publicity promoter. Six years' experience. First-class references. Address Rex, Press Club.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED—By a club member, past middle age; varied experience as editor, publisher and general business; sure to render full value of moderate salary. Address E. A. T., Press Club.

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(Dated) By
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Frank Comerford writes from the coast that the fame of "Side-Pocket Buck" brings him into possibility as a candidate for president, out West.

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Reception—William R. Barnes, Chairman; Harry B. Bogg, Edgar Hall, William Frederick Nutt, John A. Brown.
Ways and Means—Harry S. Hyman, Chairman; E. J. Baker, Julius Reynolds Kline.
Membership—William Emmett Moore, Chairman; Albert B. Cone, Secretary; Mr. E. C. Moore, William Fuller, G. Cooke-Adams, Geo. B. Hische, Dr. D. Reeder, J. E. Bacon, A. E. Owens, W. E. Moore, Guy Blanchard, Opie Read, H. Dumont, Fred Pelham, Wm. R. Bullion, C. H. Sergel, Wesley A. Stanger, Fred Dunham, Wm. E. Ray, B. A. Ulrich, J. U. Higinbotham, E. R. Prichard, L. R. Merrell, Frank Emerich, Franc R. E. Woodward, Louis B. Berlin, E. A. Hall, R. M. Van Divert, W. M. Roberts, Walton Perkins, A. H. Putney, A. W. Brickwood, Stanley Waterloo, B. B. Osborne, H. M. Ford, G. C. Griffiths, W. R. Barnes, A. B. Glessner, Geo. Weymouth, Theo. Van Ashcroft, R. E. Walker, E. H. Fox, Jno. M. Tananewicz, John D. Cress.

THE PIPE

WELL, the days are growing longer,
AND the nights are growing shorter.
BUT the lunch hour has not changed a bit.
DID your wife get as many crocheted bags as she gave?

THERE will be less profanity this January than a year ago. It is easy to alter 1911 to 1912. Oh, yes you have!

SOON the mail carrier, who for two or three days trudged up to the third floor with a lone post card, will resume his practice of leaving our favorite magazine on the floor in the entry way.

AT THE KNOCKERS' TABLE.

"WHAT'S the matter with Casey?"

"He sold a sonnet to one of these high brow magazines for five dollars. Then he bought a copy every month at fifty cents per to see how it looked in print. They printed it twelve months later."

"Then Casey is out a dollar?"

"Apparently you never sold any stuff to a high brow magazine. Casey is out six."

AN anonymous correspondent expresses the hope that E. A. T., one of our advertisers, will land that job soon, as this is the season for eats. In which hope we heartily join.

THE INTELLIGENT STENOGRAPHER.

EXTRACT from a lawyer's letter: "Each creditor should make out a statement and I will BILK them all together," etc.

OUR OWN Kim Hubbard is a little discouraged at the action of the pick-up man in amputating the point from his automobile joke last week but comes back long enough to remark: "Why knock the Plutes for blowing their money? It's the best thing they do. And it's a cinch that the people they spend it on don't keep it long."

HERE'S HOWE. (CONTINUED.)

NO injunction having been filed, we allow him to proceed thusly:

We have sat too mad to believe it, with a head too full to heave it, sipping water from a tumbler while we perspired and swore; and the pest he came and found us, piped two thousand words around us, till we soused him with the hose that hangs just outside the door. We have sat with heart imbued, sat alone and sweat and stewed, o'er the time we wasted on a "come-back" a few short days ago, while a "near" De Maup narrated with his one-lung chest inflated on the story he had swapped for real American dough. F. S. H.

(To be concluded.)

HISTORY AGAIN.

In 50 B. C. J. Caesar demanded of the defeated Vercingetorix all of the country from the ocean to the Alps.

"Such a lot of Gaul," murmured Vercé as he signed the papers.

HEARD ON A STREET-CAR.

I. On the Platform: Climb on lady—don't go in that way—whyn't you chew this transfer—nome, Madison street just like the sign says—think we're kiddin'?—I gave you your change—that dime's phony—find the conductor 't give it to you—I got troubles of me own—wait till the car stops—if my wife wore a skirt like that, honest to God—if he's only five he'll be some kid w'en he grows up—I called yer street but I dassen't come in an' lead you out—take me number—Sure! take me age and chest measure—take me job—t'ell wid Christmas.

J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, January 6, 1912.

Number 13

ANNUAL DINNER THURSDAY NIGHT.

The annual dinner of the Press Club of Chicago, celebrating the thirty-second anniversary of this organization, will be held next Thursday evening, January 11, at 7 o'clock. It will be a time of reunion and reminiscence and an unique program with such as its chief motif has been arranged.

The night will be given up to storeis of Eugene Field, Bill Nye and other members of the club now deceased, as well as other men notable in the history or literature of the nation—stories entertainingly told by men who were their intimates.

Joe Mitchell Chapple, of Boston, Mass., editor of the National Magazine and famous Washington correspondent, will present his "Flashlights of Great Men," a series of word pictures and anecdotes concerning William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and other national figures. Mr. Chapple has a remarkable fund of such friends and such recollections and is a most entertaining story teller.

Dennis Donahue, the celebrated Detroit cartoonist, will make lightning cartoons of some of his famous subjects, including presidents and other public persons, as seen by the keen eye and pictured by the keen wit of the cartoon maker. Mr. Donahue easily ranks as one of the west's greatest exponents of lightning portraiture.

Colonel William Lightfoot Visscher will tell humorous tales of the great American humorists who were his companions—Bill Nye, Artemus Ward, George D. Prentice, Eugene Field and others. Their humor gains by the colonel's telling.

Walton Perkins, a member of the Press Club for a quarter of a century, will speak of the old days and the old boys and will have some amusing and interesting tales of the Press Club of the past.

Jorgen Dahl, the splendid baritone soloist, will be the musician of the evening, accompanied by Miss Ida King.

It will be ladies' night. Tickets, one dollar, should be reserved at once. Notify the Press Club office by telephone (Randolph 2957) or by letter and they will be held for you. First applicants will get the best reservations.

The committee of the night will be Col. N. A. Reed, Victor F. Lawson, Thomas O'Neill, C. F. Blakely, and John Willy.

PRESS CLUB MINSTRELS.

Every Friday night is minstrel night at the Press Club now, for that night has been set apart for rehearsals, which will begin in real earnest next Friday night, January 12. Come!

Every member who will help make this a great big success, and thus bring credit to the Press Club and joy to all its friends, is urged to be present. There will be a chance for everybody to scintillate in some department of the production.

Come on, you musicians, librettists, comedians. The singers will immediately form a Press Club Chorus, and every man who can carry a tune is asked especially to be in the Press Club library next Friday night at 7:30 o'clock.

BOARD MEETING JANUARY 2.

President Malloch presided, with the following directors present: Kline, Barnes, Lederer, Henderson and Kney.

Disbursements aggregating \$1,187.49 were authorized.

The Christmas box report showed that \$63.85 was contributed by members, some of whom were non-residents who read of the box in the BULLETIN. The employes in the seventh floor office declined their share and asked that it be credited to the Extension Fund. This was ordered done.

DISCOUNT FOR ADVANCE PAYMENT.

The constitution of the Press Club provides that active members "who pay their dues for a year in advance, within the first quarter of the year, shall be entitled to a discount of \$2." The dues for active members are \$40 a year, payable one-fourth quarterly in advance—namely: on the first day of January, April, July and October, respectively. A check for \$38 will obviate the necessity of these quarterly payments during 1912.

ALFRED TENNYSON DICKENS.

Alfred Tennyson Dickens, eldest surviving son of Charles Dickens, the English novelist, died suddenly in New York Tuesday evening, January 2, while on a lecture tour. Mr. Dickens was tendered a luncheon by the Press Club of Chicago November 16 and endeared himself to the membership on that occasion. He subsequently declared in an interview that the greatest honor he received in America was this luncheon.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Thursday Night, January 11—Thirty-second Annual Dinner. (Ladies' Night.)

Friday Night, January 12—Press Club Minstrel Rehearsal.

Saturday Afternoon, January 13—Monthly Business Meeting.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Edward H. Fox was in Minneapolis this week. C. E. Vandenberg, of Milwaukee, was a club visitor last week.

Charles E. Glessner has just returned from a trip to the Pacific Coast.

Frank D. Comerford is back from the Pacific coast. What is the Pacific coast's loss is our gain.

J. E. Buck wants to know the advertising rates in the Bulletin. They are \$2 a line. This makes you owe us \$6. (Adv.)

Edward E. White will lecture before the Burlington Business Men's Club next Monday, on "What to Advertise."

Recording Secretary Otto Kney went up to Madison, Wis., to his old home to bake up a batch of New Year's resolutions.

Opie Read has been booked for a lecture tour of a solid three months on the Pacific coast. What is our loss is the Pacific coast's gain.

Arnold Bennett, one of our London, Eng., members, has a story in the American Magazine this month. A. B. seems to be placing quite a lot of his stuff.

Director Ransom E. Walker has been confined to his house for several weeks with illness, but is now able to get to the corner and back. We hope soon to see him get as far as the club.

Charles Warren Fairbanks of Indianapolis, Ind., former Vice President of the United States, and formerly before that a newspaper reporter, will be one of the speakers at a meeting to be held under the auspices of the Hamilton Club in the Auditorium Sunday evening, January 7, to urge the ratification of the arbitration treaties now pending in the Senate of the United States.

JUSTICE CARTER INDORSED.

Orrin N. Carter, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, who will be the speaker at the Press Club's observance of Lincoln's birthday, Saturday evening, February 10, has been unanimously indorsed by the Chicago Bar Association to fill the present vacancy in the United States Supreme Court, and his appointment urged upon President Taft.

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

Thursday afternoon, December 28, the Press Club entertained the children of its members at the annual holiday party. There was an attendance of eighty, and they had just the best time. Mrs. F. S. Hodge beautifully sang a number of children's songs, accompanied by Mrs. Walton Perkins; Mrs. Bertha Jane Fox captivated the children with her clever readings of "How Gentlemen Are Made" and "The Matinee Girl," by Marjorie Benton Cooke; "Uncle By" Williams made his usual hit with the kids, and the biggest hit with one to whom he presented a volume of his poems for correctly answering a conundrum; and Charles Lederer, always the children's delight, drew funny pictures for them. Besides that the children played games and were served refreshments.

WANDERING SHEEP.

TACOMA, WASH.—May each of you enjoy a very Happy New Year, filled to the brim with health, success and pleasure. May the New Year have in store for the Club prosperity far beyond the fondest dreams of the most enthusiastic members.

JUDSON P. CARTER.

AUBURN, CAL.—A Merry Christmas to you, and likewise a Happy New Year. JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you all. D. C. HERNDON.

COME ON, YOU CONGOISTS.

The billiard committee has arranged for a new congo tournament for the congo championship of the Press Club for 1912. Alan F. MacIntyre is the patriot who will put up the jointed ivory and pearl-studded cue as the trophy and B. Beecher Osborne and Harry Sheldon White are the billiard committee who will receive entries. Better get in before they close.

COMING EVENTS

Wednesday noon (12:15 o'clock sharp), January 24—Informal Luncheon to Sir Mackenzie Bowell, 50 years a journalist, and former Premier of Canada.

Thursday evening (6:30 o'clock), January 25—Robert Burns Anniversary Dinner (Ladies' night).

Saturday night, Feb. 3—Concerto by Ole Theobaldi.

Saturday night, Feb. 10—"Lincoln," by Chief Justice Carter, Illinois Supreme Court. (Ladies' night.)

THE SMOKER SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Press Club dining room was filled with members old and new Saturday night, December 30, the occasion being a smoker by the former to the latter. The air was filled with smoke, fellowship and song—a typical Press Club night of impromptu stunts by a wealth of Press Club talent. Most of it was supplied by the new members and after it was all over it was the unanimous verdict that the new members had made good.

Opie Read responded to the toast "The Old Members to the New" and did it in his usual happy way. He told them that they would find their membership no experiment, for the fellowship of the club would hold them through life.

William J. Meese of Moline, Ill., responded to the toast "The Non-resident Member" and told how delighted he and his fellows "from the country" are to visit the Press Club at every opportunity.

Then President Douglas Malloch, who had been impressed into service as city editor, gave some of the new members assignments. Gilbert Shorter, the actor, was made to act for the benefit of Edward Malloy of the La Porte, Ind., Herald, who in turn was compelled to write a dramatic criticism of Mr. Shorter's acting from the La Porte, Ind., standpoint. DeLysle Ferree Cass was sent to interview J. E. Buck. Edgar A. Hall, Jr., on request wrote a short sketch of the life of Edgar A. Hall, Sr. Otto P. Slyde successfully framed a reply to a daffydill proposed by W. A. Meese. Alfred Hiles Bergen was made to compose and sing an air to a limerick written by Byron Williams on the spot. John D. Cress gave stereopticon demonstration of his skill as a magazine illustrator, showing, among others, a number of the rare Brady civil war photographs. Archibald Cooke Adams of London, Eng., was made to sing two of his songs now being sung by Ada Reeve, the English vaudeville star, and made a hit in two tuneful numbers.

In fact it was a big night musically, too. Kirke Towns was there and sang "Gypsy John," "Mother of Mine" and other splendid selections. Alfred Hiles Bergen sang a new Press Club song and later, accompanied by Walton Perkins, head of the Chicago Conservatory, rendered the Toreador song from "Carmen," and "Annie Laurie" in response to a tumultuous encore. W. J. Way, better known as "Billy," by unanimous request sang "He Never Blamed the Booze" and gave his highly humorous "musical melodrama."

Poetically speaking it was a large evening also. Col. William Lightfoot Visscher read a beautiful New Year's toast written at the table, and "Billy" Way an original toast to Opie Read.

A telegram of regret from Judson H. Carter of the Tacoma, Wash., Tribune, a new non-resident member, was read.

JANUARY CLUB MEETING.

The January meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held in the library Saturday afternoon, January 13, at 1:30 o'clock.

At this meeting the club will consider the amendment to the Constitution proposed at the December meeting, covering the change in the method of electing members. It was printed in last week's BULLETIN.

The following list of applicants for membership will be voted upon. All sponsors are urged to be present, as unless there is a member present to vouch for the candidates the names will be held over for the next meeting.

RESIDENT MEMBERSHIP.

| NAME. | SPONSOR. |
|---|-----------------------|
| Herbert L. Barber, editor and publisher | Geo. B. Hische |
| H. Ray Beckman, Record-Herald | E. H. Fox |
| B. D. Berry, publisher | W. F. Young |
| Henry S. Blum, Sentinel | L. T. Berlin |
| Robert S. Carver, former reporter | Horace Ford |
| William E. Clark, former reporter | Leroy T. Goble |
| Frank Collins, National Banker | Geo. B. Hische |
| Sydney C. Cornell, System | Arthur Brown Glessner |
| Philip R. Keller, author and editor | Barrett O'Hara |
| W. Scott Luce, former editor | Frank Emerich |
| Frederick R. Martin, former reporter | Douglas Malloch |
| Lyne S. Metcalfe, Chicago Tribune | Geo. Weymouth |
| Dan F. Miller, former member | Douglas Malloch |
| Theodore Miltzer, composer | Walton Perkins |
| B. W. Brooke, Record-Herald | H. Percy Millar |
| F. O. Partridge, Inland Printer | C. E. Gould |
| R. J. Peacock, Northwest News | B. A. Pratt |
| E. O. Phillips, Chicago Tribune | Douglas Malloch |
| H. E. Rice, former reporter | F. R. E. Woodward |
| E. R. Shaw, Practical Engineer | J. R. Purchase |
| Stanley H. Twist, former reporter | Paul H. Woodruff |
| E. Kirk Towns, composer and critic | Opie Read |
| Chas. N. Wheeler, Inter Ocean | Victor Eubank |
| Geo. Allen Yuille, author | John M. Stahl |

NON-RESIDENT MEMBERSHIP.

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| A. Otis Arnold, editor and publisher | John M. Stahl |
| W. E. Bergman, assistant editor | L. C. Propper |
| Joe Mitchell Chapple, National Magazine | John U. Higinbotham |
| W. L. Wallace, Teheran, Persia, former member | Douglas Malloch |
| W. E. Fitch, trade paper contributor | Chas. Dowst |
| Victor Herbert, composer | Opie Read |
| W. J. McDonald, newspaper contributor | W. G. McNair |
| R. R. Palmer, former newspaper man | F. R. E. Woodward |

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors and the

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND PUBLICATION:

Otto Kney, Chairman

M. H. McMillen C. S. Peterson Roy O. Randall
James L. Regan C. E. Gould Mason Warner
Franc R. E. Woodward William Lightfoot Visscher

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO:
President.....Douglas Malloch
First Vice-President.....E. J. Baker
Second Vice-President.....William Emmet Moore
Treasurer.....Harry S. Hyman
Financial Secretary.....Theodore Van R. Ashcroft
Recording Secretary.....Otto Kney
Librarian.....Joseph F. Henderson
Directors—William R. Barnes, Horace M. Ford, Julius Reynolds Kline, Ransom E. Walker, Charles Lederer, Edward H. Fox.

STATED MEETINGS

Club—Second Saturday of each month at 1:30 p. m.
Board of Directors—Each Monday at 12:30 p. m., except the first Monday after the first Tuesday of each month at 6 p. m.
Printing and Publication Committee—Each Tuesday and Wednesday at 12 m.
Entertainment Committee—Each Friday at 6 p. m.
Claims and Accounts Committee—Last Friday of each month at 1 p. m.

COMMITTEES OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Art—Charles Lederer, Chairman; Mark Hayne, L. R. Merrell.
Building—Julius Reynolds Kline, Chairman; Ransom E. Walker, Otto Kney, Harry S. Hyman, William Emmet Moore.
Claims and Accounts—Horace M. Ford, Chairman; Theodore Van R. Ashcroft, William R. Barnes.
Constitution—Ransom E. Walker, Chairman; Samuel Sternfeld, J. B. Mansfield.
Entertainment—Edward H. Fox, Chairman; Fred Pelham, Arthur B. Glessner, Edward C. Moore, Harry Sheldon White, B. Beecher Osborne.
House—Theodore Van R. Ashcroft, Chairman; Edward H. Fox, Horace M. Ford.
Library—Joseph F. Henderson, Chairman; R. A. Halley, Leroy T. Goble.
Maintenance—E. J. Baker, Chairman; Eugene T. Skinkle, Ernest McCullough, John D. Cress.
Reception—William R. Barnes, Chairman; Harry B. Bogg, Edgar Hall, William Frederick Nutt, John A. Brown.
Ways and Means—Harry S. Hyman, Chairman; E. J. Baker, Julius Reynolds Kline.
Membership—William Emmett Moore, Chairman; Albert B. Cone, Secretary; E. C. Moore, William Fuller, G. Cooke-Adams, Geo. B. Hische, D. Reeder, J. E. Bacon, A. E. Ormes, W. E. Moore, Guy Blanchard, Opie Read, H. Dumont, Fred Pelham, Wm. R. Bullion, C. H. Sergel, Wesley A. Stanger, Fred Dunham, Wm. E. Ray, B. A. Ulrich, J. U. Higinbotham, E. R. Prichard, L. R. Merrell, Frank Emerich, Franc R. E. Woodward, Louis S. Berlin, E. A. Hall, R. M. Van Divert, W. M. Roberts, Walton Perkins, A. H. Putney, A. W. Brickwood, Stanley Waterloo, B. B. Osborne, H. M. Ford, G. C. Griffiths, W. R. Barnes, A. B. Glessner, Geo. Weymouth, Theo. Van Ashcroft, R. E. Walker, E. H. Fox, Jno. M. Tananewicz, B. A. Pratt, Barratt

O'Hara, H. Percy Millar, Mark Hayne, L. T. Goble, Wm. F. Young, Victor Eubank, Charles Ffrench, J. R. Purchase, C. E. Gould, Charles Dowst, J. M. Stahl, Paul H. Woodruff, W. G. McNair, J. C. Strong, G. G. Burdick.

THE PIPE

AS T. R. so quaintly puts it: Peace is h—I.

AMEN TO THIS AMENDMENT.

McIntyre's prayer: Oh Lord, forgive us our Christ-mases as we forgive those who Christmas against us.

REMEMBER, boys, the first week is the hardest.

THE prize meanest man is the one who tries to pull another off the wagon.

THE average bachelor who jests about the perils of Leap Year greatly over-estimates its dangers—to him. And, girls, do your Leap Year popping early.

ARCHITECT WRIGHT is working on a new style of dam. The old kind DOES seem inadequate.

INQUIRY DESK.

C. T. K. The g is soft in hegira, same as the head of the man who takes it.

OUR OWN KIN HUBBARD SAYS.

Lillian Russell has been married oftener than Sarah Bernhardt hasn't.

LET us hope the fair Lillian's Moore is no Othello

HOWE'S FINISH.

Fellow writers, young or gray! You who write the things that pay, reeling off the dope that smells of averduois; weigh well your mental acumen, count three before you tackle 'em with a joke or pun that smacks of that temperamental noise. F. S. H.

MAYOR HARRISON'S New Year celebration was marred by a crank who insisted (over the telephone) that he was a second Caruso. That's nothing. Many of us have paid \$1.50 to hear a phony Caruso and the police never interfered.

WATER WAGON NOTES.

Left Lake Street with seats filled—passengers ditto. Many hanging on straps. Several got "off" at College Inn. Transfers were issued as far south as Thirty-ninth Street. The cold weather kept a good many on the wagon who would otherwise have alighted and lit up.

BOREAS' resolve to blow himself New Year's eve made it one of the quietest celebrations for years.

MEN who were frozen in at home said that it was the coldest New Year's eve for a decade, but you didn't notice the cold "because it was so dry."

AFTER all, it isn't the mayor or the weather man who decrees for or against a sane celebration. Deplore it as we may, the people are getting decenter every year.

WATERFALL GOES DOWN.

Waterfall, the ticket broker, has gone broke. Business of weeping. He soaked the theatres for a lot of money. More tears. As soon as a room of proper dimensions can be secured a meeting of one-time theatre patrons will be called to pass resolutions of sympathy.

SEVERAL telephone booths and the hall closet in a four-room flat are under consideration. J. U. H.

AMONG THE PRESS CLUBS.

February 12 the Authors' Club of London, England, will take up the topic "Journalism; Ideal and Real." Hon. Harry Lawson will be the guest of the club. The chairman of the meeting will be Francis Gribble.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, January 13, 1912.

Number 14

CANADIAN DAY AT THE CLUB.

The noon-day luncheon to Sir Mackenzie Bowell, ex-Premier of Canada, on January 24, will be the occasion of a representative gathering in the Press Club of prominent Canadians in Chicago.

Among those invited to help entertain the distinguished guest of honor are Rt. Rev. Charles P. Anderson, Episcopal bishop of Chicago; W. K. Patterson, chairman British Empire Association; C. D. Macpherson, chairman Canadian club; Dr. Thomas A. Woodruff, president Calumet club; William Robertson, president Belleville club; Thomas F. Lynch, secretary Canadian club, and secretary Belleville club; D. R. Cameron, John Crerar, William C. Mikel, president Ontario Bar Association, Belleville, Canada; M. F. Rittenhouse, R. T. Neilson, chairman committee on arrangements.

It will be "Canadian Day" at the club. Sir Mackenzie Bowell will arrive in Chicago on the morning of the twenty-fourth, and will be the guest of honor at the Belleville Club's annual banquet at the Hotel La Salle the same evening. His first public appearance in Chicago will be at the Press Club at the informal noon-day luncheon.

William J. Shanks will preside, and the entertainment committee promises a hearty welcome to the veteran Canadian journalist and statesman.

WILLIAMS MEMORIAL.

The Press Club met Thursday noon, January 4, to do honor to the memory of Hugh Blake Williams, a cherished member who passed away December 4. E. R. Pritchard presided. W. R. Barnes, G. F. Butler, M. E. Dickinson, J. U. Higinbotham and Frank Comerford spoke feelingly of the lamented member who left an impress on the life of the Press Club which will last with the traditions of the organization.

Resolutions of sympathy will be adopted by the club at the monthly meeting January 13.

Mr. Christian Leder, polar explorer, of Christiana, was a club visitor this week. He is the only man who has ever made moving pictures of Esquimaux. He met Dr. Cook in the North before that reverse-celebrity broke into print as a discoverer of the North Pole.

BOBBY BURNS DINNER.

Thursday evening, January 25, the Press Club will do honor to Robert Burns at a dinner. A program which will satisfy the most canny and scrupulous Scot will be carried out. Novel features are being worked out by a special committee consisting of Allan F. McIntyre, Douglas Malloch, Malcolm McDowell, J. J. McComb, Percy Douglas, T. N. Jamieson, John A. Campbell, Bob Campbell, R. W. Millar, Geo. Southerland. Not only are the "Campbells Coming" in glorious array, but things will be doing that will make every foreigner—Scots being considered natives that night—wish he had been born to the kilts, and endowed with an appreciation of bagpipe music. That last clause nearly let the cat out of the bag—but never mind, the kilties won't hurt the "furriners."

FIRST ANNUAL DINNER.

The Press Club of Chicago celebrated the first precarious year of its existence with a banquet January 15, 1881. A copy of the invitation and program has been furnished the club by Col. Frank A. Eastman, and it has been suitably framed.

The names mentioned in the announcement and program glow a warmth of memories. Many of them are now of national renown. Few of the old time members are alive, but, even so, the spirit of friendship and fraternity which they engendered lives and will live with Chicago. The personnel of the club directory in 1881 was as follows: Franc B. Wilkie, president; Guy Magee, first vice president; Wm. T. Collins, second vice president; John F. Ballantyne, third vice president; Melville E. Stone, treasurer; Elwyn A. Barron, secretary; Thomas O. Thompson, financial secretary. The executive committee comprised William K. Sullivan, Theodore Geste-feldt, Joseph R. Dunlop, Thomas C. MacMillan and Torris Z. Cowles.

The editors' section of the Illinois Woman's Press Association held an enjoyable meeting in the Press Club parlors January 4. A varied program of music and addresses was presented.

Frank Speaight, who has frequently delighted the Press Club, recently gave a Dickens recital in Steinway Hall, London, in aid of the Dickens Fund.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Friday Night, January 19—Press Club Minstrel Rehearsal.

Saturday Night, January 20—Leap Year Dance.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Charles Eugene Banks is writing editorials for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

John U. Higinbotham will be one of the speakers at the annual dinner of the Chicago Typothetae at the Congress Hotel January 17.

Paul Crissey, of Geneva, Ill., has returned from St. Paul, where he was engaged in publicity work for the Land Show.

The Burlington Hawkeye devoted nearly three columns to a report of Ed White's speech before the Commercial Exchange on January 2.

Oswald F. Schuette and George E. Roberts have been appointed a committee to represent the Press Club of Chicago, at Washington.

Ole Theobaldi, of Madison, Wis., is a frequent visitor at the club nowadays, as he is giving a series of concerts in Illinois.

Bruce W. Amsbury, of Champaign, Ill., the Kipling writer, will be in Chicago a month, and of course will make the Press Club his headquarters.

George F. Butler's "Echoes of Petrarch," fresh from the press of the Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company, are, or is, now reverberating on the bookshelves.

"Doc" Jamieson, who was born on Feb. 29th, and John F. Geeting met last Tuesday at the club rooms. "I understand that you have never had an anniversary," remarked Geeting. "Doc" proceeded to explain that he had one each four years, but Geeting replied, "Not an anniversary."

Third Rail Flashes, No. 1, Vol. 1, a suburban paper devoted to the interests of Home Acres, Lombard and Villa Park, has made its bow to the public. It is a bright and newsy sheet and deserves success. R. F. Wolfe is editor and publisher.

Jefferson Jackson left Chicago January 2, accompanied by his wife, for their winter trip. They sail from New York on the Caronia for Egypt. The itinerary will include Gibraltar, Morocco, Nice and Naples. About five weeks will be spent in Egypt, and the Nile will be navigated as far as the first cataract.

Dwight Elmendorf will return to Orchestra Hall Wednesday evening, Jan. 17, when he will

begin a series of five travel lectures on Italy. His first lecture will treat of the French and Italian Riviera. The lectures to follow will be "Milan and the Italian Lakes," "Florence and Venice," "Rome, and the Treasures of the Vatican" and "Naples and Its Environs."

The Press Club was represented at the citizens' mass meeting advocating the ratification of the general arbitration treaties now pending before the United States Senate, held in the Auditorium Theatre, Sunday evening, January 7, 1912, by the following: Charles Warren Fairbanks, Col. Henry Watterson, F. L. Loesch, James McComb, Geo. C. Sikes, Geo. W. Weber, B. B. Osborne, Geo. B. Hische, Frank Comerford, Byron Williams, Edward H. Fox, Horace M. Ford, Mason Warner.

THE EXTENSION FUND

An Extension Fund has been created.

It will be made up entirely of voluntary contributions from members.

It will be used entirely for one purpose: For postage on the Bulletin and other matter sent prospective members.

The Extension Fund will be kept separate from all other funds, and so disbursed.

Contributions of from one cent to one hundred dollars will be received. More than one hundred dollars will be grabbed.

Each two cents will send one letter, or the Bulletin for two weeks, to some one who should be one of us.

A mailing list of such is now being made up. Have you sent in your list of eligibles yet?

Send contributions to the Extension Fund, Press Club of Chicago, 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, and make checks payable to the Press Club.

And hurrah for you and the Press Club!

COMING EVENTS

Wednesday noon (12:15 o'clock sharp), January 24—Informal Luncheon to Sir Mackenzie Bowell, 50 years a journalist, and former Premier of Canada.

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Saturday night, Feb. 10—"Lincoln," by Chief Justice Carter, Illinois Supreme Court. (Ladies' night.)

AMONG THE PRESS CLUBS.

Two Chicago newspaper men were elected officers of the National Press Club of Washington, at its annual election, Dec. 27. John T. Suter, of the Washington bureau of the Chicago Record Herald, was elected vice-president, and Oswald F. Schuette, Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean, was elected secretary. Mr. Schuette is the chairman of the newly-appointed Washington committee of the Press Club of Chicago. Frederic J. Haskin, head of the Haskin syndicate, was elected president, after a spirited contest with Ernest G. Walker, of the Boston Herald. H. C. Stevens, of the Minneapolis Journal, was elected financial secretary, and Gideon A. Lyon, Jr., was re-elected treasurer. Arthur J. Dodge, of the Minneapolis Tribune; Harry L. Dunlap, of the New York World; Ira E. Bennett, of the Washington Post, and Jackson S. Elliott, of the Associated Press, were elected to the board of governors.

The annual election of the Milwaukee Press Club resulted as follows: President, Oscar H. Morris; vice president, William J. Bollenbeck; treasurer, Frank A. Markle; secretary, Leonard E. Meyer; new directors, Percy G. Morgan and Warren R. Anderson. The Milwaukee Press Club is in a healthy condition, with a reserve fund of \$2,000, and a membership of 220, consisting of active, associate and non-resident members. The "Sacred Cat" of the club is a symbol of the Milwaukee Press Club, and such is known to newspaper workers throughout the country. Many noted personages entertained by this club have done homage to the exalted feline.

The Authors' Club of London announces for its Monday night of February 19, "The Tendency of Modern Art." Sir Philip Burne-Jones will be the guest of the evening. Anthony Hope Hawkins will be chairman.

CLUB VISITORS.

C. C. Mason, Cleveland, Ohio, guest of J. J. West.
Joay Ferlini, Porto Alegre, Brazil, guest of J. E. Buck.

Richard Sterling Whitney, New York, guest of A. M. Bennett.

D. W. Sanders, Indianapolis, Ind., guest of Bruce Calvert.

M. D. Atwater, Indianapolis, Ind., guest of B. A. Pratt.

Dr. S. L. Unkefer, Pittsburg, Pa., guest of Otto Kney.

Arthur S. Riggs, New York, guest of Otto Kney.

Christian Leder, Christiana, Norway, guest of Otto Kney.

E. J. Reynolds, Madison, Wis., guest of Otto Kney.

BOARD MEETING JANUARY 8.

Regular night session of Board held, with Mr. Ford presiding in the absence of Mr. Malloch, who was ill. Present—Baker, Ford, Hyman, Lederer, Kline, Barnes, Henderson, Kney.

Financial Secretary's recommendations for the payment of accounts aggregating \$1,405.74 approved, and warrants authorized.

Report of art committee read and accepted.

FROM ARNOLD BENNETT.

LONDON.—Many thanks for your information that I have been elected to the Club. May it prosper! Be sure that any time I come to Chicago I shall use it, and that in the meantime I shall talk of it. Please enter my subscription to the Press Club Bulletin.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

Saturday, January 20th, 1912, 8:30 P. M.
Leap Year dance, ladies choice of partners.
Tickets, 50c each.



FLORENCE REID.

One of the Dancers at the Burns Dinner, January 25th

WANDERING SHEEP

CHRISTMAS.

With all my heart and all my soul,
With all the good there is in me,
I fill for you love's nectared bowl,
And I drink this honest toast to thee.
May peace and blessings from on high
With love of God and man be given,
And happy when you say good-by
To nineteen hundred and eleven.

And oh! may nineteen twelve combine
With love and faith and tenderness,
And gladsome glints of God's sunshine
To crown with glory and success
The coming days and months and years
Of you, and those you dearly love,
Transposed at last your earthly tears
To jewels in your crown above.

Your broncho friend in clouds or sunshine,
New York, N. Y. J. W. Crawford.
(Capt. Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout.)

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors and the

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND PUBLICATION:

Otto Kney, Chairman

M. H. McMillen C. S. Peterson Roy O. Randall
James L. Regan C. E. Gould Mason Warner
Franc R. E. Woodward William Lightfoot Visscher

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Ways and Means—Harry S. Hyman, Chairman; E. J. Baker, Julius Reynolds Kline.

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Geo. Weymouth, Theo. Van Ashcroft, R. E. Walker, E. H. Fox, Jno. M. Tananewicz, B. A. Pratt, Barratt O'Hara, H. Percy Millar, Mark Hayne, L. T. Goble, Wm. F. Young, Victor Eubank, Charles Ffrench, J. R. Purchase, C. E. Gould, Charles Dowst, J. M. Stahl, Paul H. Woodruff, W. G. McNair, J. C. Strong, G. G. Burdick, Charles Walter Brown, Horace M. Ford.

THE PIPE

A FABLE—WRIT-TEN WITH-OUT ADE.

Once a Man saved A-nother Man's Life. Then He com-menced to Pat-ro-nize his Ben-e-fic-iary and Every-Thing that the Other Fel-low did Right Our Hero would Claim Cred-it for and the Sa-vee had to Smile and if He re-ceived any Bo-quets, mark the Box "O-pened by Mis-take" and send It over to the Out-look Of-ice.

Then the Sa-vee Thought Out Some Plans of His Own and Our He-ro Jumped All Over them and the Vic-tim of His He-ro-ism Could not Talk Back because He Would Not have been Where He was, &c.

After He had been Al-ter-nate-ly Will-ied and Bul-lied for Sev-er-al Years and Could Keep Si-lent no Long-er, he went to Our He-ro and said: "If You can Find the Hole in the Water that You Pulled me Out of, Put Me Back in and Tie Weights to Me. This Grat-i-tude Thing is Kil-ling Me."

MORAL: Some Day the Peo-ple will Rise Up and Transfer the He-ro Med-al to the Si-lent Par-ty.

HOT STUFF FROM HELNGON.

No, he hasn't run out of suggestion,

He can still give you wisdom in verse;

His talent is never in question,

And he never was poorer in purse;

Your Flaccus is still a true poet,

He's right on the job all the time;

But he thinks, and he wants you to know it,

That you're mutts to be knockin' his rhyme.

You can damn him and call him a heller—

[We never did.]

But where is YOUR stuff in the pipe?

You can holler to keep him down cellar—

But why not help boost what's in type?

Have respect to the Pipe's reputation,

Help the Piper to reach the sublime;

What are YOU, who urge Flaccus' damnation—

Why you're mutts to be knockin' his rhyme!

Q. H. F.

INQUIRY DESK.

Ernest Mc.: We fear you have the wrong view-point. Each member of the Press Club combines with a recognition of the talents of the men about him, a saving sense of his own unworthiness. The contrast heightens his appreciation of the merits of his fellow members and the more he emphasizes the good qualities of his associates, the greater the evidence of his own modesty. Get us? We thought you would.

"HARRISON Eats Wife's Mince Pie." That man is a glutton for putting down crime.

THE finish of the exciting serial of F. S. H. has raised the query: Who's Howe in the Press Club?

THE only Mercury that did not drop last week was the one on top of Montgomery Ward's tower.

THE Leap Year Dance, January 20, will give some of our club Lotharios a chance to re-appraise their charms. The ladies will select partners for the dances.

ON account of the severity of the weather and the difficulty of cutting such thick ice, the price will be higher next summer. Old stuff, but it goes.

HOW does one of these "OPEN ME FIRST" envelopes affect you? We never open them at all.

J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, January 20, 1912.

Number 15.

THE CLUB'S "CANADIAN DAY."

Next Wednesday, January 24, at 12:15 p. m., sharp, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, ex-Premier of Canada ("Mac" Bowell to his lifelong friends), will be the Press Club's guest at his first public appearance in Chicago.

Representative Chicago Canadians are banqueting Sir Mackenzie at the La Salle Hotel the same evening, but the Press Club gets first glimpse of him. Why not? He is one of the oldest living journalists, and though surfeited with political honors, still owns and edits the daily paper that he bought in 1847, nearly two-thirds of a century ago. Here is a brief biographical sketch of the guest of honor:

Born in England in 1823, and came with parents to Canada and Belleville in 1833. At age of fourteen was apprentice in office of Belleville Intelligencer, and in 1847 became proprietor of that paper and still owns it. Began public career in 1867, entering the First Parliament of Canada and representing the same constituency until 1896, when he entered the Senate, of which he is still an active member. When Sir John Macdonald formed his government in 1878 Mackenzie Bowell was given the portfolio of Customs and held that office until 1892 when he became Minister of Militia and Defense in the Abbot government. Was Minister of Trade and Commerce in the Cabinet of Sir John Thompson and on the latter's death in 1894 was called on by the Governor of Canada to form an administration, becoming Premier of Canada. In 1896, at the age of seventy-three, he retired from the Premiership to enter the Senate. Was knighted by the late Queen Victoria in 1895, and made a member of the order of Michael and George, holding the title, Knight Commander. Attended the coronation of King George and Queen Mary last June, and was presented by the King with a heavy Gold Medal as a souvenir. Is as hale and hearty as the average man of sixty.

ARCTIC EXPLORER COMING.

On Saturday evening, January 27, at 8:15, members of the Press Club of Chicago and their guests will have the opportunity of hearing Christian Leden, arctic explorer, lecture in English on "Our Neighbors of the North Pole." Mr. Leden's talk will be illustrated with lantern slides and phonographic reproductions of Eskimo songs and spirit dances.

Mr. Leden has received noteworthy notices in the European press. In spite of disagreeable weather, more than 2,000 persons gathered to hear his lecture in Christiania last March. King Haakon and his suite attended.

John E. Williams is still peregrinating in the south. Come on home, John.

THE BURNS DINNER.

That Burns dinner is going to be an unique affair. In addition to the bagpipe, national dances and other novelties, club members and their guests will have the opportunity of hearing M. J. Reid, of Glasgow, in a tribute to Burns, with selections from the great poet's works.

Miss Lola Buckingham, of the Grand Opera Company now at the Auditorium, will be present and render some of Bobby's songs as only a sweet singer of "Auld Scotia" can.

Nixon Waterman, poet, philosopher and humorist, is also on the program.

Remember the date—Thursday evening, January 25, 6:30 o'clock—ladies' night. Tickets, \$1.00.

Remember also that the committee cannot enlarge the capacity of the dining hall.

"Dinna ye hear the slogan?"

NIXON WATERMAN COMING.

Nixon Waterman, well known poet and journalist, will visit Chicago for the first time in sixteen years. During the early nineties, when he was conducting a signed column of his humor in the Chicago Herald, Waterman was one of the most popular members of the Press Club. As an old friend of Ben King, Waterman was selected by the Press Club to represent them in the compilation of "Ben King's Verse."

An informal noon luncheon will be given in honor of Mr. Waterman in the Press Club dining hall at 12:30 Friday, January 26. Service a la carte.

CLUB VISITORS

Cecil Jeffrey, Australia, guest of Geo. Cook Adams.
W. L. Ludolph, Rock Island, guest of W. A. Meese.
A. E. Merrifield, guest of E. E. Young.
E. M. Stark, St. Albans, W. Va., guest of H. B. Darlington.
J. P. Stephenson, Liverpool, guest of H. B. Darlington.
Holmes C. Walton, Australia, guest of J. G. Davis.
E. M. Woodcock, Moline, Ill., guest of W. Frederic Nutt.
F. G. Webb, Atlanta, Ga., guest of F. F. Ainsworth.

Among the Press Clubs.

The Authors' Club of London, England, will hold its annual general business meeting, including the election of officers for the ensuing year, February 26.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Wednesday Noon, January 24, 12:15 p. m.—Informal Luncheon to Sir Mackenzie Bowell.

Thursday Night, January 25, 6:30 p. m.—Robert Burns Anniversary Dinner. (Ladies' Night.)

Friday Noon, January 26, 12:15 p. m.—Informal Luncheon to Nixon Waterman.

Saturday Night, January 27, 8:15 p. m.—Lecture by Christian Leden, Arctic Explorer. (Ladies' Night.)

A NEW PRESS CLUB SONG.

At the smoker to the new members Saturday night, December 30, Alfred Hiles Bergen sprung a new Press Club song that is sure to become popular. The air Mr. Bergen has written is tuneful and easy and plumb full of melody. After the show was over many a spectator was heard humming or whistling it to himself.

But all that was available Saturday night was one hurriedly written stanza. We need more. Will the club poets please get busy and write some new verses? A critic whose identity will be carefully concealed will select the best, and these will constitute the new song.

Here is the stanza and chorus which Mr. Bergen sang Saturday night and which may be taken for the form for other stanzas:

There's a home on dear old Dearborn Street.

'Tis a home beyond compare;

Where Chicago's Press Club boys all meet

To drive away dull care.

We all are men who wield the pen,

Our colleagues all we greet;

Our troubles all are vanished here

And our happiness complete.

CHORUS.

Hip! Hip! Hurrah!—Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

A health, for all our joys;

And here's the toast that we love most.

The Chicago Press Club boys!

Come on, Vissch, Flaccus, Roy, Doug, J. U. H., Stanley, Opie, Doc, Milo, George, By, Frank, Gene, Dunc, Harry, etc., etc. Strick Gillilan please write.

A MUSICAL TREAT IN STORE.

Ole Theobaldi, the great Norwegian violinist, who appears in Grand Concert before the Press Club the evening of Feb. 3, has a most interesting history. At the age of seven he was appearing in the European capitals in grand concert. Ole Bull happened to hear him and it is history that he proclaimed that if the boy lived he would be his successor. He has appeared in private recital before practically every crowned head, dignitary and potentate of the Old World. Of 62 medals and decorations he prizes none more highly than that of

The Osiris Order of Italy, which was bestowed by King Umberto at the close of the great Roman Congress of 1896.

Theobaldi is intensely original—startlingly so, in fact. There is a new surprise in every line. It is absolutely incomprehensible how he produces some of his effects. The average much heralded "Virtuoso" has two things: technique and tone, occasionally but one. Theobaldi has both and something else. He has soul.

A WORTHY INSTITUTION.

Malcolm McDowell's coffee wagon enterprise, giving hot coffee and doughnuts nightly to the poor of the West Side during the cold weather, needs help. The Press Club Bulletin asks charitably inclined members to help. Leave the money at the Club office. It will be forwarded promptly.

AMONG THE MEMBERS.

Ernest E. Hoffman is now working on the New Orleans Item.

Earl Marble has recovered from his recent illness and returned to work.

John T. Bramhall is now secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Auburn, Cal.

Franc R. E. Woodward is now captain of the publicity department of one of Detroit's leading furniture houses.

Harry L. Bird, a former member who recently returned to the fold, is doing special editorial work on the Continent.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday night, Feb. 3—Concert by Ole Theobaldi.

Saturday night, Feb. 10.—"Lincoln," by Chief Justice Carter, Illinois Supreme Court. (Ladies' night.)

Friday night, Feb. 16 (8:30 o'clock)—Recital by Alfred Hiles Bergen. (Ladies' night.)

Employment Service

Any Press Club member wishing to secure employment or to hire can have his wants made known through the columns of the BULLETIN, free of charge.

REPORTER WANTED—To develop into local political writer; Socialist town; good opening for hustler; \$18.00 to start, limit \$25.00. Union-Star, Schenectady, N. Y.

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL DINNER.

The night of the Thirty-second Annual Dinner, January 11, was bitter cold, but nevertheless the Press Club dining rooms were crowded to capacity on that occasion. The toastmaster of the evening, J. U. Higinbotham, gave a brilliant example of twentieth-century toastmastering reduced to a fine art. In his opening remarks he paid a tribute to the work, as president, of Douglas Malloch, who is confined to his home with illness, and J. U. H. declared that "98 degrees of his 103 fever were brought on by overwork for the Press Club." He proposed a toast to the absent president and it was drunk standing.

Col. Visscher's stories of American humorists were well received. During his long career Col. Visscher has been associated with practically every great American humorist from the days of Artemus Ward to George Ade, and none has a greater fund of anecdote than he.

Dennis Donahue, cartoonist, held the attention of the audience with rapid fire sketches and comment. He scored a hit with cartoons of Mark Twain, Charles Warren Fairbanks, James Hamilton Lewis, M. E. Dickson, John U. Higinbotham and other members of the club.

The evening was graced with solos by Joergen Dahl, accompanied by Miss Ida King. A folk-song in Danish was most beautifully rendered.

Every member knows Alfred Hiles Bergen, but when the toastmaster announced that his mother would join in a duet, the older members recalled with pleasure that Mrs. Bergen appeared before the Press Club at a dinner twenty years ago. It was a rare treat, and the club was as proud, if possible, as Mr. Bergen of his mother's work.

The hero of the evening was Joe Mitchell Chapple, who was billed to give "Flashlights of Great Men." Instead he did a realistic performance of "Snowbound." He wired the club frequently during the evening from Carbondale and other points, reporting progress. But it was hopeless. The dinner came to an end with Joe a great deal more than twenty miles away, and the editor of the National Magazine did not arrive in Chicago until the following morning. But some one dared the toastmaster to give his introduction of Mr. Chapple, and—well, J. U. H. never takes a dare. If the warmth of that introduction could have been transmitted to Carbondale we might have heard Mr. Chapple, for it would have made railroading a problem of water rather than snow.

Mayor Harrison has appointed William J. Shanks secretary to the harbor and subway commission at a salary of \$3,600 a year.

Victor Eubank is in New York.

JANUARY CLUB MEETING.

Mr. Baker presided, Mr. Malloch being ill.

Following members were present—Sergel, Yount, Gould, Baker, Affeld, Louis, Kendall, Woodruff, Boyd, Dickson, Bennett, Abbott, C. E. Pickard, Ulrich, Newcomb, Davieson, Henderson, Conant, Pickett, Hernon, E. W. Pickard, Weippert, Hansen, Knox, Brewer, Holland, McIntyre, Ward, Brush, Waterloo, Cooley, O'Hara, Fay, Moore, Halley, Kuey.

Reports of Financial and Recording secretaries read and placed on file.

List of delinquents read in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution.

Report of Membership Committee adopted, with recommendations as stated.

Club proceeded to election of members, Mr. Dickson being appointed teller and Messrs. Kendall and Hische, assistants. The following were elected:

Active Membership—Herbert L. Barber, H. Ray Beckman, B. D. Berry, Robert S. Carver, William E. Clark, Frank Collins, Sydney C. Cornell, Philip R. Keller, W. Scott Luce, Frederick R. Martin, Lyne S. Metcalfe, Theo. Miltzer, B. W. Brooke, F. O. Partidge, R. J. Peacock, E. O. Phillips, H. E. Rice, E. R. Shaw, Stanly H. Twist, E. Kirk Towns, Chas. N. Wheeler, Geo. Allen Yuille.

Non-resident—A. Otis Arnold, Quincy, Ill.; W. E. Bergman, Des Moines, Iowa; Joe Mitchell Chapple, Boston, Mass.; W. L. Wallace, Teheran, Persia; W. E. Fitch, La Salle, Ill.; Victor Herbert, New York; W. J. McDonald, Calumet, Mich.; E. R. Palmer, Fond-du-Lac, Wis.

Amendment to the constitution changing the method of election of members from the monthly club meeting to a meeting of the Board of Directors sitting as a membership committee, was discussed. Messrs. Dickson, E. W. Pickard, Affeld, C. Pickard, J. Brown, Mansfield, O'Hara, Miller and Moore spoke on the amendment. When put to vote the motion was lost.

Rollin J. Wells, of Sioux Falls, S. D., has sent the Club library a copy of his book, "Hagar."

Don't forget to send me the Bulletin each week. I like it.—Edward Kittilsen, Rock Island.



**M. J. REID, AT THE BURNS DINNER,
JANUARY 25.**

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Geo. Weymouth, Theo. Van Ashcroft, R. E. Walker, E. H. Fox, Jno. M. Tananewicz, B. A. Pratt, Barratt O'Hara, H. Percy Millar, Mark Hayne, L. T. Goble, Wm. F. Young, Victor Eubank, Charles Ffrench, J. R. Purchase, C. E. Gould, Charles Dowst, J. M. Stahl, Paul H. Woodruff, W. G. McNair, J. C. Strong, G. G. Burdick, Charles Walter Brown, Horace M. Ford.

THE PIPE

ROBERT BURNS—1759-1796.

Oh, Bobbie dear,
Your prayer we fear
The gude Lord disna wish tae gie us.
He kens nae doot
Wha' he's aboot;
Himsel sees as nae ithers see us.

Anither prayer
We fancy mair;
Our heart in supplication swells:
O Lord, today
Cause ithers, pray
To see us as we see oursels.

THIS week The Pipe is a Bagpipe!

HOOT, mon! Dinna ye ken about the Burns Dinner?

AT THE KNOCKERS' TABLE.

"Roosevelt is great at starting things but what did he ever finish that he started?"

"Oh,— Taft."

JIMMIE, the Taxicub, says: "If cold wedder is caused by de tilt de eart' gets on herself roundin' into de summer stretch, den (business of blowing fingers) de ol' girl mustabin skiddin' last week."

HER FIRST STORY WAS A BIG CELLAR.

"I never knew that Mrs. Netcher of the Boston Store was an authoress."

"Well, is she?"

"She has just finished two new stories and is working on three more." MACK.

IT'S WORTH IT.

"How do you account for the high cost of living?"
"I suppose it is because of the big demand for it."

McAGAIN.

WE have been asked to copy our Alma Mater and list a few of Life's Little Irritations. As the list submitted consisted entirely of names of club members, we scratched them all.

IF the gent who sends us a post card every Saturday from Oakland, giving California weather by innings, thinks he is ameliorating Chicago conditions thereby, we hasten to restore him to his base for he is widely divergent. Not knocking Wood.

SAYS WE NEVER PRINT HIS STUFF!

Here is some dialect. We do not know what language was mixed with English to produce this, but we like it because it is different.

"Vell then, unce my muther she go by a house that was down and buy her a stove. Vell then, it costis fifteen dular and she get it for five. Vell then, she start to roll it by vere she lif. Vell then, it fall on hur und she stay there till another vagon come along and take the stove und bring it by the house und my muther too. Vell then, she stay by the bed two days."

WHAT we especially like about the above is that if we hit the wrong key of the typewriter, it does not spoil it. In fact, it rather helps it.

OUR OWN KIN HUBBARD SAYS:

There is a sucker born every minute and a grafter born every five minutes. It takes ten suckers to support a grafter. That's why there are so many seedy looking grafters. J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, January 27, 1912.

Number 16

ARCTIC NIGHT.

Tonight at 8:15 Christian Leden, Arctic explorer, will give his lecture, "Our Neighbors of the North Pole," in the Club. A novel feature will be reproductions of Eskimo songs and spirit dances on the phonograph illustrated with lantern slides.

While this will be an Arctic night by virtue of the topic, a casual conversation with Mr. Leden makes one feel that an Arctic night of six months' duration would not suffice to exhaust the possibilities of the subject.

"CANADIAN DAY" AT THE CLUB.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell was warmly greeted at the informal luncheon given in his honor Wednesday noon, January 24. Among those present were many of Canadian birth, and they welcomed the opportunity to shake hands with Canada's "grand old man." Wm. J. Shanks presided at the luncheon and the guest of honor was fittingly introduced by Thomas O'Hagan, editor of the New World. Sir Mackenzie made a brief but interesting address, which was frequently interrupted by applause.

AMONG THE MEMBERS.

Douglas Malloch is again seen in his customary haunts, having recovered from a serious illness.

Albert B. Cone is on a three-weeks' trip to Lincoln, Neb., Denver, Colo., and Kansas City, Mo.

William H. Head will give a recital at Muskegon, Mich., Monday evening, January 29.

J. U. Higinbotham was in Missouri Monday showing the natives how to be a good after dinner speaker.

W. E. Bergman, of Des Moines, Ia., a newly elected non-resident member, was introduced to Press Club life January 17.

LaVerne W. Noyes has subscribed \$50,000 toward the \$1,000,000 fund which the Chicago chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is endeavoring to raise for the building of a home for women.

George Hische's paper, *Printers' Ink*, sprung the chases recently with a 256-page edition—but he couldn't find time to brag about that, for he was so egotistical about the records from his hennery.

THE THEOBALDI CONCERT.

The concert to be given Saturday evening, February 3, by Ole Theobaldi will give Press Club members an opportunity of hearing the successor to Ole Bull. Not only has the mantle of Ole Bull fallen on Theobaldi's shoulders, but his priceless violin as well, for the Caspar violin used by the great master is the property of Theobaldi. The thrill of Theobaldi's performance lies not only in his accurate technique, but in the feeling and spirit that enters into his work.

Theobaldi will be assisted at the concert on February 3 by Mme. Dorothea Worth, soprano, and Mlle. Helena Kelleri, pianist.

BEGINNING OF THE PRESS CLUB.

In response to an inquiry, Melville E. Stone, of New York City, general manager of the Associated Press, and a non-resident member of the Press Club, wrote recently to President Malloch:

The story of the origin of the Chicago Press Club, I think, is pretty well known, but your letter indicates that you desire a word from me on the subject:

The Chicago Press Club, which was one of the first, if not the first, of its kind in the United States, grew out of an evening which Mark Twain, Franc B. Wilkie and myself were spending together. Clemens suggested the idea and Wilkie and I took it up immediately.

One of the first contributions made to the library was a set of Mark Twain's books inscribed by him to the club. He frequently referred in his later years to the pleasure it gave him to remember that in the old days he had been the inspiration of the founding of the club.

With all good wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

MELVILLE E. STONE.

AMONG THE PRESS CLUBS.

The Portland, Ore., Press Club gave its second annual "Frolic" December 11. A handsome souvenir program has reached the Bulletin, to which the live ones of the Portland Press Club contributed verse, story and picture—all of a real saleable quality, proving that the contributors were game to the point of recklessness.

Dancers of the Press Club frolicked January 20 at the first leap year dance. All fire escapes and other exits were carefully guarded, so the unmarried men hadn't a ghost of a chance for a gumshoe getaway.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Saturday Night, February 3, 8:15 p. m.—Concert by Ole Theobaldi. (Ladies' Night.)

PROGRESS OF EXTENSION FUND.

The Extension Fund, created to enable members to forward the membership campaign, has already grown to noticeable proportions. Many members who do not find time to work for new members according to their inclinations, have sent money to the fund, which is expended for printing and postage to aid the membership campaign. There is plenty of chance for all to help. Here are the contributions of those who have helped shoulder the burden to date:

| | |
|--------------------------|---------|
| Victor F. Lawson..... | \$25.00 |
| Robt. K. Brewster..... | 10.00 |
| John U. Higinbotham..... | 5.00 |
| Wm. C. Van Gilder..... | 5.00 |
| Geo. Sutherland..... | 5.00 |
| Theo. W. Buhmann..... | 2.00 |
| Eugene Katz..... | 2.00 |
| Edgar A. Hall..... | 2.00 |
| Edgar V. Kellett..... | 2.00 |
| J. J. McComb..... | 2.00 |
| F. D. Abbott..... | 2.00 |
| C. L. Prindle..... | 2.00 |
| Forrest Crissey..... | 1.00 |
| Edward Molloy..... | 1.00 |
| A. B. Brunk..... | .50 |
| W. S. Edson..... | .50 |

Total\$67.00

Contributions of any amount will be promptly converted into dynamic energy for the membership propaganda.

CONGO TOURNAMENT.

The 1912 Congo Tournament, playing for the Allan F. McIntyre trophy is now on, and the carnage is such that the scuppers (no, that should be pockets—excuse the sailor talk) are running blood. The trophy is a fine jointed cue with the nameplate of the winner mounted on the stock.

All entries pay a dollar, and the fund created goes to the improvement of equipment and service in the billiard room. Each contestant has the privilege of playing one game with each of the other entries. All games will be played with a referee in charge to score and enforce the rules. Handicaps and rules have been established by a committee.

Entries are still open, and players who have

not signed up have a chance at the trophy. Following are those who have subscribed to the tournament to date: Harry Sheldon White, B. B. Osborne, E. H. Norris, Albert Cone, A. H. Bergen, Wm. H. Walker, Karl MacVitty, B. J. Beardsley, J. E. Buck, Wm. Frederick Nutt, L. R. Merrill, R. V. Campbell, Charles E. Glessner, Geo. J. Kimball, Geo. L. Lewis, Frederick Dunham, O. C. Finney, Clement Yore, Frederick J. Squibb, John E. Bacon, C. H. Sergel, H. P. Cohn, B. F. Zimmer.

BOARD MEETING JANUARY 22.

Accumulation of work caused the Board to hold its second night meeting January 22. President Malloch was in the chair. Present—Malloch, Hyman, Barnes, Baker, Fox, Lederer, Henderson, Kuey.

Resignation of Theo. Van R. Ashcroft as Financial Secretary was accepted with many regrets. Mr. Ashcroft's growing duties on the Record-Herald made this step necessary. He left the Board with a strong record, and earned in generous measure the thanks which the Board extended him in accepting his resignation.

Membership Committee's report read and referred to February Club meeting.

Improvement of the kitchen equipment given careful consideration.

Financial Secretary's report, carrying accounts aggregating \$795.92 read and on motion allowed. Warrants to pay were authorized.

A reading of Col. William Lightfoot Visscher's verse was given by Miss Marguerite Sexton before the Southern Women's Club, January 25.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday night, Feb. 3—Concert by Ole Theobaldi (ladies' night).

Saturday night, Feb. 10.—"Lincoln," by Chief Justice Carter, Illinois Supreme Court. (Ladies' night.)

Friday night, Feb. 16 (8:30 o'clock)—Recital by Alfred Hiles Bergen. (Ladies' night.)

CLUB SONG.

BY WM. LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.

(Air: "Benny Havens," or "Wearing of the Green.")

Here's a health to all the fellows here,
Join in the swinging song.
We'll drop the shop and clock the stop,
And sound the dizzy gong;
We'll make the welkin ring awhile,
And take the time in tow
To ring the bell for merry—well,
Until the roosters crow.

Chorus—

The Press Club of Chicago,
Hip, hip, hurrah! High oh!
We'll knock dull Care and lift his hair,
And bust Old Nick & Co.

There is not a band of fellows on
This laughter-loving earth,
Who gather more of fun, galore,
And calorific mirth.
When we form the band of Gilead,
And hit the gait we know,
We make things hump, and bump the dumps,
With a hip, hurrah! Hi oh!

Here's to all the good old chaps we know,
Wherever they may go,
That lift the bowl and trill a troll,
Or knead a little dough.
We wish you luck, from A to Oz,
And want you all to know
We don't forget the game old set,
In the land of Weal or Woe.

McDOWELL'S QUICK RELIEF.

It wasn't in line with good banking practice when Felix Fantus made out his check for \$2.00 payable to "McDowell's Coffee Wagon," but the money arrived at its destination and did its part in boosting the game.

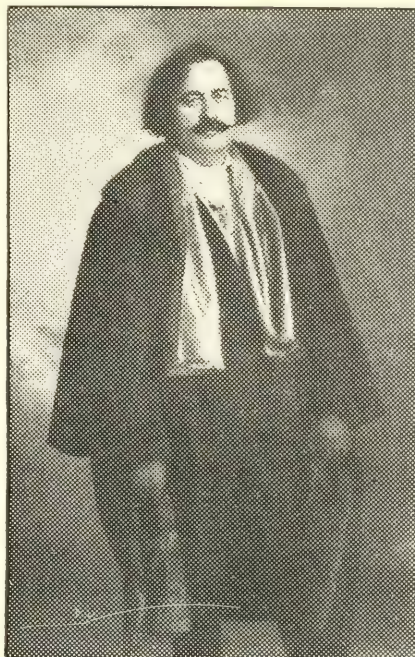
By the way, don't let the late mild weather lead you to thinking that the need of help for the down and outs is over. There's more cold coming, and more and more men needing help. The problem gets more acute as the last pay day of the unfortunates who benefit from this charity grows more distant.

"Morgan," who is known to all of the cueists as the guiding star of the billiard room, is in the hospital. The active cueists have made up a purse to help Morgan along, and they said he felt like the Wall street man bearing his name when he got the relief fund.

General Emmett Newton, of the Springfield, Mo., Press Club, is to be campaign manager for Champ Clark. Watch the country wake up to the candidate.

WANDERING SHEEP

DETROIT, MICH.—Greetings from a wandering sheep.
FRANC R. E. WOODWARD.

OLE THEOBALDI,

At the Press Club, Saturday Evening, February 3.

THE EXTENSION FUND.

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE:

Your reminder to hand. Accept my Ten with the best in-ten-tions, and may it ten-d to stimulate those with ten-der hearts towards the scheme, to throw out their Tens in bunches in a hurry. Delay is dangerous—they may forget!

Very truly yours,

R. BREWSTER.

R. BREWSTER,

2622 Lake View Avenue, Chicago.

Dear Sir: Your 10der of a 10 to ex10d the Ex10sion Fund received. This 10 will 10d to relieve the 10sion to a great ex10t. We in10d to ex10d the membership ex10sively, as this has a 10dency to bring us needed 10s.

Hoping to hear from you of10.

Yours 10derly.

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE.

Boosts for the Bulletin.

CHICAGO HEIGHTS, ILL.—THE BULLETIN ought to be encouraged. It is the best move made in a long time to interest the membership of the club. I want you to send it to me, so I may know what the boys are doing.

W. H. FREEMAN.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Nothing has been of as much service to me in foreign travels as well as in the United States as my Press Club membership. I prize it more than any other affiliation I have. It is an open "sesame" always welcome and never refused.

G. T. PROPPER.

A. Kohn, an old time favorite, entertained the library habitues January 17 with a piano fest. Mr. Kohn favors the Club whenever he can tear himself away from his Milwaukee haunts.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors and the

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND PUBLICATION:

Otto Kney, Chairman

M. H. McMillen C. S. Peterson Roy O. Randall
J. L. Regan W. L. Visscher Mason Warner

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO:
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Financial Secretary.....Theodore Van R. Ashcroft
Recording Secretary.....Otto Kney
Librarian.....Joseph F. Henderson
Directors—William R. Barnes, Horace M. Ford, Julius Reynolds Kline, Ransom E. Walker, Charles Lederer, Edward H. Fox.

STATED MEETINGS

Club—Second Saturday of each month at 1:30 p. m.
Board of Directors—Each Monday at 12:30 p. m., except the first Monday after the first Tuesday of each month at 6 p. m.
Printing and Publication Committee—Each Tuesday and Wednesday at 12 m.
Entertainment Committee—Each Friday at 6 p. m.
Claims and Accounts Committee—Last Friday of each month at 1 p. m.

COMMITTEES OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Art—Charles Lederer, Chairman; Mark Hayne, L. R. Merrell.
Building—J. R. Kline, Chairman; R. E. Walker, Otto Kney, H. S. Hyman, W. E. Moore.
Claims and Accounts—H. M. Ford, Chairman; T. Van R. Ashcroft, W. R. Barnes.
Committee at Washington—O. F. Schuette, Chairman; G. E. Roberts.
Committee at New York—S. E. Darby, Chairman; J. W. Long, E. F. Ingraham.
Constitution—R. E. Walker, Chairman; Samuel Sternfeld, J. B. Mansfield.
Entertainment—E. H. Fox, Chairman; Fred Pelham, A. B. Glessner; E. C. Moore, H. S. White, B. B. Osborne.
House—T. Van R. Ashcroft, Chairman; E. H. Fox, H. M. Ford.
Library—J. F. Henderson, Chairman; R. A. Halley, L. T. Goble.
Maintenance—E. J. Baker, Chairman; E. T. Skinkle, Ernest McCullough, J. D. Cress.
Reception—W. R. Barnes, Chairman; H. B. Bogg, Edgar Hall, W. F. Nutt, J. A. Brown.
Ways and Means—H. S. Hyman, Chairman; E. J. Baker, J. R. Kline.
Membership—W. E. Moore, Chairman; A. B. Cone, Secretary; E. C. Moore, William Fuller, G. Cooke-Adams, G. E. Hische, D. Reeder, J. E. Bacon, A. E. Ormes, H. W. Young, Guy Blanchard, Opie Read, H. Dumont, Fred Pelham, W. R. Bullion, C. H. Sergel, W. A. Strager, Fred Dunham, W. E. Ray, B. A. Ulrich, J. U. Higinbotham, E. R. Prichard, L. E. Merrell, L. S. Berlin, E. A. Hall, E. M. Vandivert, W. M. Roberts, Walton Perkins, A. H. Putney, A. W. Brickwood, Stanley Waterloo, B. B. Osborne, H. M. Ford, G. C. Griffiths, W. R. Barnes, A. B. Glessner, Geo. Weymouth, T. Van R. Ashcroft, R. E. Walker, E. H. Fox, J. M. Tananewicz, B. A. Pratt, Barratt O'Hara, H. F. Miller, Mark Hayne, L. T. Goble, W. F. Young, Victor Eubank, Charles Ffrench, J. R. Purchase, C. E. Gould, Charles Dowst, J. M. Stahl, F. H. Woodruff, W. G. McNair, J. C. Strong, G. G. Burdick, C. W. Brown, L. C. Propper, E. Jackson, W. F. Nutt, E. S. Walker.

The annual banquet of the Cook County Press Club will be held at the Press Club Saturday evening, Feb. 3rd. A fine program has been provided.

THE PIPE

WID A MARESHAM.

O, wid a maresham I can put on great airs;
Oh hone, wid a maresham!
Faix, it matches the garments a gintleman wears;
Oh hone, wid a maresham!
Wid its beautiful spark,
Shinin' out in the dark,
As I stroll in the park,
Oh, its gorgeous I am,
Makin' fragrant smoke rowl
From its high-colored bowl;
Oh hone, wid a maresham!
But wid a dhudeen I can sit at me aise,
Oh hone, wid a dhudeen!
Light it up wid a turf and just smoke as I plaze,
Oh hone, wid a dhudeen!
Though a briar is prime,
And a hookah sublime,
In a Byronic rime,
There is more pleasure keen
To be had any day
From a bit of black clay;
Oh hone, wid a dhudeen.
J. S. Z.

THE Membership Committee (see top of column) is tamping The Pipe down so hard that its drawing power is threatened. We are thinking of withdrawing our name from the committee in order to give one more line to The Pipe.

"THE WOMAN" at the Olympic is a De Mille play under Belasco management. It recalls the g. o. d. of Belasco and De Mille, pere. Every act, except the last, leaves the most blasé theater patron so anxious for the next one that he almost forgets his entracte appointments.

THERE is a fine of \$5.00 for removing thermometers from street cars. Some bailiff might make a haul by pinching a few barn bosses. They have taken out ALL of the thermometers on some lines.

AT THE KNOCKERS' TABLE.

"I'd rather tell one GOOD story than a dozen silly ones like Casey tells."
"Well, why don't you ever do it?"

AT THE BARBER'S.

"It is better you keep your hair as long as possible in the winter."
"Yes, but I am afraid I have kept mine as long as I can."

AT DUNNING.

"Here's a man seventy years old who plays golf."
"That's nix. I know a man who played tennis at 90—Fahrenheit."

THEARCH UTH.

Our daughter lips. She calls him Dr. Thug. Ought we to correct her?
R. M. S.

IF the final result of the Tobacco Trust prosecution should result in putting it out of the retail business, the signs would give them little trouble, for a

UNITED CIGAR STORE

would simply become an

UNTIED CIGAR STORE.

IF butter keeps on soaring, the Milky Way will look like a subwey in comparison.

THIS is going to be a hard year on jour paragraphers.

ONLY one Friday the 13th in it.

J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, February 3, 1912.

Number 17

THEOBALDI CONCERT POSTPONED.

(Special telegram to the Press Club Bulletin.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., January 31.—Theobaldi is ill with symptoms of blood poisoning. Therefore I regret exceedingly that it will be impossible for him to play the concert at the Press Club Saturday, February 3. Will arrange with you as soon as possible for a later date.

WALTER CARROLL.

THE BURNS ANNIVERSARY DINNER.

There was glory enough for all of the participants in the extraordinarily successful dinner given in the Press Club Hall on the night of the 153d anniversary of Robert Burns, January 25, but there is not space enough in THE BULLETIN to give the amount of credit due to each.

There were several special features not on the announced program which were thoroughly enjoyed. One was the singing of Nixon Waterman's "If I Knew You," by Sybil Sammis-MacDermid, music to which had been composed by her husband, James MacDermid. Another special feature was the recitation by G. Charles Griffiths of Burns' "Lines to a Louse on a Lady's Bonnet," and "Beelzebub's Address to the Members of Parliament."

Because Molly McIntyre, of the "Buntz Pulls the Strings" company, had to hasten from the dinner at an early hour to play her part at the theater, two stanzas of the original Scotch song written for the occasion by William J. Way were sung by him during the progress of the dinner, while the remainder was given at its regular place on the program. This separation into parts of any composition is not exactly good for that composition, but "Billy's" effort was excellent enough to stand it and make two hits instead of one. Miss McIntyre smiled joyously at the stanza in her honor, and afterward in a brief speech expressed her pleasure at being present at an affair under the auspices of the Press Club of Chicago.

Frank Comerford was the toastmaster, and his interspersed stories and skillful guiding of the program added to the inherent goodness of each and every number. M. J. Reid, of Glasgow, paid a beautiful tribute to the simplicity and natural art of Burns' genius and rendered "The Cotter's Saturday Night" in splendid form. George F. Butler's original poem, "The Night She Quoted Burns to Me," was a fitting finale to his classic appreciation of Burns as poet and man.

Alfred Hiles Bergen thrilled all who heard him with his artistic rendition of "Scots Wha Hae" and "Annie Laurie."

Nixon Waterman's contribution to the pleasure of the evening was exactly what all who know Mr. Waterman expected of him. It was a medley of poems in his own peculiar style—a blending of wit and philosophy, kindly satire and old-fashioned wisdom—a concrete illustration of why he is so popular on the lecture platform.

The final number was the singing by Mrs. F. S. Hodge of old Scotch melodies. Her sweet voice, full of sympathy and feeling, put everybody in the right humor to join in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," led by Alfred Hiles Bergen, and then the Burns dinner ended.

During the evening, Sandy and Johnny Sim, bagpipers, and Florence Reid and Alexander Sim, in Scotch dances in costume, proved the last note required to make the evening characteristically Scotch. Even the menu was Scotch, with Ayrshire mutton, neeps, patties, etc., and bearing an illustration of a Highland lassie in costume, drawn by R. J. Campbell. On the wall above the toastmaster was displayed a beautiful portrait in oil of Robert Burns, painted by A. J. Pickering for the occasion and presented to the club.

Certainly, the entertainment committee and the special committee on arrangements, of which Allan McIntyre was chairman, earned the gratitude of the club for the splendid program and the successful management of the affair.

BOARD MEETING JANUARY 29.

President Malloch in the chair. Present—Malloch, Barnes, Lederer, Ford, Fox, Henderson, Kney.

Financial Secretary's report, requesting payment of \$1,229.45, approved, and warrants authorized.

Report of billiard committee heard.

Extensive repairs in the kitchen were authorized.

Fourteen applications for membership were canvassed, the sponsors being present or represented.

OBITUARY.

Henry Winninghoff, a non-resident member, of Durango, Mexico, died at the Glendale Sanitarium, near Los Angeles, Calif., December 15.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Tuesday Noon, February 6, 12:15 p. m.—Informal luncheon to visiting newspaper and advertising men.

Saturday Afternoon, February 10, 1:30 p. m.—Regular Monthly Meeting.

Saturday Evening, February 10, 8:15 p. m.—"Lincoln," by Chief Justice Carter of the Illinois Supreme Court.

LUNCHEON TO DISTINGUISHED CRAFTSMEN.

Next Tuesday noon, February 6, under the auspices of the Reception Committee, a luncheon will be tendered to a number of prominent American newspaper and publicity men. The luncheon will occur at 12:15 and will be entirely informal. There will be the usual a la carte and table d'hôte service in the dining room. The guests of honor will be:

George W. Coleman, Boston, Mass., president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America.

J. A. MacDonald, Toronto, Ont., editor of the Toronto Globe.

Lieut.-Col. E. W. Halford, New York, N. Y., former editor of the Indianapolis Journal.

Frank W. Ober, New York, N. Y., editor of Association Men.

W. T. Ellis, Swarthmore, Pa.

William S. Powers, Detroit, Mich.

The visitors are members of the Publicity Commission of the Men and Religion Forward Movement.

Nixon Waterman, former member, Orange Park, Fla.....B. B. Osborne
Edwin W. Woodcock, correspondent, Moline, Ill.
.....Wm. Frederick Nutt

A NOTABLE EVENT AND MAN.

Next Saturday evening, February 10, the Press Club will observe Lincoln's birthday in fitting manner. The speaker of the evening will be the head of the judiciary of this state, Chief Justice Orrin N. Carter, of the Illinois Supreme Court. Justice Carter not only occupies the highest place on the Illinois bench, but is also a pleasing and authoritative speaker on Lincoln, to whose career, ideas, biography and characteristics he has given many years of study. His presentation of the life of the great Commoner promises to be exceptionally valuable and interesting. It will remove many of the fogs of tradition and present the actual Lincoln.

The committee of the evening will consist of A. W. Brickwood, James B. Wescott and M. F. Birten. Mr. Brickwood will be the chairman.

TO WHOM THIS ISSUE COMES.

This issue of the Press Club BULLETIN is sent to all the members of the Press Club of Chicago, whether they are subscribers or not. This is a monthly custom, the first issue of each month being sent to the whole membership whether or not subscribers to the BULLETIN. Those who have not subscribed, and are thereby missing this breezy weekly visitor containing the news and chat of the Press Club, will find a subscription card enclosed that needs only a scratch of the pen and a lick of a stamp to put them on the mailing list for a year.

FEBRUARY CLUB MEETING.

The February meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held in the library Saturday, February 10, at 1:30 p. m. Important business will engage the attention of the meeting. The officers urge a large attendance.

The following candidates for membership will be considered for election:

RESIDENT MEMBERSHIP.

| NAME. | SPONSOR. |
|---|--------------|
| M. D. Atwater, writer..... | B. A. Pratt |
| Walter M. Burns, Inter Ocean..... | W. E. Moore |
| Charles William Colline, former member..... | W. E. Moore |
| Chas. Ludvey, artist..... | A. H. Bergen |
| Ray A. H. Thompson, financial writer..... | H. W. Young |

NON-RESIDENT MEMBERSHIP.

| | |
|---|------------------|
| S. A. Brewster, former member, Elgin, Ill..... | B. B. Osborne |
| William Wallace Cook, writer, Marshall, Mich..... | H. Bedford Jones |
| M. D. Ewell, author, Sarasota, Fla..... | Emery S. Walker |
| R. Waite Joslyn, reporter, Elgin, Ill..... | H. Bedford Jones |
| Gov. Chase S. Osborn, publisher, Lansing, Mich..... | Douglas Malloch |
| Gifford Pinchot, author, Washington, D. C..... | Douglas Malloch |
| Clark S. Thomas, lecturer, Elgin, Ill..... | C. W. Brown |

COMING EVENTS

Friday night, Feb. 16 (8:30 o'clock)—Recital by Alfred Hiles Bergen. (Ladies' night.)

Saturday night, February 24—Washington's Birthday dance. (Ladies' night.)

Saturday night, March 16—St. Patrick's Day dinner. (Ladies' night.)

"He Comes Up Smiling," by Charles Sherman. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Annual Chicago School Report.

AUSTRALIAN BOYS COMING.

A party of forty Australian boys, members of the Young Australian League, will be guests of the Press Club at luncheon at 12:15 noon, Monday, February 12. The boys, who were elected by vote to represent Australia in the tour that now brings them to Chicago, are traveling under the auspices of the Australian government and constitute the best representatives of the youth of Australia. In Chicago, during the week they are in this city, they will be the invited guests of the Association of Commerce, which will be their host jointly with the Press Club of Chicago, the Chicago Athletic Club, the University of Chicago and the Board of Education. They will also be entertained by the International Harvester Company and the Union Stock Yards and other organizations and interests.

The boys will arrive Monday morning, February 12, from the Pacific Coast and will be received on arrival by the Association of Commerce and the general committee, of which George Cooke-Adams, of the Press Club, is chairman. They will be taken to the City Hall and formally welcomed by Mayor Harrison and then brought to the Press Club where they will be welcomed by President Douglas Malloch on behalf of the Press Club.

These boys are Australia's cleverest and won the opportunity to come to America after tests as to their abilities as musicians, athletes and scholars. They constitute their own band and orchestra and will attract much attention in Chicago. They are in charge of Lieut. S. S. Simons, of the Australian military forces, former president of the Australian Natives' Association. The ages of the boys range from 10 to 19 years.

NIXON WATERMAN LUNCHEON.

Friday noon, January 26, Nixon Waterman, poet, philosopher, humorist and old-time member of the Press Club of Chicago, was given a luncheon in the Press Club dining hall. It was well attended and old-timers gathered from other cities to shake hands and exchange reminiscences with the distinguished guest. John McGovern presided and spoke in a happy vein of Mr. Waterman's introduction to and early days in Chicago journalism.

Among the speakers was S. A. Brewster, now of Joliet, but formerly publisher of the Creston (Ia.) Advertiser, who gave Mr. Waterman his first newspaper job in 1880. Other speakers were Stanley Waterloo, Frank Comerford, Forrest Crissey and Duncan Smith. John U. Higinbotham read the poem written by Nixon Waterman in 1898 when the Press Club moved from Clark street to Madison street.

Mr. Waterman's address reviewed his early work in Chicago, and he related amusing and interesting experiences with the men who made Chicago newspapers twenty years ago. Before

the luncheon was concluded, Mr. Waterman, by special request, repeated his poem on "Compressed Housekeeping," which made such a hit the night previous at the Burns dinner.

The affair offered a striking example of the genuine joy and pleasure it gives the present membership of the Press Club to welcome and honor one of the old-time members who has helped to give the club its present prestige and standing.

TOLD ABOUT POLAR ESKIMOS.

The lecture by Christian Leden in the Press Club hall last Saturday night ended a series of four entertainments in as many days, and, therefore, his interesting lecture on "The Neighbors of the North Pole" was not so well attended as it deserved, but those who were present heard an unique description of the remarkable people who live in the extreme north of Greenland.

Mr. Leden's descriptions and pictures were given in unexpurgated form, and the lecture proved another one of those entertainments which you are not likely to hear anywhere except at the Press Club.

He told of those Eskimos, the hardships of whose lives lead them to accept as a religion the belief that eternal punishment is condemnation to live forever; that if one does not live right, he can never die. He told of their "spirit dances" and reproduced their spirit songs with phonographic records. He told how and why an infant is killed if the mother dies—simply because there is no nourishment to be had for it. He told how the old and infirm welcomed death, and how, when the time came that they could no longer provide for themselves, they climbed to a high point on a glacier and their best friend was honored by their request to push them to their death.

Mr. Leden made plain, as is seldom done, what life is where there is no food except the uncooked flesh of wild animals, where there are no fires, no money or merchandising, practically no social life—where the day is seven months long and the night five months. Altogether, his descriptions, stereopticon views and phonographic reproductions proved unusually informing and instructive.

Mr. Leden is on his way to the Arctic Coast of North America, where he will continue his research and observations among the Polar Eskimos for the coming three years. His services are at the command of the University of Christiania and the expenses of his explorations are partly borne by the King and Queen of Norway.

Remember the date—Washington's Birthday Dance—Saturday, February 24—in Press Club Hall.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors and the

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND PUBLICATION:

Otto Kney, Chairman

M. H. McMillen C. S. Peterson Roy O. Randall
J. L. Regan W. L. Visscher Mason Warner

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Entertainment Committee—Each Friday at 6 p. m.
Claims and Accounts Committee—Last Friday of each month at 1 p. m.

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Reception—W. R. Barnes, Chairman; H. B. Bogg, Edgar Hall, W. F. Nutt, J. A. Brown.
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CASES OF ILLNESS.

Members are requested to notify the president promptly by letter of any case of illness that may exist in the membership at any time.

THE PIPE

THE popping you heard at the Burns dinner was not caused by champagne corks. It was our Scotch members pulling the siller frae their jeans.

WE copped a new one from The Dial last issue—"cygnifying." Not in the dictionary? What does that cygni—now they've got us doing it—signify? It is in The Dial.

OUR usually conservative and always esteemed contemporary, Weber's Weekly, is unable to resist the craze for forming new words. "Horoscopolical" is George's contribution to the language in his issue of January 27.

THE Lit. Sup. of the Chicago Post refers to Reginald W. Kauffman as one who "writes from an intimate knowledge of 'The Girl That Goes Wrong.'" If that had been in the Kendallville Courier, some of us city chaps would have coaxed a smile therefrom.

W. P. CLANCY, who was an inspector of police and was demoted to a captaincy, is now out for the Democratic nomination for congress. That's tobogganning some!

AT THE KNOCKERS' TABLE.

"Gush seems to be a good sort."

"Yes, he is one of these guys that no matter how unworthy the person, will always give him a letter of introduction to a friend."

RULES FOR JOKESMITHS.

IV. If your joke is short, use the telephone expedient. "Ting-a-ling."

"Is this the editor?" etc.

MACK IS BACK.

AND pipes plaintively that the real trouble is not the high cost of living, but the cost of high living. Mack MAY get over that Burns Dinner some day, but he will never be the same.

NOW the Commonwealth Edison people are hitting at their principal competitor, the gas company, with a machine for reviving those overcome by gas. Just how much gas consumption on the part of would-be suicides this will cut off is not known, but in these days of 80 cent gas, every little hurts.

THE machine might be tested at banquets.

TELL us, oh, tell us, why WILL people act their heads off to create an illusion and then accept a curtain call that utterly destroys it?

J. U. H.

THE EXTENSION FUND.

| | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| George Shaw Cook..... | \$ 5.00 |
| Walton Perkins..... | 2.00 |
| Fred D. L. Squires..... | 1.00 |
| Previously acknowledged..... | 67.00 |
| Total | \$75.00 |

INVITATION FROM IROQUOIS CLUB.

The Iroquois Club will give a luncheon in honor of Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, February 12, at the LaSalle Hotel, and extends an invitation to the members of the Press Club to be present. The tickets will be \$1.50 and remittances may be sent to the Iroquois Club, 21 N. LaSalle street.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, February 10, 1912.

Number 18

LEAP YEAR STAG.

A "Leap Year" stag is on the boards for Thursday evening, February 29, and a delightful time is promised the members and their guests. Already some excellent talent has been arranged for and the program is not half completed. A special committee has the details in charge. It consists of:

Karl MacVitty, chairman,
Henry Sheldon White,
B. Beecher Osborne.

Next week's Bulletin will give particulars. In the meantime reserve the date—Thursday evening, February 29.

IRISH NIGHT.

An Irish dinner will be given by the Press Club on St. Patrick's eve, Saturday, March 16. An elaborate program will be provided. The special committee having it in charge is:

Frank Comerford, chairman,
T. J. O'Neil,
John Fay,
Barret O'Hara,
Clement Yore.

Keep this event in mind and make your reservations early. Tickets can be procured by mail or by applying at the office, price \$1 each. This will be ladies' night.

LUNCHEON FOR PUBLICITY MEN.

Members of the publicity commission of the Men and Religion Forward Movement were entertained at luncheon Tuesday noon, February 6. Col. M. E. Dickson was toastmaster, and instilled into the meeting a proper respect for the occasion.

Geo. W. Coleman, of Boston, and president of the Associated Advertising Clubs, opened the discussion with a statement of the purposes of the commission. He made the point that unconsciously the church and the press had been drawing together in their purposes—the general uplift. The general tone of newspaper publicity has improved, and the purpose of the commission is to gather the facts as to the relations of press and pulpit and show how to direct the combined efforts into the most efficient channels.

W. T. Ellis, secretary of the commission, and one of the editors of The Continent brought out the relations between preacher and newspaper man. His statement that the average

religious page of a newspaper was as dry as the editor pages found many of his hearers agreeing.

G. W. Benn of the Dallas News emphasized the value of religious news, properly presented, as an interesting factor for readers.

F. W. Ober of New York, editor of Association Men, hammered on the news value of achievements of economic and religious movements. He mentioned the work of Riis in bettering tenement conditions in New York, Grenfell in improving mankind in Labrador, and Livingston and Stanley as pioneers of western civilization in Africa.

Lieut. Col. E. W. Halford, long the editor of the Indianapolis Journal, gave a stirring "30" to the luncheon. He referred to the newspaper as a six-day preacher, as contrasted with the l. t. a. w. effect of the ordained minister. There is no preacher like the newspaper for depicting the passing show of humanity in its every phase and color. As a relic of the old type of newspaper he mentioned a recent suicide case in New York, which the metropolitan papers played up for five columns, and slipped in a filler of three lines about the starving Chinese.

BOARD MEETINGS LAST WEEK.

Two special meetings of the board were held last week.

JANUARY 31, 6:00 P. M.

President Malloch in the chair. Present—Malloch, Hyman, Kline, Fox, Ford, Barnes, Lederer, Henderson, Kney.

Details of cafe management fully discussed with a view of improvement of service and results.

Arrangements made for the presence of a Club employe as cashier on the sixth floor dining room during noon hours, for convenience of members desiring to pay current cafe checks. A cigar case has been placed on the sixth floor, from which diners will be served at noon.

Plans for future entertainments of great interest discussed.

FEBRUARY 2, 12:30 P. M.

President Malloch in the chair. Present—Malloch, Fox, Barnes, Lederer, Henderson, Kney.

Cafe management discussed in detail.

The Extension Fund.

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------|
| F. A. Hess..... | \$ 5.00 |
| Joseph L. Abt..... | 3.00 |
| Previously acknowledged | 75.00 |
| Total | \$83.00 |

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Monday Noon, February 12, 12:15 p. m.—Informal luncheon to members of Young Australian League. Service a la carte.

Friday Evening, February 16, 8:30 o'clock—Recital by Alfred Hiles Bergen. Ladies' Night.

THAT HOT COFFEE RELIEF.

Did you ever come in from a long cold drive, or quit the blind in a late fall hunt, and yearn for that hot coffee that you knew was waiting for you? Some anticipation; that driving out the cold that penetrated your warm motoring or hunting clothes.

That appreciation of hot coffee in cold weather ought to make it easy to know how much good Malcom McDowell's hot coffee wagon does the down and outs who nightly get relief from his institution. Remember, though, that the men who profit by McDowell's plan don't wear warm clothes—they don't get any sport out of the cold weather. Lots of them have no overcoats, and most of them find the greatest value of newspapers in making paper vests out of the old papers that the more prosperous throw away. To them, the hot coffee and bite to eat means a great deal.

This is a good time to have a few dollars at the Press Club office to forward to Malcom McDowell to help his work along.

A RECITAL.

Friday night, February 16, Alfred Hiles Bergen will give a recital. Come, and bring your friends. A pleasant time is assured by the program.

- | | | |
|-----|--------------------------|------------|
| (a) | Caro Mio Ben | Giordani |
| (b) | Der Wanderer | Schubert |
| (c) | Frühlings Glaube | Schubert |
| (d) | Ich Bin Eine Harfe | Erich Wolf |
| (e) | Trinklied | Erich Wolf |

II.

- | | | |
|-----|-----------------------|------------|
| (a) | Die Lotus Blume | Schuman |
| (b) | Aufträge | Schuman |
| (c) | Der Ablosing | Hollander |
| (d) | Jagerslied | Hugo Wolf |
| (e) | Cäcelie | R. Strauss |

III.

- | | | |
|-----|--------------------------|-----------|
| (a) | In Time of Roses | Reichardt |
| (b) | Edward | Soewc |
| (c) | Irish Folk Song | Foote |
| (d) | The Pauper's Drive | Homer |
| (e) | Morning Hymn | Heuschel |

IV.

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|---------------------|
| (a) | O'er the Live Lily | |
| (b) | Flying Sweeping Swallow | |
| (From the Hungarian—Arranged by F. Korbay.) | | |
| (c) | Beloved | Alfred Hiles Bergen |
| (d) | Fairy and Child | Alfred Hiles Bergen |
| (e) | The Charge of the Light Brigade..... | |
| | | Alfred Hiles Bergen |

This program constitutes the cream of Mr. Bergen's repertoire. The first two groups will be rendered in German, but the translations will be printed on the program. The last two groups will be rendered in English.

Mr. Lurvey, who has practically grown up with Mr. Bergen in a musical way, will play the accompaniments. This should be highly appreciated by the audience, since Mr. Lurvey is today called by musical critics of the country one of the five greatest accompanists in the world.

As far as Mr. Bergen is concerned, this recital is his farewell performance as well as his debut in the Press Club, because he has recently signed a contract for three years with the Redpath Musical Bureau. This does not mean that Mr. Bergen is no longer a member of the Press Club—far from it. It merely means that he will be on the road most of the time and that we shall no longer have the privilege of having him with us.

PRESIDENTIAL PORTRAITS.

The oil portraits of the former presidents have been assembled by the art committee into one group in the library to be known as the "Presidential Gallery." Each will be labeled with the name of the subject and with his year, or years, of service. This will henceforth constitute one of the interesting exhibits of the club. It is planned, as rapidly as possible, to label all of the pictures in the club so they may be known by the most casual visitor

COMING EVENTS

Monday noon (12:15 o'clock), February 12—Luncheon to members of Young Australian League. A la carte service.

Friday night, Feb. 16 (8:30 o'clock)—Recital by Alfred Hiles Bergen. (Ladies' night.)

Saturday night, February 24—Washington's Birthday dance. (Ladies' night.)

Thursday evening, February 29—"Leap Year" Stag. Saturday evening, March 2—Madame Emily Tate, Lecture recital at the piano, on the Folk Lore and Music of Russia, assisted by Mr. Frank Graham from the Gaiety Theater, London.

Saturday night, March 16—St. Patrick's Day dinner. (Ladies' night.)

RHUM BROMIDES.

"Do you discard from weakness or strength?"
 "What sort of a feeder are you?"
 "Welcome little deuce."
 "Members of the royal family are in disrepute—as popular as ever."
 "Lucky boy to catch that case card."
 "Every play I make is wrong."
 "Don't matter which way I play it."
 "I'm ruined."
 "Oh! So you were holding that other pair of tens."
 "Science has no show against luck."
 "That's a mighty nice piece of paper, but I can't use it."
 "My action in taking up that card is absolutely without significance."
 "For purposes of reduction only."
 "That kills me."
 "I can't miss his hand, any way I play."
 "Gee! I have to give you out."
 Anyone memorizing these original remarks will be welcomed as a full fledged rummy at any vacant seat. It is required that all members in good standing repeat the formula while each hand is being played.
 For further information address the officers of the affiliated players.

POOL TOURNAMENT.

The first game in the pool tournament between members of the Chicago Advertising Association and members of the Press Club was played in the club rooms of the Advertisers February 7 at 1:30. The contest was between J. A. Freund of the C. A. A. and Bob Campbell of the P. C., the former winning by the narrow margin of two points and carrying off the trophy, a box of fifty Advertising Association cigars. B. B. Osborne of the Press Club acted as referee.

A return engagement will be played by the same parties February 14 at the Press Club, beginning at 1:30. The trophy in this case will be a box of fifty Press Club cigars.

Bob confidently expects to reverse the record when the next engagement takes place.

While on the subject, it might be stated that the Press Club recently replaced a pool table with a billiard table, giving the devotees of straight rail and three-cushion billiards additional facilities.

The Congo tournament is in full bloom, though just what the bloom of a Congo tournament may be has not been satisfactorily demonstrated.

This pool is not related to Kelly.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

Members of the Board of Directors sanctioned the proposition recently submitted by J.

Ellsworth Gross, a member of the club and one of the best-known photographers in the city. Mr. Gross proposes to create pictures of new and old members whose portraits do not now adorn the gallery. Arrangements have been made to have the pictures taken at the Press Club between the hours of 12 and 2, the photographer to give sittings Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, beginning Saturday noon, February 10.

A nominal fee will be charged those who take advantage of this offer. The price for the picture, framed to conform to the style adopted, will be \$1.00. An additional half-dozen prints, mounted, can be secured for \$2.00.

Each portrait in the Press Club gallery is to be autographed or labeled with the name of the member. It is hoped members will respond to this very generous offer and that as a result, the portrait gallery will shortly contain a counterfeit presentment of every member.

BY PRESS CLUB AUTHORS

Among recent productions by Press Club authors none is more appreciated by club members than the handsome little volume of poems, entitled "Echoes of Petrarch," by Dr. George F. Butler; from the press of Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

The author calls them sonnets and interludes and dedicates the volume to his wife and daughter. Many are reproduced by permission of P. F. Volland & Co.

The reader may follow, in these tender tributes to a beautiful love for wife and daughter, the initial upspringing of the first tendrils of affection, the bursting forth into full bloom of the buds of hope, joy and that ideal complacency which can come only with complete self-surrender to an adored one. Some of the most characteristic poems are entitled "The Mockery of Gladness," "The Garden of the Heart," "My Wife," and "My Daughter."

NOTES

Note that the Membership Committee has been enlarged by the addition of numerous live members. The plan is to have so many on the committee that no one can speak above a whisper about a "suspect" without reaching an official ear.

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MILWAUKEE PRESS CLUB.

The Milwaukee Press Club held its monthly meeting February 7. An innovation is a series of after-meeting smokers, for which characteristic entertainments are arranged.

THE PIPE

FLACCUS HAS JOINED THE (WALT) MASONS.

Dear J. U. H.:

Yes, this is me, dropped from my former high estate, become a bard of low degree and forced to write 'em up to date! No more will Flaccus' name resound as singer of the lyric muse; his dearest dawg gets kicked around and all the editors refuse to buy his verse, how'er profound, unless masked under some excuse like this. Bum forgers stalk and strut beneath the shade of B. L. T. and rob me of my laurels, but—who fished the murex up? 'Twas me! So farewell, Grecian form and lyre! No more your Flaccus pounds the keys the while his spirits high aspire; his verses shrink to verse—like these! Q. H. F.

AT THE KNOCKERS' TABLE.

Gene Skinkle said he had been asked to write some poetry for the opening of the Panama Canal and Jack Campbell allowed that Gene ought to be able to get his stuff across at the Isthmus. Jack is some kiddier.

AT THE SAME.

Bill Y. Morgan (usually printed Billy) of the Hutchinson News, was picked up and dropped real quickly by an ex-Kansan at the Table thuther day. The X K is still blowing his fingers.

"There are 2,576 insane in the Kansas asylums," he remarked.

"There would be more than that if so many had not come to Chicago," murmured mild-looking Billy.

OUR OWN L. J.

(Miss Lippy writes for this column exclusively.)

James J. writes: "I sat next to a young lady on a W. Madison car the other evening. We conversed. She asked me to call. I have called several times. I fear I have made too deep an impression and desire to terminate the acquaintance but she is one of these deeply sentimental young persons and I believe she would do something desperate."

On the same day we received this, which may help James to become Jerry:

"Dear Miss Lippy: Two or three weeks ago a fresh guy sets down next to me in a W. Madison car and starts chinning. He looks lonesome and I gives him my number. He's took to coming every night and he's got on my nerves. How can I put casters under the boob?" PANSY.

POMANDER WALK comes under the head of mel-low-drama. The curtain falls on four betrothals. No one escapes but the property man and the wardrobe mistress.

THE most densely populated portion of the globe is that narrow strip 'twixt his Satanic Majesty and the cerulean depths. All of us have sojourned there, more or less.

THE French Revolution is often cited as a warning. There were 500,000 educated bourgeoisie in France in 1790 out of a total population of 25 million; too many to be suppressed, too few to control the passions of the mob. Hence the Reign of Terror.

ONE of the favorite fictions of the predatory rich is the "impassioned mob." The most fixed delusion of the impassioned mob is the "predatory rich."

NEITHER really exists except for the purpose of agitating the innocent bystander.

WHO most discouragingly refuses to be unduly moved. J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, February 17, 1912.

Number 19

IRISH NIGHT AT THE PRESS CLUB.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day, March 17, will take place on Saturday evening, March 16, and is going to be an event worthy of the day.

Reservations should be made at once, as the requests for seats already received indicate that the capacity of the Club room will be taxed to the fullest extent.

The features of the entertainment will be announced later. It is sufficient to inform members now, that the night will be an epoch in Press Club annals.

Tickets are \$1.00. They can be secured at the Press Club office or by letter.

Dinner served at 6:30 promptly.

GILBERT PARKER COMING.

Sir Gilbert Parker will take lunch at the Press Club at 1:30 p. m. Monday, February 19. There will be no formal luncheon; the great Canadian will simply lunch with the club on that day. There will be no speeches, but opportunity will be afforded to meet the distinguished visitor. He has been in Arizona several weeks for the recuperation of his health and is passing through Chicago on his way to England to join Lady Parker. Next fall he will be formally entertained by the Press Club.

FEBRUARY MEETING.

Club met Saturday, February 10, in the library, President Malloch presiding. Members present included Sergel, Halley, Barnes, Osborne, Davison, Van Gilder, H. W. Young, Purchase, Malloch, Olson, Waterloo, Wagoner, Kissack, E. W. Pickard, Pelham, Cooke-Adams, Hyman, Ford, Kline, Higinbotham, Bennett, Brewer, O'Neil, Knox, Beardsley, McIntyre, E. S. White, Blakely, J. G. Davis, Dickson, Skinkel, Fox, Henderson, Ulrich, Lederer, Merrill, Ormes, Ward, Mansfield, Louis, Bergen.

President Malloch announced that the Board has elected as Financial Secretary Geo. Cooke-Adams, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Theodore Van R. Ashcroft.

The reports of the President, Financial Secretary and Recording Secretary were read and filed.

The president announced that the election

of a new Financial Secretary would take place at the March meeting.

The following members were elected:

Active memberships—M. D. Atwater, Walter M. Burns, Charles William Collins, Charles Lurvey, Roy A. H. Thompson.

Non-resident memberships—S. A. Brewster, Joliet, Ill.; William Wallace Cook, Marshall, Mich.; M. D. Ewell, Sarasota, Fla.; R. Waite Joslyn, Elgin, Ill.; Chase S. Osborn, Lansing, Mich.; Gifford Pinchot, Washington, D. C.; Nixon Waterman, Orange Park, Fla.; Edwin W. Woodcock, Moline, Ill.

The President's report showed assets over liabilities February 1 of \$149,119.26.

THE AUSTRALIAN BOYS.

Monday afternoon, February 12, occurred another one of those unique events characteristic of the Press Club, when the Club gave a luncheon to a party of 50, including 42 members of the Young Australian League now on a trip around the world, as well as representatives of the Association of Commerce and others.

President Douglas Malloch presided and delivered the address of welcome. The other responses were by G. Charles Griffiths, who recited a poem from Bobbie Burns, Horace Nugent, British Consul-General, George Cooke-Adams, Financial Secretary of the Press Club, and chairman of the general committee having charge of the entertainment of the visitors, and Lieut. J. J. Simons, of Australia, who is in charge of the boys on their tour.

Before the dinner the boys gave a fine selection with their band of 52 pieces. Later in the afternoon they entertained the members with music in the Club library and were given opportunity to write letters to the folks at home. They were visibly impressed by the size and activity of the Press Club.

DANCE NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT.

Saturday night, February 24, will occur the monthly dance in the auditorium on the sixth floor of the Press Club. This particular dance has been named in honor of the first president, whose birthday occurs thereabouts, and there will be special Washington's Birthday features. If you dance and have not joined the delightful coterie that holds a monthly affair of this kind at the Club you are missing one of the winter's pleasures and an opportunity to form new and interesting acquaintances in the Club. Tickets, 50 cents a person.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Monday Noon, February 19—Luncheon with Sir Gilbert Parker.

Saturday Night, February 24—Washington's Birthday Dance. (Ladies' Night.)

THE LINCOLN CELEBRATION.

Saturday evening, February 10, the Press Club of Chicago, observed Lincoln's birthday in an appropriate manner, the speaker of the evening being Hon. Orrin S. Carter, Chief Justice of the Illinois Supreme Court. Justice Carter discussed the martyred president's characteristics, told intimate stories and quoted from official correspondence in illustrating his address. The club enjoyed the presence of the justice as well as his presentment of the life of Lincoln.

A. W. Brickwood presided. Judge Thomas G. Windes spoke briefly in Lincoln's memory and B. A. Ullrich, another member of the club, gave personal reminiscences of Lincoln, whom he formerly knew at Springfield, Ill., and later as president.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Edward White was up from Peoria Saturday.

Elliott Flower was a recent visitor from Madison, Wis.

D. L. Ettelson is wintering at Mineral Springs, Texas.

R. D. Aldrich, of Sterling, Ill., spent Saturday at the Club.

Arthur L. Holmes, of Detroit, was among the week's visitors in Chicago.

Earl Marble has returned home from the hospital. He is greatly improved.

John E. Williams, who has been ill at his home in Evanston, is again at his desk.

Gov. Chase S. Osborn, of Lansing, Mich., attended a political conference in Chicago Saturday.

Paul D. Howse is being pushed for Director of Amusement Parks at the San Francisco-Panama Canal celebration.

John W. Long, of New York, a member of the New York committee of the Press Club of Chicago, was at the Club Saturday.

W. R. Humphrey, who has been critically ill with pneumonia at his home at 6608 St. Lawrence avenue, was reported Wednesday out of danger.

Fred Pelham, manager of the Central Lyceum Bureau, left Saturday night on a two weeks' business trip to New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

Victor Eubank is back from New York. While there he joined the New York Press Club, and speaks highly of the New York club's new building.

Douglas Malloch has returned from Lansing, Mich., with a new line of thrills. He was one of those driven from the Hotel Downey there when it was destroyed by fire.

B. W. Brooke, Saturday, entertained at the Club his father, F. E. Brooke, of Toledo, Iowa, president of Leander Clark College, the second oldest institution of learning in that state.

J. H. Kellogg fell Friday, February 9, injuring his side and head. Fortunately nothing was broken, and he expects to be out soon. He was taken to the Peoples' Hospital, Twenty-second street and Archer avenue.

Barrett O'Hara, publisher of the Chicago Magazine, is a candidate for the nomination of lieutenant governor of the state of Illinois on the Democratic ticket. He is vice-president for the middle western states of the National Democratic College Clubs, and is running as "the young men's standard bearer."

INTER-CLUB ACTIVITIES.

A. Milo Bennett represented the Press Club at the luncheon to Gov. Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, given by the Iroquois Club Monday.

The Cook County Press Club, an organization of men concerned in the publication of suburban newspapers, will have its annual dinner at the Press Club Saturday night, February 17. Many of its members are also members of the Press Club of Chicago. President Douglas Malloch will make the address of welcome.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday night, February 24—Washington's Birthday dance. (Ladies' night.)

Thursday evening, February 29—"Leap Year" Stag.

Saturday evening, March 2—Madame Emily Tate, Lecture recital at the piano, on the Folk Lore and Music of Russia, assisted by Mr. Frank Graham from the Gaiety Theater, London. (Ladies' night.)

Saturday night, March 16—St. Patrick's Day dinner. (Ladies' night.)

Saturday evening, March 9—Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston will deliver his renowned lecture, "Flashlights of Famous Men" (ladies' night).

MADAME EMILY TATE TO ENTERTAIN

The members of the Press Club, their ladies and guests have in store for them one of the most delightful evenings it has been the pleasure of the entertainment committee to provide. On Saturday evening, March 2, Madame Emily Tate, the distinguished Anglo-Russian pianist, and pupil of the great master, Anton Rubinstein, will present for the first time in Chicago her Russian Lecture Recital, assisted by Mr. Frank Graham, dramatic reader, from the Gaiety Theatre, London.

Madame Tate's long association with court life in Russia, as well as her intelligent and sympathetic study of the peasantry eminently qualifies her to delineate the characteristics of the people of the great white country with rare understanding. The entertainment is unusual and varied, as in the first part she introduces the characteristic peasant songs and dances, gypsy songs, legends, folk-lore, national opera and ballet, church music, student lieder, patriotic and revolutionary hymns, etc. The second part consists of a piano recital from the works of the great Slav composers—Chopin, Tschaiowsky, Rubinstein, Rachmaninoff and Alabieff.

Madame Tate has had the distinguished honor of appearing by special command at the courts of Europe before the late Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandria, Queen Mary, the late King Edward, Princess Louise, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the late Princess Alice of Hesse, the Emperor and Empress of Germany, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Dowager Empress Marie Feodorowna, the Grand Ducal Families, the Queen of Greece, the Queen of Wurtemberg; also at Covent Garden, Crystal Palace, St. Petersburg and Continental orchestra and symphony concerts.

Madame Tate is new to this country but comes with the stamp of an established European reputation and we can rightfully anticipate an evening of rare delight.

THE EXTENSION FUND.

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------|
| Fred Pelham | \$ 5.00 |
| E. T. Bent | 1.00 |
| Previously acknowledged | 83.00 |
| Total | \$89.00 |

CLUB VISITORS.

Horace Nugent, British consul general, Chicago, guest of G. Cooke-Adams.
 James H. McNichols, Portland, Ore., guest of Frank D. Comerford.
 Stanley Harrison, London, England, guest of Otto Kney.
 Leonard Booker, London, England, guest of Otto Kney.
 John Carter, Roscommon, Mich., guest of M. E. Dickson.
 E. M. Pace, New York, guest of Wm. F. Young.
 A. R. Schartal, New York, guest of Victor Eubank.
 Lieut. I. I. Simons, Australia guest of G. Cooke-Adams.

Frank L. Moyer, Pensacola (Fla.) Journal, guest of J. R. Dunlap.
 B. S. Bernard, Meridian (Minn.) Dispatch, guest of J. R. Dunlap.

THE POOL MATCH.

The pool match between the Press Club of Chicago and the Chicago Advertising Association at the Press Club Wednesday afternoon, February 14, drew out a large gallery. J. A. Freund represented the Chicago Advertising Association, and Robert J. Campbell the Press Club, and the prize was a box of fifty Press Club brand cigars. B. B. Osborne acted as referee.

This was a return match, Mr. Campbell having been defeated by two points in the first match at the Chicago Advertising Association Wednesday, February 7.

Wednesday's match was another victory for the advertising man, Mr. Freund winning the contest by eight points. The winner had seven scratches, the loser nine, the score at the end being 107 to 101, leaving Mr. Campbell eight points short of victory. B. J. Beardsley, of the Advertisers, served as referee.

BY PRESS CLUB AUTHORS**BOARD MEETINGS.**

FEBRUARY 10.

A special meeting of the Board was held Saturday noon, February 10. President Malloch in the chair. Present—Malloch, Hyman, Barnes, Kline, Ford, Lederer, Fox, Henderson.

The board elected Geo. Cooke-Adams Financial Secretary, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Theodore Van R. Ashcroft.

FEBRUARY 12.

Mr. Hyman took the chair in the absence of Mr. Malloch. Present—Hyman, Ford, Barnes, Fox, Lederer, Kney.

Financial Secretary's report requesting payment of \$2,837.67 read. On motion and vote the accounts were allowed and warrants authorized.

OBITUARY.

James C. Essick, an active member, died February 6 at his home, 66 West Oak street, Chicago. He was born in Coventry, Penn., in 1844. His early newspaper connections were at Pana, Ill., where he published the first daily paper and later became the editor of the Pana Gazette, published weekly. He was admitted to the bar in 1870. Mr. Essick moved to Chicago in 1892 and continued the general practice of law here until his death. He is survived by his widow, Margaretta Newell Essick, whom he married in 1874, Charles A. Essick, of Seattle, Wash., his son, and Mrs. Mary E. Wilson, his daughter, wife of P. W. Wilson, of Tallahassee, Florida.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors and the

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND PUBLICATION:

Otto Kney, Chairman

M. H. McMillen C. S. Peterson Roy O. Randall
J. L. Regan W. L. Visscher Mason Warner

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO:
President.....Douglas Malloch
First Vice-President.....E. J. Baker
Second Vice-President.....William Emmet Moore
Treasurer.....Harry S. Hyman
Financial Secretary.....Theodore Van R. Ashcroft
Recording Secretary.....Otto Kney
Librarian.....Joseph F. Henderson
Directors—William R. Barnes, Horace M. Ford, Julius Reynolds Kline, Ransom E. Walker, Charles Lederer, Edward H. Fox.

STATED MEETINGS

Club—Second Saturday of each month at 1:30 p. m.
Board of Directors—Each Monday at 12:30 p. m., except the first Monday after the first Tuesday of each month at 6 p. m.
Printing and Publication Committee—Each Tuesday and Wednesday at 12 m.
Entertainment Committee—Each Friday at 6 p. m.
Claims and Accounts Committee—Last Friday of each month at 1 p. m.

COMMITTEES OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Art—Charles Lederer, Chairman; Mark Hayne, L. R. Merrell.
Building—J. R. Kline, Chairman; R. E. Walker, Otto Kney, H. S. Hyman, W. E. Moore.
Claims and Accounts—H. M. Ford, Chairman; T. Van R. Ashcroft, W. R. Barnes.
Committee at Washington—O. F. Schuette, Chairman; G. E. Roberts.
Committee at New York—S. E. Darby, Chairman; J. W. Long, E. F. Ingraham.
Constitution—R. E. Walker, Chairman; Samuel Sternfeld, J. B. Mansfield.
Entertainment—E. H. Fox, Chairman; Fred Pelham, A. B. Glessner, E. C. Moore, H. S. White, B. B. Osborne.
House—T. Van R. Ashcroft, Chairman; E. H. Fox, H. M. Ford.
Library—J. F. Henderson, Chairman; R. A. Halley, L. T. Goble.
Maintenance—E. J. Baker, Chairman; E. T. Skinkle, Ernest McCullough, J. D. Cress.
Reception—W. R. Barnes, Chairman; H. B. Bogg, Edgar Hall, W. F. Nutt, J. A. Brown.
Ways and Means—H. S. Hyman, Chairman; E. J. Baker, J. R. Kline.
Membership—W. E. Moore, Chairman; A. B. Cone, Secretary; E. C. Moore, William Fuller, G. Cooke-Adams, G. E. Hische, D. Reeder, J. E. Bacon, A. E. Ormes, H. W. Young, Guy Blanchard, Ople Read, H. Dumont, Fred Pelham, W. R. Bullion, C. H. Sergel, W. A. Stanger, Fred Dunham, W. E. Ray, B. A. Ulrich, J. U. Higinbotham, E. R. Prichard, L. R. Merrell, L. S. Berlin, E. A. Hall, R. M. Vandivert, W. M. Roberts, Walton Perkins, A. H. Putney, A. W. Brickwood, Stanley Waterloo, B. E. Osborne, H. M. Ford, G. C. Griffiths, W. R. Barnes, A. B. Glessner, Geo. Weymouth, T. Van R. Ashcroft, R. E. Walker, E. H. Fox, J. M. Tananewicz, B. A. Pratt, Barratt O'Hara, H. P. Miller, Mark Hayne, L. T. Goble, W. F. Young, Victor Eubank, Charles French, J. R. Purchase, C. E. Gould, Charles Dowst, J. M. Stahl, P. H. Woodruff, W. G. McNair, J. C. Strong, G. G. Burdick, C. W. Brown, L. C. Propper, E. Jackson, W. F. Nutt, E. S. Walker.

YES, YOU.

When you are away from Chicago drop the Bulletin a line telling us where you are, how you are, and how you like the town.

THE PIPE

THE DIFF.

When we watch them cavorting and fretting and wearing out tables and chairs, when we look on their proud pirouetting and grunt at their graces and airs; it's a banal but human invention which some one is bound to bestow: "Oh shucks! Don't give them no attention—it's some dam committee, you know!"

But it's different and strange and delightful when you feel the eyes centered on YOU as you kick and growl wrathly and spiteful (in lieu of aught better to do); when you growl at each fresh innovation and feel a sweet inward warmth glow as you hear the low, awed explanation "He's on a committee, you know!"

Q. H. FLACCUS.

DON'T forget the G. Washington Dance, Febby 24th. What had George to do with dancing? He was the leader of the great American Revolution and the G. A. Revolution to-day is the waltz.

THERE may not be so much powder as ball on that occasion, but most of our militant suffragettes will be glad to bare arms in such a worthy cause.

TO THE BACHELOR FATHER OF DAWSON '11.

He who draws and runs away
Can't dodge the penalty that way;
His Dawsonstein looms through the fog
With more persistence than his "dog."

A thought comes o'er me, sad and solemn:
Let's finish Dawson in THIS column!

SUGGETISON No. 1.

While going down to meet his skirt,
He was struck by a thought and badly hurt.

SUGGESTION No. 2.

His death was slow and full of pain;
He starved while waiting for the train.

SUGGESTION No. 3.

He sent a wire and tried to stop her.
For them to meet would be improper!
COME on, you Suggesters!

SAM Gompers says he used the Shakesperian "Go to" and the compositor inserted the dash. Personally, we can believe anything of a compositor.

NOW for a Gompers cocktail. Just a dash (meaning something warm) inserted by the compositor in the white apron.

PRESIDENT TAFT is awfully down on the recall of judges. He won't even give the Supreme Court the hook.

THERE are several unusual features among the Irish Players, features that have almost disappeared from the modern stage—retroussé noses, for example.

SPEAKING of subways, the Journal is, you know, why not a subway (in the theater) for the large, arid gentleman who goes out for a drop between acts?

Give him a drop before he starts.

ANOTHER private bank closed! A hundred or more men and women hand \$25,000 or \$30,000 over to a perfect stranger to whom they would not have loaned \$5 without security, just because he put up a railing or two and hung out a sign. It's a queer world, my masters!

SOCIALISM, if it advocates equal opportunities for all, is wrong! Some men should be muzzled and have one hand tied behind them. Then they would get more than their share. A bunch of suckers would push food through their muzzles.

OUR impatience is divided between the rogue and his victims. There is so much waste in the transmission. It costs more to steal a dollar than to earn one, even if you are a loan shark or a fake philanthropist.

J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, February 24, 1912.

Number 20

PRESIDENT TAFT COMING.

Saturday, March 9, the Press Club will tender an informal reception to William Howard Taft, President of the United States. President Taft committee of the Press Club, of which O. F. was recently called upon by the Washington Schuette is chairman, and accepted the Club's invitation. Details of the reception to the chief executive are now being arranged and will be announced later.

The reception to President Taft by the Press Club will occur at 4 p. m. The President will leave Washington Friday noon, March 8, arriving at Chicago at 8:40 a. m., Saturday, March 9. At 11 o'clock he will deliver an address at Armour Institute. He will then attend a luncheon at the Union League Club and will be escorted from there to the Press Club, where the members will meet the chief executive. In the evening President Taft will be the guest of honor at the annual dinner of the Swedish-American Republican League of Illinois, later visiting the Traffic Club.

FANCY DRESS BALL.

Now is the time to begin preparing your costume for the fancy dress ball to be given by the Press Club April 20. This ball will be one of the big occasions of the winter. Any costume not barred by the police will be passed by the Press Club censor.

The committee having this matter in charge is perfecting plans that will make the ball one of those enjoyable occasions for which the Press Club is famed.

Additional information will be given in the future issues of the BULLETIN. This preliminary statement is made so that the all absorbing question, "What Shall I Wear?" can be given as much consideration as such a weighty question demands.

PRESS HUMORISTS' DAY.

Saturday, March 30, will be Humorists' Day at the Press Club. There will be a luncheon at noon, at which ex-Gov. George W. Peck, of Milwaukee, Wis., author of "Peck's Bad Boy," will be the guest of honor. Other guests expected are Newton Newkirk, of the Boston Post, of Boston, Mass., President of the American Press Humorists, and Cy Warman, of Montreal, Can., former President of the same organization and a member of the Press Club of

Chicago. Douglas Malloch, President of the Press Club of Chicago, and member of the executive committee of the American Press Humorists, will preside. Duncan M. Smith, the "Hit and Miss" man of the Chicago Daily News, a member of the Press Club and of the American Press Humorists, will also speak.

STAG NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT.

Next Thursday night, February 29, comes the "Leap Year Stag," and they do say it is going to be a corker. The events will be pulled off in the sixth floor auditorium about 8:30 o'clock and the place will be transformed for the occasion. Some special stunts are in process of preparation that will afford entertainment out of the ordinary. Kirk Towns will be the chorister of the evening. A. W. Christensen, "the Ragtime King," will be on the job. The new Press Club Quartet will make its debut. William Jossey, the actor, will do so. Alfred Hiles Bergen and Karl McVitty will be seen in a new sketch written for this occasion. H. Bedford Jones ("Flaccus" of the Pipe) will have something. Billy Way will perform in the usual Billy way. A new Press Club song by George L. Louis will be sung, and some more.

These are some of the things arranged up to the hour of going to press. A special welcome will be extended to the new members elected at the January and February meetings and their sponsors will be there to make them acquainted.

It looks like a big night. There will be no dinner, no charge, no formality. Just bring your pet pipe and prepare for a large evening.

(A dandy night to bring that prospective member around.)

Remember the time—next Thursday night, February 29! Something doing every minute.

DO YOU SPEAK SPANISH?

A Chicago editor writes as follows to the BULLETIN:

"I have now and again wondered if any of your members ever worked on Mexican or South American papers and as to whether any members of the Club speak and like Spanish? Possibly a note of inquiry along this line would bring results—I mean a query in your interesting BULLETIN."

Any reply to this inquiry should be sent to the BULLETIN.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Thursday Night, Feb. 29—Leap Year Stag.

Saturday Night, March 2—Lecture-Recital by Madame Emily Tate, assisted by Frank Graham, from the Gaiety Theater, London, Eng. (Ladies' night).

SIR GILBERT PARKER AT THE CLUB.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P., traveler, journalist, dramatist, poet and novelist, in response to an invitation from the Press Club, stopped in Chicago on his journey from Arizona to New York last Monday, and was the guest of honor at an informal noonday luncheon. He had been in Arizona for six weeks to recuperate from recurrent attacks of malarial fever, and his quest for health was successful. He arrived in Chicago tanned, sturdy-looking, in fine spirits, and full of praise for the climate of our youngest state.

Because the Press Club's invitation was the only one of the kind accepted, and as other similar engagements had been canceled or declined on account of the state of his health on his arrival in America, Sir Gilbert had requested that speechmaking be barred and the affair be kept strictly informal.

President Malloch, in a few words of greeting on behalf of the club, said the distinguished visitor was welcome not only for his "Right of Way" but also for his "way of writ-ing," and explained that while speechmaking was barred there had been no agreement relating to singing. He then introduced Alfred Hiles Bergen, who sung "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "The Death Chant" from "The Song of the Birch." Sir Gilbert was more than pleased; he liked it so well that arrangements were made for his hearing more, and in the library in the evening Mr. Bergen gave other numbers from the Indian cycle and "The Canoe Song"—words by Harry Irving Green, music by Mr. Bergen. "Billy" Way responded to a hurry call and rendered three of his original songs in his inimitable way.

Sir Gilbert won every one by his unassuming manner and was in return won by the singing of Brothers Bergen and Way. He literally tore himself away from the Club rooms Monday evening, remarking that he would be back bright and early Tuesday morning. He has been to Arizona for his health and sails this week for England; however, he has promised the Press Club that he will return in the fall when a formal luncheon will be given in his honor and he has promised to regale the members with some incidents taken from his life.

Upon his departure, the noted novelist expressed his pleasure in having had the opportunity to be with the Press Club of Chicago. In

the taxi on the way to the Blackstone, he said to a member of the reception committee: "It has been one of the most enjoyable days I ever experienced. I felt completely at home with your members; they have a wonderful talent for hospitality. It was all delightful."

COOK COUNTY EDITORS EAT.

The annual dinner of the Cook County Press Club was held at the Press Club of Chicago Saturday night, February 17. David Herriott, editor of the Morgan Park Post, presided as toastmaster. There was a good attendance of the editors of the suburban newspapers of the city and county.

The address of welcome was by Douglas Malloch, President of the Press Club of Chicago. In speaking of that organization he said:

The newspaper man, more than any other, lives upon the inspiration afforded by his fellows. It is necessary to him. It helps him to do more and better work. To acquire it is not a luxury, but an investment. Leaving out of consideration the Press Club as a club, with all its conveniences, our ladies' nights, with all their entertainment, our frequent opportunity to meet and mingle with the leaders of our time in this and other professions, there is besides that democracy, that fellowship, that brotherhood that have made this organization world-famous and membership therein a distinction. For the Press Club of Chicago was founded, and I believe it is being built up, on the safe and sure foundation of the brotherhood of man.

Three well known Press Club entertainers added much joy to the program. Alfred Hiles Bergen, baritone, sang one of his own compositions and "Believe Me, If All Those Endear-

COMING EVENTS

Thursday evening, February 29—"Leap Year" Stag.

Saturday evening, March 2—Madame Emily Tate, Lecture recital at the piano, on the Folk Lore and Music of Russia, assisted by Mr. Frank Graham from the Gaiety Theater, London. (Ladies' night.)

Saturday, March 9—Reception to William Howard Taft, president of the United States.

Saturday evening, March 9—Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston will deliver his renowned lecture, "Flashlights of Famous Men" (ladies' night).

Saturday night, March 16—St. Patrick's Day dinner. (Ladies' night.)

March 30—Luncheon to President Taft.

Saturday Noon, March 30—Luncheon to George W. Peck, ex-Governor of Wisconsin and author of "Peck's Bad Boy."

April 20—Fancy dress ball. Ladies' night.

ing Young Charms," Col. William Lightfoot Visscher gave some delightful reminiscences of his early newspaper experiences, and Billy Way played and sang his own compositions with his usual charm. E. P. Morgan, of the Agitator, delivered an eloquent address.

Frank Furstenheim, editor of the Auburn Park Reminder, was elected President of the Cook County Press Club for the third time.

THE BERGEN SONG RECITAL.

One of the most splendid song recitals ever heard by the Press Club of Chicago, before which have appeared many of the world's great artists, was that of Alfred Hiles Bergen, as-



ALFRED HILES BERGEN,
Master of Song.

sisted by Charles M. Lurvey at the piano, Friday evening, February 16.

Every one of the twenty numbers on the varied program was heartily enjoyed, and particularly enthusiastic appreciation was expressed for "Trinklied," "Die Ablosung," "An Irish Folk Song," "Jagerslied," and "In the Time of Roses,"—but the old English ballad, "Edward," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," aroused the audience to applause of that demonstrative nature ordinarily reserved for the favorite star of grand opera, with a great supporting cast, chorus and orchestra to aid him in his triumph.

The music of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" is Mr. Bergen's composition. Among others of his own works he gave "Beloved," "Fairy and Child," "I Kissed Her in the Rain," and "The Death Chant," from the Indian cycle, "The

Song of the Birch"—the latter two in response to encore. "Those Endearing Young Charms," "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" and the ever popular "Toreador Song" were also given as encores, so the large audience had a completely satisfactory evening of music.

The excellent work of Charles M. Lurvey at the piano deserves high praise. He is regarded as one of America's greatest accompanists and he is, and the fine manner in which he supports the singer is a joy to every one who hears him. Messrs. Bergen and Lurvey are two members of whom the Press Club of Chicago is proud.

COMING—A MUSICAL TREAT.

Histories of nations are crystallized in their songs. What vivid pictures are portrayed by "My Old Kentucky Home," "The Cowboy's Lament," "Maryland, My Maryland," and scores of others which might be mentioned.

Members of the Press Club and their friends have a wondrous treat in store for them. Madame Emily Tate, the gifted Russian pianist, will present phases of Russian life at the recital to be given at the Press Club March 2. She is master of Russian folk song and music, familiar with the life of the nobility and the peasantry. Her audiences ever have been given vivid pictures of life in the Czar's great white domain.

The recital at the Press Club will be Madame's debut in Chicago. Madame Tate and her husband manager, Frank Graham, were entertained informally at the Press Club a short time ago and have kindly consented to favor its membership with a recital.

Keep this date open. The occasion is one which should bring out an unusually large attendance. Make your plans now to be present.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

E. H. Norris, of the Dennison Publishing Company, was in New York last week looking at the white lights, which it is understood had his full approval.

F. B. Bates will sail for Paris April 2. He will take up his residence in the Latin quarter and expects to remain abroad about one year.

OBITUARY.

William Penn Nixon, editor and political leader, died Tuesday morning. Mr. Nixon was 79 years old and one of the Press Club's oldest members. He was born in Fountain City, Ind. In 1859 he was awarded the degree of LL. B. at the University of Pennsylvania and moved to Cincinnati, where he entered upon the practice of the law. He was a member of the Ohio legislature from 1865 until 1868. He was long editor of the Inter Ocean and once collector of customs.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors and the

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND PUBLICATION:

Otto Kney, Chairman

M. H. McMillen C. S. Peterson Roy O. Randall
J. L. Regan W. L. Visscher Mason Warner

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STATED MEETINGS

Club—Second Saturday of each month at 1:30 p. m.
Board of Directors—Each Monday at 12:30 p. m., except the first Monday after the first Tuesday of each month at 6 p. m.
Printing and Publication Committee—Each Tuesday and Wednesday at 12 m.
Entertainment Committee—Each Friday at 6 p. m.
Claims and Accounts Committee—Last Friday of each month at 1 p. m.

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Reception—W. R. Barnes, Chairman; H. B. Bogg, Edgar Hall, W. F. Nutt, J. A. Brown.
Ways and Means—H. S. Hyman, Chairman; E. J. Baker, J. R. Kline.
Membership—W. E. Moore, Chairman; A. B. Cone, Secretary; E. C. Moore, William Fuller, G. Cooke-Adams, G. B. Hische, D. Reeder, J. E. Bacon, A. E. Ormes, H. W. Young, Guy Blanchard, Opie Read, H. Dumont, Fred Pelham, W. R. Bullfinch, C. H. Sergel, W. A. Stanger, Fred Dunham, W. E. Ray, B. A. Ulrich, J. U. Higinbotham, E. R. Prichard, L. R. Merrell, L. S. Berlin, E. A. Hall, R. M. Vandivert, W. M. Roberts, Walton Perkins, A. H. Putney, A. W. Brickwood, Stanley Waterloo, B. B. Osborne, H. M. Ford, G. C. Griffiths, W. R. Barnes, A. B. Glessner, Geo. Weymouth, T. Van R. Ashcroft, R. E. Walker, E. H. Fox, J. M. Tananewicz, B. A. Pratt, Barratt O'Hara, H. P. Millar, Mark Hayne, L. T. Goble, W. F. Young, Victor Eubank, Charles Ffrench, J. R. Purchase, C. E. Gould, Charles Dowst, J. M. Stahl, P. H. Woodruff, W. G. McNair, J. C. Strong, G. G. Burdick, C. W. Brown, L. C. Propper, E. Jackson, W. F. Nutt, E. S. Walker.

One of the Bulletin hands, who broke into the game in the shop that invented ready-prints, thinks that the plant of the Western Newspaper Union, which prints the Bulletin, some growth over the plant that started the plan.

THE PIPE

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

'Twas ever thus since childhood's hour,
I've seen my hopes take wings and fly.
When e'er I wait behind a stool,
The gink will eat three kinds of pie.

When e'er I try on crowded car
To spot the next transfer for mine,
I'm sure to pick some restless wretch
Whose home is farther south* than mine.

*West or north, as the case may be.

THE DAWSONSTEIN.

He also called a great big copper
And insisted that he try and stop-per.
No Sig. (Don't blame him.)

While girls are plenty, jobs are few and far to seek—
He saw the boss who raised him, too, yes two per week.
[Here W. F. Y.'s Pegasus cast a shoe.]

But with this raise he raised no yell.
He had to square himself with Nell.

No easy task, as you'll allow,
But don't ask me. I don't know how!!
W. F. Y.

(KEEP still, Mildred! I'll give you the next one.)

A MICHIGAN resort advertises: Except a water well, there are no buildings. Good place for fresh air cranks.

MARKET headline: Steel under pressure. Many do.

AMONG other cognoscenti at the Alfred Hiles Bergen recital was the well known musical savant, S. P. Buck (who still owes us \$6.00 for advertising). A committee appointed to extract a testimonial from Mr. Buck, quotes him as follows:

"I admired his recital and with regard to his German, I was there like a duck.

"Clement Ycre,
"Carl McVitty,
"Harry Sheldon White,
"Committee."

"THE receiver is as bad as the thief," and when it comes to juggling the assets, he is sometimes worse.

MISS INNOCENCE is coming to the Illinois next week. That is what we miss in so many musical comedies.

AN APPRECIATION.

Press Club Bulletin: We want to thank you for making no reference to the ——— that occurred in the ——— last ———. If all of the Chicago papers were equally discreet, it would tend to lessen crime.

Mrs. R. M. P.

SURE! LOOK AT THE LINE-O'-TYPE.

EDITOR PIPE: Don't you believe that the desire for newspaper notoriety tempts a lot of people into crime?
W. H. D.

RAILROADS are accused of rebating passenger fares for burlesque troupes. They save it on reduced baggage. The girls carry their own trunks.

WE have been nominated for membership in a swell Washington society. Some class, eh? All we have to do is to subscribe to a set of books. And to think that a few months ago we were comparatively unknown.
J. U. H.

Mr. Banks Winter of New York was a visitor to the Club this week.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, March 2, 1912.

Number 21

THE IRISH DINNER.

"Irish Night" at the Press Club will be celebrated St. Patrick's Eve, Saturday, March 16. Dinner at 6:30 sharp. Because of the unusual program arranged, everyone should be in his seat on time.

Here are three features promised:

A procession pageant of Irish History arranged by Mr. Thomas A. O'Shaughnessy, authority on Irish Art, and entitled, "The Royal Pageant of King Leogaire ard Righ, of Ireland, A. D. 432."

Music, Irish War Pipes.

Miss Florence Kiper, pronounced by critics one of America's most promising young poets, will read appropriate original poems.

Melville A. Clark, the world's greatest performer on the Irish harp, will play Irish melodies as you have never heard them played.

Reservation should be made at once.

REMINISCENT OF H. C. REW.

The recent death at San Remo, Italy, of Henry C. Rew, a wealthy Chicagoan, was learned with much regret by many members of the Press Club. One day in 1889 the Club received a letter from Mr. Rew to the effect that he had a large picture that had just been exhibited at the Metropolitan museum of art in New York, for which he could not well find room in his home, and that he would be pleased to present it to the Club. The picture proved to be "The Eagle's Last Flight," representing an Indian boy with bow and arrow about to end the career of an eagle high in the sky. It has been one of the "show pictures" on the Club's walls ever since, and has been greatly admired.

The picture very appropriately found a place in the Club for the following reason: Gentile, a well known artist and photographer of Chicago, and editor of a photography magazine, and also a member of the Press Club, while on a trip to New Mexico and Arizona, came across an Apache boy who had been captured by a hostile Indian tribe. He bought him and brought him to Chicago and educated him. That boy is now Dr. Carlos Montezuma, a well known practicing physician of this city. In the course of time Mr. Gentile died and left one or two small children in somewhat destitute circumstances. Dr. Montezuma showed his gratitude to his benefactor by caring for and educating those orphan children.

The painting referred to above was painted by J. Roy Robertson, one of the best known artists of Chicago back in the 70's, who admired greatly the sturdy, muscular youth. The picture shows in marked degree those traits.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

C. Dowst is at Hot Springs, Ark.

Justin Brown, of Denver, has moved to Los Angeles.

D. H. Hansen is ill at the Passavant hospital, Superior street, near Wells.

A dinner and dance in honor of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Peterson will be given Saturday evening, March 2, in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel.

Petitions are being circulated for the nomination of Clinton P. Lampman as candidate for the clerk of the superior court on the republican ticket.

O. L. Moody has returned from an extended trip in Arkansas. While there he diluted business with pleasure, and has been making fellow members envious telling about the duck shooting.

Alfred Hiles Bergen will give a series of three recitals at Martine's Hall in Hampden Court, near Wrightwood avenue, on the evenings of March 7, March 21 and April 4. The tickets will be \$1 each or \$2 for the series of three concerts.

W. H. Head gave readings from "Pilgrim's Progress" before the Ingleside Avenue Methodist church February 14. Readings from "Richelieu" were given before the Park Manor Woman's club February 13. February 20 he appeared before the Ingleside Avenue Methodist church in readings from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and later "Enoch Arden" at the Methodist church of Park Manor.

THE FEBRUARY DANCE.

The Washington's birthday dance Saturday night, February 24, was one of the largest in numbers and most enjoyable in character that has been seen in the Press Club in many a year.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Saturday Afternoon, March 9, 1:30 p. m.—Monthly Business Meeting.

Saturday Afternoon, March 9, 4 p. m.—Informal Reception to President Taft.

Saturday Evening, March 9, 8:15 p. m.—“Flashlights of Great Men,” by Joe Mitchell Chapple, of Boston. (Ladies' Night.)

MARCH CLUB MEETING.

The March meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held in the library Saturday afternoon, March 9, at 1:30 o'clock p. m. Members are requested to assemble promptly so that the business meeting can be finished in time to allow for preparations for the reception to President Taft.

There will be an election held to fill the position of financial secretary, recently vacated by Theo. Van R. Ashcroft. George Cooke-Adams was elected temporary financial secretary by the board.

An amendment to the constitution will be up for consideration.

The following applicants for membership will be voted upon:

APPLICANTS FOR MARCH MEETING.

LIFE.

Richard E. McLean, by Douglas Malloch.

RESIDENT.

Chas. G. Angeline, artist, by Alfred Hiles Bergen.

Walter A. Birmingham, Inter Ocean, by Victor Eubank.

Alfred R. Bone, former member, by W. G. Luscombe.

Horace H. Delano, reporter, by Douglas Malloch.

Henry Grapengiser, formerly Omaha World-Herald, by Otto Kney.

R. W. Emerson, former member, by A. Milo Bennett.

A. E. Griff, Chicago Magazine, by Barrett O'Hara.

W. H. Hodge, former reporter, by Arthur S. Huey.

George C. Hunt, former member, by E. R. Prichard.

C. J. Kirch, Illinois Staats-Zeitung, by Douglas Malloch.

Richard Henry Little, Chicago Tribune, by Douglas Malloch.

J. D. McDonald, publicity man, by J. E. Buck.

L. W. McHale, New York Lumber Trade Journal, by Douglas Malloch.

Arthur C. Moore, manager-publisher, by Alfred C. Clark.

C. S. Partridge, contributor, by B. A. Pratt.

E. H. Plummer, Chicago Examiner, by M. E. Dickson.

Dan Morgan Smith, author, by Chas. Lederer.

Arend Van Vlissingen, contributor, by Frank Comerford.

H. M. Weber, correspondent, by W. G. Luscombe.

NON-RESIDENT.

John F. Doyle, St. Louis, playwright, by Wm. J. Jossey.

W. Y. Morgan, Hutchinson, Kan., publisher News, by J. U. Higinbotham.

Frank L. Mayes, Pensacola, Fla., publisher Journal, by J. R. Dunlop.

Eben E. Rexford, Shiocton, Wis., writer, by Douglas Malloch.

L. F. Ross, Detroit, Mich., editor Scout, by Douglas Malloch.

Hugo Thelin, Providence, R. I., writer, by E. D. Russell.

Clark S. Thomas, Elgin, Ill., lecturer, by Chas. Walter Brown.

Geo. A. Wells, Des Moines, Iowa, National Hay and Grain Reporter, by J. Carver Strong.

PRESIDENT TAFT SATURDAY AFTER-NOON.

Saturday afternoon, March 9, the Press Club of Chicago will give an informal reception in honor of William Howard Taft, President of the United States, at 4 o'clock sharp, in the Press Club library.

Admission will be by card, and to members only. Such cards, not transferable, may be obtained at the office of the Press Club on the fourth floor during the afternoon of the reception. It is suggested that they be secured early. They will be issued in the name of the member. They will be similarly issued to applicants for membership whose applications are posted.

President Taft will be formally welcomed by the President of the Club and will address the members. It is expected he will have something unusually interesting to say. The members will also have opportunity to meet the chief executive.

The following committees for the occasion have been appointed:

Escort—William B. McKinley, Emil Friend, E. H. DeFebaugh, Morton Hiscox, T. J. Zimmerman.

Reception—William R. Barnes, J. M. Stahl, William M. Knox, Elmer C. Hole, John U. Higinbotham.

Credentials—George Cooke-Adams, Otto Kney, B. Beecher Osborne, W. Frederick Nutt, Theo. Van R. Ashcroft.

Arrangements—Edward H. Fox, William R. Humphrey, Eugene T. Skinkle, Mason Warner, G. C. Eubank.

VISITORS.

Wm. Molitar, New York City; John L. Weber, sponsor.

H. F. Noble, Minneapolis, Minn.; Edward White, sponsor.

JOE CHAPPLE SATURDAY NIGHT.

Next Saturday night, March 9, Joe Mitchell Chapple, of Boston, Mass., editor of the National Magazine and a member of the Press Club of Chicago, will give his celebrated talk, "Flashlights of Famous Men," at the Press Club. Mr. Chapple, one of the most celebrated of the Washington correspondents, is a rare relator of anecdote and story and will give an inside and intimate picture of the national capital. The acquaintance, and often the comrade, of the leaders of our public life, he is equipped to give an unique entertainment. He enjoys being quizzed by his audience, so the occasion is likely to have impromptu features unusual and entertaining.



John U. Higinbotham will preside and will have opportunity really to introduce Mr. Chapple; and thereby hangs a tale. At the annual dinner of the Press Club January 11 Mr. Chapple was to have been one of the speakers. His train was snowbound and he was unable to appear. This left J. U. H. with one perfectly good and little-worn introduction on his hands. Mr. Chapple's forthcoming appearance will give him opportunity to use it.

The committee of the evening will consist of John McGovern, Frederick Upham Adams and Earl Marble.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday, March 9—Reception to William Howard Taft, president of the United States.

Saturday evening, March 9—Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston will deliver his renowned lecture, "Flashlights of Famous Men" (ladies' night).

Wednesday noon, March 13—Informal luncheon to John P. Gavit, superintendent central division, Associated Press.

Saturday night, March 16—St. Patrick's Day dinner (ladies' night).

Tuesday evening, March 19—Illustrated lecture, "Belgium," by John U. Higinbotham. (Ladies' night.)

March 30—Luncheon to President Taft.

Saturday noon, March 30—Luncheon to George W. Peck, ex-Governor of Wisconsin and author of "Peck's Bad Boy."

April 20—Fancy dress ball. (Ladies' night.)

Monday noon, April 22—Luncheon to Lyman Abbott of New York, editor of The Outlook.

Monday noon, May 13—Luncheon to Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, New York.

THE MADAME TATE RECITAL.

Saturday evening, March 2, the Press Club of Chicago presents Madame Emily Tate, the Anglo-Russian pianist from London and St. Petersburg, a pupil of Anton Rubinstein, in her lecture recital, in costume, at the piano on the "Folk-Lore and Music of Russia," followed by a pianoforte recital of Slav compositions. Assisting her will be Mr. Frank Graham, dramatic reader from the Gaiety theatre, London, Eng. Madame Tate will use a Weber Grand, especially loaned for the occasion by the Aeolian company.

The following is the program for the evening:

PART I.

Lecture recital—"Folk-Lore and Music of Russia."

Introducing the characteristic peasant songs and dances, gypsy songs, legends, folk-lore, national opera and ballet, church music, student lieder, patriotic and revolutionary hymns, etc.

MADAME TATE.

Russian National Anthem.

New and original poetic monologue, "The Renunciation of Ivan," a Russian Christmas legend, by Frank Graham, with musical accompaniment adapted from Glinka's operas by Madame Tate.

MR. GRAHAM.

PART II.

PIANO RECITAL.

SLAV COMPOSITIONS.

Barcarolle G Minor.....Rubinstein
Chanson Triste.....Tschaikowsky
Polichinelle.....Rachmaninoff
Impromptu Opus 66.....Chopin
Valse D Flat Major.....Chopin
Alabieff's Rossignol.....Transcribed by Liszt

MADAME TATE.



MME. EMILY TATE, GIFTED RUSSIAN PIANIST.

J. H. Kellogg has recovered from his recent fall, and is able to spend his leisure moments at the Club again.

The Milwaukee Press Club held its George Washington birthday party February 22.

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Ways and Means—H. S. Hyman, Chairman; E. J. Baker, J. R. Kline.
Membership—W. E. Moore, Chairman; A. B. Cone, Secretary; E. C. Moore, William Fuller, G. Cooke-Adams, G. B. Hische, D. Reeder, J. E. Bacon, A. E. Ormes, H. W. Young, Guy Blanchard, Opie Read, H. Dumont, Fred Pelham, W. R. Bullion, C. H. Sergel, W. A. Stanger, Fred Dunham, W. E. Ray, B. A. Ulrich, J. U. Higinbotham, E. R. Prichard, L. R. Merrell, L. S. Berlin, E. A. Hall, R. M. Vandivert, W. M. Roberts, Walton Perkins, A. H. Putney, A. W. Brickwood, Stanley Waterloo, B. B. Osborne, H. M. Ford, G. C. Griffiths, W. R. Barnes, A. B. Glessner, Geo. Weymouth, T. Van R. Ashcroft, R. E. Walker, E. H. Fox, J. M. Tananewicz, B. A. Pratt, Barratt O'Hara, H. P. Millar, Mark Hayne, L. T. Goble, W. F. Young, Victor Eubank, Charles Ffrench, J. R. Purchase, C. E. Gould, Charles Dowst, J. M. Stahl, P. H. Woodruff, W. G. McNair, J. C. Strong, G. G. Burdick, C. W. Brown, L. C. Propper, E. Jackson, W. F. Nutt, E. S. Walker.

"Dr. Goodkin, Eminent English Specialist," comes from E. S. Hanson, 440 South Dearborn St., Chicago. It is a pamphlet exposing the methods of the advertising medical quacks. If a wide circulation could be given this booklet the operations of the quacks would be materially curtailed.

THE PIPE

FLACCUS ON THE SUMMER GIRL.

Soon shall I see her once again who kissed me as we parted, there where sea and sand and love remain. The seasons wax, and long days wane, and with them comes the thought, more fair, "Soon shall I see her once again." No sunny mead, no shady lane, naught but the dun dunes, waste and bare, where sea and sand and love remain. What reck I of the city's gain, the gold and ermine, silk and vair? Soon shall I see her once again! What congo charms, when I may reign beside her, in that kingdom rare where sea and sand and love remain? What matters now the parting pain, the tears we shed, the faith we swear? Soon shall I see her once again where sea and sand and love—remain! (This is a villainous villanelle.—Flaccus.)

NOTE—We are hep to that "vair" thing (N. Webster gets an assist), but the "congo charms" are printed without recourse. Possibly the "go" is silent, as in Philadelphia. Cherchez nous!

YES, Maid Marryin, you may refer to Miss Kellerman's Undine as a knee plus ultra exhibition, if you so desire. We would not think of doing so.

A LIMERICK.

Said Teddy, "You know that I shy am,
From trouble I ready to fly am;
You can name me, of course,
But you'll have to use force—
And God knows you are stronger than I am."

THE conscientious copy writer for our dance announcements adds "Ladies' Night" in order to prevent confusion.

A FEW weeks ago he announced a "Musical Concert."

AND he, poor chiel, has no compositor on whom to place the blame.

SPEAKING of religious observances, what keeps Lent more faithfully than a Press Club loan?

AT THE CEMENT SHOW.

"What do you think of cement for chairs, Bill?"
"Sets too hard. Giddap!"

THERE is poetic compensation in the fact that the man who can arouse the loudest "holler" in a community generally is fooled by the volume of sound for which he is responsible into overestimating his strength at the polls.

THE Vox Populi can no more be gauged by the length and number of sound waves which are created than can the earth's orbit be traced with a seismograph.

WE are with the Tribune in its fight on loan sharks. There is such a thing as taking too much interest in your business.

THE trouble with the Public Conscience is that it does not WANT to stop official second story work. It merely wishes to borrow the tools. It is not a conscience. It is a Con-science.

J. U. H.

This issue of the BULLETIN, carrying announcement of March meeting, is sent to the entire membership, whether subscribers to the BULLETIN or not. Non-subscribers are urged to send in orders for the BULLETIN, as they do not regularly receive the remaining issues of the month, each of which contains announcements and reports of the Club's entertainments, and other matter of interest to members.

Press Club Bulletin

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, March 9, 1912.

Number 22.

PRESIDENT TAFT SATURDAY.

Hon. William Howard Taft, president of the United States, will be the guest of honor at an informal reception to be held in the library of the Press Club at five o'clock Saturday afternoon, March 9. The original hour was set for four o'clock but the President found it necessary to change it.

It is expected that the President will have something of importance to say to the members of the Club. The members will have an opportunity to meet the nation's chief executive.

Admission will be by card, and to members only. Such cards, not transferable, may be obtained at the first floor entrance the afternoon of the reception. The cards will be issued also to applicants for membership whose applications are posted.

MME. TATE IN RECITAL.

Two hundred members of the Press Club and their friends welcomed Mme. Emily Tate, the noted Anglo-Russian pianist, last Saturday evening, on the occasion of her first appearance before a Chicago audience. The madame's husband, Mr. Frank Graham, dramatic reader from the Gaiety theater, London, Eng., ably assisted her.

Mme. Tate's appearance in a unique and decidedly instructive program of "Folk-Lore and Music of Russia," was featured by the wearing of a native costume. In the first part of the program, which consisted of a lecture recital, the artist introduced the characteristic peasant songs and dances, gypsy songs, legends, folklore, national opera and ballet, church music and patriotic and revolutionary hymns. As the Russian national anthem was rendered, the audience remained standing.

In her rendition of Slav compositions, from several of the old masters, Mme. Tate fully justified her reputation as an artist of rare ability. She has the true gift of classical interpretation with marvelous powers of technique and expression. Her reception was most cordial.

Mr. Graham, in an original poetic monologue: "The Renunciation of Ivan," with musical accompaniment adapted from Glinka's operas by Mme. Tate, won much merited applause and at the close of the evening's pro-

gram recited by special request one of Kipling's poems, "If," which he rendered in true Kipling style.

The occasion was ladies' night at the Club.

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS IN PRIZES.

The Selig Polyscope company of Chicago has made an attractive offer of two hundred dollars in cash prizes for moving picture scenarios written by Press Club members. The contest, which closes at six o'clock p. m., March 30, is open to all bona fide members of the Club in good standing, and calls for all articles to be on the general subject, "Moving Pictures." Further than this, according to the offer, the contestants are not limited as to style, theme or topic, as long as the article is in favor of moving pictures.

The two hundred dollars offered by the Selig company is to be divided as follows:

A cash prize of \$100 for the best article selected.

A cash prize of \$50 for the second best article selected.

A cash prize of \$25 for the third best article selected.

Five cash prizes of \$5 each for the next five best articles selected.

The Selig company reserves for itself the sole and exclusive rights of all prize winning articles and agrees to purchase at five dollars each, any articles, not prize winners, which have been submitted in the contest and which are available. Each article is to be from one to three thousand words in length.

The committee of judges is to be composed of five members, two to be selected by the Press Club from its membership; two by the Selig Polyscope company, and the fifth member to be selected by the other four. Anyone acting as a judge will be ineligible as a contestant.

All manuscripts intended for this contest are to be addressed to Stanley H. Twist, chairman contest committee, Press Club of Chicago. All members of the Press Club who are interested in the various departments of moving picture manufacture will have an opportunity to be shown through the Selig plant next Wednesday afternoon, March 13, at three o'clock. The party will leave the Press Club at one o'clock in charge of Mr. Twist.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Wednesday noon, March 13—Informal Luncheon to John P. Gavit,
Superintendent Central Division Associated Press.

Saturday evening, March 16—St. Patrick's Day Dinner. (Ladies' Night.)

THAT LEAP YEAR STAG.

Talent in speech-making vied with talent centered in clever story telling, and the latter fought for honors over the musical artists of the evening, at the novel Leap Year Stag given Thursday night, February 29, at the Press Club. Honors were about even, so inspired for the occasion were the stunt-artists, and in the individual opinions of the large number present, it was "some" Stag.

"The Desecration of Independence," written by J. U. Higinbotham at the special request of Mrs. Pankhurst, and read by Albert B. Cone, had the effect of uncorking the evening's wits, and the show was soon on. To the special features of the musical portion of the evening there were a number of contributors whose efforts were greatly enjoyed.

The Stevens quartette, composed of Miss Jessie Pringle, soprano; Miss Belle Corlew, contralto; Mr. Clarence M. Eis, tenor, and Mr. Charles F. Cooke, basso, splendidly rendered several popular airs. Miss Flo Jacobson sang to perfection Ted Snyder's latest song hit, "Take a Little Tip from Father," and responded with two encores. "Grace, My Sweetheart, Grace," one of the season's new songs, was sung by James Aldrich Libbey, of Libbey and Traylor, and several of Whitmark's song hits were featured by Messrs. Asher B. Samuels, Theo. J. Quigley and Phil. Schwartz. Mr. Libbey also rendered the Press Club's new song, written by George L. Louis.

The prologues from "Paglacci" and "King Charles" were ably rendered by Kirk Towns.

Billy Way got away successfully with, "He Never Blamed the Booze." Several Irish songs were given by M. J. Reid.

To turn to the "spoochers," monologists, scenic artists, etc., it is painful to be forced to call attention to the large amount of free advertising received by J. E. alias S. P. Buck, as he still owes the Bulletin six dollars.

Among the able speakers were Frank D. Comerford and C. N. Wheeler, former president of the Chicago Newspaper club.

William J. Jossey told a number of clever stories and gave poses plastique, while William Walker ably impersonated the scenery with red fire effects.

"The Face on the Barroom Floor" was vividly recited by Clement Yore. Clem received much applause.

Stanly Twist gave a monologue and H. Bedford Jones was the "Loidy."

Special kinds of cigars, special cigarettes, special tobacco, special pipes and special other things contributed much to the evening's enjoyment.

BULLETIN THEIR STANDARD.

At a meeting of the Dallas Press Club, Dallas, Texas, Monday, a number of copies of last week's Bulletin were distributed among the members for the purpose of authorizing the launching of a similar publication by that club. At the instance of W. B. McAdams, secretary of the Dallas Press Club, the Bulletins were forwarded to him. In his letter he says:

"My idea for the extra copies of the Bulletin is to pass them out to the boys at our business session on next Monday, March 4. I hope to get our boys to authorize a similar publication, suitable of course to this territory and climate, and I know of no better way than to **SHOW 'EM**.

"We have quite an enthusiastic club here, 100 members on the active roll, and growing."

COMING EVENTS.

Saturday, March 9, 5 o'clock p. m.—Reception to William Howard Taft, president of the United States. (The hour previously arranged was four o'clock.)

Saturday evening, March 9—Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston will deliver his renowned lecture, "Flashlights of Famous Men" (ladies' night).

Wednesday noon, March 13—Informal luncheon to John P. Gavit, superintendent central division, Associated Press.

Saturday night, March 16—St. Patrick's Day dinner (ladies' night).

Tuesday evening, March 19—Illustrated lecture, "Belgium," by John U. Higinbotham. (Ladies' night.)

Tuesday, 1 p. m., March 26—Demonstration of the "Dictograph," by its inventor, K. M. Turner.

Saturday noon, March 30—Luncheon to George W. Peck, ex-Governor of Wisconsin and author of "Peck's Bad Boy."

April 20—Fancy dress ball. (Ladies' night.)

"FLASHLIGHTS OF FAMOUS MEN."

Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor of the National magazine and a member of the Press Club, will give his celebrated talk, "Flashlights of Famous Men," before the Club members Saturday evening, March 9. John U. Higinbotham will preside.

"IRISH NIGHT" A BIG EVENT.

The procession pageant of Irish history, entitled "The Royal Pageant of King Leogaire and Righe of Ireland, A. D. 432," will be one of the features of "Irish Night" at the Press Club, March 16. The following is the cast:

The Queen of the Pageant.....Miss Magdalene Ball
King Leogaire.....Frank Adams
Dubtach (Chief Bard of the Druids).....

.....Matthew Flanigan

St. Bride.....Kataleen Fleming

St. Patrick.....Michael Daly

Ladies of the Court of Leogaire, etc.

The ecclesiastical costumes worn by the pageanters will be furnished by the sacristan of St. Patrick's cathedral. They are historically accurate of St. Patrick's time in Ireland in the early fifth century.

Miss Florence Kiper will read some of her original poems.

Melville Clark, the world's greatest performer on the Irish harp, will play Irish melodies.

Thomas F. Ennis will play the real traditional melodies and dance music of Erin on the real traditional instrument—the Irish union pipes.

Alfred Hiles Bergen will sing "Believe Me, of all Those Endearing Young Charms," by Thomas Moore.

The program will be made in gold and pale green. The cover design is from a page from the book of Lindisfarne made in the studio of Thomas A. O'Shaughnessy.

Again the committee asks the members to be on time and be in their seats at the banquet table at 6:30 p. m. sharp, on St. Patrick's eve, Saturday, March 16th.

JOHN P. GAVIT WEDNESDAY NOON.

Wednesday noon, March 13, at 12:15 o'clock, the Press Club will tender an informal luncheon to John P. Gavit, superintendent of the central division of the Associated Press and one of the best known newspaper men in the country. The affair will be entirely informal in character. The usual table d'hôte luncheon will be served and at one o'clock Mr. Gavit will address the Club on the work of the Associated Press in gathering and distributing the news of the day. His talk will be of unusual interest and the opportunity to hear him an exceptional one.

President Malloch will preside, and the committee of the day will be Charles N. Wheeler, James Langland and H. R. Beckman. No seats will be reserved, so members should come early.

The Southern Club has vacated the third floor of the Press Club building and gone into larger quarters. The third floor is for rent and any member having in mind a likely tenant is requested to notify the office of the Press Club.

AMONG THE MEMBERS.

F. C. Wood has just returned from a three months' visit to the coast.

February 27, William Cattanach, commissioner of the Victoria, Australia, government, was introduced at the Press Club by George Sutherland. Mr. Cattanach spent a few days in Chicago and then proceeded to San Francisco, where he has arranged for an excursion of Americans who will sail for Melbourne April 3.

W. B. Graham has been over half the world since leaving Chicago. His present address is 66 Cortlandt street, New York.

E. W. Pickard left Thursday night on his usual three months' visit to Florida. Ed believes in taking a vacation in the winter time, because no matter where you go in the summer, you can't get away from the heat, where-as, etc.

Congressman William B. McKinley, of Campaign, Ill., has been made manager of the Taft campaign, with headquarters at Washington.

Frank Roderus has moved the offices of the American Sugar Industry to the Hearst building. Frank always was sweet on William Randolph.

Max Rabinoff, the Chicago impressario, now of New York, but always a loyal member of the Press Club, has been at the Club this week. His wife, Marie LaSalle Rabinoff, has been appearing in concert at the Auditorium. They sail for London, Eng., March 19, where Mme. Rabinoff is booked for nine appearances at Covent Garden. She is a well known coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan forces.

Frank D. Comerford has been announced as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor.

Gifford Pinchot, of Washington, D. C., was in the city for a few hours a week ago yesterday, leaving the same day for Danville. He is on an active speaking tour in behalf of the candidacy of Theodore Roosevelt for the presidency.

Club Visitors.

Mr. LeBrendt, New York, guest of A. Milo Bennett.
H. L. Weber, White Bear, Minn., guest of John L. Weber.

Will Phillips, New York, guest of John L. Weber.
Theodore Stern, New York, guest of John L. Weber.
H. W. Dingman, Grand Rapids, Mich., guest of Douglas Malloch.

J. Aldrich Libbey, Boston, Mass., guest of Earl Marble.

V. W. Gordon, Boston, Mass., guest of F. A. Hodgson.
Wm. Cattanach, Victoria, Australia, guest of George Sutherland.

Harold De Becker, New York, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

Lord Sholto Douglas, England, guest of Stanley Waterloo.

Frank Graham, London, Eng., guest of Edward H. Fox

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors and the

COMMITTEE ON PRINTING AND PUBLICATION:

Otto Kney, Chairman

M. H. McMillen C. S. Peterson Roy O. Randall
J. L. Regan W. L. Visscher Mason Warner
W. T. Christine.

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO:
President.....Douglas Malloch
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Librarian.....Joseph F. Henderson
Directors—William R. Barnes, Horace M. Ford, Julius Reynolds Kline, Ransom E. Walker, Charles Lederer, Edward H. Fox.

STATED MEETINGS

Club—Second Saturday of each month at 1:30 p. m.
Board of Directors—Each Monday at 12:30 p. m., except the first Monday after the first Tuesday of each month at 6 p. m.
Printing and Publication Committee—Each Tuesday and Wednesday at 12 m.
Entertainment Committee—Each Friday at 6 p. m.
Claims and Accounts Committee—Last Friday of each month at 1 p. m.

COMMITTEES OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Art—Charles Lederer, Chairman; Mark Hayne, L. R. Merrell.

Building—J. R. Kline, Chairman; R. E. Walker, Otto Kney, H. S. Hyman, W. E. Moore.

Claims and Accounts—H. M. Ford, Chairman; G. Cooke-Adams, W. R. Barnes.

Committee at Washington—O. F. Schuette, Chairman; G. E. Roberts.

Committee at New York—S. E. Darby, Chairman; J. W. Long, E. F. Ingraham.

Constitution—R. E. Walker, Chairman; Samuel Sternfeld, J. B. Mansfield.

Entertainment—E. H. Fox, Chairman; Fred Pelham, A. B. Glessner, E. C. Moore, H. S. White, B. B. Osborne.

House—G. Cooke-Adams, Chairman; E. H. Fox, H. M. Ford.

Library—J. F. Henderson, Chairman; R. A. Halley, L. T. Goble.

Maintenance—E. J. Baker, Chairman; E. T. Skinkle, Ernest McCullough, J. D. Cress.

Reception—W. R. Barnes, Chairman; H. B. Bogg, Edgar Hall, W. F. Nutt, J. A. Brown.

Ways and Means—H. S. Hyman, Chairman; E. J. Baker, J. R. Kline.

Membership—W. E. Moore, Chairman; A. B. Cone, Secretary; E. C. Moore, William Fuller, G. Cooke-Adams, G. E. Hische, D. Reeder, J. E. Bacon, A. E. Ormes, H. W. Young, Guy Blanchard, Opie Read, H. Dumont, Fred Pelham, W. E. Bullion, C. H. Sergel, W. A. Stanger, Fred Dunham, W. E. Ray, B. A. Ulrich, J. U. Higinbotham, E. R. Pritchard, L. R. Merrell, L. S. Berlin, E. A. Hall, R. M. Vandiver, W. M. Roberts, Walton Perkins, A. H. Putney, A. W. Brickwood, Stanley Waterloo, B. B. Osborne, H. M. Ford, G. C. Griffiths, W. R. Barnes, A. B. Glessner, Geo. Weymouth, T. Van R. Ashcroft, R. E. Walker, E. H. Fox, J. M. Tananewicz, B. A. Pratt, Barratt O'Hara, H. P. Millar, Mark Hayne, L. T. Goble, W. F. Young, Victor Eubank, Charles Ffrench, J. R. Purchase, C. E. Gould, Charles Dowst, J. M. Stahl, P. H. Woodruff, W. G. McNair, J. C. Strong, G. G. Burdick, C. W. Brown, L. C. Propper, E. Jackson, W. F. Nutt, E. S. Walker, A. M. Bennett, Charles Lederer, Edward White, W. J. Jossey, Otto Kney, J. E. Buck, M. E. Dickson, W. G. Luscombe, A. H. Bergen, A. C. Clarke, J. R. Dunlop, E. L. Kolakowski, A. S. Huey, F. D. Comerford, E. D. Russell.

THE PIPE

ADVICE FROM THE SHADES.

The Dollar Bill's a useful thing to us who tread Parnassus' hill; yet are we lost if we but sing the Dollar Bill. To win the sure creative thrill, let very joy of utterance ring across your page, nor soil the quill with doubt or subtle reckoning! Write out your heart and soul, fulfill your first true thought—and this will bring the Dollar Bill.

(This is a rondel—Q. H. Flaccus)
Likel—J. U. H.

WE hereby change his name to Quit Hinting, Flaccus. Service on THE BULLETIN shall never, no never, be lowered to the sordid level where art receives other compensation than the joy of expression.

And only the landlord shall chase us,

And only the grocer shall dun;

And no one shall work for money,

But all of us work for fun.

And each for the joy of the kidding

And each in his back hall bedroom

Shall send in the stuff as he writes it,

Nor expect to get any mazume.

THERE are candidates galore but there is only ONE President of the United States.

OUR guest to-day is the President of the United States!

THE Pipe is keeping out of politics. It is a Pipe of Peace and not a germ subway yclept a sewer pipe.

NEITHER is it a lead pipe.

PRESIDENT TAFT will have to be on his feet a good deal during the campaign. A candidate has to stand a lot when he is running.

PARADOXICAL, is it not? The better a man stands in the community, the better he runs.

THE man who deserves success and loses, sleeps better than the man who undeservedly wins.

LOOKS like we were stretching a net under the trapeze, doesn't it?

WELL, we are! And there will be more good men in the net than there will be hanging to the trapeze, November sixth.

POLITICS resembles poker. Many a pot is won on a bluff. But there the resemblance ceases.

THE bluffer can't cluck his hand into the deck but must play it out. And, accept our assurance that the man who has to sit back of a four flush during a long term of office earns his money.

The S. for the P. of the C. of Dawson.

Twixt love and duty Dawson stood,

Remarking: "Why this head of wood?"

A. B. C.

He saw the boss all in a flutter

Confessed to Nell he loved none but-her.

D. E. F.

SOMETIMES we think the remedy is worse than the disease. But we'll be game. Send in smore.

A True Story.

Bill Jossey, the best little old leading man who ever led in a game of billiards (\$2.00 a line, Bill) swears to this:

A fellow actor, auto-supposed to be up in the classics, pulls out watch, looks at it and says, "Well, I must be going."

"Quo vadis?" inquires Bill.

"A quarter to four," says the actor.

(Business of covering sore lip.)

J. U. H.

EMPLOYMENT SERVICE.

Any Press Club member wishing to secure employment or to hire can have his wants made known through the columns of the Bulletin, one insertion, free of charge.

POSITION WANTED—An associate or contributing editor on sports, commerce, etc. Address Alba, Press Club Bulletin, Chicago.

EDITOR WANTED—For position on a trade journal. H. A. M., care Press Club Bulletin.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I

Chicago, Saturday, March 16, 1912.

Number 23.



President Taft at the Press Club of Chicago, March 9, 1912.

Photo by J. Ellsworth Gross.

Engraving by Dearborn Engraving Co.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Tuesday Night, March 19—John U. Higinbotham's Illustrated Lecture, "Belgium." (Ladies' Night.)

Friday Noon, March 22—Informal Luncheon to Frank Speaight, of London, Eng., Dickens Impersonation.

Saturday Night, March 23—Joint Smoker of Milwaukee and Chicago Press Clubs.

MILWAUKEE PRESS CLUB NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT.

The biggest night that the Press Club has seen in a long time will be next Saturday night, March 23, when a delegation of fifty members of the Milwaukee Press club will be the guests of the Press Club of Chicago in a joint smoker. A program of twelve numbers, half of which will be supplied by Chicago and half by Milwaukee is being arranged, and the best talent of each club will be on view. President Douglas Malloch of the Press Club of Chicago and President Oscar Morris of the Milwaukee Press club will jointly preside.

There will be the usual number of stunts and surprises, with plenty of music, stories, tobacco and other diversions. It will be an excellent night to bring around that prospective member. The affair will be in charge of a special committee. The following letter has been received from the Milwaukee Press club, through Leonard E. Meyer, secretary:

It is my great pleasure to advise you that the invitation you extended to the Milwaukee Press club in behalf of the Press Club of Chicago for a joint smoker on Saturday, March 23, was accepted at our meeting on March 6 and you may expect a carload of Indians from Milwaukee on that day and date.

It will be impossible to say just how many will go until we have seen all our members, but I know that forty-three signed a declaration to take in the affair at Wednesday's meeting.

I will keep you advised of the progress of the arrangements and of the schedule of events for the program of entertainment which is now being arranged by the committee.

FRANK SPEAIGHT FRIDAY NOON.

Frank Speaight of London, England's best impersonator of Dickens' characters, will be tendered an informal luncheon by the Press Club of Chicago next Friday noon, March 22, at 12:15 o'clock sharp. At one o'clock Mr. Speaight will give the Club some of his delightful delineations of Dickens' characters. His annual recitals at the Press Club have made him one of the most popular entertainers who visit the Club, and a splendid treat is in store for the members that day. Arthur E. Ormes will be the chairman of the day, the other members of the committee being H. B. Bogg and Roy O. Randall. No seats will be reserved, so members should come early. It will be an excellent day to bring that prospective member to lunch.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE ON BELGIUM

John U. Higinbotham will give his illustrated lecture on Belgium Tuesday evening, March 19, at as near 8:15 o'clock as a quorum can be assembled. He will show seventy-five pictures selected from photographs taken by Mrs. Higinbotham, including some interesting views of the field of Waterloo. The slides will be colored, but not so highly colored as some of John's statements. Mr. Higinbotham will be introduced by President Malloch (himself) in a neat two minute speech.

CASH PRIZES FOR "BRAIN WORK."

A delegation of the Press Club members, under the guidance of Stanley H. Twist, chairman of the contest committee who will review all of the manuscripts to be submitted in the two hundred dollar prize contest for moving picture articles, of the Selig Polyscope company, inspected the company's large plant Wednesday afternoon. The trip proved to be a most entertaining and instructive one, as the Selig plant is one of the largest in the country.

The Selig company's contest is to be participated in exclusively by members of the Press Club, and calls for articles from one to three thousand words in length on the general article, "Moving Pictures." The contest closes at 6 o'clock p. m., March 30.

COMING EVENTS.

Saturday night, March 16—St. Patrick's Day dinner (ladies' night).

Tuesday evening, March 19—Illustrated lecture, "Belgium," by John U. Higinbotham. (Ladies' night.)

Tuesday, 1 p. m., March 26—Demonstration of the "Dictograph," by its inventor, K. M. Turner.

Saturday noon, March 30—Luncheon to George W. Peck, ex-Governor of Wisconsin and author of "Peck's Bad Boy."

Saturday evening, March 30—Dancing Party (ladies' night).

EMPLOYMENT SERVICE.

Any Press Club member wishing to secure employment or to hire can have his wants made known through the columns of the Bulletin, one insertion, free of charge.

WANTED—A man who understands printing and newspaper business to manage a local newspaper in a good town in eastern Washington. The only paper in the town, recently bought out its competitors, and they are anxious to get hold of a practical man who can put the paper on a paying basis and harmonize all the interests between the wets and the drys. The present manager has stirred up a good deal of trouble and they want to get a new man. They have a nice plant with a Mergenthaler typesetting machine, and the salary is from \$25 to \$30 a week. Middle aged man is preferred. Apply at Press Club Office.

PRESS CLUB ENTERTAINS THE PRESIDENT

Nation's Chief Executive Guest at an Informal Reception Where He
 "Threw Off All Restraint and Was More Like a Big Boy."

Saturday afternoon, March 9, the Press Club of Chicago entertained William Howard Taft, President of the United States. An informal reception was tendered the chief executive of the nation, at which many of the Press Club members met and conversed with the distinguished guest. It was a big day in the history of the Press Club and an event that also pleased President Taft mightily.

Attendance had been limited strictly to members of the Press Club, but the library was packed to capacity when President Taft arrived shortly before five o'clock. He was met by President Douglas Malloch and escorted to a seat of honor. President Malloch greeted him briefly and heartily in the following short address:

"I am too wise to take up much of your time in welcoming our distinguished guest to the Press Club of Chicago. I know what I am in this parade: I am 'platoon of police.' The Press Club is honored in welcoming the President of the United States, and it is particularly pleased to welcome him in the person of yourself. As for myself, I want to say (as one president to another) that you have not only my respect but my sympathy. I know what it is to be misunderstood and misquoted—from having been misunderstood and from assisting in the misquoting of other people. I need not say more. I merely want to extend to you, Mr. President, the glad hand of the Press Club of Chicago—the best hand to which any man ever drew."

President Taft was greeted with tumultuous and long continued applause. The "Taft smile" was much in evidence as he arose and, taking President Malloch by the arm, began by discussing the woes of presidents in general in a delightfully witty way. In part he said:

"My boy, I suppose your experience is much the same as mine. You know what it is to visit a large city and to be constantly surrounded by policemen and detectives until you feel as though you were going to the penitentiary rather than to a reception. I am glad to hear this confession that people are sometimes misquoted, and particularly to hear it in this place. It is a good deal like writing a poem and later finding that the printer has printed it in such a way that it has neither rhyme nor rhythm."

The President declared that he felt entirely at ease and was glad to be with the boys again.

"And I want to say," he added, "that the sun doesn't rise and set in Hackensack, N. J., It is out here in the great middle west that the people rule us all."

The President poked some fun at the newspaper men because they own their own fine building at 26 South Dearborn street. He said:

"I am pleased to be at this Club. It is a pleasure

that has been denied to me before, meeting press men of financial substance. Men who can afford a building like this are entitled to the respect we would be glad to give other Press Clubs. I hope it will be made a basis of unity to every member, and that it does not indicate that they are going to lose their sympathies for the underdog.

"If you join the plutocrats, where will the poor people have expression? Therefore, I look upon this building with some fear and I only will be reconciled to your having such a building by the knowledge that you have a mortgage on it. As long as you remain in the debtor class I can be sure you hold an even hand between the rich and poor."

After his address the President shook hands with each of the members present, exchanging entertaining remarks with many of them. Then the staff photographer of the Press Club Bulletin and artists from other papers had their inning, the chief executive departing after expressing the pleasure the visit had given him. As one of the Chicago papers said the following morning:

"At the Press Club he threw off all restraint and was more like a big boy. He relaxed, leaned back in the big chair and behaved like an ordinary member of the Club, which is an entirely natural way of behaving.

Among the members who met the president were the following:

Norton M. Files
 L. H. Bellows
 H. M. Ford
 S. Kraus
 R. A. Halley
 Douglas Malloch
 J. E. Bangs
 Edw. White
 Henry C. Dolph
 John Fay
 C. G. Handcock
 Frederick S. Oliver
 H. H. Delano
 B. Beecher Osborne
 Stanley Waterloo
 Wm. C. Van Gilder
 Omer F. Doud
 John E. Bacon
 B. A. Pratt
 J. A. Brewer
 W. R. Barnes
 T. R. Weddell
 Joe Chapple
 Staudy H. Twist
 W. F. Zimmerman
 C. D. Collins
 Joseph R. Dunlop
 Wm. W. Loomis
 F. O. Partridge
 H. M. Lytle
 E. R. Schnable
 Wm. Kissack
 Harry I. Greene
 William E. Clark
 Walter W. Burns
 Otto P. Slyde
 R. N. Chapman
 Frederick Dunham
 John M. Duggan
 T. H. Potts
 C. W. Carr
 John A. Lyons
 John D. Cress

J. B. Gairing
 W. Mida
 H. W. Young
 Col. J. G. Davis
 W. W. Clay
 Alfred Burdick, M. D.
 Allan R. Parrish
 M. E. Dickson
 Chas. F. Blakely
 Mark Hayne
 A. J. Johnson
 J. J. Tobins
 Wm. J. Jossey
 H. B. Darlington
 Alfred L. Gelger
 Theo. Militzer
 Wm. M. Johnson
 W. M. Smith
 L. T. Goble
 G. Campbell
 N. L. Patterson
 W. H. Walker
 S. G. Hobert
 F. Ainsworth
 A. F. McIntyre
 E. I. Boies
 W. E. Williams
 J. U. Higinbotham
 W. F. Nutt
 G. J. Kendall
 A. W. Glessner
 W. C. Myers
 A. Cooke-Adams
 C. W. Mills
 Geo. B. Hische
 John D. Shoop
 F. Willy
 Roy O. Randall
 Ed. L. Kolakowski
 Mark B. Ryder
 Max Stahl
 W. A. Gray
 P. H. Hanson

(Continued on next page.)

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THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT.

(Continued from page 3.)

B. J. Beardsley
Edgar A. Hall
Walton Perkins
W. H. Carwardine
Geo. L. Louis
A. R. Wolfe
Clem Yore
Milton Denny
H. F. Miller
G. E. Armstrong
C. Dowst
Franc Hernon
J. W. MacGeagh
W. E. Knox
W. E. Roy
H. H. Smith
G. Cooke-Adams
R. J. Peacock
Theo. Van R. Ashcroft
J. R. Purchase
F. T. Von Albade
B. A. Ulrich

Fred A. Record
Noble M. Eberhart
R. W. Millar
Frederick J. Squibb
Richard H. Little
J. E. Buck
Joe Henderson
Ed Davison
W. J. Way
C. H. Compere
W. E. Moore
T. M. Donnelly
Fay Cooper Cole
Chas. Lederer
O. B. Brush
C. S. Partridge
E. B. Kellett
C. O. Lampman
Mason Warner
Peter B. Olson
John Stahl

On his arrival in the city Saturday morning President Taft gave a small breakfast at which the guests were President Malloch of the Press



"As One President to Another."

Photo by J. Ellsworth Gross.
Engraving by Dearborn Engraving Co.

Club, Governor Deneen, Postmaster Campbell, David R. Forgan and Roy O. West.

Later in the day the President received C. J. Kirch of the Staats Zeitung, a member of the club.

THE PIPE

DID you make your reservations for the St. Patrick's Dinner in time?

SORRY! Next time, come earlier.

It looks as though the evening would attain Brobdignagian proportions.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

THE PIPE is for Frank Comerford for lieutenant governor, not because he is a brilliant orator, a good lawyer, a dependable friend and the prince of good fellows, all of which he is, but because he is square and because he is game. A game man who is not square or a square man who is not game will not do. We love Frank for the enemies he is going to make!

OPPORTUNITY knocks once at your door and if you happen to be out, every one in the block starts knocking.

ON THE STREET CAR.

At the Front End—Gimme a light, mister—gee, aint this air rotten—D'you smoke, motorman—Do I smoke—livin' in this garbage crematory all day, kiddo, has cured me—cured me like a ham—Naw, I don't smoke but me clothes smokes fer two hours after I takes 'em off—Dis rubber furnace has killed all desire fer vice in me—all I has left is a love fer crime—an' believe me, if I cud git one of dese fumin', spittin' ginks where nobody would know it but a lot of other motormen, wot I would do to dat guy would be a plenty—Wait, lady—Try de rear door—Dis is no place for a noivous woman.

AND so, Buntie is going to give Sunday performances! 'Tis bonny news an' 'twill hurt naeboddy to visit such a play ony day. But, lassie, we're hopin' they dinna lairn o't in Glasgie!

WHAT's a Mosaic tile?

The kind Joe Welch wears.

SPEAKING OF HATS.

THE abolition of the queue has resulted in a big demand for hats in China. Let us hope that the introduction of Christianity will not be followed by the rack except as a hat receptacle.

THE hat is a badge of civilization, come to think of it. Poet Kemp who recently took over Mrs. Upton Sinclair, goes bareheaded.

AND now that he has left her, she has become unkempt, as it were.

Mrs. W.—Under the rule of the Columniators' Union, we cannot print a joke that has already been fed to B. L. T.'s goat. Send your next one to us. We will feed it, not to one goat but to our entire subscription list.

Henry R. Your wheeze arrived too late to suppress last week. We are therefore leaving it out this issue. Pardon the delay.

THEY are scouring Europe for vaudeville acts for American theatres. Now if they will only scour some of the acts!

A TOWN in Maine is raising the money for the celebration of its 250th anniversary in 1912. It is none too soon to begin—in Maine.

A MANUFACTURER advertises "the last word in corsets." There is where it usually is. J. U. H.

P. S. A Lenten Suggestion: Why not give up one quiet, peaceful evening at home and listen to ye Ed, talk about Belgium, March 19th?

Admission free, children half price.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, March 23, 1912.

Number 24.

"POETS KEEP OFF," SAYS THE JUDGE.

Carleton G. Garretson, editor of Judge, desires that the members of the Press Club of Chicago furnish his publication with short stories, verse, prose, epigrams and quatrains. There is "real cash" behind the offering and checks will be mailed upon acceptance instead of on publication. Here is what Judge offers:

Five cents a word for crackerjack short stories of from 1,000 to 1,500 words. Judge desires at least one short story feature for every week, which will be illustrated by its own clever artists. Two bits a line will be paid for verse, half a buck "or so" for epigrams and \$1.50 for quatrains. "No poetry wanted," writes the editor of Judge.

Here is a list of some of the special numbers of Judge and the dates of their issue, copy for which should be sent three weeks before date of issue:

April 6—Doctors' Number.
May 4—Dough Number.
June 1—Rubber Number.
July 6—Soft Soap Number.
August 3—Policeman's Number.
September 7—Tobasco Number.
October 5—Pippins and Peaches Number.
November 2—Soup to Nuts Number.
December 7—Stock Number.

THE "HUMAN INTEREST" STORY.

John P. Gavit, superintendent of the central division of the Associated Press, was a guest of the Press Club at luncheon March 13th. In his address in which he told of the work of the Associated Press in gathering the world's news, Mr. Gavit declared that he feared a great many newspaper men mistook the meaning of the "human interest" story. He declared that it is not the trivial news story, but one based upon the real life of the people.

THE CHAPPLE TALK.

Most unique and highly entertaining was the talk, "Flashlights of Famous Men," that Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston, Mass., editor of the National Magazine and a member of the club, gave at the Press Club Saturday night, March 9. For two hours he maintained intense interest, giving word pictures and personal anecdotes of famous personages as they were called for by the audience.

MONTHLY DANCE NEXT SATURDAY.

On next Saturday evening, March 30, the regular monthly club dance will be given. Needless to say it is ladies' night.

THE IRISH DINNER.

One of the most successful events in the Press Club's social history was the Irish Night, Saturday evening, March 16. The best of the Irish orators, readers and musicians of the city, state and nation appeared in an elaborate program following the dinner, and greetings from notable Irishmen abroad were read. An audience which overflowed from the main dining room to the fifth floor enjoyed the event.

The program was preceded by "the Royal Procession of King Leogaire and Righ of Ireland," a pageant of sixty performers costumed in the attire of the fifth century. The pageant was under the direction of Thomas A. O'Shaughnessy and Mrs. Frank D. Comerford, and was one of the most beautiful spectacles ever seen in the Press Club. Every feature—the singing, the dancing and the elaborate procession—captivated the audience.

Frank D. Comerford presided as toastmaster. He was introduced by President Douglas Malloch who read a letter from John E. Redmond, M. P., leader of the Irish Nationalist party in the House of Commons in England, and a cablegram from another good friend of the Press Club of Chicago, Sir Thomas Lipton. These communications were as follows:

I am much obliged for your kind letter of February 19, and I note you are giving an Irish dinner under the auspices of the Irish members of the club on March 16. I am sorry that I cannot be with you on the occasion, but I send you my best wishes, and trust you may have a very successful evening. We are all grateful for the kindness and sympathy which the Press Club of Chicago has invariably extended to representatives of the Irish parliamentary party. Very truly yours,
J. E. REDMOND.

The Atlantic alone prevents my joining you in person tonight, but I am heartily with you in spirit in doing honor to the green isle of Erin, whose sons are always to the front in the countries of their adoption, while their hearts are ever warm for the land where the shamrock grows. I am probably the only living Irishman who has so far failed to achieve his ambition in America—and that is to lift the cup. But while there's life there's hope. Best wishes to all my good Press Club friends, whose kind hospitality I shall ever remember.
THOMAS J. LIPTON.

Quin O'Brien eloquently discussed the characteristics that Ireland had contributed to American citizenship. Arthur M. Fitzgerald, city attorney of Springfield, Ill., delivered an able address. Thomas A. O'Shaughnessy gave an instructive talk on "Irish Art."

Miss Florence Collins recited "Erin's Flag" in splendid style. Miss Josephine McGarry gave a most pleasing reading. Miss Florence

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Tuesday, 1 p. m., March 26—Demonstration of the "Dictograph," by E. M. Turner, inventor of the machine.

Saturday Noon, March 30—Informal Luncheon to Walter Banyon, St. Joseph, Mich.

Saturday Night, March 30—Dancing Party (Ladies' Night.).

Kiper recited her notable poem, "The Jew to Jesus" and other original poems.

The musical numbers were exceptionally fine. Melville A. Clark, of Syracuse, N. Y., the celebrated Irish harpist, stirred the audience with Irish music. Mrs. Rose Lutiger Gannon beautifully sang Lehr's "Alanna" and Fox's "Foggy Dew." Thomas F. Ennis rendered traditional Irish melodies on the real Irish pipe and contributed excellently to the program. Our own Alfred Hiles Bergen received an ovation for his singing of an old Irish love song, "Were I the Tender Apple Blossom," the "Toreador Song" from "Carmen" and Moore's "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms."

The dancers of the evening, whose skill was warmly received, were John and Æneas Hennessy and Peter, Joseph and Stephen Kelly.

The accompaniments by Charles Lurvey showed his well known ability as a finished artist, of whom the Press Club and Chicago are proud.

The committee who arranged this splendid event was made up of Frank D. Comerford, Thomas O'Neill, Barratt O'Hara, John Fay and Clem Yore.

The following three interesting communications were received too late to be read at the Irish Dinner:

T. P. O'CONNOR.

Many thanks for the invitation of the Press Club of Chicago to the St. Patrick's Day banquet. I would willingly accept it; but as you will understand, it is not possible for me or for any other Irish member to be absent from London during these days when the fate of Ireland is so much at stake.

I am glad, though not surprised, to learn that the banquet will not be confined to journalists of Irish birth or origin; and that journalists of other races will attend. This is in accord with the healthy traditions of Chicago at whose social gatherings I well remember having met in the past journalists of all nationalities; and among the most welcome guests were journalists of English birth. This is as it should be among journalists, who, if they be true to the lessons and instincts of their calling, will always be free from the vulgar and almost outworn prejudices of race, creed or class; at this moment it is specially appropriate for the fight of Ireland's right to the control of her own special business is no longer a racial or a national or a sectarian battle; for it is advocated as enthusiastically by a

majority of the English as by a majority of the Irish nation.

Interrupted for the moment by the dire disaster of a great coal strike, the Irish cause nevertheless marches on to complete and early victory; and when the goal is reached, people, even those who are now opposed to us, will wonder that two races, so well fitted to be the complement of each other by their great though different gifts, were allowed to remain asunder so long. I hope in all the speeches that are made, the fact will not be forgotten that this fight for Ireland is in the truest sense of the words a fight for democratic ideals, the first principle, purpose and benefit of which is to produce a good understanding between the masses of the people in all lands. With hearty good wishes to your Club and to my many friends in Chicago.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

It is idle to ask me to say something about Ireland without being political. I am a Home Ruler of the most convinced kind. I doubt if the Irish will govern themselves with any striking skill, but that they will fall into the brutal clumsiness of English I do not believe.

I only know intimately one Irishman. He is the best after dinner speaker I ever heard. He also talks my head off. Whether this detail has anything to do with the fact that I have not yet visited Ireland I dare not say. The greatest modern play is of an Irishman (J. M. Synge) and I believe that Bernard Shaw has written a play or so. Another Irishman, W. B. Yeats, is probably the best poet now writing in English. Are these admissions enough?

I have fully grasped the great truths that the Press Club of Chicago is the largest in the world, and that it owns the building it admires.

With kindest regards to yourself and cordial greetings to my fellow-members and in lively souvenir of the bunch at which I made two such excellent speeches.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

Both as an Irishman and as a pressman, I appreciate most cordially the invitation from the Chicago Press Club to participate in their St. Patrick's Day festivities. Whatever temporary disappointments may await us in the political sphere, our race can rejoice with full hearts in the knowledge that this generation has beheld an advance unequalled in our history, in the political enfranchisement, material happiness, intellectual awakening and national self-respect of St. Patrick's ancient isle. Be the mistakes of politicians what they may, this much may with certainty be affirmed as to the future—that we can lose nothing we have gained and are bound to go on winning.

MACHINE WITH "MANY EARS."

An interesting demonstration of the "dictograph" will be given at the Press Club next Tuesday at 1 o'clock by its inventor, E. M. Turner. The "dictograph" was used extensively by William J. Burns in the sensational Los Angeles dynamite cases.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

W. R. Humphrey who was recently seriously ill is recuperating at Pass Christian, Miss., and expects to return to Chicago about April 1.

H. J. Bohn has been appointed a committee of one to have charge of the Press Club lot in Mt. Hope Cemetery.

O. F. Schuette, Washington correspondent for the Inter Ocean, and chairman of the Washington committee of the Press Club of Chicago, arrived Saturday for a brief visit at the home office.

Joe L. Long of Des Moines, Ia., a non-resident member, was in Chicago for a few days this week. He is representing the Roadmaker, a monthly trade journal.

Edward Vernon Kellitt of Seneca, Mo., an active member, is among the visitors this week.

Two more active members of the Press Club have appeared on the political horizon. One is George D. Prentiss, who is seeking the republican nomination for representative in the thirteenth senatorial district, and the other Dr. Noble M. Eberhart, who is a candidate on the same ticket for coroner.

Edward I. Boies, editor of the True Republican and postmaster at Sycamore, Ill., a non-resident member, was at the club this week.

AN INFORMAL LUNCHEON.

Next Saturday, March 30, an informal luncheon will be tendered Walter Banyon of St. Joseph, Mich. The luncheon will be at 12:15 o'clock.

ELECTRO OF FAMOUS SPEECH.

The Press Club is greatly indebted to Partidge and Anderson for a finely mounted electrotype of the famous Gettysburg speech delivered by President Lincoln on the historic battlefield, November 19, 1863.

THIRD FLOOR FOR RENT.

The Southern Club has vacated the third floor of the Press Club building and gone into larger quarters. The third floor is for rent and any member having in mind a likely tenant is requested to notify the office of the Press Club.

NEW PRESS CLUB SONG.

Copies of the new Press Club song, by Geo. L. Louis, that was sung at the Press Club Thursday night, can be secured at the office of the Club for 10 cents each, to cover cost of printing. Every member should have a copy.

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER.

For the convenience of the members of the Press Club, a public stenographer may be found at the third floor office.

COMING EVENTS

Tuesday, 1 p. m., March 26.—Demonstration of the "Dictograph," by its inventor, K. M. Turner.

Saturday noon, March 30—Informal luncheon to Walter Banyon, of St. Joseph, Mich.

Saturday evening, March 30—Dancing Party (ladies' night).

Tuesday noon, April 2—Informal luncheon to W. H. Miller, editor Ottawa, Ill., Free Trader.

Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

April 20—Fancy dress ball. (Ladies' night.)

Monday noon, April 22—Luncheon to Dr. Lyman Abbott of New York, editor of the Outlook.

Monday noon, May 13—Luncheon to Rev. Newell

MARCH CLUB MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the Press Club was held Saturday, March 9, with President Malloch in the chair and Albert Cone acting as secretary pro tem. The following members were present: Barnes, Beardsley, Bennett, Bacon, Brewer, Blakeley, Cawardine, Cooke-Adams, Clifford, Doud, Davis, Denney, Eberhart, Fay, Ford, Fox, Green, Glessner (C. E.), Glessner A. B.), Gould, Halley, Hargie, Hennon, Jossey, Krause, Knox, Lewis (George), Lederer, Lampman, McIntyre, Nutt, Ulrich, O'Neill, Iolson, Parridge, Pickard (C. E.), Rider, Roderus, Rutherford, Skinkle, Serpel, Walker, White (H. S.), White (Edward), Williams (Byron), Young, Yore, Wright, West, Smith (H. H.), MacVitty, Clarkson, Moody, Vansant, Osborne, Weipert, Purchase, von Albade, Higinbotham, Hanson, Hayne, Kney, Gilman, Kissack, Cone, Malloch. Resolutions of respect for Hugh Blake Williams and Judge James C. Essick, deceased, were read and adopted.

B. Beecher Osborne was elected financial secretary, the vote being Osborne, 51; G. Cooke-Adams, 27; Allan F. McIntyre, 10.

The following applicants for membership were elected:

LIFE.

Richard E. MacLean

RESIDENT.

Chas. G. Angeline
Walter A. Bermingham
Alfred R. Bone
Horace H. Delano
Henry Grapengiser
R. W. Emerson
W. H. Hodge
George C. Hunt
C. J. Kirch

Richard Henry Little
J. D. McDonald
L. W. McHale
Arthur C. Moore
C. S. Partridge
E. H. Plummer
Dan Morgan Smith
Arend Van Vlissingen
H. M. Webber

NON-RESIDENT.

John F. Doyle, St. Louis.
W. Y. Morgan, Hutchinson, Kan.
Frank L. Mayes, Pensacola, Fla.
Eben E. Rexford, Shiocton, Wis.
L. F. Ross, Detroit, Mich.
Hugo Thelin, Providence, R. I.
Clark S. Thomas, Elgin, Ill.
Geo. A. Wells, Des Moines, Iowa.

OTHER PRESS CLUBS.

BOSTON CLUB'S ELECTION.

At the annual election of officers at the Press club of Boston, Mass., the slate of the supporters of B. A. Smalley was carried almost in its entirety. The total vote cast was 186. John J. Flinn of the Christian Science Monitor, formerly of the Inter Ocean of Chicago, was eight votes behind Mr. Smalley.

ORGANIZE A PRESS CLUB.

A Press club has been organized at Muskogee, Okla., with sixty active members. The new organization will entertain the Oklahoma State Press Association in May.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

Terms of Subscription: By mail, postage prepaid, Fifty Cents per year; single copy, Five Cents.

IMPORTANT!

Matter intended for publication in the Press Club Bulletin should be turned in at the Bulletin office on the 3rd floor of the Press Club Building, not later than 1:00 p. m. each Wednesday.

AMONG THE BILLIARD PLAYERS.

Bob Campbell failed to show as a dark horse in his tournament game with Al. Bergen, being defeated by two points.

W. H. Walker defeated Dr. Schulze in their tournament game, 16 to 17, and B. A. Pratt won over C. E. Gould, 30 to 20.

Fred Squibb says he is going to purchase Bergen's cue if Al. takes the tournament one.

The two prizes offered in the Congo tournament are a gold and a silver Press Club pin, the former going to the player winning the greatest number of games. All games in this tournament *must* be played by April 15th.

A FAREWELL LUNCHEON.

A farewell luncheon was tendered G. Cooke-Adams at the Press Club Wednesday noon prior to his leaving for England on a visit. The speakers were Frank Comerford, John E. Gilman, F. G. Lydston, George Sutherland. President Malloch presided and the guest of honor responded.

"ROSES" FOR THE PRESS CLUB.

J. P. Adair, president of the Adair company of Chicago, writes: "I consider your Club to embrace the finest body of men in the U. S."

BOOST FOR THE BULLETIN.

Los Angeles, Cal.—I can't get along without the paper; it's the breath of life to me.—E. W. Miller.

The Extension Fund.

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| Previously acknowledged | \$96.35 |
| H. L. Weber..... | 2.00 |
| Charles Fisher | 5.50 |
| Total | \$103.85 |

FROM THE ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE.

I have the honor, as chairman of the Chicago Association of Commerce entertainment committee, appointed for the recent visit to this city of the boys of the Young Australian league, to convey the thanks of the committee for the hearty co-operation of the Press Club in the welcome to the boys from Australia. Mention must also be made of the valuable aid rendered by Dr. J. Cooke Adams, who had charge of the general committee.

Yours very truly,

THE CHICAGO ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE,

By W. A. Jones,

Chairman Entertainment Committee.

THE PIPE

A WAY-HELNGON COMBINATION.

Dedicated to Billy, by the Way.

It was in Berlin I met her, while the cooling evening breeze played o'er the weary city and through the dusty trees. She seemed so sadly pensive that I asked, "What is it, dear?" And in love's enthralling accents she murmured low, "It's beer!"

We were seated in the garden, on a rustic German seat, and the moonbeams soft and airy seemed the quiet earth to greet. I had clasped her to my bosom, with my arm her neck about, when her breathing, low and tender, told me that she loved sauerkraut.

(Music furnished on application, Billy.)

Flaccid.

Now, Billy, for the cumback! Make it strong—and printable!

PRE-DIGESTED POETRY—via 'Vangie.

How familiar to the touch is the strap that I grasp,
As I amble out North on the punk old "L.;"

The shins that mine bark, the corns that mine rasp,
Bring murmurs most pleasant, lykell, lykell.

The old tan strap, the germ-laden strap,
The filthy old strap that hangs in the "L."

F. S. H.

F. S. H.—Your scenario for how to put Friend Wife hors du combat might not always work. Every time it did, we would be in wrong with some one's missus, and every time it did not, we would lose a subscriber. Come here, Mildred, here's a scenario for you.

CHANTECLER.

And only the hibrowze shall praise us,

And only the public shall blame;

And no play shall tell a story,

But shall revel in symbols gone lame.

And each for the joy of the working

Some new stuff in feathers and paint

Shall do any darn thing she pleases

For the good of the things as they ain't!

LATEST!

Dawson '11 received his promotion. Now to hurry to the depot and sound his Nell on the matrimonial question. The Monon probably is not in yet.

OF course we would like to be a famous author, but when we look at the latest pictures of Conan Doyle and see what success has done to him, we are consoled.

THEY were frank in olden times. When welcoming a visitor, they would carve Latin blarney all over the entrance gate to the city and then would put under it the single word: SALVE!

P. C. D.—It is pronounced "Soo-moo-roon." That short circuits your "Summer Run" wheeze. No, Joe Henderson did not write the words.

A few weeks ago E. A. T. was advertising for a job in THE BULLETIN. Last week H. A. M. was using the same medium in his search for an editor. Let us hope they got together.

AT THE KNOCKERS' TABLE.

"Gee, I wish they'd have that Fancy Dress Party at some place besides the Club. I hate to come down here among the gang looking like a damfool."

"Why not disguise yourself, Casey?"

H. G. WELLS makes his hero in "Marriage" speak of "chewing mesembryanthemum," a watery sea-weed that leaves a tasteless pulp in the mouth. Slang for chewing the rag. Chee, it's great to be eddicated!

J. U. H.

FOR SALE—Daily newspaper near Chicago. Long established, but run down. Can be bought at inventory valuation. I can tell you why and how it can be made to pay. Verbal inquiries not answered. If interested, write me. I have a list of several weekly newspapers near Chicago that can be purchased. B. A. Pratt, Press Club of Chicago.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, March 30, 1912.

Number 25.

SMOKER TO THE MILWAUKEE PRESS CLUB.

"Dot leedle Cherman bandt, dose fine lookin' mens, yet, und dose funny banners, oh, my, oh, my. I shure knowed dot Milwaukee vas amongst us."

All of Chicago who formed the usual big Saturday night crowd within the loop district on March 23, was aware that two of the liveliest press clubs in the country had joined forces in a program of good fellowship, and the remainder of the city found it out when the morning papers were read the next day. Generally speaking it was a LARGE night—that Chicago-Milwaukee smoker.

The forty members of the Milwaukee Press club were met at the North-Western station by a reception committee from the Press Club of Chicago, and with Herr E. H. Fox as drum-major and Rudolph Jung's "Leedle Cherman Bandt" in the lead, they paraded through the loop, serenading all of the newspaper offices en route to the Press Club.

Milwaukee's appetite was appeased before the evening's fun began. President Douglas Malloch of the Press Club of Chicago, welcomed the visitors—via an interpreter, Dr. Schulze. In his response President Oscar H. Morris of the Milwaukee Press Club expressed Milwaukee's appreciation.

An American flag, ten by eighteen feet, was presented to the Press Club of Chicago by the visiting club, through H. N. Laflin, in an eloquent address.

One of the most pleasing features of the evening's program were the musical numbers furnished by Professor Leugi Dell Oro, harmonica-monopede artist. The professor's program included a wide range of selections of both classical and popular airs and was greeted with several rounds of applause.

Col. James Hamilton Lewis was on hand and furnished one of the famous Lewis brand of political stories, and Major H. B. Hersey, the "weather man" at Milwaukee, told some amusing incidents in connection with the bureau's forecasts. "Our Own" Billy Way played and sang some of his original stuff and Billy Baxter and William Page furnished a mandolin, guitar combination that was good. Of course the German band was much in evidence throughout the evening. A number of im-

promptu remarks were made by members of both clubs.

Banks Winter, author of "White Wings," sang that favorite splendidly. Nearly two hundred cartoons, the productions of the leaders in both cities, were shown during the evening, furnishing a sensational feature for the program. The reading of the large number of telegrams of congratulation from all parts of the country also made a big hit.

Among the telegrams of congratulation to the two clubs read during the evening was one from President Taft, another from Governor Deneen and one from Governor McGovern of Wisconsin, as well as a number of press clubs:

President Taft: "I rejoice to see the journalistic brethren dwell in harmony. Greetings to you all."



Drawing by C. A. Briggs.

Engraving by Hammersmith Engraving Co., Chicago and Milwaukee.

Charles S. Deneen, governor of Illinois: "Greetings and best wishes to Milwaukee and Chicago Press clubs."

Francis E. McGovern, governor of Wisconsin: "The press, potent for good and evil. Keep it so."

Emil Seidel, Mayor of Milwaukee: "Liberate the press that it may liberate the people."

Oswald F. Schuette, Washington correspondent Chicago Inter Ocean, sent in German: "Als Mitglied beider organizationen sende ich euch meine herzlichsten gruesse."

Mayor Carter H. Harrison of Chicago: "Chicago felicitates your organization and Milwaukee Press Club upon reunion."

New York Press Club: "Smoke makes clearer the atmosphere of friendship. So smoke up."

Press Club of San Francisco: "Come west, young man, in 1915; latch string is out."

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Saturday Night, March 30—Dancing Party (Ladies' Night.).

Tuesday Noon, April 2.—Informal luncheon to W. H. Miller, editor, Ottawa, Ill., Free Trader.

Friday Noon, April 5.—Informal luncheon to Lieut.-Gov. Lawrence Y. Sherman.

National Press Club, Washington, D. C.: "Most heartily we wish you health, prosperity, success and scoops."

Pittsburgh, Pa., Press Club: "May you all live forever and enjoy living."

Denver, Colo., Press Club: "Here is to an association of all live Press Clubs."

Dallas, Tex., Press Club: "May the united newspaper men of Chicago and Milwaukee utilize the wind that has made the former city famous and mutilate the beer that has made Milwaukee famous."

Tri-City Press Club of Davenport, Ia., Rock Island and Moline, Ill.: "Gee, it must be great to be famous."

Evansville, Ind., Press Club: "Greetings, Chicago and Milwaukee boys; hurrah for joint club stunts."

Oklahoma City, Okla., Press Club: "Greeting. We wish you were all with us down here."

Seattle Press Club: "Seattle Press Club greets both Chicago and Milwaukee clubs. Can't you come to Seattle? Give you HIYU time."

James Langeland, of the Chicago News staff, first president of the Milwaukee Press club; Alonzo Burt, vice-president of the Chicago Telephone company, a former active member of the Milwaukee Press club and the original member of the Knights of Bohemia, a side-order of that organization; and C. W. Emerson, of the Chicago Tribune, a former Milwaukee newspaper man, were present during the evening.

On the way to Chicago the members of the Milwaukee Press Club were met at the station at Racine and each presented with a carnation. They were long stemmed flowers and clung faithfully to the lapels of the Milwaukee boys during their entire stay at the Press Club.

The visitors left for home at 2:40 o'clock, Sunday morning.

The following members of the Milwaukee Press Club were in attendance:

O. H. Morris, president; W. J. Bollenbeck, vice president; Frank Markle, treasurer; L. E. Meyer, secretary; Geo. Phair, W. S. Forrest, C. B. Trover, C. D. Hunter, G. C. French, Hugh Sharp, B. K. Burns, M. M. Taylor, L. F. Nohl, E. H. Hickey, J. C. Kacel, J. G. Pallange, D. B. Kirkham, A. H. Cook, E. O. Raster, H. F. Tyrell, A. Herwig, H. B. Roger, B. Andrews, M. C. Rotier, W. R. Anderson, J. L. Hirschman, Evon Schlennitz, N. A. Goddard, J. P. Hume, H. N. Laffin, D. B. Stockey, F. C. Scoville, W. F. Hooker, J. L. Meyer, W. F. Streit, Jas. Langland, F. Cleveland, H. B. Hersey.

"On the day after" Secretary Leonard Meyer of the Milwaukee Press Club sent this letter to the President of the Press Club of Chicago:

"Just a word in appreciation of the remarkable reception you gave us on Saturday night. It was truly

remarkable, and I know we will have to go some to even begin to compare with your entertainment when we have your club in Milwaukee. This, I hope, will be soon.

"The boys whom I have seen since we got back can hardly express their delight over the affair. They knew it would be good, but your work surprised everybody. Every single feature was a pleasure. Later I will send you copies of resolutions which we will adopt at our monthly meeting on April 3.

"This was the first time I have been in your club, although I have been in Chicago a lot. Would it be proper to visit the club when I come down again?

"Yours, just getting over it.

"LEONARD MEYER."

W. H. MILLER NEXT TUESDAY.

Next Tuesday noon, April 2, at 12:15 o'clock, the Press Club will tender an informal luncheon to W. H. Miller, editor of the Ottawa, Ill., Free Trader, the funniest gink in Illinois journalism. His subject will be "Confessions of a Country Editor." What his speech will be nobody knows. But anybody who misses it will be awful mad at himself. The following correspondence has recently changed hands:

Ottawa, Ill., March 24.—Expect to be in Chicago on April 2, unless severe attack of cold feet prevents. Have incipient and intermittent symptoms, but am trying to fight them off. Have also a few fool friends up in Chicago and down this way who want to be on hand on that date. Not many of them, you understand. A country editor can't indulge in the luxury of too many friends. There may be one or two of the local bunch up.

* Dict. by W. H. M.

W. H. MILLER.

* Typist—W. H. M.

Chicago, Ill., March 25.—Yours received. Do not let the frigidity of your pedal extremities interfere with the cerebations of your think-tank. There will not be enough there to scare you. The event has been thoroughly announced, so I think most of the members are warned. I can assure you your audience will be well-behaved. Anyway, I will try to see that he is.

D. M.

RECENT VISITORS.

George B. MacLeod, Syracuse, N. Y.; L. C. Adams, Boston; Walter Lingenfelder, New York, guests of Otto Hottinger.

Dr. E. H. Hart, Wuhu, China, guest of Roy O. Randall.

H. R. Wallan, St. Louis, guest of W. J. Jossey.

J. J. Meagher, Clinton, Ia., guest of Frank Comerford.

H. S. Daniels, Kenosha, Wis., guest of H. L. Wells.

P. Raymond, New York, guest of Clement Yore.

W. H. Colvin, Springfield, Ill., guest of C. N. Wheeler.

C. G. Hancock, Saintes, France, guest of Sigmund Krausz.

George Townshend, Sewanee, Tenn., guest of B. Papot.

George Hinchliff, Excelsior, Tex., guest of George Hislop.

Marsel Jaquet, Paris, France, guest of Franc Hernon.

Ralph McCracken, Cincinnati, O., guest of J. D. Pease.

W. E. Field, New York, guest of J. R. Purchase.



Photo by J. Ellsworth Gross.

SMOKER TO THE MILWAUKEE PRESS CLUB AT THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO, SATURDAY NIGHT, MARCH 23, 1912.

OBITUARY.

John Howard Hume.

John Howard Hume, former judge of the municipal court and a life member of the Press Club of Chicago, died at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., last Monday of brain tumor. Less than a month ago he suffered from a nervous breakdown and went east determined to take a long vacation.

Judge Hume was born in 1864. He graduated from Yale and studied law at Columbia law school, being admitted to the bar in 1889. He came to Chicago that year and entered into partnership with John T. Noyes. Later he became a member of the firm of Stein and Platt. He was elected judge of the municipal court in 1906, was re-nominated on the Republican ticket in 1910, but was defeated for re-election.

WANTS TO COME AGAIN.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P., the noted traveler, journalist, dramatist, poet and novelist, who was the distinguished guest of the Press Club of Chicago last February, writes as follows of his visit:

"I enjoyed my day at the Press Club immensely. The kindness and hearty friendliness of everybody made me feel quite at home, and I look forward to the time when I shall again hang up my hat in your hospitable hall."

FUTURE HAPPENINGS.

Victor Herbert, of New York, non-resident member of the Press Club of Chicago, has accepted an invitation to be the Press Club's guest at a luncheon here on a date yet to be fixed.

William Morris, the well known vaudeville manager and concert impresario, has accepted an invitation for a luncheon at the Press Club in May, on his return from Europe.

A musicale of compositions by Press Club composers and lyrists is being arranged. Among the members who will be represented on the program are Nixon Waterman, Victor Herbert, Eben E. Rexford, Edward C. Moore, Alfred Hiles Bergen, George L. Louis, Douglas Malloch, John J. Flinn, William Lightfoot Visscher and other well known members.

HARRY LAUDER BOOKED.

William Morris, the well known vaudeville and concert manager, lunched at the Press Club March 2. Arrangements were concluded with Mr. Morris for a smoker to Harry Lauder at the Press Club during the week of January 20, 1913.

FLINN VICE PRESIDENT.

John J. Flinn, a former president of the Press Club of Chicago, and editorial writer on the Christian Science Monitor in Boston, Mass., has been elected vice president of the Boston Press Club. Mr. Flinn is a life member of the Press Club.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

Terms of Subscription: By mail, postage prepaid, Fifty Cents per year; single copy, Five Cents.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

W. R. Barnes, a director of the Press Club, is on a six weeks' business trip through the east.

Peter B. Olsen has gone to Hot Springs, Ark., for two weeks' recreation.

J. G. Butler is again about the club after having been confined to his home for ten days.

Chas. E. Ffrench, president of the Musical Leader Publishing Company, has returned from a two weeks' visit to New York, where he attended grand opera. Mr. Ffrench is also a member of the Lotus Club of New York, and while in that city had several visits with Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press and a member of the Press Club of Chicago.

J. F. Pendleton is enjoying himself in sunny California. Writing from Pasadena, he says that while in Los Angeles recently he saw Justin E. Brown, also a member of the Press Club of Chicago.

One of those colored postcards with plenty of green grass, stately trees and sunshine pictured on it, shows that E. L. Stewart is enjoying himself in sunny Florida. He says "It has been mine for a month."

F. D. Abbott, publisher of Presto, has returned from a six weeks' trip down east.

Ed. Pickard is back from Florida.

H. B. Bogg has gone to Florida.

Edward White was not up from Peoria this week.

Bruce Calvert left yesterday for New York on an eight weeks' lecture tour.

Crescencio de Varona, consul de Cuba from Chicago, was a visitor at the Press Club during the week.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday evening, March 30—Dancing Party (ladies' night).

Tuesday noon, April 2—Informal luncheon to W. H. Miller, editor Ottawa, Ill., Free Trader.

Friday noon, April 5—Informal luncheon to Lieutenant-Governor Lawrence Y. Sherman.

April 20—Fancy dress ball. (Ladies' night.)

Monday noon, April 22—Luncheon to Dr. Lyman Abbott of New York, editor of the Outlook.

Monday noon, May 13—Luncheon to Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE PIPE

POLITICAL NUMBER.

IT is getting so that the preliminaries to a presidential campaign exhaust more atmosphere than the pre-battle debates of two prize fighters.

QUICK, Watson, the pulmotor!

ISN'T it funny—there is no partisanship in this—they all do it—that the American people reward silence and discretion and dignity in all branches of life except politics?

WE would fire a bell hop who showed as little tact and discrimination as does the average political candidate.

WE are naming no names, for we write a week in advance of publication, and before we go to press two or three statesmen will have overlooked several opportunities to keep quiet.

Including OUR OWN candidate, no doubt.

SOME columniators pretend to be peeved when their stuff is stolen.

WE would be chesty!

YOU have seen deaf people who could hear perfectly if you said anything they did not like, haven't you? Well, some folks never see this column except when there is a little paragraph therein that treads on their corns.

IF there is anything in The Pipe you don't like, keep still about it and millions of people will never know it was printed.

You'd be amazed to know how large a circulation we haven't.

THEODORE Roosevelt made \$634,000 from "African Game Trails" and only \$350,000 by being president of the U. S. for seven years. Verily, the rewards of royalty exceed those of a republic.

NOTWITHSTANDING the embarrassing possibility of creating a deadlock in the Democratic primaries, we gladly give space to the following communication:

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

"The newspaper men of the state are lining up behind Barratt O'Hara, Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor, writer, orator, good fellow and member of the Press Club of Chicago. O'Hara is the only Chicago newspaper man running for a state office at the April primaries. He has worked as reporter, editor and pal with two-thirds of the present-day newspaper boys of Chicago, and, during twelve years of service in local newspaperdom, is said by his friends never to have said an unkind or disparaging word about a fellow worker. The Pipe is glad to boost a booster."

WHEN we were very, very young, we made up our minds that we could keep out of a heap of trouble by saying nice things about people. We were so near right that it encouraged us to make it the unannounced policy of The Pipe.

THEY have discovered deposits of Potash in the Mohave desert. Where does Perlmutter keep his bank account?

ANDREW Carnegie has picked out the prettiest girl in the world. After studying her published photograph, we still think that Mr. Carnegie is one of the world's greatest philanthropists.

AT THE KNOCKERS' TABLE.

"Why did you say Jones died a natural death? He was hung."

"That was a natural death—for Jones."

Sign on W. Madison St.: "Shave 10c neck free."

J. U. H.

RULES FOR JOKESMITHS (Continued).

V. If it is inane, pointless and tottering with age put it into the mouth of some well known character like Joe Cannon or Willie Collier. Either would rather be misquoted than not quoted at all.

VI. If the worst must come to the worst, send it to

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, April 6, 1912.

Number 26.

PRESS CLUB BENEFIT IN MAY TO BE BIG EVENT

About the middle of May the big Press Club Benefit, the proceeds of which are to go toward paying the club debt, will be held.

LET EVERY MEMBER HELP.

Friday evening, March 29, the first meeting was held and attended by a crowd of enthusiastic members. If you were not there, arrange to be at the next one.

W. J. Way was made general director and the following associate directors were immediately announced by Mr. Way: Banks Winter and William J. Jossey. George L. Louis was elected secretary of the general committee to have charge of the entertainment.

Better than a "Minstrel Show."

The affair will not be a "minstrel show," but something much more novel. If the reader of this and all the other members will get behind the movement, come to the meetings and take part in the fun and the labor, it can be made the greatest performance of its kind ever given in Chicago.

The entertainment will be divided into three parts. William J. Jossey and Clem Yore are writing the libretto for the first part, the olio is under the personal care of General Director Way and the afterpiece will be by Douglas Malloch and other Press Club librettists.

A Play "So Different."

Every bit of music will be by Press Club composers, and presented for the first time in this entertainment. Among those who already have agreed to write music are Edward C.

Moore, Alfred Hiles Bergen and George L. Louis. This staff will be augmented by other composers in the club.

Alfred Hiles Bergen has been appointed musical director, and a number of committee chairmen have been selected. The organization effected on the opening night appointed the following:

General Director—W. J. Way.

Associate Directors—William J. Jossey and Banks Winter.

Secretary—George L. Louis.

Lithographs—Karl McVitty.

Advertising—Mason Warner.

Properties—Stanly H. Twist.

Costumes—John L. Weber.

Musical Director—Alfred Hiles Bergen.

Associate Musical Directors—Edward C. Moore, A. W. Christiansen.

Publicity—Harry Daniel, Maurice Rosenfeld, G. C. Eubank, Richard Henry Little, C. J. Kirch, Henry Barrett Chamberlin.

Libretto—John U. Higinbotham, Richard Henry Little, Clem Yore, Harry Irving Greene, H. Bedford-Jones, Opie Read.

Finance—John M. Stahl.

Music—Alfred Hiles Bergen, George L. Louis, Edward C. Moore.

To these committees other members will be added from time to time.

Important Meeting Tuesday.

A table has been set apart in the northeast corner of the main dining room where such of the members of the general committee as drop into the club at noon will lunch together.

Every member of the club is urged to attend the next general meeting, which will be held in the Press Club library at 7 o'clock, Tuesday evening, April 9.

RECITAL BY ALFRED HILES BERGEN FOR THE PRESS CLUB

Alfred Hiles Bergen, the splendid baritone, whose appearance at the Press Club has always brought forth an ovation for this excellent artist, will give a recital at the Whitney Opera House for the benefit of the Press Club at three o'clock Sunday afternoon, April 14.

Tickets for the recital are now on sale at the office of the Press Club, where they may be secured in person or by mail. Telephone orders will receive prompt attention and the tickets will be mailed immediately to any desired address.

The proceeds of the recital which Mr. Bergen has generously agreed to give will be applied on the Press Club's floating indebtedness. All members of the Press Club are urged to be present with their ladies or to be represented by their friends, who will be delighted at the opportunity to hear Chicago's best baritone in his most notable program.

Program a Varied One.

Mr. Bergen needs no introduction to Press Club members and their friends. He has frequently been heard and always has created en-

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Tuesday evening, April 9, 7 o'clock—Press Club Minstrel Meeting.

Saturday afternoon, April 13, 1:30 o'clock—Monthly Business Meeting.

Sunday afternoon, April 14, 3 o'clock—Recital by Alfred Hiles Bergen at Whitney Opera House.

thusiasm. His program April 14 will be a selection from the best numbers of a strong repertoire. The accompanist will be Charles Lurvey, recognized as one of the world's great accompanists. Mr. Bergen's program will be as follows:

GROUP I.

- (a) Come Raggio di Sol—16th Century.....Caldora
- (b) Der Himmel Hat eine Träne Geweint.....Schumann
- (c) AufträgeSchumann
- (d) Im AbendrotSchubert
- (e) WohinSchubert
- (f) Der ErlkönigSchubert

GROUP II.

- (a) Zur RuhHugo Wolf
- (b) Mein SchätzleinMax Reger
- (c) Ich bin Eine Harfe.....Erich Wolf
- (d) Die AblösungHolländer
- (e) CécileRichard Strauss

GROUP III.

- (a) Songs My Mother Taught Me.....Anton Dvóřak
- (b) When is Life's Youth.....Mrs. Eleanor Everest Freer
- (c) On the Way to Kew.....Arthur Foote
- (d) EdwardSoewe

GROUP IV.

- (a) Were I the Tender Apple Blossom.....(Old Irish)
- (b) A Little Dutch Garden...Harvey Worthington Loomis
- (c) The Pauper's Drive.....Sidney Homer
- (d) Fairy and Child.....Alfred Hiles Bergen
- (e) The Charge of the Light Brigade.Alfred Hiles Bergen

Large Seat Sale Assured.

All seats will be one dollar each. Tickets should be obtained promptly. It is hoped the members will seize the opportunity to hear this splendid recital and incidentally to benefit the Press Club.

WANTED—A NAME.

The benefit performance by members of the Press Club which will be given in May to help raise the Club debt will not be a minstrel show but something much more novel and entertaining. It is in need of a name. Some of those already suggested are "Press Club Revel," "Press Club Caper," "Press Club High Jinks" and "Press Club Prank." Can you think of a good one? If so, please mail your suggestion to W. J. Way, General Director, Press Club of Chicago.

FANCY DRESS BALL.

One of the big events on the Press Club's social calendar is the coming fancy dress ball on Saturday evening, April 20. For several days arrangements have been in progress for the event, and the evening promises to be an exceptionally "worth while one."

Last Saturday, March 30, the regular monthly dancing party was held at the Club. About fifty couples occupied the floor during the evening.

APRIL CLUB MEETING.

The April meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held in the library Saturday afternoon, April 13, at 1:30 o'clock. At the meeting a recording secretary will be elected and the following applications for membership will be voted upon:

LIFE.

Applicant and sponsor:

Asa G. Adams, Douglas Malloch.
R. P. Burkhalter, B. Beecher Osborne.

ACTIVE.

J. W. Donahue, publisher; Douglas Malloch.
Herman Frank, former member; B. Beecher Osborne.
C. W. Holloway, publicity manager; M. E. Dickson.
John I. Day, Inter Ocean; W. E. Moore.
Harry P. Inman, Chicago American; A. E. Ormes.
William J. Cochran, Chicago Tribune; Charles N. Wheeler.
Jay Cairns, Record-Herald; Charles N. Wheeler.
William H. Culver, Examiner; Charles N. Wheeler.
Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, journalist; Douglas Malloch.
G. H. Larke, publisher; George B. Hische.
Hubert H. Browden, Farm Life; George B. Hische.
Sidney Smith, Tribune; M. E. Dickson.
N. K. Ziottnicki, editor and publisher; Ed. L. Kolakowski.

Frederick J. Mohr, technical writer; A. Milo Bennett.
Victor B. Johnson, editorial writer; Edward White.
W. M. Baxter, contributor; Wm. J. Jossey.
W. F. Donahue, publisher; Charles Lederer.

NON-RESIDENT.

R. M. Johnston, Houston Post, Houston, Tex.
Walter Rosenfield, publisher, Rock Island, Ill.
Henry S. Fisk, publisher, New York.
W. V. Tufford, business manager, Clinton, Iowa.
Frank Graham, dramatic author, Appleton, Wis.
F. E. Culp, author, St. Charles, Ill.
J. Hampton Baumgartner, press representative, Baltimore, Md.

OBITUARY.

Col. S. F. Norton.

Col. S. F. Norton, active retired member of the Press Club from 1882, died Tuesday evening, April 2, 1912.

Funeral services at Graceland chapel, probably Saturday.

Col. Norton was a captain in Berdan's Sharpshooters during the civil war and one of the founders and chief leaders of the People's party.

COMING EVENTS

Tuesday evening, April 9—Press Club minstrel meeting.

Saturday afternoon, April 13—Monthly business meeting.

Sunday afternoon, April 14—Recital by Alfred Hiles Bergen at Whitney Opera House.

April 20—Fancy dress ball. (Ladies' night.)

Monday noon, April 22—Luncheon to Dr. Lyman Abbott of New York, editor of the Outlook.

Monday noon, May 13—Luncheon to Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday evening, April 27—Recital by Mrs. Clarence B. Dickson, reader; Miss Klare M. DeVine, soprano; Mr. Warren P. Watters, baritone; Kurt Wanick, pianist; Hans Hess, violoncello soloist. (Ladies' night.)

Saturday evening, May 4—Readings by Wallace Bruce Amsbury (ladies' night).

SCORES A BIG HIT.

Over at Ottawa, Ill., they have such a "funny feller." His name is W. H. Miller and between laughs he publishes the Ottawa Free Trader, one of the most ably edited country newspapers in the state. On Tuesday noon, April 2, Mr. Miller was a guest of the Press Club at an informal luncheon, and it being the day after April Fool's Day, W. H. was a bigger cut-up than ever.

For forty-six minutes by the watch, Miller from Ottawa produced a convulsed laugh every thirty seconds, scoring hits so frequently that they tumbled all over each other. Only at the close did the speaker become really serious when he defended the country editor, by declaring that the newspaper man in the small town requires special talent that is not essential in the metropolitan field.

"OLD ST. JOE."

At an informal luncheon in his honor at the Press Club, Saturday, March 30, Walter Banyon of St. Joseph, Mich., made a decided hit by reciting "Old St. Joe," and "Her Folks and His'n." He also paid a fitting tribute to Ben King, the author, to Chicago and to St. Joe. The Club accepted Mr. Banyon's cordial invitation to make a pilgrimage to the grave of Ben King at St. Joe on Blossom Sunday in May.

Barratt O'Hara, editor of the Chicago Magazine, ably performed the duties of toastmaster.

Geo. B. Hische to Franc R. E. Woodward.

I have just recently learned of the great honor bestowed on you by the citizens of Detroit in return for your great condescension in locating among them and devoting your energies to making Detroit famous.

It is rumored at the Press Club that on the morning of your arrival the principal street was named after you and that it is illuminated gayly each night in your honor. I understand that the traveling men have petitioned the Hotel Pontchartrain to change its name to "The Woodward," as an additional honor to bestow upon you. You are certainly going some if all reports are authentic.

Kindly let me hear from you and advise if all these things are true.

Geo. B. HISCHE.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

The board of directors of the Press Club met in regular session, Monday, April first, with President Malloch in the chair and Messrs. Osborne, Fox, Henderson, Hyman, Baker and Wheeler present. Minutes of the last previous meeting were read and approved as was the report of the financial secretary.

Bills amounting to \$1,154.99 were approved and the financial secretary authorized to draw the necessary vouchers.

Favorable action was taken on two life membership applications, seventeen resident and eight non-resident applications.

AMONG THE BILLIARD PLAYERS.

In the three cushion tournament Bergen defeated McMeal eighteen to six and Pickard won from Merrill thirty to four. Of the new players Walker is showing up well, having won seven out of thirteen games, and Bellows has pulled down six out of eleven.

In the Congo tournament Zimmer is traveling fast with four nineties. But the game is young yet.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS CONFERENCE.

An invitation has been extended to the members of the Press Club of Chicago to attend a Domestic Relations Conference at the Auditorium hotel, Wednesday evening, April 10. A reception will be held from five to six o'clock in the evening in the hotel parlors and a dinner at six o'clock in the banquet hall. The affair will be strictly informal, and the price is one dollar per plate.

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER.

For the convenience of the members of the Press Club, a public stenographer may be found at the third floor office.

ANNOUNCES (WEDDING) ENGAGEMENT.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ella M. Hurtt, of 106 Central Park, west, New York, to Mr. W. R. Barnes of Chicago.

(Editor's Note: Mr. Barnes wrote the above himself and no embellishments have been added.)

NON-RESIDENT MEMBERS.

Non-resident members when in Chicago should make the Press Club headquarters and home. There are a number of desirable sleeping rooms for that purpose which may be engaged at a very reasonable rate.



EDWARD H. FOX, DRUM MAJOR.

Chairman of the entertainment committee who was one of the hits of the parade and smoker in honor of the Milwaukee Press Club, Saturday night, March 23.

DICKENS' IMPERSONATIONS CLEVER.

Members of the Press Club were delightfully entertained Friday noon, March 22, by Frank Speaight of London, who has justly gained the reputation of being England's best impersonator of Dickens' characters. A large audience was present as members have long since learned to look forward with great pleasure to the annual recitals delivered by Mr. Speaight.

Arthur E. Ormes was chairman of the day, other members of the committee being Roy O. Randall and H. B. Bogg.

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AMONG THE MEMBERS

Opie Read has returned from an extended lecture tour on the Pacific coast during which he addressed an aggregate of approximately 100,000 people. It was one of the most successful tours in Opie's experience.

William Jennings Bryan, of Lincoln, Neb., paid the Press Club, of which he is one of the most loyal members, a visit Friday evening, March 29, and delighted about thirty of the members who were in the Club that evening with characteristic comments on present political conditions. Later the same evening he delivered an address at Orchestra Hall under the auspices of the Illinois Women's Press association.

The Chicago Trade Press association, of which many members of the Press Club of Chicago are members, held its monthly dinner at the Press Club, Monday evening, March 25.

Charles N. Wheeler, political writer of the Inter-Ocean, and recording secretary of the Press Club, has been down at Springfield covering the special session of the legislature.

President Douglas Malloch was one of the speakers at the fifth annual dinner of the Fisherman's Club of Chicago at the Auditorium Saturday evening, March 30. About four hundred attended.

Peter B. Olsen is enjoying himself at Hot Springs, Ark., but writes that he misses the Club. Only natural, of course. His address is the Majestic hotel, Hot Springs.

"Easter greetings to the undeserving of the Knockers' table," writes John T. Bramhall from Auburn, Cal.

EMPLOYMENT SERVICE.

Any Press Club member wishing to secure employment or to hire can have his wants made known through the columns of the Bulletin, one insertion, free of charge.

WANTED: Telegraph Editor for daily newspaper, 40,000 circulation in Middle West. Would like man competent to contribute to editorial page occasionally. Good chance of promotion to position of Managing Editor if applicant makes good on Telegraph Desk. Please communicate at once with Will T. Cresmer, 824-25 Harris Trust Bldg.

(Telegram.)

WANTED: We have in hand a large dock and harbor improvement proposition and are in need of a first class advertising man for systematic newspaper campaign. We are wiring you at the instigation of Mr. N. J. Dillard, formerly of your city in the hope that you may be able to place us in immediate touch with the right man. Permanent position. Answer fully our expense night lettergram. VANCOUVER HARBOR & DOCK EXTENSION CO., Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

THE PIPE

NOW for an April thaw (we hope).

A NAME is wanted for the meek looking gentleman who attends the universal suffrage meetings. How would Suffrage it do?

CAPTAIN SCOTT is to remain in the Antarctic region another winter. Great head, cap. If it's as bad next winter in Chicago we will join you.

OFFICIAL Photographer Gross is to take a flashlight of the bunch at the fancy dress party April 20. Come early and get into the picture.

"PHOSSY jaw" is not a mother-in-law disease although it is prevalent among match makers.

HEADLINE: "Col. Dewey Wires Hitchcock Protesting against Activities of Postmasters!" How the Col. must shudder at his narrow escape from being one of those horrid postmasters!

IF that is politics, make the most of it!

WE did.

ARNOLD Bennett's first travel article in the April Harper's deals with his trip over and some of his experiences in New York. In the May installment it is to be hoped he will reach the United States.

WE hate to knock a former guest (although we shiver to think of what he will do to US) but said article does not live up to the travesties thereon perpetrated by Warner and Darlington at the Bennett dinner.

ALMOST anyone can win with tranquility but all the world loves a good loser.

MEANING? Oh, nothing. Don't be so touchy!

MANY confirmed rum players deserted their shrines to call on T. R.

SOME enthusiasm!

BUT they returned to their regular business with more enthusiasm after hearing Mr. Revell's little speech of regrets.

FROM THE FIFTH FLOOR.

Here are two from the fifth floor. We are afraid we have been neglecting the most interesting floor in the building:

"My ole man jest abuses me terrible an' makes me wuk fer him all de time."

"That is the way the men all are, Auntie. They think we women are side issues."

"Yas'm. Dat's right. Jest side dishes."

And another: C. L. asked his missus to help him pick out a new suit. (That is why C. L. always looks so well dressed.)

"Do you need a suit?" she asked.

"Do I? The fellows at the club use me for a mirror in adjusting their ties." He won his suit.

Mayor Harrison recently had a wart removed from his tongue. Possibly it was only a callous.

ARE the numerous young people who started on their downward careers "joy riding" victims of auto suggestion?

ALIENISTS examined the young lady who wore a \$250 hat to the C. U. How about the married gink who paid for it? Some nut cracker ought to look into him.

"Back to the Camera" should be the cry of some of these lithographed candidates. J. U. H.

THE PRESS CLUB PIN.

A new supply of Press Club pins has been received. Every member should wear "the emblem of the order." The gold pins may be had at the Press Club office for \$2.50 and the silver pins for fifty cents.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, April 13, 1912.

Number 27.

THE PRESS CLUB'S BENEFIT.

On Tuesday evening, April 16, the first general rehearsal for the Press Club Benefit will be held at the Club. On that evening formal announcement will be made of the exact date for the Benefit and the theater where the big event will be staged.

As a small sample of what promises to be the biggest show of the kind ever staged in Chicago, it is only necessary to announce that there will be seventy-five voices in the opening chorus. Further than that, we're not telling secrets, but the performance will be backed by a positive guarantee that it will be far better than a "minstrel show." That's one of the chief reasons why the Club is seeking an appropriate name for the Benefit—a name that will expand sufficiently to give the general public a fair idea of the magnitude of a performance that will be "so different" from any ever witnessed in this city before.

W. J. ("Our Own Billy") Way has been made general director of the benefit, with Banks Winter and William J. Jossey, associate directors. George L. Louis is secretary of the general committee to have charge of the entertainment. Alfred Hiles Bergen has been appointed musical director.

SELIG CONTEST CLOSES.

The two hundred dollar special prize contest of the Selig Polyscope company, among members of the Press Club of Chicago, closed at six o'clock this afternoon. Five judges, two selected by the Club, two by the Selig company and the fifth by both jointly, will inspect the manuscripts submitted and make the awards. President Malloch has appointed Messrs. W. M. Roberts and L. T. Goble as judges representing the Club.

The contest called for articles on the general theme of "Moving Pictures," and each member of the Club was privileged to submit as many as he desired.

TO RECEIVE WEATHER MAPS.

H. B. Hersey, official in charge of the Chicago office of the United States Weather Bureau, has placed the Press Club of Chicago on Bureau's mailing list for the daily weather forecast and the large weather charts as they are issued, effective April 12, 1912.

BERGEN CONCERT TOMORROW.

Tomorrow afternoon, April 14, at the Whitney opera house, Alfred Hiles Bergen, Chicago's splendid baritone and an active member of the Press Club, will give a recital for the benefit of the Club. The hour is three o'clock.

Mr. Bergen will be greeted by a large and representative audience as the seat sale has been good. A number of choice seats may still be obtained at the box office of the Press Club.



ALFRED HILES BERGEN.

Chicago's best baritone, who will appear in a recital at the Whitney Opera House, Sunday afternoon, April 14, for the Benefit of the Press Club.

either in person or by mail. Telephone orders will also receive prompt attention. All seats are one dollar each, and the entire proceeds, which Mr. Bergen has agreed so generously to give, will be applied to the Press Club's floating indebtedness.

The accompanist for the afternoon will be Charles Lurvey who enjoys the reputation of being one of the greatest in the country.

Charles Lederer, chairman of the art committee, has engrossed a quotation from the Marquis of Queensbury regarding the Press Club for a permanent place on the club walls.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Sunday afternoon, April 14, 3 o'clock—Recital by Alfred Hiles Bergen at Whitney Opera House.

Tuesday evening, April 16, 8 o'clock—First Dress Rehearsal for the Press Club's benefit, at the Club Rooms.

Saturday evening, April 20—Fancy Dress Ball. (Ladies' Night.)

PILGRIMAGE TO "OLD ST. JOE."

The Benton Harbor (Mich.) News-Palladium of April 1st says:

A pilgrimage to the grave of Ben King, now marked by a boulder taken from the old St. Joe, the stream to which the St. Joseph poet dedicated his most delightful lays, will be made by the Chicago Press Club on Blossom Sunday in May. At an informal luncheon tendered by the Chicago newspaper men's society to Walter E. Banyon on Saturday, Mr. Banyon invited the club to come to Michigan on Blossom Sunday, pay a visit to the grave of Ben King and then enjoy a tour of the fruit belt when it is dressed in its most gorgeous colors. President Douglas Malloch of the club accepted the invitation.

At the luncheon on Saturday Mr. Banyon charmed his hearers with selections from Riley and Ben King.

The Press Club has received the following invitation to visit St. Joseph and Benton Harbor in May, and is planning to send a large delegation:

At a meeting of the business men of St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, held at the Hotel Whitcomb last evening, I, as secretary, was instructed to extend the Chicago Press Club, through you, its president, an invitation to visit St. Joseph on "Blossom Sunday."
(MISS) M. E. HOOPER.

ON PHILANTHROPIC MISSION.

Brig. Gen. Franclyn Elbert Davis, Ph. D., M. D., of New York, adjutant general of the National Volunteer Emergency service and a non-resident member of the Press Club of Chicago, is making his headquarters at the Club during his two weeks' stay in the city. Gen. Davis is traveling over the country organizing physicians and nurses of every community a local corps of the national organization and is in Chicago for that purpose.

The National Volunteer Emergency service is similar to the Red Cross and was established to meet all emergencies threatening the health of the community in both peace and war. The work is purely volunteer and philanthropic.

Gen. Davis is a member of the committee on public health in New York state and served through the war in the Philippines as a surgeon with the 32d New York volunteers.

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER.

For the convenience of the members of the Press Club, a public stenographer may be found at the third floor office.

OBITUARY.

Harry Mason Scovel.

Harry Mason Scovel, an oldtime newspaper man and an honorary member of the Press Club of Chicago, died Tuesday, April 9th, of general decline, at the Home for Incurables, 5535 Ellis avenue, in his 82d year. When he was 14 years old he went to work on the Detroit Advertiser as a printer's "devil." He became an expert compositor, and went to the Detroit Free Press in 1852. The next year he was transferred to the editorial staff.

In those days the exchange editor was a much more important personage than now. The telegraph was new, expensive, and uncertain, and was used by newspapers only occasionally. News other than local was reprinted from the papers of one city by those of another.

In Detroit Mr. Scovel acquired a reputation for speed, judgment and accuracy in getting the news out of other papers into his own that moved Wilbur F. Storey to bring him to Chicago in 1861 as exchange and telegraph editor of the Times.

The late Franc E. Wilkie, in his book of reminiscences, "Thirty-five Years of Journalism," has a graphic picture of Scovel in action in the Times between 11 p. m., when the New York papers arrived, and midnight, when the Times had to go to press.

In 1865 Mr. Scovel joined Charles A. Dana in starting the new Chicago Republican, which later became the Inter Ocean. His eyes caused his retirement from business several years ago.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Sally Salt, by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, presented by the Bobbs-Merrill company, publishers, Indianapolis, Indiana.

President's Report for 1910-11 of the University of Chicago.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF SUMMER QUARTER COURSES, University of Chicago.

"FOR BETTER CROPS," a service book for farmers, by J. E. Buck, issued by the International Harvester Co.

"HOW THE SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS HIRED AND FIRED AN EDITOR-IN-CHIEF," by Hollis W. Field.

"POLLYVOOLY," by Edgar Jepson, Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Back to the Land, Hill's reference guide, presented to the Club by Thomas E. Hill.

THANKS, MILWAUKEE; WE'LL COME.

At its regular meeting on April 3d, the Milwaukee Press Club adopted the following resolutions, a copy of which was sent to the Press Club of Chicago:

Resolved, That the Milwaukee Press Club and its individual members hereby express to the Press Club of Chicago and its individual members, the warmest appreciation of the entertainment at the Chicago Club Rooms on Saturday night, March 23, and that, resolutions being inadequate, the invitation is hereby extended to the Press Club of Chicago to be the guests of the Milwaukee Press Club on some date to be decided upon later, at which time proper steps shall be taken to do the thanking in person instead of by resolutions.

Secretary L. E. Meyer of the Milwaukee Press Club sent the following letter with the resolutions to President Douglas Malloch of the Press Club of Chicago:

Dear Mr. Malloch: It is my great pleasure to convey to you and the Press Club of Chicago the attached copy of resolutions adopted at our regular monthly meeting last night.

Words failed us when we attempted to formulate a resolution that would fully express our sentiments, as will be evident by the reading thereof.

I wish I could tell you of the many things we propose to do on that "some date to be decided upon later," but my lips are sealed and I am sworn to silence.

Suffice to say that if it is possible to excel "the world's greatest event," the M. P. C. boys will do it. You and yours may prepare at once for the fray. In the language of the immortals: "B'lieve me, it will be SOME fray."

With kind personal regards, I am,

Faithfully yours,

L. E. MEYER,
Secretary.

P. S.—We will talk over arrangements for our festival when you come to Milwaukee on Monday evening, April 8

PLEASE POSE PRETTILY.

Have you done so? The Press Club wants your framed, autographed photograph to add to its collection. This gallery should contain the picture of every member of the Club. If you have no suitable picture of yourself J. Ellsworth Gross, photographer, will make one at noon on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. A nominal charge will be made for the picture unframed in the billiard room.

It getteth ye secretary's goat when members send us mail addressed to the Press Club, in the Boyce Building. There is no objection to the Boyce Building, but members want to remember that they are in their own building; that their Club is the largest in the world; that the location is central; that the facilities are complete; that the latch string is always out, and the knot holds; that here we have companionship, fellowship and mental pabulum. Come on in, the going's fine.

OPIE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

John Bramhall, who has acclimated himself in California and touts the climate like a native-born, writes that Opie Read wandered to Auburn lately in the thought that he had a lecture date in that town. Opie couldn't find Bram Johnhall, nor could he find anyone who looked like a lyceum date.

John concludes "If anyone asks Opie his opinion of the native sons of California, he will probably tell you that they are a rude but hospitable people; that they are impulsive and emotional like most primitive people, but lacking in a sense of humor; and that when next he carries pearls to the companions of Ulysses he will seek them in Borneo or Timbuctoo. Well, well, it's a queer world, my masters. Also, lyceum bureaus ought to be run more lyceumly."

NEW PRESS CLUB SONG.

Copies of the new Press Club song, by Geo. L. Louis, that was sung at the Press Club Thursday night, can be secured at the office of the Club for 10 cents each, to cover cost of printing. Every member should have a copy.

IMPORTANT!

Matter intended for publication in the Press Club Bulletin should be turned in at the Bulletin office on the 3rd floor of the Press Club Building, not later than 1:00 p. m. each Wednesday.

RECENT VISITORS.

Edward Emery and Richard Mitchell of New York, guests of C. W. Collins.

H. A. Storrs, Denver, Col., guest of B. A. Ulrich. Lawrence Griswold, New York, guest of Geo. B. Hische.

J. G. Hillard, Denver, Col., guest of D. H. Anderson.

Louis Seibold, New York, guest of John Fay.

H. M. Glenny, Milwaukee, Wis., guest of T. J. Kendall.

COMING EVENTS

Tuesday evening, April 9—Press Club minstrel meeting.

Saturday afternoon, April 13—Monthly business meeting.

Sunday afternoon, April 14—Recital by Alfred Hiles Bergen at Whitney Opera House.

Tuesday evening, April 16—First dress rehearsal for the Press Club Benefit at the Club-rooms at 8 o'clock.

Saturday, April 20—Fancy dress ball. (Ladies' night.)

Monday noon, April 22—Luncheon to Dr. Lyman Abbott of New York, editor of the Outlook.

Saturday evening, April 27—Recital by Mrs. Clarence B. Dickson, reader; Miss Klare M. DeVine, soprano; Mr. Warren P. Watters, baritone; Kurt Wanick, pianist; Hans Hess, violoncello soloist. (Ladies' night.)

Saturday evening, May 4—Readings by Wallace Bruce Ambury (Ladies' night)

Monday noon, May 13—Luncheon to Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

Terms of Subscription: By mail, postage prepaid, Fifty Cents per year; single copy, Five Cents.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

President Douglas Maloch returned Tuesday, April 9, from a week's trip to the north woods of Wisconsin and upper Michigan. At Wells, Mich., he was the guest of Richard E. MacLean, a life member of the Press Club of Chicago. At Milwaukee, Monday evening, April 8, he was tendered an informal reception by the Milwaukee Press club, many of the survivors of the recent smoker given the Milwaukee Press club by the Press Club of Chicago at Chicago Saturday night, March 23, gathering to talk over the event, which the Milwaukee boys think about the best thing that ever happened.

Leonard Bronson, manager of the National Lumber Manufacturers' association and a veteran trade journalist, has arrived from Tacoma, Wash., and will move his office to this city. He is occupying temporary quarters at 413 Fisher building.

J. B. Mansfield left Wednesday, April 10, on a three months' tour through the British Isles and on the Continent.

Fred Pelham has returned from a business trip of several weeks in New York and the East.

John R. Gregg, of New York, one of the "old guard" of the Press Club of Chicago, is living at the Club during his ten days' stay in Chicago in the interests of his publishing business.

LeRoy T. Goble, formerly publicity manager for the Hazel Pure Food company is now with the H. S. Peterson company of Chicago.

EASTERN SCRIBES COMING.

J. H. Baumgartner, press representative of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company, is arranging for a special train which will bring a party of 300 eastern newspaper men to the Republican national convention in June. Mr. Baumgartner will make the Press Club his headquarters during the convention.

THIRD FLOOR FOR RENT.

The Southern Club has vacated the third floor of the Press Club building and gone into larger quarters. The third floor is for rent and any member having in mind a likely tenant is requested to notify the office of the Press Club.

If you think the membership don't appreciate the Bulletin just listen to a man whose copy has missed fire.

THE PIPE

THE Primaries are over!

THE country is saved!

LET us hope they will not save the bands!

SURELY life had enough crosses without the primary ballot.

ANOTHER roar and we are done. The mail on Monday was so cluttered up with auto-eulogies that the noon deliveries were delayed an hour. Is anyone ever converted either by the faces depicted on campaign literature or the statements made by men with such faces?

OUR OWN H-RB-RT K-FM-N.

PLAY the GAME! Get the MOST points out of your HAND! You cannot be IN every WINNING or WIN every INNING. QUIT and you're it. DO IT or you'll RUE IT! It isn't what you WRITE that counts but what you RIGHT! GET BUSY! HEAD the PARADE but do not PARADE the HEAD! LYING in wait is better than WAITING in LINE. LYING in WEIGHT is still more profitable. If you can't Practice, PREACH. If you can't Walk, TALK. If you can't Hobble, GABBLE. STALL for it and the Public will FALL for it! Gee, it's great to be crazy!

Henry W. Lee, of Calumet, the original Pipe man, is back from Washington, New York and other oyster towns. Mr. Lee asked the Secretary of War for more water. He has been on the wagon nearly a year. Hence.

To our unknown correspondent: Thanks, Mr. Lee. Send in some more.

WE WROTE THIS OURSELVES. . . .

We have been receiving communications signed W. R. B. from various eastern points indicating a state of ecstatic hilarity on the part of the sender, whose initials we did not recognize. Last week's BULLETIN announced the engagement of W. R. Barnes and solved the mystery. Everyone who knows MR. Barnes, and most of us do, wish him all the joy he expects. He is one of the few bridegrooms on our list for whom our longest retrospection holds not the faintest suspicion of a knock.

TO THE PIPE.

A half a plunk I plunked with cheer to get your paper for a year, and reading it with many a smile decided that I'd keep a file of Flaccus' jokes and of the tribe who burn their wisdom in the Pipe. But let me tell you now and here, that if you miss one number's cheer and undertake to break my file, you'll rouse my temper and my bile! Nuff Sed.

YOU cannot scare US with your bluff, although we're glad you like our stuff. We dearly love a fearless scribe who dares to couple "Pipe" with "tribe."

ARNOLD Bennett is learning to condense. He crossed the Atlantic and reached his N. Y. hotel in ten Harper's Magazine pages. Clayhanger would have made that much copy between his cab and the Liverpool docks.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Casey (on foot): Darn that chauffeur! Why don't he look where he is going? Drunk, probably.

Casey (in a taxi): Why don't that fool get out of the way? He needs a little dog and a string.

A great deal of curiosity has been manifested as to what WE are going to wear to the Fancy Dress Party. We are sworn to secrecy, but it will be worth coming miles to see.

WHY doesn't someone get a fur cap, a sealskin overcoat and a pair of skis and come as "The Spirit of Spring?"

L. T. G. threatens red tights and a Mephisto outfit. Thereby hangs a tale. He will look like the ——— character he portrays—in tights.—J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, April 20, 1912.

Number 28.

"PRESS CLUB SCOOP"

With such a significant title as the "Press Club Scoop," the performance to be given at the Colonial theater in May, under the auspices of the Press Club of Chicago, promises to be one of the most unusual and unique shows ever staged in Chicago. And that's going some.

The performance will be in four parts, three "shows and an olio." Opie Read, Richard Henry Little, Harry Shekdon White, John U. Higinbotham, Douglas Malloch and other Chicago humorists and librettists are now working on the "book," which they promise will be a scream from start to finish, while Alfred Hiles Bergen, George L. Louis, Edward C. Moore and other Chicago musicians are composing the music. W. J. Way will be general director, with able assistance from other Chicago entertainers and theatrical men.

"Cartoonland" Big Feature.

Instead of the usual minstrel first part that feature will be called "A Night at the Press Club," and will introduce some of the Press Club's best talent in characteristic stunts. There will be singing and local gags galore, and most of Chicago's best-known public characters will come in for a lampooning at the hands of the newspaper men. The first part will close with an unusual number called "Cartoonland," when the comic supplement will be transferred to the stage and the best-known comic characters familiar to readers of the Sunday editions of Chicago newspapers will be presented in real life. A unique feature of this act will be the setting of the scenery by a group of notable "stagehands," prominent Chicagoans serving in this capacity for one night only.

Our Own Candidate.

There will be the usual olio. One of its most unique features will be furnished by eight of Chicago's leading cartoonists, who will appear on the stage at one time drawing rapid fire comics. Chicago will thus have opportunity to see the cartoon in the making by some of its favorite cartoonists.

The real scream will come in the afterpiece, an "Advance Edition of the Republican National Convention." The newspaper men will stage that event according to their own ideas

(Continued on page 110, column 1.)

RECITAL ON SATURDAY, APRIL 27.

Five clever artists, who have won positions of prominence in the musical and dramatic world, will appear before the Press Club of Chicago in a recital next Saturday evening, April 27. They are Mrs. Clarence B. Dickson, reader; Miss Klare M. DeVine, colorature soprano, who is booked for all next season with the Redpath-Slayton bureau; Mr. Warren P. Watters, baritone; Mr. Kurt Wanieck, pianist; Mr. Hans Hess, violoncello soloist. As an additional pleasing feature for the evening, Miss Ruth Stonehouse will appear in a number of classical dances.

The entertainment committee of the Press Club is pleased at its success in securing these clever artists, and their appearance here promises to be one of the most enjoyable events of the season. The evening will be ladies' night at the Press Club.

The following is the program:

Sonata for Piano and Cello in F Major.

- (a) Andantine Strauss
(b) Vivace.

Mr. Wanieck and Mr. Hess.

Classical Dancer.

Miss Ruth Stonehouse.

Reading.

- (a) Back Bong Dorothy Dix
(b) Two Letters and Two Telegrams Clyde Fitch
Mrs. Dickson.

Solo.

- (a) The Eagle Busch
(b) A Spirit Flower Campbell Timpton
(c) June Lulu Jones Downing
Mr. Watters.

- (a) Sonetto del Petrarca Liszt
(b) Eroica Liszt

Mr. Wanieck.

Solo.

- (a) Die Bocca Arditi
(b) I List the Trill in Golden Throat, from Natoma Victor Herbert
(c) An Open Secret Woodman

Miss DeVine.

Reading.

- (a) A Social Promoter Wilbur Nesbit
(b) The Last Straw Richard Little
Mrs. Dickson.

Kol Nidrei Busch
Mr. Hess.

A Baldwin piano will be used on the occasion.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT AT THE CLUB.

On next Monday, April 22, the Press Club of Chicago will have Dr. Lyman Abbott, the distinguished editor of the Outlook, New York, as its guest. Dr. Abbott will be tendered an informal luncheon at noon, and is expected to have something of vital interest to say to those members present.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Monday noon, April 22—Luncheon to Dr. Lyman Abbott, of New York, editor of the Outlook.

Tuesday evening, April 23, 7 o'clock—"Press Club Scoop" meeting in the library.

Saturday evening, April 27—Recital by Mrs. Clarence B. Dickson, reader; Miss Klare M. DeVine, colorature soprano; Mr. Warren P. Waters, baritone; Mr. Kurt Wanieck, pianist; Mr. Hans Hess, violoncello soloist.

"PRESS CLUB SCOOP."

(Continued from page 109, column 1.)

and will save the Republican party the trouble of selecting a presidential candidate. Taft, Roosevelt, Bryan, Wilson, Clark, LaFollette and other national figures will appear by proxy and there will be a number of "contesting delegations." Many well-known persons will be played "by themselves."

Fifty or more members of the Press Club will appear in the show, assisted by a male chorus of 100.

TUESDAY NIGHT MEETING.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the bunch who are working to produce the Press Club Scoop in May (which circle, gentle reader, you are urged to join) was held in the Press Club library Tuesday night. There was a general discussion of acts for the olio and "business" for the first part and afterpiece. George S. Wood, Stanly H. Twist and W. J. Way were appointed a committee on theater, and these and other members were assigned to rounding up the olio.

Steps were also taken for securing immediately a capable and experienced manager, who will have complete charge of the production. This gentleman will have absolute authority in the selection of acts and drilling of the participants.

The next meeting of the Scoopists will be held in the Press Club library Tuesday evening, April 23, at 7 o'clock, and every member of the Press Club who would like to do something for the Club is urged to be present at that time so that complete organization may be effected.

FIRST BOX IS SOLD.

David B. Clarkson, the publisher, and a member of the Press Club, was the first purchaser of a box for the Press Club Scoop, to be given at the Colonial Theater, Saturday matinee and night, May 25. Mr. Clarkson attended a rehearsal Friday night at the club as a spectator and was so enthused that he immediately subscribed for a box, agreeing to pay \$100 therefor. He explained it this way:

"I am going South for a short time and will not be here to be doing the work I ought to be

doing as a member of the club for the success of this affair. As I cannot be here to help I want to do something else, and I am buying the box with the understanding that that will be accepted as my share of the work."

THE SALE OF TICKETS.

Tickets for the Press Club Scoop in May for the benefit of the Press Club will be placed on sale at the Press Club, May 1. Each member will be asked to purchase for use or sale among non-members not less than \$10 worth of the pasteboards. With this activity on the part of the membership the Scoop is bound to be a success.

FANCY DRESS BALL TONIGHT.

In the words of J. U. H. the fancy dress ball tonight, April 20, will be worth coming miles to see, if for no other reason than to gaze upon what J. U. H. is going to wear. The affair promises to be a decidedly unique one, and great preparations are being made by members in creating costumes of unique, comical and artistic designs.

The ball will not be a masque affair. Suitable prizes will be awarded, and of course the occasion is ladies' night at the Press Club.

RECITAL MOST ENJOYABLE.

Before a large and appreciative audience, "our own" Alfred Hiles Bergen, Chicago's best-known baritone, gave a recital at the Whitney Opera House, Sunday afternoon, April 14. Through Mr. Bergen's generosity the recital was for the benefit of the Press Club, of which he is an active member.

A most enjoyable feature of the varied program of the afternoon was reserved for the last group of songs, two of Mr. Bergen's own compositions, "Fairy and Child" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

The accompanist for the afternoon was Charles Lurvey, one of the greatest in the country, whose work was most pleasing.

AMONG THE MEMBERS.

Marshall D. Ewell is enjoying a vacation at Sarasota, Fla.

W. L. Odett of the Beloit, Wis., Daily News is spending a few days in Chicago.

DALLAS (TEX.) CLUB'S ANNUAL.

That live wire bunch, the Dallas (Tex.) Press Club, pulled off a "great show" on the occasion of their annual entertainment at the Dallas opera house on the evening of Wednesday, April 10, according to clippings from Dallas newspapers received by the Bulletin. The boys and their show pulled down whole col-y-mns with fotygrafs and spread heads in the newspapers of the day after. Even the large delegation from Fort Worth who witnessed the performance admitted it was clever, and rivalry between the two cities is mos' pow'ful. The big feature of the show was a clever newspaper skit with the scene laid in the city room of a metropolitan daily during the rush hour.

CALIFORNIA'S CHOICEST.

Through the thoughtfulness of John T. Bramhall, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Auburn, Cal., the Press Club recently received a large box of assorted fruit products from the vicinity of Auburn and several bottles of choice wine from the Placer county winery, which holds first place for sweet wines in California. Among the products sent with "prayers and a blessing to the glorious company of good fellows" were six varieties of citrus fruit, figs, nuts, olive oil and pickled olives and the wine.

Our Friend Bramhall writes:

"I have omitted the wine—not from the box, but from the list—and I beg that you will drink it in memory of your old friend and well-wisher, and with good opinion of his friends here in beautiful Auburn, the loveliest village of the foothills."

A PEACH OF A TRIP.

"Blossom Sunday," the first or second Sunday in May, the business men of St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., will entertain the members of the Press Club of Chicago and their ladies. Upon arrival the Press Club will be met by a local delegation and the day's entertainment will include an auto tour of the peach orchards, a visit to the grave of Ben King, and a dinner at the Hotel Whitcomb.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday, April 20—Fancy dress ball. (Ladies' night.)

Monday noon, April 22—Luncheon to Dr. Lyman Abbott of New York, editor of the Outlook.

Tuesday evening, April 23: "Press Club Scoop" meeting in the library at 7 o'clock.

Saturday evening, April 27—Recital by Mrs. Clarence B. Dickson, reader; Miss Klare M. DeVine, soprano; Mr. Warren P. Watters, baritone; Kurt Wanick, pianist; Hans Hess, violoncello soloist. (Ladies' night.)

Saturday evening, May 4—Readings by Wallace Bruce Amsbury (ladies' night).

Monday noon, May 13—Luncheon to Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GRATITUDE.

This is a true story, briefly true at any rate, of A. B. C., an active member of the Press Club. A look at the roster may make possible his identification.

A. B. C. visited a logging camp in East Texas several years ago. One dull Sunday afternoon after a heavy shower he wandered out of camp. Supper time came, but no alphabet. About 9 o'clock his companion organized a relief expedition. The equipment included lanterns, shotguns, revolvers, fox horns, hounds and other noise factories. Five miles from camp a negro was encountered. At sight of the armament he raised his hands, exclaiming: "Fore de lohd, boss, I ain't done nothin'." He had not seen anything of the wanderer.

Searching a 25,000-acre swamp at night is slow work. The relieving party held a consultation at 1 a. m., and decided to return to camp for reinforcement. While the boss was calling out the men the lost man's companion decided to replenish the supply of smokes. Entering the room they shared he stumbled over a heap of clothes on the floor. He struck a light and by its flickering glass beheld the alphabet peacefully slumbering. Mechanically he lighted a lamp. He gazed for a moment at his figure reflected in the glass, at his soaked clothing, at the whiteness of his flannels relieved by the slime of fallen logs over which he had clambered, and burst out: "Say, you! What in tarnation do you mean by getting lost and not staying lost 'till you're found by the relief expedition?"

He emphasized his remarks with a water soaked shoe flung with well directed aim. "Bout time you was getting in. Put out the light," mumbled the figure in the bed.

"Do you know we've been beating that blasted swamp for five hours?" stormed the rescuer.

"Go to bed. I wanna sleep," replied the lately misplaced alphabet.

"Just one shot left in this old 44 and as a friend of society I know how I ought to use it," soliloquized the angry rescuer.

"That's nothing. I was in there from 2 in the afternoon till midnight. Found a section line and followed it out to the railroad. Now shut up and let me sleep."

THE EXTENSION FUND.

| | |
|------------------------------|----------|
| Previously acknowledged..... | \$103.85 |
| Francis Beidler..... | 5.00 |
| J. W. Hirst..... | 5.00 |
| D. G. Joyce..... | 5.00 |
| Chas. W. Kayser..... | 5.00 |
| Joseph Wright..... | 1.00 |
| R. A. Halley..... | 1.00 |
| Geo. Sutherland..... | 5.00 |
| F. D. Abbott..... | 2.50 |

Total\$133.35

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Say "hello" to any of the boys who knew me in life. With best wishes.

E. W. MILLER.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

Terms of Subscription: By mail, postage prepaid, Fifty Cents per year; single copy, Five Cents.

APRIL CLUB MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the Press Club of Chicago was held on Saturday, April 13, with President Malloch in the chair and the following members present: Davieson, Henderson, Louis, Greene, McGovern, Roderus, Hische, Malloch, Ulrich, Way, Taylor, Kissock, Read, Sergel, Baker, McIntyre, Brown, Chas. W. Pickard, Waterloo, Fox, Knox, Hobart, Purchase, Osborne, McVitty, Buck, Stahl, Higinbotham, Dickson, Hanson, Twist, Bennett. M. E. Dickson was appointed secretary pro tem.

Charles N. Wheeler was unanimously elected recording secretary.

The following applicants for membership were elected:

| Name. | Sponsor. |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Asa G. Adams..... | Douglas Malloch |
| R. P. Burkhalter..... | B. Beecher Osborne |

ACTIVE.

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| W. M. Baxter, contributor..... | Wm. J. Jossey |
| Hubert H. Browden, Farm Life..... | Geo. B. Hische |
| Jay Cairns, Record-Herald..... | Charles N. Wheeler |
| Wm. J. Cochran, Tribune..... | Charles N. Wheeler |
| Wm. J. Culver, Examiner..... | Charles N. Wheeler |
| John I. Day, Inter Ocean..... | W. E. Moore |
| J. W. Donahue, publisher..... | Douglas Malloch |
| W. F. Donahue, publisher..... | Charles Lederer |
| Herman Frank, former member..... | B. Beecher Osborne |
| C. W. Holloway, publicity manager..... | M. E. Dickson |
| Harry P. Inman, Chicago American..... | A. E. Ormes |
| G. H. Larke, publisher..... | Geo. B. Hische |
| Frederick J. Mohr, technical writer..... | A. Milo Bennett |
| Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, journalist..... | Douglas Malloch |
| Sidney Smith, Tribune..... | L. R. Merrell |
| N. K. Zlotnicki, editor and publisher..... | Ed. L. Kolakowski |

NON-RESIDENT.

| | |
|---|------------------|
| J. Hampton Baumgartner, press rep..... | Douglas Malloch |
| F. E. Culp, author..... | Frank Roderus |
| Henry S. Fisk, publisher..... | Guy Blanchard |
| Frank Graham, dramatic writer and author..... | G. Cooke Adams |
| R. M. Johnston, newspaper publisher..... | Douglas Malloch |
| Walter Rosenfield, publisher..... | Chas. N. Wheeler |
| W. V. Tufford, former member..... | Douglas Malloch |

DIRECTORS' MEETING, APRIL 11.

The Board of Directors of the Press Club met in adjourned session Thursday, April 11, with President Malloch in the chair and Messrs. Fox, Osborne, Henderson and Lederer present. The financial secretary's report was read and approved.

Vouchers amounting to \$805.56 were recommended and approved for payment.

DIRECTORS' MEETING, APRIL 13.

The board of Directors of the Press Club met in regular session Saturday, April 13, with President Malloch in the chair and Messrs. Baker, Henderson, Osborne and Lederer present. Mr. Lederer acted as recording secretary.

The report of the financial secretary was read and approved, and on motion of Mr. Baker, seconded by Mr. Henderson, warrants were drawn on the treasurer to pay bills amounting to \$578.65.

President Malloch appointed Mr. Lederer a member of the auditing committee, vice Mr. Ashcroft, resigned.

The State Microscopical Society of Illinois met in the Press Club rooms, Thursday evening, April 11. Professor C. DeWitt of Valparaiso, Ind., gave an illustrated lecture on "Cancer and Its Dangers," and Professor G. E. Marsh of Armour Institute demonstrated a new photomicrographic apparatus.

THE PIPE

CHEER up, Pres. Taft!

IT is not the first time that a Broadway success has encountered low temperature in the Middle West.

LOOK at the weather we have been having!

EARLY in April we are noisily for Taft. Now we are still—for Taft.

JUST as we feared, splitting our influence has caused heltpay with the Democratic nomination for lieutenant-governor. Eight to five some Irishman gets it.

THE C. G. W. railroad has an attack of Bulletinitis. Its offering was probably read by almost everyone in Cook county but the railroad employes. Our idea of no one to hand a pamphlet to is a brakeman.

ONE of its merry little quips (R. H. Little please write) reads: "Don't give the injured person alcohol. One shock at a time is sufficient. Give water instead." How about the shock resultant from giving him any attention whatever?

MR. H. G. WELLS' college professor in "Marriage" asks: "Aren't I feminist?" Hardly enough, we venture to suggest, to warrant the plural verb.

THE weather man refers to the "low mean temperature" of the first three months of 1912. He said something.

THE "deficiency" was over 600 degrees.

HE must think he is running a private bank.

CHEER up! Old Sol will resume specie payments in a month or so—by degrees.

IT will be hotternell was when Dawson failed to meet her at the Monon!

OUR LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

Emerson Hough is given three columns in the New York Times literary supplement of April 7 to demonstrate that book reviewing is not an exact science. Bless our heart! Neither is play reviewing, nor for that matter supreme court deciding. We regard book reviewers as Comiskey does umpires—"Honest, but jokes." Why should we expect anything else of any human critic or judge? The consolatory thought to us is that the average reviewer in trying to be fair usually is kinder to the book under consideration than it deserves. If WE wrote as well as some reviewers have accused us of writing, do you suppose we would be running a colyum—and fer nuthin', Mawruss?

THE small boy who defined Ulster as a sore place must have read the home rule news from Ireland.

WHO was the Irish statesman who a few years ago coined the words "ulsteria" and "ulsterical"?

OH, WE NEARLY FORGOT!

Since the baseball season's opened,

Her's the way the thing is reckoned:

The tenth page is the first page

And the first page comes in second.

"WHEN IT COMES HOME."

We went to the Illinois Theater Monday and saw and heard "When It Comes Home" by Augustus Thomas. It is the best thing he has done since "Arizona," and for anyone to beat "Arizona" for us will necessitate our being born again into the blood red youth that first shouted itself hoarse over that great American play. In his new play Mr. Thomas weaves his lessons into his fabric in the most natural way. His situations are not theatric. They are inevitable. As Bill Nye once said, he gets the border on without puckering the drama.

AT DUNNING.

"Here's a man seventy years old who plays golf."

"That's nix. I know a man who played tennis at 90—Fahrenheit."—J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, April 27, 1912.

Number 29.

"PRESS CLUB SCOOP"

With Otis B. Thayer, prominent in the stage world as a former well known actor and a producer of a number of successful plays, in entire charge of the production of the Press Club "Scoop" to be given Saturday matinee and night, May 25, at the Colonial theater, an important rehearsal was held at the Press Club library Tuesday evening, April 23. The attendance was large and the meeting was a most enthusiastic one.

During the evening a majority of the parts were assigned to different members of the club and rehearsals will be held on Tuesday and Friday nights of each week, and at such other times as are necessary.

A "Star" Himself.

The Press Club is particularly fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Thayer as the producer and stage director for the coming play, as his experience has been a varied one. For seven years Mr. Thayer starred with a production known as "Sweet Clover" and was also principal comedian for several seasons with Dave Henderson. He is well known in Chicago as the second lessee of the Great Northern theater.

In common with a large number of those whose talents have been devoted to stage productions, Mr. Thayer has recently turned his entire attention to the moving picture world, and is at present the producer of moving pictures for the Selig Polyscope Company of Chicago.

TICKETS FOR THE PRESS CLUB SCOOP.

Tickets for the "Press Club Scoop" at the Colonial theater have been placed on sale at the office of the Press Club. Each member of the club is requested to send in his order for as many tickets as he can sell or use. The tickets are one dollar each.

A quota of ten tickets has been set aside for each member of the club, but members who can sell or wish to use or distribute more will be gladly supplied. Members are asked to send in their order for the tickets immediately. Such response will greatly encourage those who are working hard to make the affair a financial and artistic success. An absolutely unique per-

(Continued on page 114, column 1.)

GOVERNOR HARMON TO BE GUEST.

Governor Judson Harmon, of Ohio, candidate for the democratic nomination for the presidency, will arrive in Chicago Saturday morning, May 4, to be the guest of the Press Club at luncheon that noon. More than four hundred invitations to be the guest of various organizations throughout the country, have been declined and his Texas campaign will be shortened one day in order that Governor Harmon can come to Chicago at this time to be the guest of the Press Club.

Governor Harmon will arrive in Chicago direct from his tour of Texas. The luncheon given in his honor will be in the sixth floor dining room at 12:30 o'clock. Club members are requested to make reservations for seats promptly as the demand will be heavy. Tickets are fifty cents and may be secured at the fourth floor office.

An autographed photograph of Governor Harmon will soon adorn the walls of the "rogue gallery" of the Press Club as his secretary has been instructed by the governor to forward one. Recently the National Press club at Washington made Governor Harmon an honorary member.

In his early days Governor Harmon thought seriously of becoming a newspaper man but changed his mind, and President Cleveland appointed him attorney general. The Ohioan is "one of the boys" just the same however.

RECITAL TONIGHT.

What promises to be one of the most enjoyable programs of entertainment arranged for a ladies' night at the Press Club will be given this evening by five well known artists, who will appear in a recital. They are Mrs. Clarence B. Dickson, reader; Miss Klare M. DeVine, colorature soprano; Mr. Warren P. Watters, baritone; Mr. Kurt Wanieck, pianist; Mr. Hans Hess, violoncello soloist. As an additional pleasing feature for the evening, Miss Ruth Stonehouse will appear in a number of classical dances. Miss DeVine will be accompanied by the States' Fadette orchestra.

The program as announced in last week's Bulletin will be rendered.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Tuesday Evening, April 30, 7 o'clock—"Press Club Scoop" Meeting.

Wednesday Noon, May 1, 12:30 o'clock—Memorial Meeting in the Club Library, in honor of Col. S. F. Norton and Harry M. Scovel, two old-time members, recently deceased.

Friday Evening, May 3, 7 o'clock—"Press Club Scoop" Meeting.

Saturday Noon, May 4, 12:30 o'clock—Luncheon to Gov. Judson Harmon of Ohio, candidate for the Democratic nomination for President of the United States.

Saturday Evening, May 4—Readings by Wallace Bruce Amsbury (ladies' night).

"PRESS CLUB SCOOP."

(Continued from Page 113, column 1.)

formance that will eclipse the merriest dramatic frolic ever seen in Chicago will result, the fame of the club will be increased and its floating indebtedness obliterated or at least greatly diminished.

Heavy Seat Sale Assured.

The tickets are in denominations of one dollar, and when the seat sale opens at the theater will be accepted as such at the box office in exchange for reserved seats. The prices of seats at the performances will be \$2, \$1.50 and \$1. Those holding exchange tickets will have the preference in securing reserved seats, as only the \$1 exchange tickets will be accepted at the box office during the first two days of the seat sale. Two of the one dollar exchange tickets will be accepted in payment for any two dollar seat, or one \$1 ticket and \$1; one one dollar ticket and 50 cents will secure a \$1.50 seat or three will secure two, and a one dollar seat may be secured for one one dollar ticket.

This is where everybody gets a chance to contribute to the success of the occasion. It is expected that the response from the membership will be so liberal that there will be few seats left for the public.

MEMORIAL MEETING NEXT WEDNESDAY.

A memorial meeting in honor of two old-time members of the Press Club of Chicago recently deceased, Col. F. S. Norton and Harry M. Scovel, will be held at noon Wednesday, May 1, in the library of the club. The members will assemble at 12:30 o'clock.

The following committee of the day has been appointed: F. D. Abbott, A. T. Packard, John McGovern, William M. Knox, Charles F. Blakely, Elton Lower and Thomas J. O'Neill.

RECENT VISITORS.

W. B. Jordan, Minneapolis, Minn., guest of W. C. Van Gilder.

Harry Kline, Seattle, Wash., guest of Roy O. Randall.

Arthur S. Riggs, of the New York Press club, is in Chicago for a few days, during which time he is making his headquarters at the Club.

TO ENTERTAIN DELEGATES.

During the four days of the annual convention of the National Press association, the Press Club of Chicago will assist in entertaining the visitors. The Illinois Press association will co-operate with the larger body and both associations will convene in Chicago on June 24 to 27, inclusive.

The tentative program for the week calls for a reception and musicale for the ladies only on Thursday afternoon, June 27. On the afternoon of the previous day the delegates will visit the Selig Polyscope company's plant, under the guidance of Stanly H. Twist, publicity director of the company and an active member of the Press Club. The delegates will have an opportunity of "getting in" a special film to be run off that day.

The reception committee for the occasion is composed of the following Press Club ladies:

Mrs. Frank D. Comerford, Chairman; Mrs. Charles Lederer, Mrs. Mason Warner, Mrs. Douglas Malloch, Mrs. Edward H. Fox, Mrs. Edgar A. Hall, Mrs. A. W. Glessner, Mrs. Frank Roderus, Mrs. Horace Ford, Mrs. Harry Hyman, Mrs. J. U. Higinbotham and Mrs. Leroy T. Goble.

Mrs. Comerford with the chairman of the entertainment committee will arrange the program, the names of the participants to be announced later.

The National Press association has a membership of over 2,000 and the Illinois Press association, three hundred. About seven hundred delegates are expected in Chicago at the meetings.

AN EVENING OF READINGS.

On Saturday evening, May 4, members of the Press Club of Chicago and their guests will have the opportunity of hearing Mr. Wallace Bruce Amsbury, a member of the Club, in a number of delightful readings. Mr. Amsbury will give his program on the sixth floor and the occasion will be ladies' night at the Club.

Mr. Amsbury is particularly noted for his excellent readings from Kipling, although he is by no means limited to reciting the works of others, having written considerable original matter. His audience at the Club will have an opportunity to hear some of his original works that evening.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Peer Stromme was visiting in Chicago this week.

M. E. Dickson gallivanted around Florida this week. He wasn't looking for the Ponce de Leon spring, for he doesn't need that kind of treatment. He went with the junket arranged by the Florida government to play up the everglade drainage project.

D. L. Hanson of Ravenswood, Petersham, Mass., has broken into Printers' Ink.

Official returns on the recent primary vote show that Barrett O'Hara, candidate for lieutenant governor on the Democratic ticket, was nominated with a plurality of 2,979. Frank D. Comerford was a strong contestant for the nomination.

Edward White has recently been honored with the appointment of chairman of the publicity committee of the Peoria (Ill.) Association of Commerce. Mr. White has had wide experience in association work and has promoted many original publicity schemes for the commercial interests of Chicago, Cleveland, Toledo and other cities.

OBITUARY.

George E. Plumbe.

George E. Plumbe, a life member of the Press Club of Chicago, died at the Garfield sanitarium, Wednesday morning, April 24, following an operation.

Mr. Plumbe was well known as statistician of the Chicago Association of Commerce, and had always taken a great interest in the welfare of the Press Club. Funeral arrangements will be announced later.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday evening, April 27—Recital by Mrs. Clarence B. Dickson, reader; Miss Klare M. DeVine, soprano; Mr. Warren P. Watters, baritone; Kurt Wanieck, pianist; Hans Hess, violoncello soloist. (Ladies' night.)

Tuesday evening, April 30: "Press Club Scoop" meeting, 7 o'clock sharp.

Wednesday noon, May 1.—Memorial meeting in the Club library in honor of Col. S. F. Norton and Harry M. Scovel, two old-time members, recently deceased.

Friday evening, May 3.—"Press Club Scoop" meeting, 7 o'clock sharp.

Saturday noon, May 4.—Luncheon to Governor Judson Harmon of Ohio, candidate for the Democratic nomination for President of the United States.

Saturday evening, May 4—Readings by Wallace Bruce Amsbury (ladies' night).

Monday noon, May 13—Luncheon to Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thursday afternoon, June 27, 2 o'clock—Reception and musicale to ladies in attendance at conventions of National and Illinois Press associations. (Date is tentative.)

DR. ABBOTT TALKS POLITICS.

"What we need is more light and less heat" was the plea of Dr. Lyman Abbott of New York, the veteran editor of the Outlook, when he spoke of what he characterized as one of the greatest political campaigns this country has ever known, in the presence of three hundred members of the Press Club Monday noon, April 22. Dr. Abbott was the Club's guest at an informal luncheon.

After affirming the statement of President Malloch that he is both an editor and a divine, Dr. Abbott explained that such a combination is possible by always being a divine.

Practically his entire talk referred to the present presidential campaign, which he declared to be a fight for principles, characterizing it as "a fight on the question whether or not the people are capable of ruling." "There is no danger in the so-called mob," he said. "Congress should not only represent the best men selected from the best, but it should represent all the people, wise or unwise."

Dr. Abbott made an earnest plea that the newspapers of the country as well as the citizenship at large refrain from making the campaign a fight on personalities. During his remarks he characterized the American press as the most progressive in the world's history. His only criticism is that newspapers sometime allow the news columns to be warped by private party opinions.

CONCERT BY KIRK TOWNS.

One of our members, Kirk Towns, next Thursday evening, May 2, will give a recital at Ziegfeld theater that will arouse a good deal of interest among Chicago's musicians and the general public. Since Mr. Towns' return to Chicago he has been made a member of the faculty of the voice department of the Chicago Musical college. During his twelve years' stay abroad he sang with great success in all the musical centers, and at his recent concert in Berlin the critics unanimously paid tribute to him as a singer and exponent of the best of musical literature.

Kirk has shown his interest in the forthcoming Press Club "Scoop" by securing for the club such artists as Mr. John Miller and Mr. Arthur Middleton. These gentlemen have appeared during the musical season with Thomas' orchestra, Apollo club, Damrosch's orchestra and many of the great musical organizations throughout the country. They are favorites everywhere and insure an artistic treat for the public at our "Scoop." Kirk is on the program for one of his well known ballads. It is such interest as this among the many members that is going to make the "Scoop" a feature among the gridirons of the year. The Bulletin would like to see the members well represented at Kirk's concert on Thursday, May 2.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

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Terms of Subscription: By mail, postage prepaid, Fifty Cents per year; single copy, Five Cents.

THE FANCY DRESS PARTY.

The fancy dress party at the Press Club Saturday night, April 20, was not largely attended but it was very enjoyable. The costumes worn were unique and beautiful. The following prizes were awarded by a committee consisting of President Douglas Malloch and Col. William Lightfoot Visscher:

Most original costume—Mrs. Rutledge Rutherford.
 Prettiest costume—Mrs. L. S. Metcalfe.
 Most artistic costume—Mrs. A. Milo Bennett.
 Most elaborate costume—Mrs. Charles Lederer.
 Oddest costume—Mrs. Frederick Merritt.
 Most patriotic costume—Mrs. J. E. Wynne.

GLAD HAND OF WELCOME.

A cordial invitation has been extended by the Hot Springs Press club at Hot Springs, Ark., to any members of the Press Club of Chicago who contemplate attending the annual convention of the Advertising Clubs of America at Dallas, Tex., in May, to visit Hot Springs, either going or returning.

The following letter has been received from the Hot Springs Press club as an evidence that the Bulletin is being warmly received in that progressive southern city:

On behalf of the Hot Springs Press club, I wish to thank you for your courtesy in putting us on your mailing list.

We experienced a feeling of pride upon receipt of the first copy, pride that was engendered not only by being recognized by the most renowned Press Club in the world, but by the fact that our existence was known in foreign lands.

We are very young; in fact, quite recently born, but under the stimulus of nourishment, mental and otherwise, one furnished by you, and the other by the leading Hotels here, each one of whom is striving to outdo the other in the matter of wining and dining us, we will thrive nicely thank you.

I note in your Bulletin that Opie had as hard a time finding a lyceum date in Auburn as he experienced in locating the good points of Arkansas, however, the war is over, and we will take him to our bosom figuratively or literally.

The Advertising Clubs of America hold their annual convention in Dallas next month, the Hot Springs Press club extend a hearty and cordial invitation to the members of the Chicago Press Club who will attend same, to visit Hot Springs, either going or returning, and give them an opportunity of demonstrating the full meaning of SOUTHERN hospitality.

In the pleasurable anticipation of an acceptance.

Yours fraternally,

JOHN BARNETT, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Board of Directors of the Press Club met in regular session Tuesday, April 23, with President Malloch in the chair, and Messrs. Ford, Henderson, Fox, Lederer, Wheeler and Osborne present.

The report of the Financial Secretary was read and approved and vouchers were ordered on the Treasurer to pay bills amounting to \$2,498.15.

THE PIPE

TITANIC RECKLESSNESS.

The first wave of horror at the Titanic disaster has been followed by the stunning, depressing revelation that it could have been averted by ordinary caution and seamanship. No mackerel boat off the Banks would have jeopardized its season's catch by crashing through that part of the ocean at its maximum speed.

AND a mackerel boat would have had dories enough to take off its crew and part of the fish.

HAVE we ever navigated a boat? No, and we have never laid an egg, but we know a bad one when we smell it.

WE ARE CLOSELY READ, TOO.

Dear J. U. H.:

I note in the latest issue of the World's Greatest Little Press Club Bulletin (April 13), under the heading, "Coming Events," the following:

"Tuesday evening, April 9.—Press Club minstrel meeting," which naturally suggests the appended quatrain of quotation and comment.

HINDSIGHT VS. FORESIGHT.

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before."
 But the "Coming Events" in our paper, we find,
 Instead of "before," cast their shadows "behind."

T. CAMPBELL KNOTT.

OUR FEEBLE REPLY.

The phenomenon noted should not be surprising;
 For our Minstrels, dear John, the sun is just rising.
 SIGN in costumer's where we rented our f. d. costume:

"A Deposit Required on All Wigs."

As there was already one-half an inch thick on the wig we looked at, we wore our own hair, ltd.

HONESTLY now, WASN'T the fancy dress party a beauty?

AND DIDN'T our girls look sweet?

NOT A UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGIST.

"Have I seen 'Little Women?'" growled Casey.
 "I never saw any other kind!"

THE REIGN OF TERROR!

It was dusk! The last faint rays of the declining sun (jar 20) had bathed for a moment the prison walls where thousands waited with bated breath (can 23) the stroke of midnight. For at midnight, every one of them must die.

Their lives had been short and not altogether pleasant. Born amid the brightest promises, made only to be broken, they had been lying about the premises ever since—but to-night they must die, while in their places full of hope (don't get that hop or dope) their new born successors would start their own brief careers of duplicity.

Already the tumbrels were rumbling in the streets. Pale men whose hollow eyes told of sleepless vigils; exhausted women with heads swathed in bandages; prattling children blissfully unconscious of the pressure of events awaited the coming of day.

It was midnight, April 30th. Thousands of leases were expiring all over the doomed city. Surely tomorrow would present a moving scene!

"Are the Empress of Ireland and the Empress of India sister ships?"

"No, they are both mail boats."

Column not full yet. PLEASE some one throw us a line!

J. U. H.

THE EXTENSION FUND.

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| Previously acknowledged | \$133.35 |
| W. R. Humphrey..... | 5.00 |
| Total | \$138.35 |

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, May 4, 1912.

Number 30.

"PRESS CLUB SCOOP"

ENGAGE THE AUDITORIUM.

Because of the marked interest in the production of the "Press Club Scoop" and the heavy demand for reservations, the Auditorium has been secured for May 25. Fear on the part of the committee having the matter in charge that the seating capacity of the Colonial Theater would be so greatly overtaxed that large numbers would be turned away, caused a seeking of larger quarters. Fortunately, the Auditorium could be secured for the original date, May 25, and the theater was promptly leased for the Press Club's Benefit.

Remember: The "Press Club Scoop" will be staged at the Auditorium on May 25. It is highly important that orders for tickets be sent in at once, as they can be secured at the office of the Club. These tickets are to be exchanged for reserved seats at the box office of the Auditorium later.

Under the direction of Otis B. Thayer, the well-known producer of successful plays, and a former theatrical star, rehearsals are now being held for the "Scoop." Two most successful ones were held this week, one last night and one on Tuesday.

ISSUES NOVEL CHECK.

When Theodore Van R. Ashcroft, who is extremely busy these days with advertising work in connection with the production of the "Press Club Scoop," recently discovered that he had lost a political wager, he issued a decidedly novel check. He had wagered a hat with Malcolm McDowell, philanthropist and assistant secretary of the Central Trust Company and an active member of the Press Club, that Culom would win the Republican primary contest for United States Senator, McDowell taking the Sherman end.

When the result was announced Mr. Ashcroft had an inspiration which he believes will be taken advantage of by many bettors in the future. He had a piece of pasteboard in the shape of a hat cut out and writing on it an

(Continued on page 118, column 1.)

HARMON NOT COMING.

Without warning and quite unforeseen, demands have been made upon Gov. Judson Harmon of Ohio that have unfortunately caused him to abandon his proposed special trip to Chicago today to be the guest of the Press Club at luncheon. So imperative was the call from party leaders in Maryland that Governor Harmon found it absolutely necessary to leave for that state Thursday for a five days' campaign.

Because of the inability of Governor Harmon to be present at the Club's luncheon, the meeting of former residents of Ohio, scheduled for 2:30 o'clock this afternoon is likewise of necessity called off. At that time it was planned to effect the organization of an Ohio Society of Illinois.

At his earliest opportunity, Governor Harmon will endeavor to pay the Press Club of Chicago a visit, and it is with a feeling of keen regret, as evidenced by the following telegram to Mr. Jay Cairns, of the local Harmon headquarters, that he is forced to abandon his trip to Chicago at this time:

Absolutely necessary that I go to Maryland tonight. This will prevent me from being Press Club's guest. Please present personally this telegram to president of Club. At a later date I hope and trust I may have an opportunity of being the Club's guest. Exceedingly sorry, but situation compelling.

Judson Harmon.

MR. AMSBURY TONIGHT.

Wallace Bruce Amsbury, a member of the Club, will give "James Whitcomb Riley," an interpretation and appreciation, before the members and their friends on the sixth floor this evening. The occasion is ladies' night at the Club.

Mr. Amsbury has written several original works, which he often gives before audiences, and those present this evening will undoubtedly have an opportunity to hear some of them. He has also made a great success with readings from Kipling.

PLEASE POSE PRETTILY.

Have you done so? The Press Club wants your framed, autographed photograph to add to its collection. This gallery should contain the picture of every member of the Club. If you have no suitable picture of yourself J. Ellsworth Gross, photographer, will make one at noon on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. A nominal charge will be made for the picture unframed in the billiard room.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Tuesday Evening, May 7—"Press Club Scoop" Meeting.

Friday Evening, May 10—"Press Club Scoop" Meeting.

"PRESS CLUB SCOOP."

(Continued from page 117, column 1.)

order on a bank to pay Mr. McDowell five dollars, placed it in an envelope and sent it to the winner. Great was Mr. McDowell's surprise when he discovered the unique check, which was cancelled and recently returned to Mr. Ashcroft like any other check.

Miss Maude Lillian Berri, the famous dramatic soprano, will appear in the olio in the "Press Club Scoop."

TICKETS FOR THE PRESS CLUB SCOOP.

Tickets for the "Press Club Scoop" at the Auditorium have been placed on sale at the office of the Press Club. Each member of the club is requested to send in his order for as many tickets as he can sell or use. The tickets are one dollar each.

The tickets are in denominations of one dollar, and when the seat sale opens at the theater will be accepted as such at the box office in exchange for reserved seats. The prices of seats at the performances will be \$2, \$1.50 and \$1.

MAY CLUB MEETING.

The May meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held in the library, Saturday afternoon, May 11, at 1:30 o'clock. The following applications for membership will be voted upon:

Active.

Phil Tawyer, artist and correspondent; Mark Hayne, sponsor.

Mark S. Watson, Tribune; Norman L. Ritchie, sponsor.

Frederick A. Stock, contributor; John U. Higginbotham, sponsor.

Frederick J. Wessels, contributor; John U. Higginbotham, sponsor.

Joseph Deutsch; Douglas Malloch, sponsor.

W. C. Howey, Tribune; R. R. Jones, sponsor.

Non-Resident.

Will Colvin, reporter; C. N. Wheeler, sponsor.

CUE GOES TO BERGEN.

Alfred Hiles Bergen, Chicago's eminent baritone, has just received a cue quite different from the kind he has been so accustomed to seeing on the stage. With high score in the three-cushion billiard tournament, Mr. Bergen won the Charles Fisher trophy, a valuable billiard cue. There were twenty-three participants in the contest, which closed this week.

Mr. Bergen won a total of eighteen games, and lost but one. E. W. Pickard, second, won thirteen games and lost three.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Albert H. Tyrell is in the race for judge of the municipal court.

S. S. Radanovits sails next week for Paris, for an extended stay.

Col. Hugh T. Reed of Winton Park, Florida, was at the Club this week.

Dr. George Butler has returned from Hot Springs, Ark., and is once more about the Club.

President Douglas Malloch was the principal speaker at a meeting of the chamber of commerce at Muskegon, Mich., Friday evening, April 26.

M. E. Dickson has returned from a sojourn to the everglades of Florida. Aside from alligators and one or two moving picture troupes, posing for "scenes in the wilds of Africa," Mr. Dickson says he saw nothing exciting. The trip was a most pleasant one, he reports.

Two Club members were elected to office of the Associated Press at the annual meeting in New York on April 23. Victor F. Lawson, publisher of the Chicago Daily News, was re-elected a director for a term of three years, and R. M. Johnston, editor of the Houston (Tex.) Post, was chosen a member of the nominating committee of the southern division.

IMPORTANT!

Matter intended for publication in the Press Club Bulletin should be turned in at the Bulletin office on the 3rd floor of the Press Club Building, not later than 1:00 p. m. each Wednesday.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday evening, May 4—Readings by Wallace Bruce Amsbury (ladies' night).

Tuesday evening, May 7—"Press Club Scoop" meeting, 7 o'clock sharp.

Friday evening, May 10—"Press Club Scoop" Saturday afternoon, May 11, 1:30 o'clock—Regular monthly Club meeting.

Monday noon, May 13—Luncheon to Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth church, Brooklyn. **N** **V**

Thursday afternoon, June 27, 2 o'clock—Reception and musicale to ladies in attendance at conventions of National and Illinois Press associations. (Date is tentative.)

ENJOYABLE RECITAL.

In anticipation of a delightful evening, members of the Press Club and their friends filled the sixth floor auditorium to its capacity Saturday evening, April 27, to greet the artists who appeared in a recital. They were disappointed, for their anticipations had not been geared up quite high enough—they had not expected an evening with quite so full a measure of pleasure.

No program arranged for by the entertainment committee of the Press Club in recent months has been participated in by so many real artists, and no entertainer has been accorded a more hearty welcome than each individual who appeared before the Press Club that evening. Encore after encore was enthusiastically demanded by a most appreciative audience, and response after response was accorded with a hearty willingness that is not always to be noted among finished artists.

As one member of the Club most appropriately remarked: "It was grand opera, with the cost left out."

No singer ever appeared before the Club to better advantage than did Miss Klare M. DeVine, the colorature soprano, who is booked for all next season with the Redpath-Slayton bureau. A highly pleasing voice of great power and wide range coupled to a most captivating personality, proved a most irresistible combination, and gained for her a number of recalls, to which she responded most willingly.

Miss DeVine proved her marked ability in renditions of the Jewel Song from Faust, Sextette from Lucia, Quartette from Rigoletto and the Elf Man Song by Wells. She is a pupil of Mr. S. S. Radanovits, a member of the Press Club, under whom she has been studying for the past several months. As a most pleasing feature the singer was accompanied by the States White Robed Fadette orchestra. Several selections were rendered by the orchestra, including a most pleasing interpretation of the Rosary, much to the enjoyment of the audience.

To Mrs. Clarence B. Dickson, who has appeared to advantage before a number of Chicago audiences recently, must be accorded much praise for her contributions to the excellent program. Her readings covered a wide range of subjects and her efforts received much merited appreciation. Mrs. Dickson appeared twice during the evening, in addition to the encores, and gave readings from such well-known writers as Dorothy Dix, Clyde Fitch, Richard Henry Little, Wilbur Nesbit and others.

Here is a secret the audience did not know about. Wholly unprepared—it was even necessary to purchase the score for the accompanist at the last minute—Miss Letitia Gallagher rendered a Melody of Love from Gypsy Love

HONEYMOONING IT.

W. R. Barnes (*recently married, we are sure, although rumor has never been actually confirmed) is now traveling in the "Souf." From Durham, N. C., he writes that he is making rather an extended trip, and that he had a visit with William J. Bryan, another member of the Press Club, while en route to Raleigh from Richmond. Mr. Barnes says nothing about coming home, and we are unable to give definite information as to the exact date to get out the Club's new American flag, the white bunting, old shoes and rice. His letter to the Bulletin is as follows:

I am making rather an extended trip. Will be home May 12th. Another member of the Press Club, Mr. W. J. Bryan, traveled on the same train with me from Richmond to Raleigh. He sent greetings to the Press Club.

Please send the Bulletin of the 27th to Athens, Ga., care of Georgian Hotel, and greatly oblige.

(*On April 8th the Bulletin announced Mr. Barnes' engagement to Miss Ella M. Hurtt of New York. He left Chicago the latter part of March.)

IN HONOR OF DECEASED MEMBERS.

In honor of the late Col. S. F. Norton and Harry M. Scovel, two old-time members of the Press Club, a memorial meeting was held in the library of the Club at noon, Wednesday, May first. President Douglas Malloch presided, and John S. Zimmerman acted as secretary.

Appropriate remarks were made by Stanley Waterloo, John McGovern, Thomas J. O'Neill and John S. Zimmerman. Mr. O'Neill was made chairman of the committee to draft resolutions on the death of Col. Norton, and Mr. McGovern of the committee to prepare resolutions on the death of Mr. Scovel. The committees are to report at the regular monthly Club meeting, May 11.

FUNERAL OF GEORGE E. PLUMBE.

Funeral services for the late George E. Plumbe, a prominent member of the Press Club, who died last week, were held from the First Presbyterian church of Austin, Ill., Friday afternoon, April 26. A delegation of friends from the Club attended the services.

in her rich soprano voice, and made a complete hit. Miss Gallagher kindly consented to appear when it was learned that Miss Ruth Stonehouse, the clever classical dancer was suffering from a slight illness.

Of the other artists, great praise for their work is due Mr. Warren P. Watters, baritone; Mr. Kurt Wanick, pianist; Mr. Hans Hess, cellist. Mr. Hess and Mr. Wanick appeared with the first number on the program and each won much appreciation by their clever work. Mr. Watters' work was most pleasing and he was well received.

A Baldwin piano was used during the evening.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

Terms of Subscription: By mail, postage prepaid, Fifty Cents per year; single copy, Five Cents.

PLANNING BIG WELCOME.

That the business men of St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., are planning to give the members of the Press Club of Chicago a royal good time when they visit the Twin Cities on "Blossom Sunday" is evident from news items contained in the St. Joseph Press and the Benton Harbor News-Palladium. "Blossom Sunday," which is movable, the weather prospects having much to do with it, will be on May nineteenth this year, and that is the date for the Press Club's pilgrimage to the two thriving Michigan cities.

The Press of Monday, April 29, says:

May 19 is the day on which St. Joseph will entertain the Press Club of Chicago and their ladies, and with the weather continuing cold it looks promising for a wealth of blossoms on that late day, it having been the wish of the Chicago newsgatherers to visit St. Joseph and make a pilgrimage to the grave of Ben King, when the orchards were in bloom and St. Joseph and the surrounding country was at her loveliest. The scribes from across the lake are anticipating the trip with no small degree of pleasure and accepted with alacrity the invitation extended by the local business men.

The Press Club is planning to present "The Press Scoop" at the Auditorium Theater in Chicago on May 25. The "book" is a collaboration by Opie Read, Richard Henry Little, H. Sheldon White, Douglas Malloch and a number of other literary lights of the Windy City.

Another meeting of the business men of the twin cities will be held in a few days to complete plans for the entertainment of their guests.

The Benton Harbor News-Palladium printed this story about ten days ago:

Possibly the biggest aggregation of newspaper men ever gathered together at one time in the twin cities will be here the second or third Sunday in May. The occasion will be the visit of the Press Club of Chicago to the grave of Ben King, who lies buried in St. Joseph cemetery. Incidentally the pencil manipulators will be entertained by the Twin City Press club, and others and will be taken through the fruit belt to view the beauties of nature when the fruit trees are in bloom.

A meeting will be held in St. Joseph in a few days to complete arrangements for the entertainment of the visitors. The press men expect to leave Chicago either by special train or boat, according to the number that is coming. President Malloch of the Club has formally accepted the invitation to come to the two towns, and has sent word that the Chicago scribes expect to partake of the fruit belt's hospitality in large numbers.

THIRD FLOOR FOR RENT.

The Southern Club has vacated the third floor of the Press Club building and gone into larger quarters. The third floor is for rent and any member having in mind a likely tenant is requested to notify the office of the Press Club.

THE PIPE

CHICAGOANS!

YOU give
\$100,000.00

every year to the Policemen's Benefit.
THEY DESERVE IT.

YOU give
\$40,000.00

every year to the Friars or The Lambs
and it goes to New York.

THEY EARN IT.

WHY NOT buy
\$50,000.00

worth of tickets to the "Press Club
Scoop?"

YOU WILL ENJOY IT.

AFTER THE STORM.

ISN'T it awful to move away from a persistent pianist only to find a pianola in your new apartment building?

Have you got the hang of the new range yet?

Where DID you pack John's shirts?

WE are SURE the moving man stole our traveling cap!!!

LATER: It was in the china barrel.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Ah!" sighed the Poet, as he looked out at the bursting buds, so much more welcome than the bursting pipes, "This IS May!"

"He is an infernal scoundrel," growled the Reporter, "and should have gone down with his boat!"

D. K. PEARSONS.

A rare type of philanthropist died last Saturday at Hinsdale. Without disparaging other rich men who are trying to get to Heaven by the rebate method, Dr. Pearsons gave ALL he had to further causes in which he had faith, principally small, struggling colleges. He thus tried to mold and fashion the youth of the remote sections of the country at an age when they are pliable. He sought to enrich at the source of good citizenship.

THE WAY IT SOUNDED.

"Does your wife still have her French maid?"

"No, she makes it herself."

OUR PINK SHEET.

With the Sox holding up so well (April 29) and the Bostons in second place, why not call the latter the Garters?

Because they are not Sox supporters, Algy.

Hadn't the Colonel better Harveyize Perkins?

Sorry to see a President and an ex-President of the U. S. imbruing their mits in mud. The whole thing is deep-raving.

HEADLINE IN RECORD-HERALD.

"Judge Who Gained World Fame for Assisting the Young to Quit Juvenile Bench."

What were they doing on the Bench and why did they require assistance to quit it?

CASEY AT THE BAT.

"Where did Casey get the welt over his eye?"

"That's his bump of humor. He got it getting funny with Kelly."

AT THE KNOCKERS' TABLE.

"Murphy is a reel fan."

"Get out! He wouldn't know the difference between a foul ball and a goose egg."

"I said a REEL fan. He goes to all the nickel shows."

J. U. H.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Man and His Money," by Frederick S. Isham, presented to the Club by the Bobbs-Merrill company, publishers, Indianapolis, Ind.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, May 11, 1912.

Number 31.

"PRESS CLUB SCOOP" PROMISES TO BE SEASON'S BIGGEST HIT

A travesty on the times and men of the times, in three big parts, including that screaming Burlesque: "An Advance Edition of the Republican National Convention."

Stupendous production to be elaborate y staged at Chicago's Largest Theater, with one hundred and fifty people in the cast, at a cost of over Two Thousand Dollars.

SOME idea of the magnitude of the "Press Club Scoop" at the Auditorium, two weeks from tonight, may be gained from the fact that the cost of staging this single performance will be in excess of \$2,200, and require the services of 150 people in the cast. In addition a large number of Club members have been busy with the vast amount of detail work in connection with preparations for so elaborate a play. It has taken three months of rehearsals and other preparations to make such a performance possible.

Advertising the Scoop.

A total of 13,200 posters, one-sheets, three-sheets and folders, was turned loose on the Chicago public this week, advertising the

TWO weeks from tonight is "THE NIGHT."

The Biggest Laugh Chicago Has Had in Years—the "Press Club Scoop" will be elaborately staged at the Auditorium with a cast of 150 people.

Success in two important phases of the big production is now assured. The response on the part of the public has been liberal. The show will be heavily patronized by non-members who are anxious to aid and attend the most unique performance that Chicago has seen in many years.

Those who will appear are working hard, and the result is that the rehearsals have made even more rapid progress than was hoped.

IMPORTANT!

All the boosters who will appear in the "Night at the Press Club" scene and the big convention scene in the "Press Club Scoop" at the Auditorium, Saturday night, May 25, are especially urged to be present at the rehearsal Tuesday night, May 14, in the Press Club dining room so that the complete cast may be made up for publication in the Bulletin of that week and also furnished to the printer for the souvenir program now in preparation. Every man who can be on the stage that night in the club scene should be there. Let us make a splendid showing of strength.

BE A LIVE-WIRE!

Every member of the Press Club who wants to boost the Club, appreciates what others are doing, wants to reduce the club's indebtedness, should, without fail, attend the following "Scoop" rehearsals: Sunday, May 12, 2 p. m.; Tuesday, May 14, 7 p. m.; Friday, May 17, 7 p. m. Don't let anything keep you away. We need every member. If you come once you will realize what a big thing this is. And what a hit it will make—with numbers. Let's fill up that stage!

"Press Club Scoop." They will be posted as rapidly as possible, and members are urged to assist in their display and circulation.

Members who are willing to take home with

(Continued on page 122, col. 1.)

There is some splendid talent in the principal roles, and the members who make up the club and convention scenes are supplying the "business" with an enthusiasm that the show will

(Continued on page 122, col. 2.)

We're going to out-frolic the Friars; out-gambol the Lambs; out-gridiron the Gridiron Club.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Sunday Afternoon, May 12, 2 o'clock—"Press Club Scoop" Meeting.

Monday Noon, May 13—Luncheon to Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tuesday Evening, May 14—"Press Club Scoop" Meeting.

Friday Evening, May 17—"Press Club Scoop" Meeting.

"Press Club Scoop" Promises to be Season's Biggest Hit

them a few of the posters and see to it that their neighborhood merchants give them prominent display will be supplied if they will call at the desk for them.

This will be a most valuable help. Boost the Scoop!

The Official Poster.

The official poster for the "Scoop" has been received from the lithographers, and it is a most attractive one. The poster, which is exceptionally artistic, was drawn by Mark Hayne. It represents a typical newspaper reporter, notebook in hand, recording the world's events. The attitude is strikingly realistic and the portraiture is fine. L. T. Goble, a well-known member of the Club, posed for the poster.

The lettering is by Robert J. Campbell, another artist member, and is equally artistic. Both Hayne and Campbell are at their best in the "Scoop" poster. And why shouldn't they be? They are both members of the Press Club, and both boosters of the "Scoop."

Souvenir Program Elaborate.

The contract for the elaborate souvenir program for the Press Club Scoop has been awarded to the Western Newspaper Union. It will be a beautiful book of sixty-four pages, carrying not only the program, but filled with clever cartoons, a history of the Press Club and other entertaining features. The preparation of this program alone has been a monumental task and gives some idea of the splendid work the members have done.

The cover design of the souvenir program for the Press Club Scoop is being drawn by C. A. Briggs, of the Tribune, a well-known cartoonist member of the Press Club.

be lively and laughable from start to finish.

Professional performers who will lend their services to the olio who have been already secured will constitute a strong bill in themselves.

But one thing more is needed: The unanimous support and patronage of all the members of the Press Club. The show is so good and the purpose so good that they should pack the place with their friends. Selling them tickets is an easy matter.

Let's all help!

Many Coming Far to Press Club Show.

Many members of the Press Club in other cities are coming with their friends to the "Press Club Scoop." Arrangements are being made for a special train on the Aurora and Elgin electric to take care of a big party from those towns. The chief distinction so far belongs to Richard E. MacLean, of Wells, Mich., a life member, who is coming 300 miles to the show. Word comes from Grand Rapids, Mich., that that city will be represented in the audience and before the week is over it is expected there will be numerous other reservations from nearby towns.

Another Headliner.

The Barbary Coast Octette, one of the big hits in Mort H. Singer's new musical play, "A Modern Eve," at the Garrick, will appear in the first part, "A Night at the Press Club." This is the greatest dancing act now before the Chicago public.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday afternoon, May 11, 1:30 o'clock—Regular monthly Club meeting.

Sunday afternoon, May 12—"Press Club Scoop" meeting 2 o'clock sharp.

Monday noon, May 13—Luncheon to Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tuesday evening, May 14—"Press Club Scoop" meeting 7 o'clock sharp.

Friday evening, May 17—"Press Club Scoop" meeting 7 o'clock sharp.

Sunday afternoon, May 19—"Press Club Scoop" meeting 2 o'clock sharp.

THE QUESTION.

A bunch of boosters has worked months to provide the show;

AND

Non-members have provided the money for its production May 25;

NOW

Will the members devote a few minutes each day to the sale of tickets and make it a

SUCCESS?

The Original and Only Houn Dawg, Imported Direct from Missouri, Will Be There.

May 11, 1912.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

123

"SCOOPLETS"

"Scoopitis" is attacking thousands of Chicagoans and is fast spreading to other cities.

Your next!

Talk the "Scoop" to your friends.

That Massachusetts flurry was only a sugar-pill compared with the convention scenes to be staged at the "Press Club Scoop."

Frank C. Wood is coming home from Madison to see the "Scoop."

The Auditorium is "some theater," but remember this is "SOME SHOW." Moral: Don't allow the S. R. O. sign to stare you in the face.



Photo by Gibson, Sykes & Fowler.

EDWARD H. FOX,

Leader of the Band in the Great Convention Scene at the "Press Club Scoop."

The Biggest Laugh Chicago Has Had in Years

THE PRESS CLUB SCOOP

Presented by the

PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

at the

AUDITORIUM

Saturday Night, May 25th

The Show will be in Three Big Parts

A NIGHT AT THE PRESS CLUB

A Bohemian revel in which famous members of the **Press Club of Chicago** will be seen in their favorite haunt doing their characteristic stunts. The entire fourth floor of the **Press Club** will be transported to the **Auditorium** stage for this number.

Hear the Newsboy Quartet.

Hear the Czar of Ragtime.

Hear the Quartet of Solo Artists.

Hear the Crane Glee Club of Fifty Voices.

See the Great Cartoon Octette—eight of Chicago's leading cartoonists working on the stage at the same time.

Get the Gags.

Watch the Fun.

AN ALL-STAR OLIO

The Olio will present the best current acts from Chicago's leading theaters, the performers lending their services for this occasion.

See the Barbary Coast Octette from "A Modern Eve," Maude Lillian Berri, dramatic Soprano, and other stars now being booked.

And then comes the grand smash—the big laugh

AN ADVANCE EDITION OF THE REPUBLICAN NAT'L CONVENTION

A monumental burlesque that will gridiron the political leaders of the day. Taft, Roosevelt, LaFollette, Wilson, Clark, Hearst, Cannon, and others satired. Sung and performed by men who know them well.

See Champ Clark's Dawg.

Hear the Harmony Chorus.

Watch the Convention Band.

And Help Nominate the Winner.

If you have laughs prepare to shed them now.

This will make a riot look like a pink tea.

Fifty funny, frolicking fellows and an ensemble of one hundred.

BETTER COME.

A show that Chicago will talk about and laugh over for a long time. **Chicago's biggest scream**, presented in **Chicago's biggest theater**, by the **World's Biggest Press Club**.

Advance tickets now on sale by members of the **Press Club**. These may be reserved at the Auditorium Box Office, beginning Monday, May 20.

Public seat sale opens at the Auditorium, Wednesday morning, May 22, at 9 o'clock.

J. V. H. sold forty-five tickets in one day and has passed the 100 mark.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

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"SCOOPLETS"

S. O. S. cries will be of no avail by the evening of May 25. For—

Pack the house, Bill!

Them's orders!

Have you sold at least ten tickets yet?

(Editor's note: That's gospel truth, we've seen 'im. Don't dast tell a lie anyway, though we're sorter lyin' to ourselves as there ain't no language patented by Webster that's sufficient to tell you what a GREAT SHOW we're goin' ter give yer.)

(Editor's note No. 2: We're not on the free list either.)

(Editor's note No. 3: Can't even get cash or chips for the ad about the "Scoop" this week either.)

The beautiful American flag presented to the Press Club of Chicago several weeks ago by the Milwaukee Press Club will be used for the first time on the evening of May 25, when it will form a part of the decorations for the convention scene in the "Scoop."

The fellow you have been bringing to the Press Club entertainments will be glad to patronize the "Press Club Scoop."

THE AMSBURY RECITAL.

The interesting spectacle of one member of the Press Club discussing the life and works of another member was enjoyed by their fellow members Saturday night, May 4, when Wallace Bruce Amsbury gave a most pleasing recital of the poems of James Whitcomb Riley and an appreciation of his contributions to American literature. Mr. Amsbury recites Riley with inimitable charm and tremendously pleased a Press Club audience, which is notoriously critical. After the recital, by request, he recited two of his own best-known humorous poems, "The Captain of the Marguerite" and "Football at Chabance."

REV. HILLIS AT THE CLUB.

Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, N. Y., will be the guest of the Press Club at an informal luncheon, Monday noon, May 13. As he is one of this country's foremost divines, Rev. Hillis' visit to the Club is of especial importance to members.

THE PIPE**THE SCOOP WILL BE A SUCCESS.**

Artistically and financially, BUT neither of these results will be attained automatically. A bunch of good fellows are working night and day to get up a fine program. It is up to EVERY ONE OF US to get out and hustle and sell tickets.

A SCOOP is an instrument for digging—but some one has to push it. For example: WE bought ten tickets and sighed "Thank heaven, that's over," and were quite thrilled by a feeling of self-approval. Then our conscience said, "Shame on you for a quitter," and we sold fifty more to our office associates. Now we are going to sell another fifty to our tailor, our haberdasher and every one to whom we owe money. GET BUSY!

STRIKE NEWS.

WE point with pride to the fact that The Bulletin was not delayed by the printers' strike.

SO long as the readers do not strike we are safe.

AS to the contributors to THE PIPE, we have declared a lockout.

AS GOOD AS HIS REGULAR STUFF.

Dear J. U. H.: I noticed with glee your C. Q. D. call for a line in issue of Bulletin of April 27. Ha! Ha! Nothing doing from this party, old chap. You wouldn't recognize the initials. W. R. B.

WHY DO PEOPLE MOVE?

WHY did YOU move?

Did you make a NET gain.

Were a larger kitchen and a more extensive lawn sufficient compensation for the severance of certain neighborhood friendships?

Or was it surcease from stair climbing and lawn mowing that you sought in an apartment?

WHY DID you move? WE didn't.

OUR CYNIC SAYS:

Some men are born unlucky; some achieve misfortune, while some incur the indorsement of the Philistine.

The easiest way to lie to a woman is to be "perfectly frank" with her.

An ascetic is a rake with its teeth worn off—only good for harrowing others.

Many a man chases a crook to take his tools away from him—and use them.

One reason most of us do not want to see ALL of the holes in the criminal law plugged up is because we have a sneaking suspicion that we may want to crawl through one ourselves some day.

OUR PINK SHEET.

"I see that Bloomer has gone back to the minors. Lost his pitching arm?"

"No, he is pitching better than ever but he could never learn to typewrite."

OUR LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Take a long breath, please. Ready? Here goes! The philosopher who ponders the undeniable fact that the name at the head of the column is pretty sure of a nomination regardless of his merits (which may—or may not—be first-class), and who looks over the mix-up in Massachusetts where the male voters expressed a preference for Taft and elected Roosevelt delegates, comma, is inclined to put the soft pedal on the statement "Women don't know enough to vote."

YES, we know some think she voted wrong in the Garden of Eden but who will say that Adam was not better off running a farm than a seraglio?

A certain member of the Club whose utterances always have value and who puts them into picturesque English (we wish he had a Bosswell for the good things that fall from his lips every day) is going to give us something on the other side of the question—when he gets his courage up. J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, May 18, 1912.

Number 32.

CHICAGO'S BIGGEST LAUGH NOW ONLY SEVEN NIGHTS AWAY.

"Press Club Scoop" Will Present the Wit of Cleverest Men in Chicago At the Auditorium Theater in One Unique Performance, Saturday Evening, May 25—A Show That Chicago Will Talk About and Laugh Over for a Long Time.

ONE week from tonight—

The "PRESS CLUB SCOOP" at the Auditorium theater.

As a guarantee of the uniqueness of this play to be staged under the auspices of the Press Club of Chicago, it is fitting to recall the declaration of Charles Warren Fairbanks, former vice-president of the United States, one time a newspaper reporter, and now a member of the Press Club of Chicago. He says that in uniqueness of its entertainments the Press Club of Chicago has only one rival in the country, the Gridiron Club at Washington.

To Out-Grid the Gridiron.

With nearly thirteen hundred members, making it the largest Press Club in the world, and likewise recognized as the liveliest, and with its best talent hard at work for the past three months preparing for the coming production, the "Press Club Scoop" promises to "out-frolic the Friars; out-gambol the Lambs; out-gridiron the Gridiron Club." It will be the biggest laugh Chicago has had in years. Over 150 people will be employed in the production, in addition to a number of the leading acts from the various Chicago theaters which will take part.

Convention Scene the Big Scream.

Politics is boiling these days, and the Press Club will present "in one screaming act a few of the many screaming acts of the political leaders of our day." The political travesty, "An Advance Edition of the Republican National Convention" will come in the afterpiece, with forty big minutes of big frolic.

Otis B. Thayer, under whose direction the "Scoop" is being produced, will play the part of "Col. Theodore Roosevelt." In the halcyon days of David Henderson and his spectacular productions, Mr. Thayer was principal comedian at the Chicago opera house, and enjoys the reputation of being one of the best producers in the country. "Teddy" will be much in evidence and much in trouble throughout the performance. Gilbert Shorter, an excellent actor-member of the Press Club, will portray "Robert Marion LaFollette," while the "Honorable William Howard Taft," in the person of William Emerson, will smile, bow and berate Teddy.

President Douglas Malloch will be the "Joseph G. Cannon" of the convention and wield the gavel in the genuine Cannon style. Malloch and Cannon are alike in two ways. On the stage Malloch looks like Cannon and in real life both are left-handed.

Democrats Break In.

"Woodrow Wilson," "Champ Clark," Champ's original "houn dawg," and "William Randolph Hearst," manage to break into the convention, as does Billy Way as the "suffragette." G. Charles Griffiths, attired in cap and gown, will assume the role of the scholarly head of Princeton; E. W. Helm is "Willie Randolph," and John L. Weber, the veteran minstrel man, appears as "Champ Clark." William Walker, the "funniest gink" in all Chicago, will impersonate the "dawg" and he is a whole show all by himself.

(Continued on page 126, col. 1.)

We're going to out-frolic the Friars; out-gambol the Lambs; out-gridiron the Gridiron Club.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Sunday Afternoon, May 19, 2:30 o'clock—"Press Club Scoop" Meeting.

Tuesday Evening, May 21, 7 o'clock—"Press Club Scoop" Meeting.

Friday Evening, May 24, 7 o'clock—"Press Club Scoop" Meeting.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 25—"PRESS CLUB SCOOP" AT THE AUDITORIUM.

"Press Club Scoop" One Week from Tonight!

G. M. Eberhart, Charles N. Wheeler and George Cox, chairmen respectively of the Ohio, Wisconsin and Illinois delegations will make the nominating speeches for Taft, LaFollette and Roosevelt.

THE CONVENTION WILL POSITIVELY NOMINATE THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE, THUS "SCOOPING" THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN JUNE.

"A Night at the Press Club."

Two big parts will precede the political travesty. The first is called a "Night at the Press Club," a Bohemian revel in which the members of the Club will be seen in their favorite haunt doing their characteristic stunts. The entire fourth floor of the Club will be transported to the Auditorium stage, and there in the regular Club environment, Roscoe Kimball, the young baritone soloist, will sing; Wallace Bruce Amsbury will recite his best habitant dialect poem, "Football at Chabance"; A. W. Christiansen, the "czar of rag-time," will perform; Billy Way will lead the Press Club hymn, "He Never Blamed the Booze," and other Press Club entertainers will appear.

Several Big Feature Acts.

The Barbary Coast Octette, from a "Modern Eve," now playing at the Garrick theater, will be one of the headliners of the first part. This is the season's greatest dancing act and will be presented during the performance of the "Scoop" through the courtesy of Mort H. Singer. Among the musical features will be the Newsboys' Quartette, the Orpheus Glee Club of thirty-five voices, and two big choral numbers, written for the occasion, "Press Club

Boys," by George L. Louis, and the "Press Club Man," by Harold W. Dingman.

Vaudeville Stars to Appear.

An olio, entirely different from the usual kind, and featured by the appearance of several headliners in vaudeville, will be given under the direction of George S. Wood. It will include Maude Lillian Berri, dramatic soprano; Alexander Carr, late star of "Louisiana Lou"; Sophie Tucker, the "Mary Garden of vaudeville," and other stars who will lend their services for the evening. A unique feature will be the Cartoon Octette, in which eight of Chicago's cleverest cartoonists will be seen working on the stage at one time. They are:

Charles Lederer
Mark Hayne
Dennis Donahue
R. A. Ward

C. A. Briggs
Sidney Smith
Frank L. Wetherbee
L. R. Merrill

Copyrights Are Secured.

The "Advance Edition of the Republican National Convention" was written by President Douglas Malloch, in collaboration with other Press Club humorists and is copyrighted by the Press Club of Chicago.

The closing ensemble of "A Night at the Press Club" is copyrighted by Harold W. Dingman and Douglas Malloch. Mr. Dingman wrote the music and Mr. Malloch the words.

AMONG THE PRESS CLUBS.

About thirty-three newspaper writers and editors of Houston, Tex., have taken the initial steps toward the organization of the Houston Press Club. H. T. Warner is president.

The newspaper editors of Arizona, at a meeting at Phoenix, organized a permanent association. The organization will be known as the Arizona Press Association.

SATURDAY POSING DAY.

Each Saturday noon, J. Ellsworth Gross, photographer, will be at the Press Club. The club wants the framed autographed photograph of each member for its gallery. If you have no suitable picture, Mr. Gross will make one.

THE QUESTION.

A bunch of boosters has worked months to provide the show;

AND

Non-members have provided the money for its production May 25;

NOW

Will the members devote a few minutes each day to the sale of tickets and make it a SUCCESS?

The Original and Only Houn Dawg, Imported Direct from Missouri, Will Be There.

May 18, 1912.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

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"Press Club Scoop" One Week from Tonight!**"SCOOP" AT TWIN CITIES.**

Residents of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph, Mich., will have a near-at-hand opportunity to witness the production of the "Press Club Scoop" on Saturday evening, June first. On that day the entire cast and a large delegation of Club members and ladies will journey to the Twin Cities where the performance will be given in the evening.

On Sunday, June second, the Press Club members will be entertained under the auspices of the business men's association of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph. An automobile tour of the peach orchards and to the grave of Ben King will be made, after which a banquet will be tendered the visitors at the Hotel Whitcomb.

It was originally intended to journey to the Twin Cities for "Blossom Sunday," an annual feast day, which will be celebrated tomorrow. The performance of the "Scoop" at the Auditorium one week from tonight, is requiring the undivided attention of the members of the cast while others are busily engaged with the promotion of ticket sales and other work in connection with the production, and for that reason a later date was chosen for the pilgrimage. As an evidence of the royal hospitality existing over in Michigan, Walter E. Banyon of Benton Harbor, writes to President Malloch under date of May 7th:

The Press Club will be as welcome in June as they would have been in May. You must be busy as a hive of bees with the new production and the people over here will fully understand the situation.

Pick out your own Sunday, at your leisure, and we will make things pleasant for you when you come. I hope to run over to see the play. With kindest regards to you and good wishes for the "Scoop."

PUBLICITY THAT COUNTS.

Axel W. Christiansen of the Christiansen School of Popular Music and a member of the Press Club, is boosting the "Scoop" in a novel way, and his idea is an excellent one for those who control advertising space. In the programs of eleven downtown theaters in which Mr. Christiansen regularly advertises, he is using the space until May 25, for the purpose of boosting the big performance at the Auditorium.

Mr. Christiansen's advertisement reads as follows:

"Don't fail to hear Axel Christiansen, 'Czar of ragtime,' (president of the Christiansen School of Music) Saturday, May 25, at the Auditorium theater where he will be one of the feature acts in the big 'Press Club Scoop'

—the greatest theatrical offering of the year. Tickets on sale at the Auditorium theater box office on and after Wednesday, May 22."

"SCOOPLETS"

The Dawg's a scream!

Talk the "Scoop" to your friends.

Remember that chestnut about the "first come, first served."

The fellow you have been bringing to the Press Club entertainments will be glad to patronize the "Press Club Scoop."

Quite a number of friends of the Press Club have taken advertising space in the program for the "Scoop." Give us a lift!

Robert J. Campbell attended one of the first rehearsals and was so impressed he made a race to the office for ten dollars' worth of tickets.

The advance sale of boxes is under the personal direction of Theo. Van R. Ashcroft. Ash promises a glittering galaxy of genuine gentility.

The Auditorium is "some theater," but remember this is "SOME SHOW." Moral: Don't allow the S. R. O. sign to stare you in the face.

The Press Club cartoonists are making merry caricatures of Chicago big men to appear in the souvenir program of the big "Scoop" at the Auditorium.

Brother John McGovern is writing a history of the Press Club for the souvenir program, in which thirty years of Chicago journalism will be reflected.

J. U. H. sold forty-five tickets to the "Scoop" in one day. He had sold 115 up to Thursday, and is still running fast. John is a Boost-the-Scooper."

Walter Banyon of Benton Harbor, Mich., writes that he will be on hand to witness the performance of the "Scoop" and that a number of residents of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph are planning to come.

Maude Lillian Berri, the Dramatic Soprano, is one of the Headliners.

"PRESS CLUB SCOOP"

Presented by the Press Club of Chicago

Auditorium, Saturday Night, May 25, 1912**Programme**

(Subject to slight change)

Grand First Part

"A NIGHT AT THE PRESS CLUB."

Arranged by Douglas Malloch.

Staged by Otis B. Thayer.

Place—The Press Club of Chicago.

Time—Tonight.

A Bohemian revel, showing famous members of the Press Club in their favorite haunts doing characteristic stunts.

(Billiard tables loaned for the occasion by Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.)

Numbers.

1. Press Club Overture
by Edward C. Moore.
(Directed by the Composer.)
2. Grand Opening Chorus.
"PRESS CLUB BOYS."
Words and music by George L. Louis.
Entire Company.
3. ROSCOE KIMBALL,
Premier Baritone Solist,
"Because."
4. WALLACE BRUCE AMSBURY,
Reciting his famous poem,
"Football at Chabanse."
5. Four Sweet Singers.
"THE NEWSBOY QUARTETTE."
6. ALEX CHRISTIANSEN,
"The Czar of Ragtime,"
Presenting
(a) "When Ragtime Rosie Ragged the
Rosary."
(b) "Alexander's Ragtime Band."
7. The Inimitable Poet and Pianologist,
BILLY WAY,
Singing his famous Press Club hymn,
"He Never Blamed the Booze,"
and playing his
"Modern Melodrama."
8. Mort H. Singer's
BARBARY COAST OCTETTE
From "A Modern Eve," Garrick Theatre.
(Courtesy of Mort H. Singer.)
The Season's Greatest Dancing Act.
9. THE WAITERS' QUARTETTE,
In song and dance.
10. Closing Ensemble.
"THE PRESS CLUB MAN."
Music by Harold W. Dingman
Words by Douglas Malloch.
(Copyright, 1911, by Malloch & Dingman.)

PART II.

ALL-STAR OLIO.

Direction of George S. Wood.

11. SOPHIE TUCKER,
"The Mary Garden of Vaudeville."
Singing and Saying Something.
12. ALEXANDER CARR,
Star of "Louisiana Lou."
In something Characteristic.
13. The Greatest Cartoon Octette.
A Battalion of Chicago's Cleverest Cartoonists
Working on the Stage at One Time;
From the Following:
Charles Lederer C. A. Briggs
Mark Hayne Sidney Smith
Dennis Donahue Frank Wetherbee
Robert A. Ward L. R. Merrell
14. The Chicago Favorite,
MAUDE LILLIAN BERRI,
Dramatic Soprano.
15. Those Splendid Singers,
THE ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB
of 35 Voices.
16. ARTHUR DEMMING,
That Famous Minstrel Man,
In a Little Original Entertainment.
17. HELEN BERLINER,
Violinist.

PART III.

The Great Political Travesty.

"AN ADVANCE EDITION OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION,"

Presenting in one Screaming Act a Few of the
Many Screaming Acts of the Political
Leaders of Our Time.

(Copyright 1912 by the Press Club of Chicago.)

Written by Douglas Malloch.

Staged by Otis B. Thayer.

Time—June, 1912; Place—The Coliseum,
Chicago.

PRINCIPALS:

William Howard Taft....William Emmerson
Theodore Roosevelt.....Otis B. Thayer
Robert M. LaFollette.....Gilbert Shorter
Joseph G. Cannon, chairman of the con-
vention.....Douglas Malloch
Champ Clark.....John L. Weber
His "Houn' Dawg".....William H. Walker
Woodrow Wilson.....G. Charles Griffiths

Greatest Dancing Act Seen in Chicago this Season—the "Barbary Coast Octet."

May 18, 1912.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

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"PRESS CLUB SCOOP"

Presented by the Press Club of Chicago

Auditorium, Saturday Night, May 25, 1912

Programme

(Subject to slight change)

Chairman of Ohio delegation, who places
Taft in nomination.....G. M. Eberhart
Chairman of Illinois delegation, who places
Roosevelt in nomination.....George Cox
Chairman of Wisconsin delegation, who
places LaFollette in nomination.....
.....Charles N. Wheeler
Temporary chairman of the convention
.....B. Beecher Osborne
Secretary.....J. J. Zmrhal
Page.....Walter McCullough
Various state delegations, newspaper corre-

spondents, photographers, telegraph oper-
ators, spectators.
General Director.....W. J. Way
Stage Director.....Otis B. Thayer
Assistant Stage Director..Stanly H. Twist
Musical Director.....Edward C. Moore
Assistant Musical Director.Geo. P. Devitt
Conductor.....Rudolph Berliner
Costumer.....John L. Weber
Master of Properties.....Rex de Rosselli
Director of Program.....
.....Theodore V. R. Ashcroft

The following members will appear on the
stage in the Grand First Part, a "Night at the
Press Club":

Geo. L. Louis
J. U. Higinbotham
Henry W. Young
W. Scott Luce
John A. Campbell
Byron Williams
Willis Mehille
W. H. Walker
James J. McComb
Walter McCullough
George L. Cox
Jerome W. Power
Major M. E. Dickson
Gilbert Shorter
Noble M. Eberhart
B. Beecher Osborne
V. Roberts
Douglas Malloch
J. J. Zmrhal
Edw. H. Fox
Frank I. Wetherbee
E. D. Russell

Mason Warner
Leroy T. Goble
Joseph F. Henderson
Herbert Lane
Horace H. Delano
Robert A. Ward
E. A. Taft
A. E. Ormes
E. R. Shnable
H. Bedford-Jones
W. D. Emerson
Otto Kney
Dr. Lysle F. Cass
Clinton P. Lampman
Wm. Lightfoot Visscher
G. Charles Griffiths
Geo. P. Devitt
J. G. Davis
R. Halley
Charles Lederer
Stanly H. Twist
Harry Sheldon White

The following are the members of the Or-
pheus Glee Club:

C. M. Wirick, Director.

First Tenor.

Warren B. Ewer
Victor E. Tonneson
Roy A. Novak

Myron G. Dibelka
Harold L. Goldstein

Second Tenor.

Ernest E. Nelson
Geo. J. McGregor
Irwin S. Oison
Sam Bleiweiss

Carl O. Lyonstein
Arthur C. Mitchell
R. H. Schneberger
C. W. Glenworth

First Bass.

Victor H. Halperin
George W. Loach
John R. Marchant
Earnest A. Ford
Walter Gabel

Lemuel H. Allen
Dwight H. Heath
Ralph P. Brown
Arthur Heyford

Second Bass.

Harlan H. Edwards
H. Stacey Macomber
Joseph P. Thomson
Lyman A. Stinson

Allen H. Thomson
W. B. Hurd
N. Lawrence Snorff

FROM ACROSS THE POND.

President Malloch has received a letter of
deep appreciation from Sir George Reid, Lon-
don, Eng., high commissioner for Australia,
for the attention shown the Australian boys
who visited Chicago several weeks ago, while
on a brief tour of the United States. Dr. G.
Cooke-Adams, the club member who is en-
joying an extensive tour on the continent, is
mentioned in the letter, which is as follows:

We have heard from Dr. Cooke-Adams, who has
lately been on a visit to England, of the very kind
attention shown by yourself and your Club to the
Australian boys on their way through Chicago. The
courtesy and attention was very much appreciated
by the boys themselves and I am to say that the

High Commissioner, Sir George Reid, has been ex-
tremely pleased to hear of the attention shown to
them, and he desires to convey to you and the mem-
bers of your Club his cordial recognition of your
kindness, which will be much appreciated in Aus-
tralia.
R. MUIRHEAD COLLINS.

RECENT VISITORS.

Dr. M. A. Coonly, New York City, guest of E. R.
Pritchard.

Taylor Kennedy, Houston, Tex., guest of B.
Beecher Osborne.

J. S. Baley, San Francisco, Cal., guest of W. G.
Clifford.

C. C. Shafer, Decatur, Ind., guest of Harry Daniel.
Roscoe Kimball, Elgin, Ill., guest of Mark Hayne.

J. C. Rowley, London, Eng., guest of W. G. Clif-
ford.

J. U. H. sold forty-five tickets in one day and has passed the 100 mark.

MANY THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

The pressure of too much business proved a most fortunate thing for G. Cooke-Adams, the well known Club member who returned home this week after six weeks abroad. The doctor had his heart set on being one of the passengers on the maiden trip of the ill-fated Titanic, but business duties would not allow him to leave London in time to take passage on the steamer.

In order to add a few thrillers to his tour the traveller engaged passage on the Olympic, sister ship of the Titanic, and was stranded for several days on account of the strike among members of the crew. He returned home on the Philadelphia. While on the Olympic Dr. Cooke-Adams joked with several of the officers and members of the crew who afterward lost their lives on the Titanic, about the maiden trip of the latest "Queen of the Seas." Among other things our traveller said to them in a bantering way that he didn't see much use in returning on the Titanic as he could be given no guarantee against an accident similar to the collision between the Olympic and Hawk.

Following the sinking of the Titanic, Dr. Cooke-Adams said that wherever he went in England memorial services were being held in honor of the dead, which added greatly to his depressed feelings. Much alarm was felt by his wife and friends in Chicago as his cable message was delayed so they did not know whether or not he was among the passengers on the Titanic.

Member of Two London Clubs.

While in London Dr. Cooke-Adams was elected a member of both the London Press club and the Authors' club. He brought home with him a copy of the London Press Club Bulletin, a publication similar to the Bulletin issued by the Press Club of Chicago, which contained a reproduction of the photograph of President Taft and President Malloch of our Club shaking hands in the presence of a large assemblage in the Press Club library. The foreign publication contained the addresses of the two Presidents in full.

Sir George Reid Coming.

Upon the return to London of the Australian Boy Scouts from their tour of America, which included a visit to Chicago, Dr. Cooke-Adams greeted them and the next day saw a snapshot of himself and one of the boys in the London Daily Graphic.

Our member brought greetings from Sir Gilbert Parker and Lady Parker, who are looking with much pleasure to their visit to the Press Club of Chicago during their trip to America. Dr. Cooke-Adams also brought a message from the Right Honorable Sir George Reid, who is contemplating a trip to America in September. He will include Chicago on the itinerary and visit the Club.

The Biggest Laugh Chicago Has Had in Years

THE PRESS CLUB SCOOP

Presented by the

PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

at the

AUDITORIUM

Saturday Night, May 25th

The Show will be in Three Big Parts.

A NIGHT AT THE PRESS CLUB

A Bohemian revel in which famous members of the **Press Club of Chicago** will be seen in their favorite haunt doing their characteristic stunts. The entire fourth floor of the **Press Club** will be transported to the **Auditorium stage** for this number.

Hear the Newsboy Quartet.

Hear the Czar of Ragtime.

Hear the Quartet of Solo Artists.

Hear the Orpheus Glee Club of Fifty Voices.

See the Great Cartoon Octette—eight of Chicago's leading cartoonists working on the stage at the same time.

Get the Gags.

Watch the Fun.

AN ALL-STAR OLIO

The Olio will present the best current acts from Chicago's leading theaters, the performers lending their services for this occasion.

See the Barbary Coast Octette from "A Modern Eve," Maude Lillian Berri, dramatic Soprano, and other stars now being booked.

And then comes the grand smash—the big laugh

**AN ADVANCE EDITION OF THE
REPUBLICAN NAT'L CONVENTION**

A monumental burlesque that will gridiron the political leaders of the day. **Taft, Roosevelt, LaFollette, Wilson, Clark, Hearst Cannon,** and others satired. Sung and performed by men who know them well.

See Champ Clark's Dawg.

Hear the Harmon-y Chorus.

Watch the Convention Band.

And Help Nominate the Winner.

If you have laughs prepare to shed them now.

This will make a riot look like a pink tea.

Fifty funny, frolicking fellows and en samble of one hundred.

BETTER COME.

A show that Chicago will talk about and laugh over for a long time. **Chicago's biggest scream,** presented in **Chicago's biggest theater,** by the **World's Biggest Press Club.**

Advance tickets now on sale by members of the **Press Club.** These may be reserved at the **Auditorium Box Office,** beginning Monday, May 20.

Public seat sale opens at the **Auditorium,** Wednesday morning, May 22, at 9 o'clock.

There Never Was a Show Like Our Show. You Won't Need a Feather.

May 18, 1912.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

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THE PIPE

OUR OWN H-RB-RT K-FM-N.

Are you LOOKING for SUCCESS? Pick up some HALF FINISHED JOB at ten cents on the dollar and FINISH it. Many a man poses as a SUCCESS when he is merely a SUCCESSOR to a SUCKER. Develop your SUBORDINATES and subordinate their DEVELOPMENT. Reward them 100 per cent but let half of it be in PROSPECTS. Talk eloquently of THE FUTURE. Hand out PLATITUDES! A platitude is a Cross between a PLATFORM and an ATTITUDE. Like all HYBRIDS it manifests the best SURFACE qualities and the meanest HIDDEN traits of both parents. Do not ABUSE but USE the WEAKNESSES of your fellow men. The SUCCESSFUL man like the blushing ROSE must use all sorts of SOIL. He spells it \$UCCESS—ending with TWICE as many \$'s as he started with. Every man has SOME GOOD in him. The Pharisee SQUEEZES it DRY. The Samaritan helps DEVELOP it. The Samaritan dies RICH and FRIENDLESS. The Samaritan lives forever, a WELCOME GUEST at every table.

OUR PET LITTLE OPTIMIST.

The newspaper strike has done more practical work for conservation of the spruce forests than Gif. Pinchot has yet been able to accomplish. The accustomed sight of the International Paper company's trucks hauling rolls to the newspaper shops is missed and what they don't haul stays in the woods.—O. K.

A SHOT FROM THE SIDE LINES.

That staunch defender of English undefiled, J. E. Buck, M. P. (master of pool) objects to "every one" doing "their" share as requested on the post card boosting the Scoop. The idea, Bro. Buck, is that every one is to pluralize himself in his efforts to sell tickets. To sell HIS share would be insufficient.

OUR LIT. SUP.

We note considerable improvement in Arnold Bennett's second article on "Your United States" (lyte 'Is Majesty's Colonies). He has caught the bubbling vivacity of the 5th Avenue flaneur to a hair!

"I ventured to say to him 'There are fine women on Fifth Avenue.'"

"'By Jove!' he exclaimed with deep conviction as his eyes suddenly fired, 'there are!'"

B. L. T.'s Pipe Smoke Carry is on the shelves of all self-respecting book dealers—temporarily. The illustrations are by C. B. Falls and fit the text like a glove. Wafted on the current of B. L. T.'s breeziest English the smoke of the camp fire and the sacred silences of the north woods are on every page. Buy it and read it and you will be a thought or two nearer the man God meant you to be. The Reilly & Britton Co., who never make a mistake (they stage all of OUR productions) are the publishers and the price post paid is one dollar.

MORTUARY.

According to the W. G. N., a "defunct" broker refused to answer questions asked him in bankruptcy court. He was dead right. Try him in the probate court.

A FABLE.

Once a Tight Wad was struck with a Generous Streak. He made up his Mind to buy a Bunch of Tickets to the "Scoop." The Emotion was so novel that he Feared he might Overdo it and make the rest of the Gang look like Pikers. So he consulted a Good Fellow who was Overdrawn everywhere except on the Books of the Recording Angel where he had a daily increasing Balance, and said:

"I have been Struck with a Hunch to Lay out a Sum of Money on "Scoop" tickets but knowing how Prone we are to make Mistakes when on unfamiliar Ground, I want your Advice. How should I treat such an Impulse?"

"Double it," said the G. F.

And the T. W. having experienced the Joy of Doubling a good Impulse never returned to the Tight and Narrow Path.

MORAL: IN CONSULTING A SPECIALIST YOU TAKE A CHANCE ON BEING CURED OF SOMETHING YOU DID NOT KNOW YOU HAD.

WE DON'T THINK.

Dear Pipe:—I have a heavy thinking part in the Scoop. Do you think that I can get professional courtesies on Broadway?

KNEY.

For which profession? Not for thinking. It isn't done.

J. U. H.

P-R-E-S-S SPELLS PRESS.

From Herald Square to the 'Frisco Call
From the Light of San Antonio;
To Newspaper Row in Montreal.

Our genius in reflection has shown.
It has sailed to these ports on an ocean of ink.
In a craft of "Black and White";
Let's drink a health that it may never sink.
Good-night, dear art, good-night.

Refrain (but he wouldn't):
Years, cheers and tears; P-r-e-s-s spells PRESS,
Tears, cheers and years; C-l-u-b means rest;
We are drifting tonight is an ecstasy of delight,
Back to the old home, good-night.

We are drifting to-night on an inky sea,
Swept onward by the tide of years;
But there's a beckoning port aft and to the lea.
And a welcoming hand that cheers.
To this haven we'll sail in time of storm,
Where good-fellowship sets us a-right;
In this palace of genius, Twenty-six North Dearborn.
Good-night, old club, good-night.

F. S. H.

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER.

For the convenience of the members of the Press Club, a public stenographer may be found at the third floor office.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

Terms of Subscription: By mail, postage prepaid, Fifty Cents per year; single copy, Five Cents.

MAY CLUB MEETING.

The May meeting of the Press Club of Chicago was held Saturday afternoon, May 11, at 1:30 o'clock, with President Malloch in the chair, and the following members present: Messrs. Bullion, Warner, Bennett, Dickson, Zmrhal, Higinbotham, Way, Kney, Buck, Greene, McIntyre, Purchase Osborne, Pickard (E. W.), Wood (G. L.), Louis (Geo.), Baker, Henderson, Brown (C. W.), O'Neill, Visscher, Knox, Jamieson, Skinkle, Squibbs, Doud, Davidson (F.), Ulrich, Allen, Col. Fisher and Charles French. J. J. Zmrhal was appointed secretary pro tem.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved and the report of the financial secretary read and accepted.

The following applicants for membership were elected:

Active.

Phil Sawyer, artist and correspondent; Mark Hayne, sponsor.

Mark S. Watson, Tribune; Norman L. Ritchie, sponsor.

Frederick A. Stock, contributor; John U. Higinbotham, sponsor.

Frederick J. Wessels, contributor; John U. Higinbotham, sponsor.

Joseph Deutsch; Douglas Malloch, sponsor.

W. C. Howey, Tribune; R. R. Jones, sponsor.

Non-Resident.

Will Colvin, reporter; C. N. Wheeler, sponsor.

A resolution that section five, article six, of the constitution be stricken off was adopted.

DIRECTORS' MEETING, MAY 6.

The board of directors of the Press Club of Chicago met in regular meeting, Monday, May 6, with President Malloch in the chair and the following present: Messrs. Osborne, Fox, Henderson, Ford, Kline and Lederer, Mr. Lederer acting as secretary.

The reading of the minutes of the last meeting was approved and suspended until the next meeting. The report of the financial secretary was read and approved and vouchers were ordered drawn on the treasurer to pay bills amounting to \$2,184.97.

On motion of Mr. Lederer, seconded by Mr. Ford, Mr. B. Beecher Osborne was appointed manager of the Club, effective at once.

The resignation of Mr. R. E. Walker, as a director, was accepted.

DIRECTORS' MEETING MAY 13.

The board of directors of the Press Club of Chicago met in regular meeting Monday, May 13, with President Malloch in the chair and the following present: Messrs. Fox, Henderson, Osborne and Lederer, Mr. Lederer acting as secretary.

Minutes of the board meetings of April 15, 19, 23 and 29 and May 6 were read and approved.

The report of the financial secretary was received and on motion of Mr. Fox, seconded by Mr. Lederer, warrants were drawn on the treasurer in payment of accounts amounting to \$1,396.95.

A COURTLY JEST.

"These," said the tourist with the monocle, as he surveyed the defendants in the Federal court room, "are some of your landed gentry I presume."

"Not yet," said the prosecuting attorney, "but we hope to land 'em."

COMING EVENTS

Sunday afternoon, May 19—"Press Club Scoop" meeting, 2 o'clock sharp.

Tuesday evening, May 21—"Press Club Scoop" meeting, 7 o'clock sharp.

Friday evening, May 24—"Press Club Scoop" meeting, 7 o'clock sharp.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 25—"PRESS CLUB SCOOP" AT THE AUDITORIUM.

Saturday and Sunday, June 1 and 2—Cast of "Press Club Scoop" and members and ladies leave for St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., to stage the "Scoop" on Saturday evening and on Sunday enjoy an automobile tour of the Twin Cities and the peach orchards and a banquet at the Hotel Whitcomb as guests of the business men's associations of the two cities.

Thursday afternoon, June 27, 2 o'clock—Reception and musicale to ladies in attendance at conventions of National and Illinois Press associations. (Date is tentative.)

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Dr. R. U. Sterrett of Battle Creek, Mich., was around the Club for a few days this week.

Quin O'Brien has secured larger quarters for his law offices and now occupies rooms 1512-1518, New Otis building, La Salle and Madison streets.

George Hische has returned from a swing around the circle to Los Angeles, Cal., with the Shriners.

Mrs. Charles S. Clark, wife of the editor of the Grain Dealers' Journal and a long-time member of the Press Club, was seriously injured the other evening in a collision between their automobile and a street car. While riding with her husband the machine and the car collided at Halsted and Seventy-ninth streets. Mr. Clark escaped with slight bruises.

George W. Strell is sojourning in Montana and sends the Club his best wishes from Boulder Springs, on the Great Northern road between Butte and Helena.

J. F. Pendleton writes from Pasadena, Cal., that he is up against it hard. The BULLETIN missed fire and did not get to him for two straight issues. We answered his distress signals today.

C. A. Briggs has contributed the original of one of his famous "Kelly pool" cartoons in the Chicago Tribune to the Press Club billiard room, where it is enjoyed and appreciated by the Kelly fans.

President Oscar Morris, of the Milwaukee Press club, paid the Club a visit while in the city this week.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, May 25, 1912.

Number 33.

"TWIN CITIES" PLAN TO ENTERTAIN THE PRESS CLUB

Club on Stage Tonight Outing, Week from Sunday

**Representative Audience to Greet
Clever Performers in the "Scoop" at
the Auditorium.**

The Auditorium curtain rings up tonight on the "Press Club Scoop," the greatest scream of the season!

Tonight's the night, and the "Press Club Scoop" promises the vast and representative audience a smashing, sizzling succession of sensational surprises.

In a nutshell:

The grand first part: "A Night at the Press Club" is a scream; the All-star Olio is a scream; the great political travesty, "An Advance Edition of the Republican National Convention" is a scream—everything is a scream!

The Press Club is especially fortunate in being able to offer some of the biggest feature two cities, and the famous Michigan peach orchards in the vicinity, and a pilgrimage to the grave of the poet, Ben King. Following the acts of the season. According to the official program of the numbers, which is printed on pages 134 and 135 of this issue of the Bulletin:

Chicago's own, "Jimmie" Callahan, manager of the "White Sox";

Maud Lillian Berri, dramatic soprano;

Frank Fogarty, the Dublin minstrel;

The "Dancing Eight" from "A Modern Eve";

Arthur Deming, "that famous minstrel man," will be there.

For the benefit of those who have delayed securing reserved seats for the evening, the Auditorium box office reports that there are plenty of seats left. It is necessary to act quickly, however.

WANT TO SEE THEMSELVES AS OTHERS WILL SEE THEM.

President Douglas Malloch has received the following letters from prominent "Originals"

(Continued on page 136.)

**Members and their Ladies to be Guests
of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph for
the Day.**

A representative delegation of members of the Press Club of Chicago and ladies will invade Benton Harbor and St. Joseph, Mich., on Sunday, June second, when they will be guests of citizens of the Twin Cities. An elaborate and unique program of entertainment has been prepared by the business men's association of the two cities, and a royal good time is guaranteed.

The day's program upon the arrival of the delegation from Chicago, calls for an automobile tour of the principal thoroughfares of the automobile trip the visitors will be tendered a reception and luncheon at the Hotel Whitcomb. Benton Harbor and St. Joseph are counting on a delegation of at least five hundred.

It is planned that the delegation leave Chicago on the Graham and Morton steamer at 10 o'clock Sunday morning, and leave the Michigan side on the return trip either on a six o'clock steamer that night or a later one at 10:30 o'clock. The only individual expense connected with the day's outing is the boat fare, which is one dollar for the round trip.

J. Hampton Baumgartner, of Baltimore, Md., was at the Club two days this week, coming to Chicago for the purpose of arranging for a special newspaper men's train from the eastern states over the Baltimore and Ohio, to the Republican National convention next month. Three hundred are expected on the special and the courtesies of the Press Club will be extended to them during their stay.

RECENT VISITORS.

John Suter, president National Press club, Washington, D. C., guest of H. M. Lytle.

A. M. Cole, St. Louis, guest of W. G. Clifford.

Outing at Benton Harbor and St. Joe, Sunday, June 2d.

"PRESS CLUB SCOOP"

PRESENTED BY THE

PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

SATURDAY NIGHT, MAY 25, 1912

PROGRAM

(Subject to Change)

Opening Overture, "The Press Club Scoop"

..... Orchestra

Written and conducted by

EDWARD C. MOORE.

Prologue,

OPIE READ.

Grand First Part.

"A Night at the Press Club."

A Bohemian Revel showing famous members of the Press Club in their usual haunts doing favorite stunts.

Arranged by Douglas Malloch.

NUMBERS.

I.

Grand Opening Chorus—"Press Club Boys"

.....Entire Company

(Words and music by George L. Louis.)

II.

R. W. STERRETT, Tenor.

"The Orinoco" (words and music by Billy Way).

III.

AXEL CHRISTENSEN,

"Czar of Ragtime."

"When Ragtime Rosie Ragged the Rosary."

IV.

NEWSBOYS' QUARTETTE.

V.

BILLY WAY,

That Inimitable Pianologist, singing his famous Press Club Hymn, "He Never Blamed the Booze."

VI.

"THE DANCING EIGHT."

From "A Modern Eve," Garrick Theater.

The Season's Greatest Dancing Act.

(Courtesy Mort H. Singer.)

VII.

WAITERS' QUARTET

In Song and Dance.

VIII.

Closing Ensemble.

"The Press Club Man".....

.....By Harold W. Dingman

SYLVAIN LANGLOIS,

Baritone.

Supported by Entire Company.

PART TWO

All-Star Olio

(Subject to Change)

DIRECTION OF GEORGE S. WOOD

Owing to the length of the program the audience is requested to refrain from calling for encores.

I.

FLO JACOBSON AND BILLY FOGARTY.

In an original singing sketch,

"I wish I was in Dixie".....(Snyder)

II.

Chicago's Own

"JIMMIE" CALLAHAN,

Manager of the "White Sox."

III.

WALTER McCULLOUGH,

"Casey at the Bat."

IV.

RAYMOTH.

"The American Nightingale."

V.

CHICAGO CARTOONISTS.

A battalion of Chicago's cleverest.

"Surprise Comics".....Charles Lederer

"The Cascade".....Mark Hayne

"Favorite Characters".....C. A. Briggs

"Local Room People".....Robert A. Ward

"Bits of Color".....Frank I. Wetherbee

Outing at Benton Harbor and St. Joe, Sunday, June 2d.

PROGRAM — Continued

"Cartoonists".....L. R. Merrill
"Doc Yak".....Sidney Smith
"Public Characters".....Dennis Donohue
Incidental music by Victor Herbert, mem-
ber of the Press Club.

VI.

VERA BERLINER,
The Violinist with a Soul.

VII.

MAUD LILLIAN BERRI,
Dramatic Soprano.

VIII.

W. M. BAXTER.
The Press Club's Own
Saxophone Soloist.

IX.

FRANK FOGARTY,
The Dublin Minstrel.

X.

ARTHUR DEMING.
"That Famous Minstrel Man."

PART THREE

GRAND AFTERPIECE

The Great Political Travesty

"An Advance Edition of the Republican National Convention"

Presenting in One Screaming Act a few of the many screaming
acts of the political leaders of our time.

(Copyright, 1912, by the Press Club of Chicago)

WRITTEN BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

Produced under the personal supervision of Otis B. Thayer. Stage in charge of Stanly H. Twist.

Time—June, 1912

Place—The Coliseum, Chicago

CAST OF PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS:

Theodore Roosevelt.....Otis B. Thayer
William Howard Taft...William D. Emerson
Robert M. LaFollette.....Gilbert Shorter
Joseph G. Cannon.....Douglas Malloch
'Chairman Wisconsin Delegation.....
.....Charles N. Wheeler
Chairman Ohio Delegation.....
.....Noble M. Eberhart
'Chairman Illinois Delegation...George L. Cox
Temporary Chairman of Convention.....
.....B. Beecher Osborne
Secretary of Convention.....J. J. Zmrhal
'Champ Clark.....John L. Weber
His Original "Houn' Dawg".....
.....William H. Walker
'Woodrow Wilson.....G. Charles Griffiths

William Randolph Hearst.....E. W. Helm
Chairman of Suffragette Delegation.....
.....Billy Way
The Suffragette Delegation.Frank I. Wetherbee
Leader Convention Bands....Edward H. Fox
Page of the Convention..Walter McCullough
Reporter.....Leroy T. Goble
NewsboyDenton Vane
Bibulous New York Delegate.....
.....Chauncey Herbert
Ardent Supporter of LaFollette.....
.....William R. Bullion
Illinois Delegate.....Rex De Rosselli
Another Illinois Delegate.....John Campbell
Chairman Georgia Delegation.....
.....William Lightfoot Visscher

Various state delegations, state chairman, newspaper correspondents, photographers,
telegraph operators, messengers, spectators, etc.

Outing at Benton Harbor and St. Joe, Sunday, June 2d.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

Terms of Subscription: By mail, postage prepaid, Fifty Cents per year; single copy, Five Cents.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

La Verne Noyes is in Boston, Mass., on a brief business trip.

Henry J. Hansen has been trout fishing near Osceola, Wis., for the past week.

John A. Brown is at Tannersville, N. Y., where he was called by the serious illness of a relative.

"Dickens' Dream," written by John S. Zimmerman for the occasion of a luncheon tendered to Alfred Tennyson Dickens by the Press Club, was read at the First Baptist Church, Oak Park, last Monday night, in introducing Frank Speaight, who gave an evening of Dickens' impersonations. Mr. Speaight returns to London, Eng., this week.

CLUB ON STAGE TONIGHT.

(Continued from page 133.)

who will be burlesqued in the convention scene in the "Press Club Scoop":

The President appreciates the courtesy and cordiality of the invitation which you extend to him in your letter of May 9th, and asks me to tender you his warm thanks for your kindness. He regrets that his engagements make it impossible for him to be the guest of the Press Club of Chicago on the occasion in question. Conveying to you an expression of the President's hearty good wishes for a most enjoyable evening, I am,

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES D. HILLES,

Secretary to the President.

I have your good letter of the 9th instant, inviting me to the entertainment to be given by your club and am sorry that I will be unable to attend as my duties as speaker are such that I can't leave the city for any length of time that would necessitate my missing more than a single day's session of the house.

I am sure that you will have a most delightful occasion and am sorry that I will be unable to attend. I can't imagine anything that I would rather do.

Thanking you again and with best wishes, I am,
Your friend,

CHAMP CLARK.

I am in receipt of your kind favor of the ninth inst., inviting me to be a guest of the Press Club, Saturday evening, May 25th, at their production, the "Press Club Scoop."

I appreciate the courtesy of the invitation and would be very glad to avail myself of it if practicable. It will not be possible, however, for me to leave Washington at that time, and I am obliged therefore to decline the invitation.

Again thanking you and regretting my inability to accept the invitation, I am, with respect, etc.

Yours truly,

J. G. CANNON.

THE PIPE

"SCOOP" ITEMS.

IT looks like a nocturnal period of colossal proportions would eventuate the current evening!

SPEAKING of nocturnes, there is not a turn on the bill that merits a knock!

AND, although we are superstitious, we make the above statement without knocking Wood (George S.) who (with Stanley Twist) got up the olio—

OR Billy Way who (assisted by Twist) Generally managed the affair—

OR Douglas Malloch who (with suggestions from Stanley) fathered and mothered and nursed it along—

OR O. B. Thayer whose constant prayer to the boys on rehearsal days was "O. B. There" and who put ginger even into S. Twist—

OR the MEMBERS who came to the rehearsals or solicited ads or sold tickets or talked "Scoop."

GOD bless 'em all! It is a big "Scoop" in dollars and a bigger one in developing the "pull-together" spirit so essential to Press Club life.

OUR PINK SHEET.

The Tigers struck because Ty Cobb was suspended. There is danger of ball players taking themselves too seriously. A public that gradually accommodated itself to a reduction of 80 per cent in its morning papers, as it did in Chicago during the newspaper strike, could learn to get along without baseball and the re-teaching process would be slow and expensive.

SPEAKING OF CRIME.

While criminologists are looking into the question "Is crime a disease?" why not study and classify a few other abnormalities? We append a few w. k. diseases:

Joy Riding;

Chorus Girls;

Accumulating Colossal Fortunes;

White Shoes (fem.);

Matinee Idols (fem.).

Send in a few. List closes June 19.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

We neglect the good things that are close to us. Familiarity is the death-knell of appreciation. How many of our life members, our business and professional men, know the value of Weber's Weekly? Every topic treated is not of equal interest to every one. Every subject is not handled in a way to suit OUR taste. God forbid! But each issue treats some live subject sanely, clearly, logically and with as little bias as we have any reason to expect from a mere human. Ask George W. Weber to mail you a copy from 4649 Sheridan Road.

OUR CYNIC SAYS:

There are lots of half way crooks. There are no half way honest men any more than there are partly good eggs.

The Hare and Tortoise is a perfectly good fable, but in placing bets remember that every hare does not go to sleep on the job. (Parenthetically, our own particular hair is going very fast at the present writing.)

ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

According to the Blue Rapids (Kans.) Times, rhubarb is about so  high!

SOCIETY GOSSIP.

W. R. Barnes writes from Chattanooga that the story of his marriage has been greatly exaggerated.

J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1912.

Number 34.

BIG OUTING FOR CLUB MEMBERS AND THEIR LADIES

Business Men's Association of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph, Mich., Hosts at Dinner and Automobile Tour of "Twin Cities" and Surrounding Peach Orchards Sunday, June 2.

EXCURSION TO "TWIN CITIES." SUNDAY, JUNE 2.

- 10 a. m.—Leave Chicago from Graham and Morton Dock, foot of Wabash Avenue.
- 2 p. m.—Arrive St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Michigan.
- 2 p. m. to 6 p. m.—Guests of Business Men's Association of "Twin Cities." Banquet at Hotel Whitcomb, and automobile tour of principal places of interest in two cities, the surrounding peach orchards, and to the grave of Ben King.
- 6 p. m.—Leave on Graham and Morton boat for Chicago.
- 10 p. m.—Arrive Chicago.
- OR—
- 10:30 p. m.—Leave on Graham and Morton boat for Chicago.
- 5 a. m. (Monday)—Arrive Chicago.

CITIZENS of two thriving Michigan cities have been planning for some time for the entertainment of the members of the Press Club of Chicago and their ladies and children and promise to give us an all-around good time.

Sunday, June 2, all members of the Press Club of Chicago and their ladies are invited and expected to take in what promises to be a decidedly enjoyable day's outing. The day will be spent at Benton Harbor and St. Joseph,

Mich., where the party will be the guests of the business men's association of the "Twin Cities."

The trip from Chicago to the Michigan side and return will be made on one of the palatial steamers of the Graham and Morton line, and a four hours' ride each way on Lake Michigan is one of the features of the outing. The this is the only expense to the individual members of the party.

boat fare for the round trip is one dollar, and The party will congregate at the Graham and Morton dock, 310 River street, just west of the Rush street bridge, in time to leave on the 10 o'clock boat Sunday morning. The boat arrives on the Michigan side at 2 o'clock in the afternoon where a delegation of members of the business men's association of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph will welcome the Chicagoans.

At the Hotel Whitcomb a dinner will be tendered the visitors after which they will be taken for an automobile tour of the "Twin Cities," to the surrounding peach orchards, and to the grave of the poet, Ben King.

One boat leaves at 6 o'clock on the return trip to Chicago, arriving here at 10 o'clock. Another leaves at 10 p. m., arriving in Chicago at 5 o'clock Monday morning. Members of the party are at liberty to return on either steamer they desire.

"PRESS CLUB SCOOP" TREMENDOUS HIT

In the words of one of Chicago's well-known dramatic critics, the "Press Club Scoop" was worthy of Col. Roosevelt's "bully."

Three thousand people, including prominent box-holders, witnessed the Press Club's first attempt at theatricals, and the frequent and often prolonged encores throughout the action of the play indicated their pleasure. So cordially were

the various numbers received that it was 11:45 o'clock before the final curtain was rung down, but the performance "moved with a briskness and absence of waits which quite took it out of the amateur class."

A Continuous Scream.

Under the able direction of Otis B. Thayer, the general producer, and Stanly H. Twist,

PRESS CLUB "SCOOP" TREMENDOUS HIT.

stage manager, the "Press Club Scoop" was not only a creditable performance in the full sense of the word, but it was distinctly unique in its unusualness. Following the clever and laughable prologue delivered by Opie Read, (he's always witty), the first curtain arose on a typical Press Club scene, with over one hundred members in their characteristic doings. Not a single amusement feature on the fourth floor of the Club was missing, from "kelly-pool" to checkers. This opening scene brought forth an enthusiastic burst of applause from the audience and from then on until the final curtain on the first part, each "stunt" was enthusiastically received.

Each number was a hit, from the grand opening chorus to the closing ensemble when Sylvain Langlois, supported by the entire company, sang the "Press Club Man." The "Dancing Eight," from "A Modern Eve," at the Garrick; the Waiters' and Newsboys' Quartettes; R. W. Sterrett; and Billy Way and Axel Christensen were pronounced "great" by the number of encores accorded them. The Orpheus Glee Club under C. M. Wirick, director, was a big feature of the act.

A Real Olio.

An olio, but oh, "so different" from the usual kind, furnished the second part of the program. It was under the direction of George S. Wood, and was featured with some of the biggest vaudeville acts that have appeared at Chicago theaters this season.

Chicago's own "Jimmie" Callahan, manager of the White Sox, saw his team win a "scoop" in a hot seventeen inning game in the afternoon, and in the evening he kept the audience at our "Scoop" choking with laughter by his stories of humorous incidents during his baseball career. Then there was that big hit, eight prominent Chicago cartoonists at work on the stage at the same time. Although they occupied fifteen minutes' time, the audience wanted more. Flo Jacobson and Billy Fogarty appeared in a box in an original singing sketch, and Raymoth, "the American nightingale," who completely fooled the audience until he removed his wig, were big features of the olio. Walter McCullough pulled down the house by his recitation of "Casey at the Bat" and Vera Berliner, who is every bit worthy of the title "A Violinist with a Soul," was enthusiastically received. Frank Fogarty told so many rapid fire jokes that he repeatedly brought down the house and W. M. Baxter, by his rendition of "My Hero" on the saxophone, caused J. U. H. and hundreds of others to realize for the first time that there is so much music in "one of those blamed things." Then there was Maud Lillian Berri, more attractive than ever, whose rich soprano voice won her a hearty reception.

As a pleasant surprise, Sophie Tucker, from a "Louisiana Lou" company appeared.

Then the Biggest Scream of All.

As is characteristic of all successful successes, the "Press Club Scoop" played its trump card in the last part, its great political travesty, "An Advance Edition of the Republican National Convention." In the language of one newspaper: "The Press Club so completely spoiled the real convention at the Coliseum next month that it will be stale, flat and only fairly profitable;" and another states that the "real convention may be called off."

To give credit where credit belongs, each principal character, each member of the various state delegations, each state chairman, each newspaper reporter, each staff photographer, each telegraph operator, each newsboy, each messenger, each spectator—in short, each person on the stage acquitted himself, (herself for the "suffragettes") in a most creditable manner.

As the sage from Sagamore, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Otis B. Thayer was a whole show in himself. He could say the word "Liars" with a series of exclamation points after it, better than anyone in the world, except the "real" Teddy, and his imitation of the original's cracks in his voice was immense.

Then there was his rival whom Teddy used to call "Bill," William Howard Taft in the person of William D. Emerson; and Robert M. LaFollette in the person of Gilbert Shorter; and "Uncle Joe" Cannon in the person of Douglas Malloch—but wait—

Champ Clark's original "houn' dawg," (he's William Walker off the stage) "cornered" the applause in great shape. He was there all the time, bark and all.

Then there are those three prominent chairmen—Charles N. Wheeler, of the Wisconsin delegation; Noble M. Eberhart of the Ohio delegation; and George L. Cox of the Illinois delegation—tremendous hits. Then the democrats, Champ Clark, (John L. Weber) Woodrow Wilson, (G. Charles Griffiths) William Randolph Hearst, (E. W. Helm), and the Suffragettes, (Billy Way; Frank I. Wetherbee and Rex De Rosselli) all laugh producers. Then there was that bibulous New York delegate, Chauncey Herbert, who was good for a series of laughs every time he moved; William R. Bullion, the ardent supporter of LaFollette; Edward H. Fox, leader of all of those convention bands; B. Beecher Osborne, whom "Uncle Joe" ousted bodily from his seat at the speaker's table; Leroy T. Goble, and his camera; William Lightfoot Visscher, chairman of the Georgia delegation; Denton Vane, newsboy—they were all good.

Success Financially.

Financially speaking, the Press Club of Chi-

NEWSPAPER CRITICISMS ON THE "SCOOP"

CHICAGO SUNDAY INTER OCEAN:

Theodore Roosevelt, replete with medals and hats; the melancholy and much-kicked houn' dawg of Champ Clark, little Bob LaFollette with a pompadour that created envy in every woman in the audience, and a phalanx of celebrities and would-be celebrities all foregathered last night on the stage of the Auditorium theater and helped make the third part of the "Press Club Scoop" one of the most unique and hilarious shows ever seen in Chicago.

The "Scoop" was the first annual Press Club show ever given in Chicago. That it was a success was attested by the howls of delight from the audience that came in almost every part of the performance. * * * But it was the third part of the show that proved the right of the press agent to write under his advertisements: "A continuous scream." All prominent characters in political life were travestied with such accuracy, not alone in dress and make-up, but in characteristics of speech and gesture as well, that the packed house spent its time alternately rocking in its seats and fanning itself for renewed breath with which to laugh. * * *

CHICAGO SUNDAY RECORD-HERALD:

A Republican national convention that furnished more thrills, successful presidential candidates and precedents than any gathering of the kind ever held, was staged at the Auditorium theater last evening. The convention was held by the Press Club of Chicago without the aid of the bosses. In fact, they scooped the political bosses in so many ways that it is possible the convention scheduled to be held at the Coliseum may be called off. They may decide that another one would be superfluous—in the nature of an anti-climax. Last night's convention was scheduled as the "Press Club Scoop." In it all of the presidential candidates were successful. So were the actors. So, also, was the venture of the Club. * * *

CHICAGO SUNDAY EXAMINER:

Everything and everybody, from the president of the United States down to Champ Clark's "houn' dawg," was burlesqued last night by members of the Press Club of Chicago, in their annual frolic, known as the "Press Club Scoop." * * * A capacity audience applauded the efforts of the scribes. * * *

CHICAGO SUNDAY TRIBUNE:

The Press Club of Chicago last night entertained an audience at the Auditorium with a satire on all of the

"SCOOP" TREMENDOUS HIT.

Chicago is over eight thousand dollars better off than it was before the "Press Club Scoop" performance. The 128 page souvenir program which was so well patronized, was an attractive souvenir of the occasion with its comprehensive and instructive article on the "Press Club of Chicago," by John McGovern; its excellent cartoons and well displayed advertisements.

Among those from out of the city who attended the "Scoop" were K. K. Knecht, president, and James J. Madden, secretary of the Evansville (Ind.) Press Club.

more prominent candidates for president, both Republican and Democratic. In form the entertainment was a travesty on the Republican national convention to be held at the Coliseum in June, but, by the license permitted the travesty writer, members of the club who represented Taft, Roosevelt and LaFollette were present on the floor of the mock convention, along with Champ Clark, Champ Clark's dawg, William Randolph Hearst, Woodrow Wilson and Uncle Joe Cannon. * * * E. C. MOORE IN CHICAGO EVENING JOURNAL:

* * * The evening's entertainment was a lengthy one, but the spectators gave it the mark of their approval by remaining in their seats until the end. * * * The show deserves commendation not only for the merit of many of the acts presented, but from the fact that it moved with a briskness and absence of waits which quite took it out of the amateur class.

FREDERICK HATTON IN CHICAGO EVENING POST:

The Press Club on Saturday night spoiled the Republican national convention for us. Whatever occurs at that historic gathering, it will be stale, flat and only fairly profitable after the merry and cartoonesque satire of Saturday night at the Auditorium, where one-third of the "Press Club Scoop" was devoted to exploiting the follies of candidates. * * * The affair was no less than three-ringed—two conventions and the ring about T. R.'s hat. * * * It was a good fooling, well planned and skillfully stage managed. We hope it will be repeated before the real delegates in June. * * * The program was worthy of the colonel's "bully."

CHICAGO EXAMINER, MONDAY, MAY 27:

Weber and Fields, the comedians, paid a graceful compliment to the Press Club of Chicago Saturday night when the following telegram was received at the box office of the Auditorium theater, dated Rochester, N. Y.:

We see by the Chicago papers here that the Press Club is giving a "Scoop" at the Auditorium tonight. We are all newspaper men in this company, so please buy us a box and charge to our account. Lillian Russell is a member of the San Francisco Press Club. William Collier writes for the St. James (L. I.) Advocate, George Beman is a regular contributor to L'Italienne Americaine, while we are honorary life members of the New York Press Club.

(Signed) WEBER AND FIELDS.

The box was accordingly purchased and occupied by their representative, who is in the city preparing for the engagement of the Jubilee company at the Auditorium next Saturday.

AMONG THE MEMBERS.

W. R. Barnes leaves the first of the week for another business trip to New York.

O. E. Moody has returned from Arkansas where he inspected his rice plantation.

Charles E. Fisher, who has been at Mt. Clemens, Mich., returned to Chicago Saturday, especially to attend the performance of the "Scoop."

IMPORTANT!

Matter intended for publication in the Press Club Bulletin should be turned in at the Bulletin office on the 3rd floor of the Press Club Building, not later than 1:00 p. m. each Wednesday.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Sunday, June 2—Press Club Members and their Ladies at St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., as guests of the Business Men's Association of the "Twin Cities." Graham and Morton Steamer leaves Chicago at 10 o'clock in the morning.

Saturday, June 8, 1:30 o'clock—Regular Monthly Club Meeting.

Saturday Evening, June 8, 8:15 o'clock—Mrs. Mary Hight, Reader, in a New Offering by the Author of "Mr. Dooley," assisted by Miss Rose Fallon, contralto, and Mr. Joseph Smith Russell, baritone.

THE PIPE

THE SCOOP.

IF we start acknowledgments to every one who helped us, we will have to get out another eight-page Bulletin!

PERHAPS we had better bunch it like the bereaved widow and thank all who were so kind to us at the time of our recent great—achievement!

IN the first place, the boys themselves did better than we expected, but we knew they would!

THEN The Dancing Eight danced like Sixty! We had friends in the front of the house and we were so nervous for fear one of the men would let a young lady slip off the end of his arm and land in the parquet that we could not take our eyes off them!

AND Flo Jacobson and Billy Fogarty made a pretty picture of international peace as they sang love ditties from the box.

JIMMIE Callahan was just "Our Jimmy." With a Jimmy like that you could break open a heart of steel!

WALTER McCullough did Casey at the Bat in a Sox uniform. Judging from the score on Sunday he must have hoodooed the clothes! Walter made a hit even if Casey did not!

THE 8 Cartoonists all drew—and filled! The audience shouted its approval at the completion of each sketch!

VERA Berliner is a violinist that lives and breathes music. She swayed the audience like a reed in the wind!

AN EXCEPTIONAL TREAT PROMISED.

Mary Hight will give us an evening June 8, (ladies' night). I believe she has a new offering written by F. Peter Dunne. The combination will be irresistible. All of us have read Mr. Dooley; many of us have heard Mary Hight. As one of the fortunate ones who have been entertained and educated by both I want to say that any one could read Dooley and get something out of him and that Mary Hight could read anything and get something—a great deal—out of it. When an irresistible reader meets a movable audience the result is an evening of delight.

Mrs. Hight will be assisted by Miss Rose Fallon, a contralto of rare charm, and Mr. Joseph Smith Russell, a baritone of high repute. Everyone and his wife, sweetheart and daughters should turn out and show our appreciation for the generosity of these artists.—J. U. H.

RAYMOTH had them all guessing. We had hard work convincing those around us that it was her wife sitting with him!

MAUD Lillian Berri sang as only she can. "Over the Heather" had the tang o' the Highlands in it and "He Can Come Back" made a hit with all except some of us who bet on Jim Jeffries two years ago!

W. M. BAXTER wrung more music out of his saxophone than we ever dreamed was in one of those unhandy things!

FRANK Fogarty told Irish stories in the way we wish all Irishmen could. If they could, Ireland would be free—to tell us stories all evening. To be frank, we sometimes essay an Irish story, but to tell it as well as Fogarty, well, we would have to be Frank.

SOPHIE Tucker filled the breach made by the absence of Arthur Deming and, believe us, she filled it without a wrinkle. Her voice reached every part of the Auditorium ("vast" left in the Cannery) and caused a startled chauffeur on Congress street to start up and say, "Was dat me number?"

AND the AUDIENCE—that was some audience when subjected either to qualitative or quantitative analysis! It acquitted itself nobly and many an owl car was the richer for its stick-to-it-iveness!

AND the boys of the press who boosted—we would like to particularize right here, but each one of you knows we mean YOU.

JUST a word for the humble Kelly pool players painted on the back drop—

COLUMN full? Very well! Giddap!

J. U. H.

COMING EVENTS

Sunday, June 2.—Excursion to Benton Harbor and St. Joseph, Mich., where club members and their ladies will be guests of the Business Men's Association of the "Twin Cities" for the day.

Saturday, June 8, 1:30 o'clock.—Regular monthly Club meeting.

Saturday evening, June 8, 8:15 o'clock.—Mrs. Mary Hight, reader; assisted by Miss Rose Fallon, contralto, and Mr. Joseph Smith Russell, baritone.

Thursday afternoon, June 27, 2 o'clock.—Reception and musicale to ladies in attendance at conventions of National and Illinois Press associations. (Date is tentative.)

RECENT VISITORS.

C. C. Schafer, Decatur, Ind., guest of Harry Daniel.

Dr. M. A. Leach, Battle Creek, Mich., guest of H. Bedford Jones.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, June 8, 1912.

Number 35.

WE WELCOME YOU! 1,300 BY AUGUST!

Press Club to be headquarters of outside newspaper men in Chicago for the Republican Convention.

THE Press Club of Chicago is yours, Mr. Visiting Newspaper Man!

On account of the Republican National convention a large number of newspaper correspondents from all over the country are arriving in Chicago, and the Press Club extends a hearty invitation for them to make its building, at 26 North Dearborn street, their headquarters.

The entire third floor of the Club building is being set aside as a workroom for the correspondents. Writing desks, typewriters and other accessories will be placed at their disposal, and every effort will be made to facilitate their strenuous "grind." The other five floors of the Club will be placed at the disposal of the visitors for their enjoyment, and the Club has no keys—its doors never close.

Charles N. Wheeler, recording secretary of the Club, is chairman of a reception committee, composed of the following members, who will look after the interests of the visitors:

E. H. Fox, O. F. Schuette, R. R. Jones, H. L. Reiwitch, Karl MacVitty, William Cochran, J. I. Cairns, E. O. Phillips, D. B. Richardson, E. C. Moore, W. H. Culver, M. E. Dickson, H. I. Greene, S. H. Twist, W. J. Way, E. H. Norris, E. W. Pickard, G. C. Eubank, Harry Daniel, B. B. Osborne, H. S. White, W. E. Moore, L. S. Metcalf, R. F. Frazier, C. A. Briggs, William Ray, Sidney Smith, William Walker, R. H. Leek, O. E. Moody.

THIS IS LADIES' NIGHT AT THE CLUB.

Among other good things that Mrs. Mary Hight has in store for us this evening, which of course is ladies' night at the Club, is a new offering, written by the creator of "Mr. Doolley." The clever reader will be assisted by Miss Rose Fallon, soprano, and Mr. Joseph Smith Russell, baritone.

BANQUETED AT THE CLUB.

Employees of the circulation department of the Tribune were banqueted at the Press Club dining room by the newspaper Tuesday evening, June 4. Covers were laid for eighty.

Active membership campaign, in which everyone co-operates, will mean healthy growth for the Press Club.

THE "Scoop" demonstrated what the Press Club can do when it really tries.

Let's have another demonstration—we liked that one so well!

May 31 the Press Club had 1,258 members. Let's make it 1,300 by August 1. That is 53 days.

One application a day for 53 days will just about make it 1,300 net.

If each member brings in one new member it will be 'way beyond that.

It would be easy.

Each member knows somebody who is eligible and anxious to join.

All he needs is an invitation from the man already in.

All he needs is an invitation from **you**.

If he needs more, tell him this is the largest and liveliest Press Club in the world.

Tell him about our Club facilities, about our entertainments, about the "Scoop," about the world's greatest fraternity of men who write.

And have a pink application blank handy when you tell him.

FAREWELL DANCE TO J. U. H.

Saturday evening, June 15, the Press Club will give a farewell dance in the ballroom on the sixth floor of the Press Club building in honor of J. U. H. and Mrs. J. U. H., who sail immediately thereafter for France to gather material for another book of travels. It will be a shirtwaist party, and those who have never seen J. U. H. in a shirtwaist are urged to come.

In fact, every member of the Club is urged to come and bring Mrs. Member, present or prospective. Those who desire to dance with the guests of honor will form line at right of hall. Survivors among those who have danced with J. U. H. before will be given the preference.

Tickets will be 50 cents each, just enough to pay for the music. The cafe on the fifth floor will be open and appropriate refreshments will be served. A nautical program will be one of the features of the evening.



Photo by Burke & Atwell, Chicago. Engraving by Partridge & Anderson, Chicago.

ENJOY OUTING AT THE "TWIN CITIES"

"Of all the towns that jest suits me,
From Stevensville to Manistee,
There's one old place I can't fergit;
It ain't a great ways off, and yit
From here, it's sixty miles er so in a bee line—
That's old St. Joe."

—From Ben King's "Old St. Joe."

N EARLY one hundred members of the Press Club of Chicago and their ladies were royally entertained at St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., last Sunday as guests of the business men's association of the Twin Cities. The day's pleasure began when aboard the Graham & Morton steamer "City of Benton Harbor," bound for Michigan, and it proved one of the most enjoyable outings the Club has ever taken.

A reception committee, with J. W. Fletcher as chairman, met the steamer at St. Joseph, and with the Michigan Marine band in the lead the Chicagoans were escorted to the Hotel Whitcomb, where a most excellent menu was enjoyed. Judge Fletcher, with appropriate remarks, welcomed the Press Club of Chicago to the Twin Cities, and President Malloch responded on behalf of the Club. In answer to the request of the guests, Walter Banyon of Benton Harbor recited "Old St. Joe." Several appropriate remarks were made by prominent citizens of the Twin Cities, and following the dinner an automobile tour of the two cities and the surrounding rich fruit country was made.

It was at the outset of the tour that the heart-

strings of the party were pulled, for a visit was made to the grave of Ben King, where a wreath was placed upon the grave. One of the features of the tour was a stop at the Edgewater Club on the shores of Lake Michigan, where punch was served. Group photographs were taken in front of the club, and also opposite the Hotel Whitcomb, where the party congregated about a fountain that was brought to St. Joseph from the Chicago exposition in 1893.

The majority of the delegation returned to Chicago on the six o'clock boat, although a number remained for the evening and enjoyed the hospitality of Manager J. A. Simon at the Bell opera house.

Editorially speaking, "We want to go again. It was a 'bully' outing."

The St. Joseph Herald of June 3 says editorially:

If everyone in St. Joseph could have heard the nice things Chicago newspaper men said about our city there would be no limit to our pride and chestiness. Every member of the Press Club returned Sunday evening a booster for St. Joseph. * * * The visit of the Press Club of Chicago did a greater missionary work for St. Joseph than anything that has come to pass in years. It always pays to advertise.



Photo by Burke & Atwell, Chicago. Engraving by Partridge & Anderson, Chicago.

The following Press Club members and friends made the trip:

Douglas Malloch, wife and daughter; E. S. Hansen, Charles E. Glessner, D. F. Cass, Earl Marble, A. Milo Bennett, Charles Lederer and wife, L. R. Merrell and wife, H. L. Ryewitch and wife, Joseph Henderson, Horace H. Delano, Arthur E. Ormes, Mason Warner and wife, B. B. Osborne, M. L. Helpman, John L. Hall, R. A. Hollie, W. R. Bullion and daughter, Robert R. Presnell, Harold C. Thomas, J. F. Presnell and wife, George M. Weichert, Walter Farraday, J. P. Bareatt, D. B. Richardson, Miss Scheibe, T. S. Davies, wife and two sons; William Freeman, George C. Bostian, John M. Morrison, Roy Atwell and wife, E. J. Baker and wife, Mrs. E. J. Wyne, Miss Snyder, Jefferson Jackson and wife, R. Rutherford, wife and son; Frank Comerford, Louis Blum, L. S. Berlin, Miss Herron, Miss Gladys Davies, Frank Thayer, J. C. Freeman, C. A. Gardner and wife, H. S. Pepon, wife and daughter, Miss Rose Stettberger, O. M. Becker, Paul Becker, C. B. Hull, E. A. Hopperstead, Leroy T. Goble and wife, John E. Buck, Albert E. Cone, C. S. Russell, Miss Glover, E. S. Squire, Mr. Scheerer and wife, Miss Windesheim.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

The Dickens Fellowship, London, Eng., recently passed the following resolutions of sympathy following the Titanic disaster:

The Dickens Fellowship, London, tenders its heartfelt sympathy to the American nation in its hour of deep sorrow in which it has been plunged by the lamentable loss of so many of its citizens in the terrible calamity of the sinking of the S. S. Titanic. Great as is England's own loss and deeply as they mourn their own countrymen and women, her sons and daughters feel no less keenly the loss of their cousins across the water.

IN HONOR OF VISITING LADIES.

Wives of members of the Press Club of Chicago and members of the Illinois Woman's Press association will compose the reception committee in charge of the musicale and reception to be given by the Press Club on Thursday afternoon, June 27, in honor of the ladies in attendance at the annual conventions of the National and Illinois Press associations. The members of the committee are:

Mrs. Charles Lederer, chairman; Mrs. Douglas Malloch, Mrs. Edward H. Fox, Mrs. Mason Warner, Mrs. Edgar A. Hall, Mrs. A. W. Glessner, Mrs. Frank Roderus, Mrs. William Ray, Mrs. Horace Ford, Mrs. Harry Hyman, Mrs. Leroy T. Goble, Mrs. H. B. Bogg, Mrs. Charles S. Clark, Mrs. Charles H. Sergel, Mrs. Mary Eleanor O'Donnell, Chicago Tribune, and president of the Illinois Woman's Press association; Mrs. Caroline A. Huling, editor of Stylus; Mrs. Estelle Ryan Snyder, Maywood Herald-Recorder; Mrs. Mary Helm, Mrs. Laura S. Rabb, magazine writer; Mrs. Mary A. Dean, Mrs. Roselle M. Dean, contributor; Mrs. A. M. Prendergast, Stylus; Miss Ruth Heric, story writer; Mrs. Addie Farrar, Daily News; Mrs. William W. Abbott, Miss Ethel M. Colson, Record-Herald; Mrs. H. Effa Webster, Examiner; Miss Mary Murphy, Inter Ocean; Mrs. Ida MacGlone Gibson, Mrs. E. R. Nichols, Mrs. Mate Palmer, Banner of Gold; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed, author; Mrs. Mary B. Powell, Miss Ada May Krecker.

IMPORTANT!

Matter intended for publication in the Press Club Bulletin should be turned in at the Bulletin office on the 3rd floor of the Press Club Building, not later than 1:00 p. m. each Wednesday.

JUNE 11, STAG NIGHT.

A stag, with unusual features, is being arranged for Tuesday evening, June 11. Club members will be guests of E. H. Wood, manager of the Columbia Theater, and Louis Epstein, manager of the "Merry Whirl" company, for the performance at that popular theater that evening.

Following the performance the Club members and the entire "Merry Whirl" company will adjourn to the sixth floor of the Club, where supper will be served and a program will be given by the opera company.

Tickets for the performance can be had at the fourth floor office of the Press Club, and as they are limited, members are requested to secure them early. None of the tickets are transferable, which makes it important for all members who desire to attend the performance at the Columbia to secure them at once.

SELIG AWARDS MADE.

Robert A. Ward won the first prize of one hundred dollars offered by the Selig Polyscope company for the best article by a Club member on the general subject of "Moving Pictures." The second prize of fifty dollars went to Harry I. Greene, and the third prize of twenty-five dollars to D. F. Cass. The next five prizes of five dollars each went to each of the following: Arthur E. Ormes, Charles Lederer, H. Bedford Jones and Roy O. Randall.

The judges recommended that the Selig company purchase, as a sort of consolation prize, manuscripts submitted by the following members: H. Bedford Jones, Horace H. Delano, Harry I. Greene, W. H. Walker and W. H. Carwardine.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday afternoon, June 8, 1: o'clock—Memorial meeting in honor of the late George E. Plumbe, in the Press Club library.

Saturday, June 8, 1:30 o'clock.—Regular monthly Club meeting.

Saturday evening, June 8, 8:15 o'clock.—Mrs. Mary Hight, reader; assisted by Miss Rose Fallon, contralto, and Mr. Joseph Smith Russell, baritone.

Tuesday evening, June 11—Stag, beginning with performance at Columbia theater, at 8:15 o'clock, and concluding with supper and program at the Club, in which the entire "Merry Whirl" company will participate.

Saturday evening, June 15, 8:30 o'clock—Dance in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. U. H. (Ladies' night).

Thursday afternoon, June 27, 2 o'clock—Reception and musicale to ladies in attendance at conventions of National and Illinois Press associations. (Date is tentative.)

SUGGESTION TO SPORTING CARTOONISTS.

Why not draw a picture of a baseball fan with the left half of his face crying and the right half laughing?

JUNE WEDDING BELLS.

W. R. Barnes, the member of the board of directors of the Press Club, whose engagement was announced several weeks ago, will be married Thursday, June 20, at Pittsfield, Mass. The bride is Miss Ella M. Hurtt of New York. The wedding will be celebrated quietly, with only immediate relatives and friends in attendance. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes will return to Chicago about July 1 for future residence, after a wedding trip in the Catskills.

Mr. Barnes went east this week, and before leaving gave the Bulletin the official date of the wedding.

To quote J. U. H.:

Everyone who knows Mr. Barnes, and most of us do, wish him all the joy he expects. He is one of the few bridegrooms on our list for whom our longest retrospection holds not the faintest suspicion of a knock.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

C. W. Brown spent a few days last week at French Lick Springs, Ind.

Ben H. Atwell of New York, formerly on the staff of the Chicago Journal, is spending the summer in London, Eng.

J. B. Mansfield, who is touring on the continent, writes from London, Eng., that he visited the London Press Club recently.

Frederick F. Cook of New York is spending a few days in the city and making his headquarters at the Club.

Oswald F. Schuette, Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean, arrived in the city Tuesday for the Republican national convention.

Billy Way, who "pulled down" the house at the "Press Club Scoop" at the Auditorium, May 25, is delighting audiences at the Majestic this week with his favorite applause-getter, "He Never Blamed the Booze."

MEMORIAL MEETING FOR GEORGE E. PLUMBE.

A memorial meeting in honor of the late George E. Plumbe will be held in the Press Club library at 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon, June 8, preceding the regular monthly meeting of the Club. Friends of Mr. Plumbe are invited to be present and will be given opportunity to pay tribute to his memory.

OBITUARY.

Louis Henry Ayme.

Louis Henry Ayme, consul-general at Lisbon, Portugal, and a former member of the Press Club of Chicago, died this week in Lisbon, according to advices received by Mrs. Ayme, who is visiting in Oshkosh, Wis. Mr. Ayme was a former Chicago newspaper man.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Tuesday Evening, June 11—Stag, beginning with performance at Columbia theater, at 8:15 o'clock, and concluding with supper and program at the Club, in which the entire "Merry Whirl" company will participate.

Saturday Evening, June 15, 8:30 o'clock—Dance in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. U. H. (Ladies' Night).

JUNE CLUB MEETING.

The June meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held in the library, Saturday afternoon, June 8, at 1:30 o'clock. The following applications for membership will be voted upon:

| Name. | LIFE. | Sponsor. |
|-----------------------|------------------|----------|
| Emanuel Beranek | James Stepina | |
| O. B. Thayer | Stanley H. Twist | |

ACTIVE.

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| H. S. Pepoon, author | Mason Warner |
| W. N. Burkhardt, Record-Herald | C. N. Wheeler |
| Bertram H. Yarwood, Record-Herald | C. N. Wheeler |
| James Lowder, Record-Herald | C. N. Wheeler |
| W. J. Birch, Record-Herald | C. N. Wheeler |
| H. G. Fisher, Record-Herald | C. N. Wheeler |
| A. C. Rankin, Record-Herald | C. N. Wheeler |
| M. J. Wathey, Record-Herald | C. N. Wheeler |
| F. E. Jones, Record-Herald | C. N. Wheeler |
| Daniel J. F. Sullivan, Record-Herald | C. N. Wheeler |
| Ray H. Leek, Record-Herald | C. N. Wheeler |
| M. L. Helpman, Jr., special writer | Clinton P. Lampman |
| D. B. Richardson, News | C. N. Wheeler |
| Anthony Czarnecki, special writer | C. N. Wheeler |
| John L. Lawson, Tribune | Mark S. Watson |
| C. F. Gardner, illustrator | Fay Cooper Cole |
| Justin H. Forrest, correspondent | Robt. E. Jones |
| M. T. Stott, Tribune | E. O. Phillips |
| Everett L. Hazelton, special contributor | W. J. Way |
| George E. Saunders, former member | W. E. Moore |
| Rudolph Berliner, composer and author | Geo. S. Wood |
| Harry C. Donoho, Tribune | Victor Eubank |
| E. B. Fullerton, Tribune | W. J. Cochran |
| Orion O. Mather, Tribune | Victor Eubank |
| Frank M. Smith, Tribune | Victor Eubank |
| Walter A. Washburne, Tribune | W. J. Cochran |
| Paul A. Williams, Tribune | W. J. Cochran |

NON-RESIDENT.

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| E. C. Chandler, Hartford, Mich., American Lum- berman | Douglas Malloch |
|--|-----------------|

DIRECTORS' MEETING JUNE 3.

The board of directors of the Press Club of Chicago met in regular meeting Monday, June 3, with President Malloch in the chair, and the following present: Messrs. Baker, Osborne, Fox, Henderson, Lederer; Mr. Lederer acting as corresponding secretary.

The report of the financial secretary was received and unanimously approved and warrants were drawn on the treasurer to pay bills amounting to \$4,073.05.

Thirty-one applications for membership were approved and referred to action of the Club.

DIRECTORS' MEETING, MAY 27.

The board of directors of the Press Club of Chicago met in regular meeting, Monday, May 27, with Vice-president Baker in the chair, and the following present: Messrs. Osborne, Lederer, Wheeler, Fox, Barnes, Ford and Twist.

The report of the financial secretary was approved and vouchers were ordered drawn on the treasurer to pay bills amounting to \$6,668.57.

A committee was named to take care of the outing of the Press Club to St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., Sunday, June 2.

LOW DOWN BEHAVIOR.

She (as they passed a lady in low-cut street dress): I don't see how a woman can come out on the street dressed like that without a wrap.

He: She can't. Every woman she passes will give her one.

INDIVIDUAL OPINIONS ON THE "SCOOP"

H. W. DINGMAN, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.:

Safe and sound in Grand Rapids, and mighty glad I went over to the show. The more I think of it, the more remarkable it appears to me that an amateur performance could be so good.

GEORGE HENRY CLEVELAND:

You are certainly to be most highly congratulated upon the great success of last Saturday evening's entertainment. I enjoyed the occasion greatly. * * *

W. H. HOEGE:

Permit me to congratulate you upon the presentation of the "Press Club Scoop" at the Auditorium Saturday night. I was one of the exceedingly large audience, each one of whom seemed to enjoy the performance to the limit. Every member of the Press Club must have felt as I did, that it is a signal honor to belong to an organization of such capacity and ingenuity. I hope the financial results will be fully up to your expectations.

R. C. JACOBSEN:

Just a line to heartily congratulate the Press Club and yourself on the great success of the entertainment last Saturday evening at the Auditorium. I was the fortunate purchaser of five of the best seats in the house, and there was not a dull moment from start to finish. * * *

J. L. REGAN:

As one of thousands who were richly entertained on Saturday evening at the Auditorium through the effort of the parliament of talent which you assembled on that occasion, I desire to extend congratulations to you and to your fellow artists at the immense success of the affair. I greatly enjoyed myself. * * *

J. J. Tobias, chancellor Chicago Law school:

"Permit me to offer congratulations over your very successful 'Scoop.'" * * *

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

Terms of Subscription: By mail, postage prepaid, Fifty Cents per year; single copy, Five Cents.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO:
 President.....Douglas Malloch
 First Vice-President.....E. J. Baker
 Second Vice-President.....William Emmet Moore
 Treasurer.....Harry S. Hyman
 Financial Secretary.....B. Beecher Osborne
 Recording Secretary.....C. N. Wheeler
 Librarian.....Joseph F. Henderson
 Directors—William R. Barnes, Horace M. Ford, Julius Reynolds Kline, Charles Lederer, Edward H. Fox, Stanley H. Twist.

RECENT VISITORS.

Alexander Dodds, managing editor, Christian Science Monitor, Boston, Mass., guest of R. F. McIntyre.

Eugene Prince, Moscow, Russia, guest of J. E. Buck.

Louis Seibold, New York World, guest of Charles N. Wheeler.

Sylvain Langlois, New York, guest of A. Milo Bennett.

H. K. McCann, New York, guest of J. E. Buck.

W. B. Foley and B. MacGilliam, members of the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Press club.

Col. William Sargent, Fort Worth, Tex., guest of J. Edward Bangs.

CLUB AND ASSOCIATION NEWS.

The executive committee of the Mississippi Press association is looking for some other annual meeting place than Natchez, as the large number of refugees from the floods make it impossible for the city to properly care for the visitors.

The annual convention of the South Carolina Press association will be held at Spartanburg beginning Monday, June 10.

Among the speakers at the banquet of the summer meeting of the Indiana Democratic Editorial association at Fort Wayne, June 6 to 8, were Governor Marshall, and Samuel Ralston, democratic candidate for governor.

The fifty-sixth annual meeting of the New Jersey Editorial association will be held at Atlantic City, June 21 to 24.

William Glenn of Hutchinson was elected president of the Southwest Kansas Republican Editorial association at its annual meeting recently.

About 125 members of the Portland, Ore., Press club enjoyed a trip on a special train to the Hood river last week.

The St. Lawrence River Press association is a new Canadian organization in Ontario.

In response to an invitation extended by ex-Senator A. T. Treadway, the newspaper workers of Berkshire, Mass., are to have an outing over the Burgoyne trail.

The Oklahoma Press association held its annual convention at Muskogee last week.

SORRY, BUT WE DASN'T.

We have the deepest sympathy with the unk. contrib. who sent us a list of abnormalities connected with the T. R. movement. We are not for T. R. ourselves, but we have a shrinking horror of classifying ourselves with the man who spoke unkindly of the "eleven obstinate damfoles" who hung the jury.

THE PIPE

CLASSIFIED ADZE.

WANTED: A Successor. Must be willing to work for no salary and practically without assistance in the midst of a lot of loafing talent and receive as his sole compensation the silent approval of his mates; must be able to transmute this silence into approval by his own active and unaided imagination; must smile at the eccentricities of the compositor and the occasional bad guesses of the proof-reader; must be serenely conscious that when "the boys" say the least, they love him most; and he will surely find this is the nicest little old job in town.

SOCIETY NEWS.

A LADY who has just been triumphantly acquitted of the charge of assisting at the demise of her husband, who happens to have been No. 3, announces that she is going out into the country to revel in "green things." Good idea! Maybe one of them will marry her.

OUR CYNIC SAYS:

The really successful charlatan is not the one who takes money from his dupes. A mere tyro can do that. The 33rd degree of charlantry is not attained until his victims force things on him. Then his bosom warms with the glow of achievement. Then, if ever, he fools himself. Then, if ever, comes perfect daze.

SPORTING SHEET.

"Who is that big goop sitting on the bench sucking a stick of candy and doing a Battenburg tidy?"

"He is our emergency man—the only player Ban Johnson hasn't suspended this season."

THE COMPOSITOR AGAIN.

The dramatic critic wrote: "His new play will be used by Miss Allen as a starring medium," and the int. comp. set it up "starving."

HAVE YOU NOTICED?

Dr. Levell is a Wabash avenue chiropodist. Why not have your feet Levelled? This may have been in the Line. If so, we sent it in.

LOCAL ITEMS.

An aviator was arrested for volplaning into Grant Park. He should have seen an alderman before starting his dive.

Just two glimpses of life on a West Madison street car. We wonder if we can put them before you? Sleeping woman on end seat. Pasteboard suit-case held on rather steep lap. Her head rises slowly as she snores and drops with the precipitancy of a trip hammer when it reaches perihelion. Not tired. Drunk. Car has started on return trip. Conductor puzzled. Scratches head. As car stops at Dearborn, he takes her gingerly by sleeve. She looks up with mingled stupidity and resentment. "Where do you get off?" asks the conductor. "Right here!" she says, and lurches out of the car. "She don't know where she's at," comments the conductor.

Same day. Same line. Back platform packed. Rural looking youth climbs on. "Will you take me to State and Adams?" he asks, timidly. "No, kiddo," replies the conductor, "you're is looking for a taxi."

THAT brought us to the end of our Line.

J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, June 15, 1912.

Number 36.

LUCKY NUMBER

Thirteen Hundred Members Within Reach by August First If Everyone Works.

THIRTEEN hundred is a lucky number. Thirteen hundred members for the Press Club of Chicago would be as lucky a thing as could possibly happen. And it is within our reach.

April 1 the total membership of the Club was 1,252.

May 1 the total was 1,258.

June 1 it was 1,267.

August 1 let's make it 1,300.

Applications to be voted on at the July meeting, and count in the August 1 total, must be posted before July 1.

They must be posted during the remaining 15 days of June.

As it stands now, we must average two applications a day during those last fifteen days to make the 1,300 August 1 a certainty.

Think over the list of those eligible to whom you have talked or of whom you have thought.

If you secure one application you will have done your part and will have the satisfaction of feeling that you are helping to make a better, bigger, brighter Press Club.

The man who belongs and doesn't boost misses half the fun of membership.

"PRESS CLUB EDITION."

Five Press Club members contributed to the initial number of a new supplement for Sunday newspapers, recently issued by the Syndicate Magazines Company of Chicago. The stories are:

"The Sahib and the Yogi," by Sigmond Krausz.
"Emma's Answer," by William Lightfoot Visscher.
"The Senator's French," by Stanly Waterloo.
"The Burglary at Glenbrook," by Byron Williams.
"A Man of Endurance," by Robert A. Ward.

J. U. H. IN SHIRTWAIST.

Tonight J. U. H. will positively appear in a shirtwaist at the dance to be given by the Press Club in his and Mrs. J. U. H.'s honor. The present scarcity of heat (this is written Wednesday) has not frightened the proprietor of "The Pipe" column, and he has agreed to "stand pat" on the shirtwaist proposition. Therefore it will be a shirtwaist party.

NO KEY TO CLUB

Visiting Newspaper Men Draw Ring at 26 North Dearborn and Place Their Hats in It.

ALTHOUGH the Republican national convention does not convene until June 17, visiting newspaper men are sweeping down upon Chicago in force. Because of the great importance attached to the sessions of the national committee, the metropolitan papers have in some instances sent as many as twelve men to Chicago.

Through Charles N. Wheeler, recording secretary of the Club, and chairman of a special reception committee, in co-operation with other members of the committee, complete lists are being made up of all visiting newspaper men, and they are being furnished with visitors' cards entitling them to courtesies of the Press Club. The entire third floor of the Club has been fitted up as a workroom for the correspondents. Typewriters, long distance telephone connections and telegraph messenger call boxes have been installed, while the whole Club will be placed at the disposal of the visitors for their enjoyment. The Club has no key—its door is never closed.

A partial list of the correspondents, together with the name of the newspaper and their headquarters while in Chicago, to whom visitors' cards in the Press Club have been issued is as follows:

New York Herald:

John Howard Todd, Robert Halsey Patchin, George Van Slyke, J. Norman Lynd, Arthur B. Dunn, Roy K. Fuller, George Daly, George H. Loomis, Don Martin, John J. Leary, J. T. Fitzgerald—Congress hotel.

New York Journal:

J. J. Montague, Theron V. Ranck, John Temple Graves, C. M. Van Hamm, F. I. Whitehead, Justin McGrath, Alfred Henry Lewis—Blackstone hotel.

Kansas City Star:

W. R. Nelson, R. E. Stout, E. G. Pinkham, Fred S. Bullene, Roy Roberts, H. J. Haskell—Congress hotel.

Washington Times:

Judson C. Welliver, John Shure—Congress hotel.

Washington Star:

N. O. Messenger, John B. Smallwood—Congress hotel.

New York Times:

W. A. Warn—Congress.

Boston Transcript:

William E. Brigham—Congress.

New York World:

Lewis R. Seibold—Congress.

New York Evening Telegram:

Dan Ryan—Congress.

Cincinnati Times-Star:

Gus J. Karger—Congress.

New York Press:

J. C. Garrison, P. T. Rellihan, Percy Howard—Drexel Arms.

Baltimore Sun:

J. Fred Essary—Congress.

San Francisco Post:

John P. Ryan—Illinois Athletic club; S. F. Hogue—La Salle hotel.

Sioux City Journal:

Fred Davis—Illinois Athletic club; Leroy T. Vernon—Union League club.

Montreal Star:

John S. Lewis, Associated Editor—La Salle hotel.

Christian Science Monitor:

Archibald McLellan, editor-in-chief; Alexander Dodds, managing editor; F. H. McCutcheon, Avery Brown, C. M. Stow, Frederick Dixon, Leslie H. Allen, William Hume, Amos Weston, R. Eddy Mathews, C. M. Veazey—Chicago office of the Monitor, 1413 Michigan avenue.

Leslie's Weekly:

Col. John A. Sleicher, publisher; Robert D. Heintz, Washington correspondent—Chicago office, Marquette building.

Judge:

Grant E. Hamilton, editor—Chicago office, Marquette building.

Senate Press Gallery, Washington, D. C.:

James D. Preston, superintendent—Coliseum.

FOR VISITING LADIES.

Among the prominent artists who will take part in the program to be given at the musicale and reception to be tendered by the Press Club of Chicago in honor of the ladies in attendance at the annual conventions of the National and Illinois Press associations, on Thursday afternoon, June 27, are Mrs. Mary Hight, raconteur; Miss Klare M. DeVine, coloratura soprano; Mr. Joseph Smith Russell, baritone. Through the courtesy of O. B. Stimpson, manager, the famous States White Robed Fadette orchestra will appear on the program and a portion of the cartoon act at the "Scoop" will be reproduced.

All of the above artists are well and favorably known to Press Club members, having appeared before the Club at different times recently, and the program promises to be one of the most excellent given at the Club this year. Mrs. Charles Lederer is chairman of the special reception committee for the afternoon.

The personnel of the States White Robed Fadette orchestra is:

Miss Pauline Schmidt, violin.

Miss Carlotta Toenjes, cello.

Miss Frieda Riebow, piano.

Miss Nance Sommis, bass.

Miss Eva Tuttle, flute.

Mr. O. B. Stimpson, manager.

An important meeting of the reception committee will be held in the ladies' parlor at the Press Club at 3 o'clock, Wednesday, June 19. A full attendance is urged as the duties of the committee will be outlined and other matters taken up.

LUNCHEON TO NEWSPAPER MEN.

Edgar A. Guest, of Detroit, Mich., better known as "Eddie," and better liked than almost anybody, will be a noon-day guest at the Press Club today at an informal luncheon. Archibald McLellan, editor-in-chief of the Christian Science publications; Alexander Dodds, managing editor of the Christian Science Monitor; John J. Flinn, of the Monitor staff and a former president of the Press Club, and the editorial staff of the Monitor, now in Chicago, will also be guests at the luncheon.

Edgar A. Guest conducts the "Breakfast Table Chat" column in the Detroit Free Press. He succeeded M. Quad on that paper and succeeded in getting away with it. He is held in such esteem by his fellow humorists that at the annual convention of the American Press Humorists at Boston last year, he was elected secretary and treasurer of that organization. Mr. Guest will be heard reciting some of his own stuff, which runs to English dialect mostly.

Messrs. McLellan, Dodds and Flinn are in Chicago for the purpose of issuing a special Chicago number of the Monitor twice daily during the Republican convention. The first issue will appear on Monday, June 17, just twenty days after the publication office at 1413 Michigan avenue, was leased, and where a complete newspaper plant has been installed.

The members of the Monitor staff who will be guests of the Press Club today are: Archibald McLellan, Alexander Dodds, John J. Flinn, T. H. McCutcheon, Avery Brown, C. M. Stow, Frederick Dixon, Leslie H. Allen, William Hume, Amos Weston, R. Eddy Mathews and C. M. Veazey.

E. W. Miller, of Chicago; Duncan M. Smith, of Rockford, Ill., and John J. Flinn, of Boston, Mass., will be the committee of the day.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday, June 15, 12:15 o'clock—Informal luncheon in honor of Edgar A. Guest, of Detroit, Mich., and members of the editorial staff of the Christian Science Monitor of Boston, Mass., who are in Chicago for the purpose of issuing a Chicago edition daily during the convention.

Saturday evening, June 15, 8:30 o'clock—Dance in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. U. H. (Ladies' night).

Thursday afternoon, June 27, 2 o'clock—Reception and musicale to ladies in attendance at conventions of National and Illinois Press associations. (Date is tentative.)

The Chicago Press Writers club held an interesting regular meeting at the John Crerar library last night. Some excellent manuscript was read and criticised, and the subject of the club's summer schedule discussed.

EMPLOYMENT SERVICE.

WANTED—To buy a trade publication. Inquire at the fourth floor office of the Press Club.

PROGRAM OF MERIT.

To tell a story and tell it right is an art. J. U. H. says he knows but one woman who can accomplish it, and he had the pleasure of introducing her to a Press Club audience last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Mary Hight, raconteur, was irresistible. Her work was delightfully pleasing—it was of that quality that only can come from a finished artist. The difficult offerings of the creator of "Mr. Dooley" were handled with a confidence and understanding of the subject that enabled Mrs. Hight to bring out in the fullest measure all of the many details of brogue and accent that are so essential to a proper interpretation. There is color, life, action in the work of Mrs. Hight, and the result was an evening of delight for an appreciative audience.

Assisting Mrs. Hight was Miss Rose Fallon, whose deep contralto voice was heard to excellent advantage in a well selected repertoire. Mr. Joseph Smith Russell, baritone, made a most favorable impression and was enthusiastically received. Much credit is due Miss Gertrude Slint, who so ably accompanied the singers, despite the fact that she was unfamiliar with the music, having responded on short notice.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Miss Bertha Edith Papot, daughter of Mr. Benedict Papot, well known Club member, and Mrs. Papot, will be married to Mr. Arthur Richard Lyman, at the family residence, 3808 Lexington street, June 22.

Roy O. Randall is the proud father of a ten-pound daughter, born June 2.

H. F. Pomeroy has left Chicago permanently and is now residing in New York, where he is with the Engineering and Mining Journal and the Engineering News. His address is 505 Pearl street.

Edward S. Cone, of Cone, Lorensen & Woodman, publishers' representatives, has moved to New York for future residence. Mr. Cone was formerly in charge of the concern's Chicago office in the Steger building. His new address is 225 Fifth avenue.

J. C. Kelsey has gone to Denver, Colo., for future residence.

J. Hampton Baumgartner is expected in Chicago early next week for the Republican convention. Mr. Baumgartner has arranged for a special train over the Baltimore & Ohio, bearing eastern newspaper men to the convention.

D. C. Herndon is living at the Hotel Longacre, 157 West Forty-seventh street, New York.

John J. Flinn, of the Christian Science Monitor, Boston, Mass., and a former president of the Press Club, arrived in Chicago yesterday.

President Douglas Malloch delivered an address at a conference at the Michigan state capitol building at Lansing, held under the auspices of the public domain commission, Wednesday afternoon.

Henry M. Shabad, with offices in the Reaper block, 74 West Washington street, was appointed assistant states attorney under John E. Wayman on June 1.

Karl MacVitty is spending a month at Wolf Lake near Muskegon, Michigan.

Peer Stromme was at the Press Club on June 9, en route to Boston, from where he sailed for Europe on Tuesday. He will witness the Olympic games at Stockholm and then return to England and join a party of agricultural experts on a tour of France, Holland Belgium, Germany and Switzerland, to study co-operative farming. He will be gone until September.

JUNE CLUB MEETING.

The June meeting of the Press Club of Chicago was held Saturday, June 8, at 1:30 o'clock, with President Malloch in the chair and the following members present: Lederer, Ashcroft, Henderson, Osborne, Ford, Fox, Kney, Cooke-Adams, Weber, Way, Ulrich, Shorter, Warner, Goble, Buck, Halley, Taft, Bullion, Williams, Shnable, Marble, Knox, Lewis and Delano. H. H. Delano was appointed secretary pro tem.

The report of the financial secretary was accepted, as was a special report of the finance committee of the "Scoop," submitted by Edward H. Fox, chairman, which showed that the net profit of the play was \$8,555.10.

President Malloch read the regular monthly report of the Club, which was accepted. A gratifying feature of the report was that the Press Club of Chicago, on June 1, lacked but \$71.64 from being \$10,000 better off than it was at the last time of the auditing of the club's books three months ago.

Resolutions of thanks to the business men's association of Benton Harbor, The Graham & Morton Transportation Company and the Edgewater club of St. Joseph, Michigan, for the outing of the Press Club members Sunday, June 2, were passed.

The following applicants for membership were elected:

| LIFE. | |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| Name. | Sponsor. |
| Emanuel Beranek | James Stepina |
| O. B. Thayer | Stanley H. Twist |

ACTIVE.

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| H. S. Pepoon, author..... | Mason Warner |
| W. N. Burkhardt, Record-Herald..... | C. N. Wheeler |
| Bertram H. Yarwood, Record-Herald..... | C. N. Wheeler |
| James Lowder, Record-Herald..... | C. N. Wheeler |
| W. J. Birch, Record-Herald..... | C. N. Wheeler |
| H. G. Fisher, Record-Herald..... | C. N. Wheeler |
| A. C. Rankin, Record-Herald..... | C. N. Wheeler |
| M. J. Wathey, Record-Herald..... | C. N. Wheeler |
| E. R. Jones, Record-Herald..... | C. N. Wheeler |
| F. E. Lee, Record-Herald..... | C. N. Wheeler |
| Daniel J. F. Sullivan, Record-Herald..... | C. N. Wheeler |
| Ray H. Leek, Record-Herald..... | C. N. Wheeler |
| M. L. Helpman, Jr., special writer..... | Clinton P. Lampman |
| D. B. Richardson, News..... | C. N. Wheeler |
| Anthony Czarnecki, special writer..... | C. N. Wheeler |
| John L. Lawson, Tribune..... | Mark S. Watson |
| C. F. Gardner, illustrator..... | Fay Cooper Cole |
| Justin H. Forrest, correspondent..... | Robt. R. Jones |
| M. T. Stott, Tribune..... | E. O. Phillips |
| Everett L. Hazelton, special contributor..... | W. J. Way |
| George E. Saunders, former member..... | W. E. Moore |
| Rudolph Berliner, composer and author..... | Geo. S. Wood |
| Harry C. Donoho, Tribune..... | Victor Eubank |
| E. B. Fullerton, Tribune..... | W. J. Cochran |
| Orion O. Mather, Tribune..... | Victor Eubank |
| Frank M. Smith, Tribune..... | Victor Eubank |
| Walter A. Washburne, Tribune..... | W. J. Cochran |
| Paul A. Williams, Tribune..... | W. J. Cochran |

NON-RESIDENT.

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| E. C. Chandler, Hartford, Mich., American Lum-berman | Douglas Malloch |
|--|-----------------|

THE PIPE

WANTED: AN IDYLL OF THE TOWN.

Few of us really love the solitude in large doses. The books on the subject which have attained any vogue, charm more by the musings, the philosophy than by any inherent infatuation for the pathless woods. It is the picture that enthralls us, not the frame. And the picture usually is retouched and embellished within sound of the trolley and the police patrol.

If even the minority who pretend to love the solitude were sincere, to use a Hibernianism, the solitude would be over-populated and the real hermits would flee to the deserted, echoing streets of the nearest city and spread a bed of leaves on the floor of some deserted apartment.

No. We love to read of it. The most enthusiastic of us can stand a month or two of it at the most clement season, buoyed up by the knowledge that we can terminate our sylvan experience at will and by the anticipation of the approaching comforts of a hair mattress, a gas range, a telephone and the morning paper on the back porch.

So, come on, ye hunters of the avenues, give us an Idyll of the Town; not the sordid, sweating story of the tenements and the emigrant; not the Flash Toby Crackit narrative of the prosperous and o'erwise crook; not the tenuous tale of the seaside, nor the comic interludes in the boarding-house tragedy; but real musings, real philosophy, real wisdom drawn from the most interesting study on earth—our fellow man.

Unravel the outlook of the eager-eyed snatcher of the abandoned newspaper on the street car; trace the ascent or the downfall of the barker in the adjoining alley; paint the secret joys of the defeated and the secret disappointments of the victor! Give us a real song of the streets!

OUR TOAST TO WILLIAM H. TAFT, APRIL, 1908.

(Printed by request.)

"May you awaken each morning to hear your acts assailed and your patriotism questioned; may your

genial face be caricatured and distorted by the cartoonists; may your personal character and habits be made the subject of critical and dishonest scrutiny; and may you lay your head each night on a pillow wet with the tears of misunderstood motives and thwarted plans. For it is by such means that republics attest their gratitude to those who serve them best."

WE rose almost to prophetic heights when we spoke the above four years ago. We seem to have covered everything but the transformation of the Theodore-Will combination into the "Theodore will" proposition, and we will leave it to anyone if an ordinary jour. prophet could have been expected to foresee THAT!

CONVENTION NOTES.

HOW much for a ring-side seat at the Convention?

SEE the finish fight for the championship between the heavyweight title-holder Big Bill and the heavy-weight challenger, Terrible Teddy of Oyster Bay!

Big Bill has the advantage in weight, but Teddy has a longer reach.

BOTH men have been thoroughly trained and are in prime condition.

THE rumor that one of them had broken training and was eating unexpurgated mince pie has shifted the odds a bit in favor of—the other one.

ON account of the shadiness surrounding several delegations, moving pictures of the bout will be impossible. This has increased the demand for seats.

THE winner pulls down a purse of \$300,000.00 in four installments. The gate receipts go to the trainers.

AFTER the main battle there will be a sparring contest for the V. P. Oblivion Stakes. On account of the fine condition of the principal contestants, there are few entries for this event and most of the spectators will leave the hall before it is decided.

J. U. H.

STAG COMPLETE SUCCESS.

A unique stag with an unusual variety of features was enjoyed last Tuesday evening. In the forepart of the evening members of the Press Club were guests of E. H. Wood, manager of the Colonial theater, and Louis Epstein, manager of the "Merry Whirl" company, occupying the mezzanine boxes.

At the conclusion of the performance, the members of the "Merry Whirl" company were guests at the Press Club, where they were tendered an after-theater supper. Over two hundred sat at the banquet tables, and a number of Club members acted as "French" waiters.

Prior to adjourning to the banquet room a short program was given in the library in which the "Czar of Ragtime," "Raymoth," and members of the theater company participated. The big program was undertaken as soon as the party adjourned to the sixth floor.

Miss Flo Jacobson, who was one of the big hits at the "Scoop," sang a number of her successes and "pulled down the house." The "Czar of Ragtime" was recalled frequently during the evening, and Billy Way sang his famous, "He Never Blamed the Booze."

Members of the "Merry Whirl" company furnished a goodly amount of the evening's program. Thomas F. Smith, the famous "clock," and Frank F. Moore, the "Snowman"—comedians of high order—appeared in songs and dialogue and were immense. Miss Lillian Fitzgerald and Billy Meehan gave one of their song hits, and Phil White gave a Hebrew dialogue that was a kaleidoscope of laughs. Then there was Edwin Jerome, who recited some of Kipling's verses, and other capable members of the company who contributed to the fun. Charles N. Wheeler was the "spieler," and raised considerable Cain.

It was one of the most thoroughly enjoyed stags the Press Club has ever given.

MORE "KIND" WORDS.

John Barnett, secretary-treasurer of the Hot Springs (Ark.) Press club, reports two copies of the BULLETIN missing from the files and concludes the letter thus:

"Will you kindly supply the connecting links to complete the chain of intellectual brilliancy, which not only illumines our palatial quarters, but brightens the lives of our appreciative membership."

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, June 22, 1912.

Number 37.

BIG CONVENTION

Press Club of Chicago to Assist In Entertaining During Week of N. P. A. Meeting.

MEMBERS of the Press Club of Chicago and their ladies will enjoy a boat ride on the big excursion steamer "United States" Tuesday evening, June 25. The boat will leave the Clark street bridge promptly at 7:30 o'clock, returning from its cruise on Lake Michigan about eleven o'clock. There will be dancing on board and a general good time is assured.

The Press Club members and their ladies on that evening will be the guests of the National Press association of America, the invitation having been extended by Charles E. King, chairman of the entertainment committee, who have in charge the program for the press association's convention, June 24 to 27, inclusive.

Program at Press Club.

On Thursday afternoon, June 27, the Press Club will tender a reception and musicale at the Club in honor of the visiting ladies in attendance at the convention. Some of Chicago's best known artists are on the afternoon's program, which is in charge of a special reception committee, of which Mrs. Charles Lederer is chairman. The ladies of the members of the Press Club will assist in giving the visitors a warm welcome.

The official program for the twenty-seventh annual convention of the National Press association of America has been furnished the Bulletin by Mr. King, and is as follows:

Monday Evening, June 24.

Theater party—"Modern Eve" at Garrick theater as guests of the supply houses.

Tuesday Morning, June 25, 11:30 a. m.

Luncheon at College Inn, Hotel Sherman, and visit to packing houses. Guests of Swift and company, Armour and company, and Libby, McNeill and Libby.

Tuesday, June 25, 3:00 p. m.

White Sox-St. Louis baseball game. Guests of Mr. Charles A. Comiskey, president of the Chicago American league baseball club.

Tuesday, June 25, 7:30 p. m.

Boat ride on Lake Michigan on excursion steamer "United States." Guests of the Chicago Association of Commerce.

Wednesday, June 26, 9:30 a. m.

For ladies only—visit to Marshall Field and company's store as guests of Marshall Field and company.

Wednesday, June 26, 1:00 p. m.

Visit to Selig Polyscope company's plant where

ALTOGETHER NOW!

Thirteen Hundred Members for the Press Club of Chicago by July First Is the Goal.

MEMBERS who have applicants whom they desire to be numbered in the 1,300 members the Press Club expects to have by August 1 and who are in favor of whooping it up for the Press Club anyhow, should remember that applications to be voted on for the July meeting must be posted before July first.

Every man who has a likely candidate is asked to provide himself with a pink slip and round him up before that date.

A special appeal is made to members who have brought in no applications during the present year.

If you have not, get into the booster class and help make the biggest and best Press Club in the world bigger and better yet.

MORE COMPLIMENTS.

It is never too late to print "kind words," especially when they are about the Press Club. Here are two more "Press Club Scoop" testimonials:

BERT BRANDISH, Ottawa, Ill.:

"We thought the show was fine in every way."

WILLIAM R. MOSS, Chicago:

"I think you had a bully good show, and I enjoyed it very much."

the editors will be shown everything pertaining to the art of moving pictures. Guests of The Selig Polyscope company.

Wednesday, June 26, 6:00 p. m.

Visit to Riverview Park. Guests of the management of Riverview Park, and Mr. William Johnson of the Motordrome. Editors will be given a treat at the Motordrome.

Thursday, June 27, 10:30 a. m.

For ladies only—reception and luncheon at the Art Institute. Guests of the Woman's Illinois Press association, and ladies of the Press Club of Chicago.

Thursday, June 27, 3:00 p. m.

For ladies only—reception and musicale at the Press Club of Chicago. Guests of the Press Club of Chicago.

Thursday Evening, June 27.

Party will leave for trip through South Dakota.

The program is subject to change on account of weather conditions.

Press Club members and their ladies will be identified by ribbon badges which may be secured either at the fourth floor office of the Club or at the boat dock.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Tuesday Evening, June 25, 7:30 to 11 o'clock—Excursion on Lake Michigan on S. S. "United States," at which Press Club members and their Ladies will be guests. Boat leaves Clark street bridge at 7:30 o'clock.

Thursday Afternoon, June 27, at 3 o'clock—Reception and Musicale at the Press Club to Ladies in Attendance at the National Press Association Convention, under Auspices of Wives of Members of the Press Club and Members of Illinois Woman's Press Association.

ENTERTAINED AT LUNCHEON.

John J. Flinn, a former president of the Press Club of Chicago, and members of the editorial staff connected with the Chicago convention edition of the Christian Science Monitor of Boston, Mass., were guests of the Press Club at an informal luncheon Saturday, June 15. Edgar A. Guest of the Detroit, Mich., Free Press, who was also to have been a guest, was unable to come.

President Douglas Malloch introduced Mr. Flinn, who gave a number of amusing instances in connection with his occupancy of the presidential chair of the Club and during his many years of service on metropolitan newspapers. Alexander Dodds, managing editor of the Christian Science Monitor, told the Club members of that newspaper's purpose in the field of journalism, its ideals and its accomplishments during the nearly four years of its existence. He gave some of his amusing experiences in New York just prior to the launching of the Monitor, when newspaper men there told him frankly but firmly that a "clean" newspaper, as was proposed, could not be made a success. Since then Mr. Dodds and the Monitor staff have "shown 'em."

RECENT VISITORS.

Dr. John L. Dickey, Wheeling, W. Va.; C. L. Dotson, Sioux Falls, S. D.; S. A. Kendall, H. M. Kephart, Dr. George W. Newcomer, Charles L. Snowden, all of Connellsville, Pa.; Austin Peay, A. R. Gholson, Clarksville, Tenn.; Arthur C. Trumbo, Muskogee, Okla., guests of Franklin Hobbs.

J. H. Donahey, cartoonist of the Cleveland (O.) Plain-Dealer, guest of Douglas Malloch.

Edward Insley, managing editor, Sacramento (Cal.) Union, and a former member of the Press Club of Chicago, guest of J. F. Henderson.

Harry Gordon, New York, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

Senator H. B. Beeler, L. G. Disney and William Cochran, all of Muskogee, Okla., guests of Horace H. Delano.

S. E. Wentworth, Pensacola, Fla., guest of F. L. Mayes.

George G. Hill, Washington, D. C., guest of E. O. Brown.

W. Ben Thompson, Los Angeles, Cal., guest of W. C. Cole.

Frank D. Powell, Boston, Mass., guest of Francis H. Hernon.

OBITUARY.

Hon. Max Eberhardt.

Hon. Max Eberhardt, municipal judge, resident of Chicago for forty years and justice of the peace for over thirty years before his election to the municipal bench, died Saturday evening, June 15, at his home, 6018 Kenmore avenue. Judge Eberhardt was a life member of the Press Club of Chicago, and Judge Harry Olson, a Club member, was one of the honorary pallbearers at the funeral, which was held on Tuesday afternoon from the residence. Interment was in Rosehill.

Judge Eberhardt had been in poor health for a year. He was the only justice nominated for the place of municipal judge who was elected. While active as a judge, lecturer and speaker, he had always been in close touch with the movements among his German countrymen, as well as with the politics of the country. He also was actively interested in various philanthropic and charitable works and organizations. For ten years he had served as president of the German Relief and Aid society. Judge Eberhardt was also known as one of the leading German poets in this country and had published a volume of poems dealing particularly with the fatherland.

COMING EVENTS

Tuesday evening, June 25, 7:30 to 11 o'clock—Press Club members and their ladies, guests at excursion on Lake Michigan on the S. S. "United States," with delegates to the twenty-seventh annual convention of the National Press Association of America. (Docks—Clark street bridge.)

Thursday afternoon, June 27, at 3 o'clock—Reception and musicale at the Press Club of Chicago to ladies in attendance at the twenty-seventh annual convention of the National Press Association of America. The program is in charge of wives of members of the Press Club and members of the Illinois Woman's Press association.

Harry Gordon, of New York, a former member of the Press Club, was a visitor this week.

WONDERFUL GATHERING OF "STARS"

"Crack" Newspaper Men from All Parts of the Country Covered the Republican National Convention.

One of the Press Club's best known non-resident members, William Jennings Bryan of Lincoln, Neb., has been in Chicago for the past ten days, and is one of the "stars" who has daily occupied a seat in the press box at the Republican national convention at the Coliseum. Mr. Bryan was given an ovation as he took his seat in the press box at the Coliseum ten minutes before the big convention opened on Tuesday morning, and there were repeated calls of "Bryan! Bryan!" and much applause when he entered the Auditorium theater Monday evening to "cover" the Roosevelt meeting.

Another prominent Press Club member, and a former president of the organization, who is in Chicago for the convention is John J. Flinn of Boston, Mass. Mr. Flinn is a member of the editorial staff of the Christian Science Monitor and is one of that paper's "crack" men sent to Chicago to assist in the publication of a Chicago edition of the Monitor during the convention.

Never before in the history of a national political convention have so many newspaper "stars" been assigned to covering the proceedings as are now in attendance at the big gathering at the Coliseum. The present convention is looked upon as the most important in the nation's history, especially from a news standpoint, and none of the great dailies has spared a single item of expense to insure a complete and accurate report of each day's proceedings.

Many Visit the Press Club.

Despite their strenuous "grind" during the week, scores of out-of-town newspaper men have visited the Press Club, where they have been most heartily welcomed. The whole Club was placed at their disposal for their enjoyment, and for the purpose of making their burdens at least somewhat lighter, the entire third floor was equipped as a reporters' room. Typewriters, long distance telephone connections and telegraph messenger call boxes were installed, and nightly a number of correspondents took advantage of these conveniences and prepared their stuff at the Club for filing.

Among the more prominent "lights" covering the convention, in addition to Messrs. Bryan and Flinn, are Arthur Brisbane, editor-

in-chief of the Hearst newspapers; James J. Montague, Alfred Henry Lewis, Elbert Hubbard, George Ade, George Fitch, Alexander Dodds, managing editor Christian Science Monitor, Boston, Mass.; Col. John A. Sleicher, publisher of Leslie's Weekly; Grant E. Hamilton, editor of Judge; Gus J. Karger of the Cincinnati Times-Star, and dubbed "William Howard Taft's press agent" by the newspaper men; William Allen White, Emporia, Kan. Gazette; William R. Nelson of the Kansas City Star, who is one of the few men in the country who can place the words "editor and owner" under his name at the head of the editorial column; Edward G. Lowry, managing editor New York Evening Post; William Berri, publisher Brooklyn Standard Union; and these well-known Washington correspondents: Oswald F. Schuette, Chicago Inter Ocean; John Callan O'Laughlin, Chicago Tribune; Sumner Curtis, Chicago Record-Herald. Then there are a score of others, including the "star" men of the various press associations.

THEY SAW J. U. H.'S SHIRTWAIST.

It pays to advertise—when the Bulletin is used.

J. U. H. long ago learned that, so he recently made the startling announcement that he would positively appear in a shirtwaist at the dance, given in his and Mrs. J. U. H.'s honor at the Press Club, Saturday evening, June 15.

Nearly one hundred people turned out to gaze upon the shirtwaist worn by the proprietor of "The Pipe" column and to wish Mr. and Mrs. J. U. H. "bon voyage" on their trip to France to gather material for another book of travels.

The evening was a most delightful one, and proved one of the most successful affairs given in the Press Club ballroom in some time. Mr. and Mrs. J. U. H. will leave Chicago tomorrow for New York, from where they will sail next Thursday on "La Provence" of the French line. Mr. and Mrs. J. U. H. will sail for home from Rotterdam on the "Potsdam," on August 3d, and J. U. H. will again be at the "knockers' table" about August 13.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

Effective Monday, June 24, at 11 o'clock, Mr. Walter G. Powell will assume complete charge of the dining privileges at the Press Club, and will have under him Monsieur Marcy, one of the most capable chefs in Chicago, who has been connected with the cuisines at the Congress and Blackstone hotels.

The dining rooms were closed yesterday for remodeling and when reopened on Monday will be modern in every way.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

Terms of Subscription: By mail, postage prepaid, Fifty Cents per year; single copy, Five Cents.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO:
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 Librarian.....Joseph F. Henderson
 Directors—William R. Barnes, Horace M. Ford, Julius Reynolds Kline, Charles Lederer, Edward H. Fox, Stanley H. Twist.

IMPORTANT!

Matter intended for publication in the Press Club Bulletin should be turned in at the Bulletin office on the 3rd floor of the Press Club Building, not later than 1:00 p. m. each Wednesday.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

P. H. Hanson was in New York this week on business.

Elmer C. Hole and wife left Sunday for a trip to Pacific coast points.

W. T. Bedford, publisher of the La Salle, Illinois, Daily Tribune, has returned from an extended visit in Europe.

William Jennings Bryan of Lincoln, Neb., is one of the "star" reporters covering the Republican national convention.

Sigmond Krauz will soon have a new novel published. The scenes are laid in and around Rome. He is now busy reading final proofs.

Frank Graham and his son are identified with a pulp mill near Escanaba, Mich. Mr. Graham leaves for an extended boat trip about the middle of July, after which he will again be a familiar figure about the Press Club.

Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, is of the opinion that a woman in journalism should be able to write an editorial on the initiative, referendum and recall with as much facility as anyone else. Too many women, he says, confine themselves, as journalists, to the fashion and beauty columns.

The Seattle, Wash., Press club is planning to stage a play somewhat on the order of the "Press Club Scoop," staged at the Auditorium, May 25. At the request of Bensei Smythe, managing editor of the Seattle Star, a copy of the libretto of the mock-convention scene of the "Scoop" has been forwarded to Seattle, and permission has been given to use such portions as may be desirable.

A copy of the souvenir program issued for the "Scoop" has been sent to Frank Willard Kimball, president of the San Jose, Cal., Press club at his request.

THE PIPE

(J. U. H.'s classified adze in the Bulletin recently for a successor as proprietor of "The Pipe" column—the nicest little job in town—brought excellent results in a single insertion. Q. H. Flaccus (H. Bedford Jones) will hereafter be responsible for the contents under this heading, during the time J. U. H. hobnobs with French people across the pond.)

FIRSTLY, we are shy. So shy in fact that at present we are hung up for dues. J. U. H. admits we can't run this colyum; Dug asserts we would add tone to it; as for us—well, we feel for the w. k. opera conductor who must change "subsides" after each act.

RINGING in change on Sylvias.

WE severed connections with the Helngon Star and began to smoke up. We wrote 3 columns; all censored. We tossed off 2 poems; all censored. This is a last attempt, just before press-time. If you don't see this you'll know why the Pipe is out.

WE are now worrying about that last line. Gawsh! Aintit!

WHOSE?

MRS. Eda Dedlow and daughter, Violet of Elgin, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Broening, Tuesday.—Elgin News.

SPEAKING of goats and patriotism—well, Burt was—this column would keep a goat only she'd starve to death. That's as broad a hint as the censors will let us put across. We wish we knew who those censors are, by the way. There's another issue of the Helngon Star due when we find out, that's all.

IN our Consulship the Pipe will not be frivolous. It's too hard work. We'll keep about on the level of the North American Review, which is tolerably easy. We may endeavor to dart up to the level of Life or J. U. H., but not often. One must take a job like this seriously.

SOME members say "Flaccus, we want you up to the house some of these days. Quiet little family dinner, you know." That's as far as they get. Mason's one of 'em. So here's a hint we wrote two thousand years since—

BOOK I, 20.

Some of these days come out and dine,
 Forget the city's high-toned ways;
 I guess our cook can make the raise,
 And say! Her cooking's just divine!

Don't look for caviare and wine,
 Such gilded living never pays;
 We'll just enjoy a quiet stein—
 Some of these days.

Our cow is working mighty fine,
 And every day the Leghorn lays—
 Good! We'll expect you, rain or shine,
 —er,—

Some of these days.

THE SWIPESMOKE PARRY.

(It.) How to Best Misuse the Club.

We need hardly say that not even the most enthusiastic member can hope to misuse the Club off-hand. It is an art, in the practice of which we trust these papers will prove invaluable. The first thing for the aspiring initiate to remember is that he must by no chance praise the Club management. Not only might it lead to a demand for higher salaries but it is unethical in an ambitious member, and is opposed to all set precedent. This is the first rule to be observed.

(More to come.)

IF we recall our native tongue—not "Chicago tongue"—aright, "vale" means either "Farewell!" or "Greeting!"

This, then is our Valedictory.

Suit yourself.

—Q. H. FLACCUS.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, June 29, 1912.

Number 38.

FINAL APPEAL! FOR DELEGATES.

But One Day Remains in Which to Post Applications to Be Acted Upon at July Meeting.

HURRY! Hurry!

Bring in that likely candidate for membership in the Press Club of Chicago NOW.

Have him fill out the application blank TODAY.

This is June 29.

There is only one more day left in this month, and it is absolutely necessary that applications be voted on in the July meeting with posted in June.

It is 1,300 members by August 1st, or bust. And we're not going to bust.

That's why this special last appeal, to get busy immediately—especially you, Mr. Member, who have brought in no applications during the present year.

Get in the booster class this very day.

We're counting on you.

CAFE SERVICE IMPROVED.

After being remodeled and renovated, the Press Club cafe and the several dining rooms, re-opened last Monday, with Mr. Walter G. Powell, in complete charge of the dining privileges. Mr. Powell enjoys an excellent reputation in Chicago as a restaurant man of wide experience, covering a number of years, and is prepared to serve Club members and their guests with the best in the food line at moderate prices consistent with excellent cooking and prompt and efficient service.

The cuisine is in charge of Monsieur Marcy, one of the most capable chefs in Chicago. He has been connected with the cuisines of the Congress and Blackstone hotels and has had a wide experience covering a number of years.

Mr. Powell proposes to make a specialty of the noon-day luncheons, featuring a fifty cent table d'hôte as well as an excellent à la carte menu. Members will find it worth while to bring their friends to the Club for luncheons as well as on other occasions, as they are assured of something "so different" at moderate prices.

Press Club Assists in Entertaining Visitors Here for Press Association Convention.

THE twenty-seventh annual convention of the National Press association is being held in Chicago this week, and the Press Club of Chicago has been taking an active part in entertaining the visiting delegates and their ladies. The convention opened at the Hotel Sherman Monday and closed Thursday night. The Illinois Press association and the Illinois Woman's Press association have been meeting with the larger body.

Robert E. Dowdell, president of the National Press association, called the meeting to order on the opening day, and Douglas Malloch, president of the Press Club, was among those to welcome the visitors to the city. Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor of the National Magazine at Boston, Mass., a non-resident member of the Press Club, spoke that day on the "Soul of the Country Newspaper," which he declared to be the local column. B. B. Herbert, a member of the Press Club, is the founder of the association.

Reception at the Press Club.

On Thursday afternoon at three o'clock a musicale and reception was tendered by the Press Club of Chicago in honor of the ladies in attendance at the convention of the National and Illinois Press associations. Mrs. Charles Lederer, chairman, and her able reception committee, who had the afternoon's delightful program in charge, are entitled to much credit for the great success of the affair.

Some of Chicago's best known artists, many of whom have delighted Press Club audiences before, appeared on the program. Mrs. Mary Hight, raconteur, gave a number of delightful readings, and Miss Klare M. DeVine, coloratura soprano, and Mr. Joseph Smith Russell, baritone, were heard to excellent advantage. The State's White Robed Fadette orchestra, appeared, through the courtesy of O. B. Stimpson, manager.

As a feature entirely out of the ordinary, several Club members who made such a hit at the "Press Club Scoop" appeared in a car-

toon act, to the thorough enjoyment of the audience.

Races at Motordrome.

On Wednesday evening the delegates to the convention and their wives and friends, were the guests of the Riverview Park management, and William Johnson, Club member and proprietor of the motordrome. It was "press night" at the motordrome, the feature race of the best card of the season, being the National Press association sweepstakes, distance six miles, for professional riders. Every race on the program, including the Ladies' Auxiliary stakes, was named for the members of the National Press association. Among the honorary officials for the motorcycle races were:

Douglas Malloch, president Press Club of Chicago.
Edward H. Fox, chairman entertainment committee Press Club.

Robert E. Dowdell, president National Press association.

B. B. Herbert, founder National Press association and member of the Press Club of Chicago.

Eugene L. Hote, president Illinois Press association.

Charles E. King, chairman of the entertainment committee, who had charge of the program for the convention.

Miss Eleanor O'Donnell, recently re-elected president of the Illinois Woman's Press association.

Mrs. Charles Lederer, Mrs. A. W. Glessner, Mrs. Leroy T. Goble and Mrs. William M. Johnson, wives of Press Club members in charge of the reception and musicale tendered on Thursday afternoon.

Upon the invitation of Col. W. N. Selig and Stanly H. Twist of the Selig Polyscope company, the delegates and their ladies visited the Selig plant Wednesday afternoon.

Moonlight Excursion.

Through the courtesy of Charles E. King, members of the Press Club of Chicago and their ladies enjoyed a delightful excursion on Lake Michigan, Tuesday night on the SS. "United States." A large delegation from the Club took advantage of the trip which was thoroughly enjoyed. Delegates to the two conventions and members of the Illinois Woman's Press association were also on board, the excursion having been one of the entertainment features planned for the visitors.

WILLIAM JOHNSON, ANGLER.

To prove he is some angler, William M. Johnson, proprietor of the Motordrome at Riverview, is to present the Club with a mounted tarpoon, measuring six feet, seven and one-half inches long, which he caught in Florida. The specimen will be hung in the main dining room. Mr. Johnson says he caught the big fish with a reel and line after two hours' hard work, and that it was the second largest landed in Florida during the season.

OBITUARY.

Charles E. Pickard.

After an illness of only two weeks, Charles E. Pickard, prominent member of the Press Club of Chicago, and a member of the law firm of Bond, Adams, Pickard and Johnson, passed away Monday at St. Elizabeth's hospital. Up to the time he was taken sick, Mr. Pickard was about the Club almost daily, and his death came as a great shock to his many friends in the Club.

Funeral services were conducted at four o'clock Thursday afternoon from the residence of Dr. W. S. Pickard, Maywood, and a large number of Press Club members attended. The remains were taken to Madison, Wis., yesterday for interment.

Mr. Pickard is a native of Jacksonville, Fla., where he was born on June 29, 1855. He was assistant professor of ancient languages in the University of Illinois for several years before being admitted to the bar. He had practiced law in this city since the year of the World's Fair. In addition to his membership in the Press Club of Chicago, Mr. Pickard was a member of the Union League, Chicago Athletic, Patent Bar association and the Law club; University club of Madison, Wis.; University club of Washington, D. C., and the Republican club of New York.

A widow and two sons are the survivors.

NEWSPAPER ON WHEELS.

Copies of one of the most unique newspapers ever attempted, the Seven States Sun, have been received by the Press Club and are attracting considerable attention among the members.

The Sun claims the distinction of being the only newspaper ever printed on a railroad train, gathering its news from station to station, and getting out a special sporting extra in addition to the regular edition, and of having on its staff as contributing editors, the governors of seven states—Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Washington and Oregon.

The unique paper was the official organ of the Northwest Development league, which on a special train, went to the northwest development congress in Seattle, Wash., recently. It was printed twice daily by the development department of the Great Northern railroad during the tour of the special to Seattle and return.

The six o'clock sporting extra was printed on pink paper, and each day the paper devoted an entire column on the front page to "wireless" news. The plant was located in the baggage car, and consisted of a large platen press, type, stones, and other necessary equipment.

SCENE SHIFTS TO LAND OF COTTON.

"Star" Reporters Who Covered Chicago Convention Are Guests of Miss Democracy at Baltimore.

THE fifteenth Republican national convention is a thing of the past, and political history is now being made at Baltimore, where our politician, editor, orator, ex-presidential nominee, and prominent non-resident member of the Press Club of Chicago, is rushed with the arduous duties of seeing that the convention accomplishes what he desires, and of reporting each day's proceedings for a string of newspapers throughout the country.

As at the Chicago convention, Mr. Bryan and a number of other members of the Press Club of Chicago, are conspicuous at the democratic gathering at Baltimore. Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, who was in Chicago during convention week, is now at Baltimore; Charles N. Wheeler, recording secretary of the Press Club, and Oswald F. Schuette, another well known member, are looking after the interests of the Chicago Inter Ocean; Jay Cairns, who was one of the campaign managers for Judson Harmon, is at Baltimore, for the Chicago Record-Herald; and William H. Culver for the Chicago Examiner. It is understood that John J. Flinn, former president of the Press Club of Chicago and now a member of the editorial staff of the Christian Science Monitor, who was in Chicago last week when the Monitor issued a special Chicago edition, went directly to Baltimore to cover the Democratic convention.

Greatest Gathering in History.

The Fourth Estate is authority for the statement that more active newspaper men gathered in Chicago for the Republican national convention than were ever assembled in one city in the history of the country. The number is roughly estimated at 1,200.

Of the prominent men in the convention, Victor Rosewater, who presided over the deliberations of the national committee, and operated the throttle on the "steam roller" is editor of the Omaha Bee; Col. Harry S. New, who headed the committee in arranging for the convention is an old newspaper man, and the following either are or were active in the game: Warren G. Harding of Ohio; William Berri, of Brooklyn, one of the New York big four; Crawford Hill of Denver, George D. Perkins, Sioux City, an Iowa delegate at large; Stanley Washburn of Minneapolis, S. D. Perkins of Washington state. William Barnes, Taft's leader in New York state is publisher of the Albany Journal, and Frank A. Munsey, who

wrote the Roosevelt platform, heads Munsey's Magazine and other publications.

Almost Instantaneous Service.

The Fourth Estate calls attention to the fact that the newspaper stage at the Coliseum was set to such a nicety that within forty to fifty seconds following an occurrence of importance, nearly every newspaper in the United States was aware of the fact. New York, San Francisco, New Orleans and Vancouver newspapers, as well as all points between, received a steady stream of information less than sixty seconds old, and all at practically the same moment. The public received the news of the big convention with more rapidity than at any other time in the history of newspaper making.

CONVENTION EDITION.

A special edition of the Publishers' Auxiliary, the weekly organ of the Western Newspaper Union, publishers of the Bulletin for the Press Club of Chicago was issued on Wednesday in honor of the twenty-seventh annual convention of the National Press association. A few copies are on hand at the third floor office of the Press Club and may be had for the asking.

THIRD FLOOR FOR RENT.

The Southern Club has vacated the third floor of the Press Club building and gone into larger quarters. The third floor is for rent and any member having in mind a likely tenant is requested to notify the office of the Press Club.

At the annual meeting of the League of American Pen Women, at Washington, D. C., Mrs. Edith Kingman was elected president.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

As the Fourth of July falls on Thursday it is especially urgent that all copy intended for next week's BULLETIN be turned in at the BULLETIN office, on the third floor of the Press Club building, not later than Tuesday, July 2, at 1 o'clock p. m.

RECENT VISITORS.

Robert T. Kelly, Joliet, Ill.; Roy F. Hall, Sioux City, Ia.; Theodore M. Joslin, Adrian, Michigan; E. J. Emmons, New Milford, Conn.; N. F. Thompson, Rockford, Ill.; W. W. Copeland, Burlington, Ia.; Lewis Slack and W. B. Mathews, Delaware, Ohio; George W. Aldridge, Pharcellus V. Crittenden, Thomas B. Dunn and James L. Hotchkiss, Rochester, N. Y.; Edward Sohm, H. F. J. Ricker and J. R. Pearce, Quincy, Ill. Guests of Franklyn Hobbs.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

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BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO:
 President.....Douglas Malloch
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 Second Vice-President.....William Emmet Moore
 Treasurer.....Harry S. Hyman
 Financial Secretary.....B. Beecher Osborne
 Recording Secretary.....C. N. Wheeler
 Librarian.....Joseph F. Henderson
 Directors—William R. Barnes, Horace M. Ford, Julius Reynolds Kline, Charles Lederer, Edward H. Fox, Stanley H. Twist.

STATED MEETINGS

Club—Second Saturday of each month at 1:30 p. m.
 Board of Directors—Each Monday at 12:30 p. m., except the first Monday after the first Tuesday of each month at 6 p. m.
 Printing and Publication Committee—Each Tuesday and Wednesday at 12 m.
 Entertainment Committee—Each Friday at 6 p. m.
 Claims and Accounts Committee—Last Friday of each month at 1 p. m.

AMONG OTHER CLUBS.

Permanent organization of the Houston (Tex.) Press club has been perfected, with Harry T. Warner, president, and a membership of sixty.

The annual rose festival "jinks" of the Portland (Ore.) Press club was held on June 19.

The first luncheon of the Pittsburgh Publicity association was given on the roof garden of the Lincoln hotel recently, with sixty members in attendance.

Recently the Indiana Editorial association held its midsummer meeting at Fort Wayne and it was pronounced the most successful in the history of the organization.

The San Francisco Press club held its annual benefit performance last week. Many of the vaudeville actors of the city assisted in the program.

For the purpose of becoming acquainted with the commercial conditions of the state, the Salt Lake Ad club is inaugurating a business and industrial campaign. Every two weeks a meeting will be held at which the entire time will be devoted to a discussion on some particular line of business. It is planned to invite prominent business men of the city to talk at these meetings.

There is a possibility that Leo K. Fesler, president of the Indiana Republican Editorial association, will call a mid-summer meeting of the association in Indianapolis at about the time of the meeting of the republican state convention.

Miss Mary Eleanor O'Donnell again heads the Illinois Woman's Press association as president, having been unanimously re-elected at the annual meeting held recently.

The Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Press club is to have a handsome home of its own if a deal now under way goes through, as it is the intention of the directors to purchase the building now occupied as temporary quarters of a gas and electric company. The building is one of the handsomest in the city and is located opposite the new high school.

WOMEN OF THE TIMES.

Recently the Detroit, Mich., Times turned over all of its editions for a single day to a staff of three hundred women, members of the equal suffrage societies of that state. A suffrage amendment to the state constitution will be voted on November 5th.

THE PIPE

"Holy Bible worth \$5," ads the Examiner. Is Also-ran-dolph forcing the price down?

* * * * *

There! We knew the Censor would land on that skit!

The last advice received from J. U. H. was this: "I hope you land on all of 'em who didn't contribute to me. Give 'em in my name. Don't forget Bill Walker and Doc Butler. Take a crack at Skinkle. Land hard on Opie. Shoot Randall on sight."

The whole trouble with this column is that it is censored too much. It should be more personal, to interest everyone. If it wasn't censored it might have a chance to be censored. We propose to be personal. If anyone dislikes it, we're sorry, but we refuse to change our policies. We'll quit or you quit, so suit yourself.

TO
CHARLEY PICKARD.

A cheering smile, a kindly word,
 A winged wit devoid of stings;
 A touch of rippling music, stirred
 By some quick mood from out the strings;
 A comment, whose keen insight flings
 Aside the veil of the absurd;
 A word of hope or trust, that rings
 Clear notes of sureness, spirit-spurred:
 How much we miss the little things
 We seldom note when seen or heard!

Ol' Bob Ward says, "It's wonderful how quick you get to know a body when the lights are turned down."

Gentle reader, pray remember that we are versatile, busy, and absolutely unscrupulous. So don't kick when you see your name signed to something; instead, buy us a drink for writing what you had order have writ, a blame sight better'n you could have done it.

As said before, we propose to be personal. We start off with the announcement that last Friday night Mr. Jeremiah Edward (otherwise S. P.) Buck refused to accept a loan. How's that for sensational?

Ads in the Heligon Star bring results. We met Forrest Crissey one day after the last issue came out.

No, S. O. S., the Swipesmoke Parry is not personal in any way. It is very general, and if followed carefully will prove of the greatest help to you.

Most of these Colyum writers are keen on pretty rotten puns, mainly because they come easy. No names mentioned. We gained a few opinions last week by personal solicitation, on "What Is A Pun?" and publish them herewith for your felicitation, kind reader.

Dear Sir:

When it's up to you to spring something, a pun will pass for a joke. It does with me. Yours, L. T. G.

Dear Sir:

All joking aside, you will find that when you come to the last line a pun is a life-saver. Yours, J. U. H.

A TRIOLET.

It's not hard to tell
 But I'd rather not try it.
 When a man lies likel
 It's not hard to tell;
 But a woman can sell
 You all day, and get by it.
 It's not hard to tell—
 But I'd rather not try it.

—B. Way.

Who's the next prexy?
 Why not a second term—
 Oh, Malloch's the Censor, eh?

—Q. H. Flaccus.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, July 6, 1912.

Number 39.

RECEPTION FOR VISITORS.

Over two hundred ladies voted Thursday afternoon, June 27, one of the most enjoyable features of the elaborate program of entertainment mapped out for the delegates in attendance at the annual conventions of the National and Illinois Press associations, June 24 to 27. That afternoon the visiting ladies were entertained at the Press Club with a reception and musicale in their honor, the wives of Club members and a committee from the Illinois Woman's Press association having the program in charge.

Several of Chicago's best known artists appeared on the program, including Mrs. Mary Hight, the raconteur who so delightfully entertained a Press Club audience, Saturday evening, June 8; Miss Klare M. DeVine, the colorature soprano who won high favor at the Club several weeks ago and Mr. Joseph Smith Russell, baritone, who appeared on the program given by Mrs. Hight a month ago.

Two other pleasing features were the States White Robed Fadette orchestra and six members of the Press Club in a unique cartoon act. The cartoonists appearing were Charles Lederer, Robert A. Ward, Phil Sawyer, Frank Wetherbee, Dennis Donohue and L. R. Merrill.

The members of the committee having in charge the successful afternoon, are:

Mrs. Charles Lederer, chairman; Mrs. Douglas Malloch, Mrs. Edward H. Fox, Mrs. Mason Warner, Mrs. Edgar A. Hall, Mrs. A. W. Glessner, Mrs. Frank Roderus, Mrs. William Ray, Mrs. Horace Ford, Mrs. Harry Hyman, Mrs. John Stahl, Mrs. Leroy T. Goble, Mrs. H. B. Bogg, Charles S. Clark, Mrs. Charles H. Sergel, wives of members of the Press Club; Mrs. Mary Eleanor O'Donnell, president of the Illinois Woman's Press Association, and the following members of the association: Miss Caroline A. Huling, Mrs. Estelle Ryan Snyder, Mrs. Mary Helm, Mrs. Laura S. Rabb, Mrs. Mary A. Dean, Mrs. Roselle M. Dean, Mrs. A. M. Prendergast, Miss Ruth Heric, Mrs. Addie Farrar, Mrs. William W. Abbott, Miss Ethel M. Colson, Mrs. H. Effa Webster, Miss Mary Murphy, Mrs. Ida MacGlone Gibson, Mrs. E. R. Nichols, Mrs. Mate Palmer, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed, Mrs. Mary B. Powell, Miss Ada May Krecker.

During the afternoon Miss Louise A. Reid Sefert served Sunshine biscuits put up by the Loose-Wiles Biscuit company.

All criticisms should be accompanied by a new member's application.

WE DIDN'T DO IT.

Well, we didn't do it.

Applications in hand are not sufficient to make it 1,300 by August 1.

So the only thing to do is to set the peg ahead to September 1.

Applications posted during July will be acted on at the August meeting.

Every applicant posted in July and elected in August will figure in the September 1 total.

The total membership on July 1 was 1,275.

That means a net gain of 25 members in July and August to hit the 1,300 mark by September 1.

Will you help with at least one new member?

It's a mark worth shooting at.

Be one of the boosters—be one of the sponsors at the August meeting.

Will you help?

NEW CAFE SERVICE POPULAR.

The new service in the Press Club restaurant afforded by Walter G. Powell, the new caterer, recently secured by the board of directors, is giving general satisfaction. The food is well cooked and well served at the most reasonable prices in existence in any club in the city.

The Press Club is a particularly delightful place to lunch in the summer time because of the altitude of the dining room and the latitude of the rules. Members can come up here and shed their coats and lunch in comfort. The sixth floor receives the lake breezes and is far from the dirt, dust and crowds.

THE PRESS CLUB PENNANT.

The official Press Club pennant is now on sale at the Press Club office. It may be obtained for fifty cents and makes an ideal decoration. The pennant is being practically sold at cost in order to give it as wide a circulation as possible. It is hoped that all members of the Club when attending future outings will carry the Press Club pennant.

FOR SUMMER OUTINGS.

Chairman E. H. Fox of the entertainment committee has a number of projects up his sleeve which will afford the Press Club the liveliest summer that it has seen in many years.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Saturday Afternoon, July 13, 1:30 O'clock—Regular Monthly Club Meeting.

JULY CLUB MEETING.

The July meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held in the Club library at 1:30 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, July 13. The following applicants for membership will be voted on:

LIFE.

Sponsor.

Herbert C. Duce.....B. Beecher Osborne
Geo. J. Pope.....Douglas Malloch

ACTIVE.

Harry A. Atwell, reporter.....Arthur E. Ormes
John J. Husch.....William P. Henneberry
Charles H. Gill, writer.....Roy O. Randall
A. R. Hodge, publicity man.....Frank Roderus
Charles Carnie, Inter Ocean.....Frank Roderus
Wm. Urban Traney, writer.....A. Milo Bennett
Dr. Lewis W. Bremerman, writer.....W. E. Moore
R. Raymond Raymoth, contributor.....
.....B. Beecher Osborne
John R. C. Grahame, journalist.....T. J. Zimmerman
John J. Poulton, contributor.....H. W. Lee
Brooks Beitler, Daily News.....Chas. N. Wheeler
F. Furstenheim, former member.....

.....B. Beecher Osborne
P. R. Randolph, Jr., Woman's World.....Herbert Lane
Edward E. Dvorak, writer.....A. Milo Bennett

NON-RESIDENT.

A. E. Nelson, former editor.....G. T. Propper
J. S. Mathews, contributor.....G. T. Propper
J. F. Pooley, writer.....G. Cooke Adams
Geo. Fitch, author.....Douglas Malloch
A. G. Divet, author.....G. T. Propper
Ben G. Whitehead, editor.....W. H. Graffis
Jack C. H. Beaumont, writer.....G. Cooke Adams

BACK FROM HONEYMOON.

W. R. Barnes is again back in Chicago.

Mrs. W. R. Barnes is also in Chicago for future residence.

To briefly record a bit of history: Mr. Barnes was united in marriage to Miss Ella M. Hurtt of New York, at Pittsfield, Mass., on Thursday, June 20. After a wedding trip in the Catskills they returned to Chicago the first of the week.

Mr. Barnes has been busy hand-shaking ever since his return, and unless Mrs. Barnes-elect allows her husband to visit the Club on an occasional evening, the time for congratulations will extend well into the fall.

THANK YOU.

V. W. H. Peterson, 1708 Fisher building, says the Press Club Bulletin is the "big idea."

A booster like that ought to be a Press Club member.

CONVENTION SCRIBES HOME.

"Th' Dimmycrats have nommyinated Pill Bryan's friendt, Voodrow Vilson" and there'll be no more conventions for a while until Roosevelt's gathering in Chicago in August.

It being all-over at Baltimore after a strenuous campaign that "busted" more than one delegate, Press Club members who covered the big show, have returned to their homes. William Jennings Bryan, who is said to have received one thousand dollars each day he was a reporter, has returned to his home in Lincoln, and among the Club members back in Chicago are Charles N. Wheeler of the Inter Ocean, Jay Cairns of the Record-Herald, and William H. Culver of the Examiner. Oswald F. Schuette went directly to Washington and George Fitch to his home in Peoria.

INDUSTRIAL SCENES.

The Escanaba (Mich.) Mirror of June 22, prints the following account of a recent moving picture enterprise of the Selig Polyscope company of Chicago at that city and surrounding country, under the direction of George L. Cox, well known member of the Press Club:

Industries of Escanaba and in the surrounding district will be shown in operation in motion picture theaters throughout the country through the work that was undertaken here today for the Selig Polyscope company, one of the largest manufacturers of motion picture films in the country. George L. Cox, in charge of a crew of operators, arrived in Escanaba from Charlevoix on Friday evening and today films were made of the local ore-docks in operation. Every part of the work at the docks, including the unloading of the ore from the cars to the pockets; the dumping of the pockets and the loading of the vessels. An effort will be made by Mr. Cox to secure films at the plants of the I. Stephenson company at Wells and, if possible, will make a trip into the woods, where the company's timber is cut, and follow the logs from the time that the trees are felled until they enter the mill and are turned out as a finished product. Views at the plant of the Escanaba Manufacturing company; the veneer mill; power dam and station on the Escanaba river; pulp plant, together with a view of fishermen lifting their nets in the local bay.

RECENT VISITORS.

N. B. Smith and Francis Carroll, Denver, Colo., guests of Stanley H. Twist.

Louis McLouth, Kalamazoo, Mich., guest of Horace H. Delano.

B. Youngblood, College Station, Tex., guest of D. B. Clarkson.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

A. Milo Bennett will spend next week at points in Michigan.

A. B. Cone has gone on a two weeks' vacation trip to Colorado.

John Campbell has returned from New York where he spent a week.

Charles Glessner has returned from an extended trip to Kansas City, St. Louis and other points.

H. B. Darlington is quite peeved because we failed to mention that he recently made a trip to Kentucky.

Stanley Waterloo is again a familiar figure about the Club after several days' illness at the German hospital.

Billy Way leaves today for Minneapolis where he will delight next week's audiences at the Unique theater with his original song act.

George F. Butler, county physician, has returned from a month's trip to New York, Philadelphia and Boston, where he inspected hospitals.

Frederic William Wile, Berlin correspondent for the London Daily Mail and the New York Times, read a paper on "Some Lights and Shadows of Journalism," before the American Woman's club at Berlin recently.

The Press Club was well represented on the junket of the National Press association to South Dakota. Among those who went with the party were Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roderus and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lederer.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday afternoon, July 13, 1:30 o'clock—Regular monthly Club meeting.

ANOTHER DAILY FOR CHICAGO.

The July issue of the Bulletin published by the Northwest Side Commercial association of Chicago, announces that a new afternoon English daily newspaper will be established in Chicago, to be known as the Chicago Daily Press. The first issue will appear about July 25.

L. V. Ashbaugh, vice president of the United Press association and principal owner of the St. Paul News, Minneapolis News and Omaha News, is president of the new company; W. B. Colver of the Newspaper Enterprise association is vice-president; Walter S. Rodgers, private secretary to Charles R. Crane, the Chicago man interested in the paper, is secretary; and N. U. Reay, business manager of the St. Paul News, is treasurer.

NEW PRESS CLUB SONG.

Copies of the new Press Club song, by Geo. L. Louis, that was sung at the Press Club Thursday night, can be secured at the office of the Club for 10 cents each, to cover cost of printing. Every member should have a copy.

IMPORTANT!

Matter intended for publication in the Press Club Bulletin should be turned in at the Bulletin office on the 3rd floor of the Press Club Building, not later than 1:00 p. m. each Wednesday.



PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

Terms of Subscription: By mail, postage prepaid, Fifty Cents per year; single copy, Five Cents.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO:
 President.....Douglas Malloch
 First Vice-President.....E. J. Baker
 Second Vice-President.....William Emmet Moore
 Treasurer.....Harry S. Hyman
 Financial Secretary.....B. Beecher Osborne
 Recording Secretary.....C. N. Wheeler
 Librarian.....Joseph F. Henderson
 Directors—William R. Barnes, Horace M. Ford, Julius Reynolds Kline, Charles Lederer, Edward H. Fox, Stanly H. Twist.

STATED MEETINGS

Club—Second Saturday of each month at 1:30 p. m.
 Board of Directors—Each Monday at 12:30 p. m., except the first Monday after the first Tuesday of each month at 6 p. m.
 Printing and Publication Committee—Each Tuesday and Wednesday at 12 m.
 Entertainment Committee—Each Friday at 6 p. m.
 Claims and Accounts Committee—Last Friday of each month at 1 p. m.

COMMITTEES OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

Art—Charles Lederer, Chairman; Mark Hayne, L. R. Merrell.
 Building—J. R. Kline, Chairman; R. E. Walker, Otto Kney, H. S. Hyman, W. E. Moore.
 Claims and Accounts—H. M. Ford, Chairman; G. Cooke-Adams, W. R. Barnes.
 Committee at Washington—O. F. Schuette, Chairman; G. E. Roberts.
 Committee at New York—S. E. Darby, Chairman; J. W. Long, E. F. Ingraham.
 Constitution—R. E. Walker, Chairman; Samuel Sternfeld, J. B. Mansfield.
 Entertainment—E. H. Fox, Chairman; Fred Pelham, A. B. Glessner, E. C. Moore, H. S. White, B. B. Osborne.
 House—B. Beecher Osborne, Chairman; E. H. Fox, H. M. Ford.
 Library—J. F. Henderson, Chairman; R. A. Halley, L. T. Goble.
 Maintenance—E. J. Baker, Chairman; E. T. Skinkle, Ernest McCullough, J. D. Cress.
 Reception—W. R. Barnes, Chairman; H. B. Bogg, Edgar Hall, W. F. Nutt, J. A. Brown.
 Ways and Means—H. S. Hyman, Chairman; E. J. Baker, J. R. Kline.

DENSLOW DRAWING PRESENTED.

The Press Club is indebted to Miss Caroline A. Huling and Mrs. Kate B. Finley for an original drawing by W. W. Denslow which these ladies have presented to the Club. It is not only interesting and a valuable gift, but evidences the high regard in which the Press Club is held by many non-members.

REMINDS US OF GOLF.

The number of the Automatic telephone recently installed on the fourth floor of the Club is 44403.

Four-four-four-o-three.

THIRD FLOOR FOR RENT.

The Southern Club has vacated the third floor of the Press Club building and gone into larger quarters. The third floor is for rent and any member having in mind a likely tenant is requested to notify the office of the Press Club.

THE PIPE

THE SWIPESMOKE PARRY.

II.

IN learning how to best misuse the club, the novice must never forget one of the most essential features—that of borrowing money with fine indiscrimination and forgetting to return it. Many members have failed from the mere fact that they invariably return loans. This is unfortunate, nay, almost incredible, yet true. When you borrow a sum, treat it as a gift. On no account mention it again, and you will be sure to succeed in our common endeavor. Thus endeth the second lesson.

OUR first book is out—six of 'em all at once. But, contrary to the general rule, we will not present a signed copy to the Club, for the simple reason that Mason, Goble, and one or two others have absorbed the entire supply. Consequently, our first book is out.

READ "The Fiction Factory" on the Library Table, you lit'ry guys. There's only one man in the Club who knows the author, and that's us, and we dassen't tell, but the book is some book, take it from us, (ADV.).

OL' BOB WARD says "The chap who doesn't like smoke goes on a spree every time he refuses a cigar."

WE tried to get a pome for this issue but fell down. Billy Way gave us sixteen cantos, too long to print; however, we had double value in the last issue. It came darned near being the last, too.

STANLEY TWIST is a good fellow from the ground up—but did you ever hand him a scenario? He's had one of ours five weeks!

(Apologies to Landor.)

When I have felt the touch of years
 That seem so light as yet;
 When I have known the bitter tears
 Of some still far regret;
 I would not turn unto his page
 That shrines my memory,
 And think, while olden days engage
 My heart, "This man loved me!"

But when around me merriment
 And laughter rises light,
 I would some cedar-laden scent
 Might drift across the night;
 That so I might recall again
 His clear serenity,
 And think, remembering long-dead pain,
 "This man remembered me!"

—W*ll**m L*ghtf*tt V*ssch*r.

LINE O' PIPE.

THAT is all very well, but at the last instant here comes another of those metrical contribs in the mail, right alongside the Colonel's. The first line caught our eye, and almost got our goat, so not having a dog, we'll try it on the Censors:

TO Q. H. FLACCUS.

Stand still, great poet that you are!
 You know me—let me try and borrow
 A trifling V and when afar
 You rise, remember one, spite sorrow,
 Knew you, and named a star!

My star, though Helgon! Come extend
 That lily hand to his who needs you!
 Why hide those bills, from end to end,
 Within that purse, whose fatness feeds you—
 What good, except to spend? —S. P. B.

SORRY we couldn't run it all, but the latter part smelt like Bob Browning, somehow. Doubtless actuated by jealousy, several brethren have requested less space be given to friend S. P. B. We stood upon our rights till we didn't have any left, but after the above—

(Bringing us down plump to the bottom, in parentheses)

—good-by Buck.

—Q. H. Flaccus.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, July 13, 1912.

Number 40.

REMEMBER 1300! TO MILWAUKEE!

A Net Gain of Twenty-five Members This Month Will Result in Reaching the Goal.

THE Press Club of Chicago's Thirteen Hundred Membership Campaign!

Keep it uppermost in your mind, Mr. Member.

With the co-operation of the majority, we will have no trouble in reaching the mark by the August Club meeting, although we failed to accomplish our purpose during June.

Applications in hand today are not sufficient to reach the mark at this time, but with the majority of the members in the booster class we will secure enough applicants during the month to fulfill our desires before the first meeting of the board of directors in August.

The total membership of the Press Club of Chicago on July first was 1,275.

During this month we must make a NET gain of twenty-five in order to be able to boast of 1,300 members by the first of September.

Time travels fast—it is now nearly the middle of the month, and a glance at the application book will prove to anyone that our pace during the remaining half of the month must be faster than it has been for the first two weeks.

Will you help with at least one new member?

It's a mark worth reaching, so get in with the boosters and be one of the sponsors at the August meeting.

MEMORIAL NEXT TUESDAY.

A memorial meeting for the late Charles E. Pickard will be held in the Press Club library next Tuesday noon, July 18, at 1 o'clock. The committee of the day consists of Robert Millar, John A. Brown and John McGovern. Mr. Pickard was one of the Press Club's most companionable members and many will wish to pay respect to his memory.

TRADE PRESS MEETS.

The Chicago Trade Press Association held a special meeting at 9:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, July 9, in the Press Club library to consider proposed postal action inimical to its members' interest.

Members of Press Club of Chicago to be Guests at a Big Stag on Saturday, July 27th.

H O! for Milwaukee!

Saturday, July 27 is the date, when members of the Press Club of Chicago will be the honored guests at a stag to be given by the Milwaukee Press club at the "famous" city.

In the words of President Oscar Morris of the Milwaukee club the event will "be SOME TIME, believe me."

Here is what he says in a letter to President Malloch of the Press Club of Chicago:

We are expecting the entire Chi bunch up here on the evening of July 27. We look for you boys to leave Chi about 4 or 5 and get here at 6 or 7. After that you have nothing to do but,—well, you'll see.

Be sure and keep on spreading the news and keep us posted as to how many will come up, so we can arrange accordingly.

SOME TIME, believe me.

Train Leaves at Four O'Clock.

The Press Club members will leave Chicago over the Northwestern at four o'clock Saturday afternoon, July 27, arriving at Milwaukee at 6:15 o'clock that evening. The railroad fare for the round trip is \$3.40, and this will cover practically all of the individual expense.

At least one hundred Club members are expected to take advantage of the occasion, which marks a compliment from the Milwaukee Press club for the big time they had at the Press Club of Chicago on the occasion of the Stag tendered in their honor at the Club on March 23.

Planning a "Scoop."

That event was some time, and the Milwaukee boys have some great plans up their sleeve, so they admit, for the purpose of "scooping" us in the entertainment line. They have been busy for several weeks outlining a wonderful program for the evening, but just what is going to happen remains a deep and black mystery.

Incidentally it might be mentioned that the Press Club of Chicago proposes to invade Milwaukee on Saturday, July 27, with a "few surprises." All members of the Press Club of Chicago who reside in Wisconsin are cordially

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Tuesday, July 16, 12:30 o'Clock—Informal Luncheon to Dr. George A. Dorsey, curator of anthropology at the Field Columbian Museum, and well known contributor to the Chicago Tribune,
Thursday Afternoon, July 18, 1 o'Clock—Memorial Meeting for the late Charles E. Pickard, in the Press Club Library.

invited to join the delegation from Chicago at Milwaukee or en-route, as a "worth while" time is guaranteed.

Press Club members listen, please.

And you, Milwaukee Press club members, too:

Let's make these affairs annual events!

Another word to members of the Press Club of Chicago:

Remember the day: **Saturday.**

The date: **July 27.**

The hour: **Four o'clock p. m.**

The start: **North-Western depot.**

The destination: **Milwaukee, Wis.**

The big time: **Milwaukee Press club.**

The performers: **Members of the Milwaukee Press Club and Press Club of Chicago.**

The finish: **LATE Saturday night, July 27.**

THROUGH SOUTH DAKOTA.

Edward H. Fox, chairman of the entertainment committee of the Press Club of Chicago, is enthusiastic over the novel excursion recently enjoyed by delegates of the National Press Association and their ladies who were guests of a number of South Dakota cities for a week. With Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lederer and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roderus, among the party, the special train left Chicago Thursday, June 27, the closing day of the annual convention of the National Press Association.

Among the features of the trip was a realistic train hold-up staged under the auspices of the chamber of commerce of Redfield, S. D. Through pre-arrangement the special was flagged near a dense wood a few miles from that town, and during the action of the "play" over five hundred shots were fired by the cowboy actors. A visit was paid to the government fish hatchery at Spearfish, which is one of the largest in the country, and to a buffalo ranch near Fort Pierre. The ranch is the largest in this country and there the buffalo roam in their native state. The party visited the state capitol at Pierre where they were tendered a reception, and had an opportunity to see the beautiful scenery of Spearfish canyon, where some wonderful railroad engineering feats have been performed. At Lead the surface workings of the largest gold mine in this country were inspected.

At all of the cities and towns en route excellent programs of entertainment were enjoyed. The cities visited in rotation, were: Sioux Falls, Watertown, Aberdeen, Redfield, Huron, Pierre, Fort Pierre, Philip, Hot Springs, Spearfish, Deadwood, Rapid City, Chamberlain, Mitchell, Yankton and Vermillion.

DR. DORSEY NEXT TUESDAY.

Tuesday noon, July 16, the Press Club will have as guest of honor at the noonday luncheon Dr. George Dorsey, one of the best known contributors to the Tribune. This will be a welcome home for Dr. Dorsey, who has just returned from a remarkable journey of three years' duration which included lengthy stays in the Balkan States, India, South Africa, Australia, China, Japan and elsewhere.

Dr. Dorsey will have some interesting things to tell. He was in China when the rebellion was at its height and had other unusual adventures in other countries. Dr. Dorsey is not only a familiar Tribune contributor but is also curator of anthropology at the Field Columbian Museum.

The usual table d'hôte will be served at 12:15 o'clock. No seats will be reserved, so members should come early. Fay Cooper Cole will preside and the committee of the day will include C. A. Gardner, George W. Weber and E. L. Cooley.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday afternoon, July 13, 1:30 o'clock—Regular monthly Club meeting.

Tuesday, July 16, 12:15 o'clock.—Informal luncheon to Dr. George A. Dorsey, who has just returned from a three years' tour of India, South Africa, Japan, China, etc.

Thursday afternoon, July 18, 1 o'clock—Memorial meeting for the late Charles E. Pickard, in the Press Club library.

Saturday, July 27.—Excursion to Milwaukee, where Press Club members will be guests of the Milwaukee Press Club.

Saturday, August 10.—Basket picnic and corn roast at Glen Ellyn, for members of the Press Club and their ladies, who will be guests of Press Club members who are residents of that town.

ANNUAL BASKET PICNIC.

The first annual (we hope) basket picnic of the Press Club will be held Saturday, Aug. 10, with a purpose on the part of the entertainment committee to make it a regular yearly affair hereafter. To be more exact, the affair will be a combined basket picnic and corn roast.

Glen Ellyn captures this year's event, having come to bat with a warm-hearted invitation to the Press Club to picnic there. Those distinguished citizens of Glen Ellyn, Harold Lane, Byron Williams, Wesley T. Christine, Frank Roderus and F. D. Abbott, have constituted themselves a committee to see that the members have a good time when Glen Ellyn is visited.

Now it is up to other suburbs to prepare their bids for the 1913 picnic.

OBITUARY.

Paul C. Hull.

Paul C. Hull, a former member of the Press Club of Chicago, died at Brimfield, Ill., Thursday, July 4, after two years of failing health. Funeral services were held at Peoria last Saturday, which was attended by several Club members.

Although at one time prominently identified in the newspaper game in this city, Mr. Hull was in the postal service during his later years, as superintendent of second-class mail in the Chicago post office.

Of Paul Hull it is said that he never wrote a story that did not leave a sweet taste behind it. His first journalistic venture was on the Princeton Independent, from which paper he graduated to the Chicago Daily News. Later he became a member of the Chicago Times staff.

Taken for an Anarchist.

It was while on the Times staff that Mr. Hull narrowly escaped being killed on the night the bomb was thrown in Haymarket square. He had been assigned to cover the labor mass meeting there, and was present when Schraubelt hurled the bomb that brought death and injury to more than two score policemen.

In the excitement that followed the explosion Hull was mistaken for an anarchist by Policeman "Sandy" Hanley, who drew his revolver and was about to shoot him, when Mr. Hull shouted: "Don't shoot, Sandy; this is Paul Hull!"

On account of poor health Mr. Hull left the Chicago newspaper field and went to Arizona, where he established a weekly paper. When his condition improved he returned to Chicago and became private secretary to Postmaster F.

E. Coyne. Later he was appointed superintendent of second-class matter.

Mr. Hull was fifty-eight years old. His widow and two children survive him.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

John T. Bramhall, who several weeks ago sent the Press Club a box filled with choice California fruit, has given up his duties as secretary of the chamber of commerce at Auburn, Cal., and moved to Fair Oaks, Cal. In a recent letter he cautions Club members not to all speak at once for the secretaryship he has just left.

John B. Jeffery of Oakland, Cal., is doing resort promotion work at Los Angeles.

J. F. Pendleton, who is at Pasadena, Cal., calls Club members to these facts:

"In Pasadena 'Allegretti's' isn't candy, it's a millinery shop; in Los Angeles 'Munsey's' isn't a magazine, it's a photo supply house, and 'Brink's' is not a goods-van concern, it's an eating house; while in Pasadena it's 'La Salle ave.,' just as it used to be north of the limpid Chicago river. (Older residents would read it 'fetid.')

R. M. Johnston, editor of the Houston (Tex.) Post, is one of the Democratic national committeemen.

Charles F. French has returned from a combined business and pleasure trip to New York and Atlantic City.

While in New York recently George F. Butler, county physician, was appointed editor of the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Carlos MacVitty has returned from Wolf Lake, near Muskegon, Mich., where he enjoyed a month's outing. The return trip was made in an automobile.

Harry Greene returned Wednesday from a week's outing in Michigan.

William Baxter has returned from Atlantic City.

George C. Rankin of Washington, D. C., sent in an order yesterday for one of the new Press Club pennants.

JULY CLUB MEETING.

The July meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held in the Club library at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon. Twenty-three applicants for membership will be voted on.

Matter intended for publication in the Press Club Bulletin should be turned in at the Bulletin office on the 3rd floor of the Press Club Building, not later than 1:00 p. m. each Wednesday.

THE PIPE

GREETINGS!

BE it hereby understood, that Ye new Ed. believes the platform adopted by his predecessor, Q. H. Flaccus, a commendable one, and will therefore continue without fear or favor the hurling of heterogeneous cuts and jibes at the beans of personal friends and enemies alike. Criticisms pertaining to this column should always be accompanied by applications for membership, in order to receive proper attention.

QUELQUE BOOK!

"A FARM PHILOSOPHER."

A Love Story
of 350 Pages, Fully Illustrated,
By Ada H. Kepley
of Effingham, Ill.
Cloth, \$1.60. Postage Prepaid.

Mrs. Kepley is a Bachelor of Laws from the University of Chicago, graduating June 30, 1870, is an Honorary Member of the Illinois State Bar Association; was editor of "The Friend of Home" for eleven years, is an ordained preacher and Doctor of Philosophy (Ph. D.); has been a Notary Public and is a Temperance Reformer; she has been beaten twice and shot at once; was President of an Emerson Club for 12 years, is a practical farmer from 1906 to 1912, is an honorary member of the Mexican War Veterans of Illinois, and is a member of the Eastern Star.

(To be continued.)

HE PLAYS RHUM!

(From the Glen Ellyn Bugle.)

BYRON Williams went to town yest. carrying MSS. case. He returned on 4:40 A. M. car without case.

THE SWIPESMOKE PARRY.

III.

THE ambitious novice must remember above all else that the club property should never be put to its proper use. He must leave his hat and wraps in the library or pool room, or on the rum tables. He must never return books or magazines to the library, but preferably leave them on the 8th floor, in order that the Librarian may earn his salary. Kelly balls should always be carried away, and not left for other players. These are simple little rules, but if the novice will apply them with care, he will soon find that success in misusing the club will be within his grasp. (More to come).—Q. H. FLACCUS.

FRANK Comerford toddled down to the Wheaton Golf Club the other day, and with three plunks took five brassies, sixteen golf balls, etc., out of hock. Whose was the ivory dome that murmured something about 1912 being an off year?

DAM—P ENTERTAINMENT.

WESLEY Christine, who is living in a six by eight shack at Glen Ellyn, pending the completion of his new residence, entertained Bolling Arthur Johnson last Sunday outside the shack.—F. R.

Let's see! Did it rain Sunday?

THERE are a number of ginks around this Club who are constantly and sarcastically endeavoring to draw a wheeze from other hoi polloi by calling attention to our smoke-stack. Now that Fate has so kindly placed within our grasp an effective weapon in the shape of The Pipe, we take occasion to threaten these loafers with undesirable notoriety through its paragraphs unless they refrain from their ribald tactics. (Guess that'll hold Gobble, alias Gabbis, and a few others, for awhile.)

SOME learned prof. broached an argument very lately in which he endeavored to prove conclusively that there is no hell. Bringing the subject more into

our intimate midst, be it known that the Club has just received a letter from Col. John Ritchie, at Hugo, Montana, in which the Col. assures us that if heat makes hell, Hugo is so blankety blank hot that it must be hell. We think this will settle the question for all time.

THE other day someone on the Fourth Floor noticed that the chair usually occupied by Colonel Kellogg was singularly vacant. To his mind, this was a very extraordinary occurrence, and raising his voice in a loud clarion call, he beat it to a telephone booth and notified all the police stations and hospitals. In the meantime, one of our sleuths, experienced in detective work (H. Bedford-Jones), with the aid of a magnifying glass, had located a faint trail leading into the billiard room. As the trail progressed, it led him betwixt and between the various pool and billiard tables, and in a moment our hero discovered the Colonel tearing up a figure eight, his usual daily Marathon. It is unnecessary to say that everyone around the Club was relieved when he was located.

WE have before us a communication from a new member of the Press Club, Mr. Dante M. Smoggetogs, poet, man-about-town, etc. Mr. Smoggetogs advises us that he will shortly complete his life's work, a book of verse, entitled "Lines Written On The Corner of Dearborn and Madison Streets," and kindly offers permission to the column to print various ringing passages from his book. After the heated season is o'er, we will hand our readers a treat by quoting one of Mr. Smoggetogs' poems complete.

FORMER editors of this column seem to have had a great deal of trouble in doping up the final line-or-two. This Col. don't care a hang about such a trivial matter, and will let it go at this.—OL' BOB WARD.

AMONG OTHER CLUBS.

On June 14 the Press Club at Battle Creek, Mich., held its first annual ball at the Auditorium. Paper fans fashioned from the local newspapers were presented to the ladies.

Seventy members of the Milwaukee Press Club held their annual outing at Racine Sunday, June 30, as guests of Capt. W. M. Lewis and the Racine Times. Capt. Lewis presented the visiting club with a loving cup three feet high, and in accepting the gift, President Oscar Morris of the Milwaukee club announced that the host would be made an honorary member of the club and be given the degree of Knight of Bohemia. An eight round boxing mill was one of the features of the afternoon.

The Dallas (Tex.) Press Club at its annual meeting, July 1, unanimously elected Ed. S. Eberly president, vice Harry C. Withers, for two terms head of the club, who is in poor health.

The Houston (Tex.) Press Club has a special committee on the outlook for suitable club rooms.

Newspaper men from all over the state were guests of the Tulsa (Okla.) Press Club at its second annual "gridiron" at the new Hotel Tulsa, Sunday, June 30. The club has a membership of fifty.

Seven hundred persons enjoyed the second annual moonlight excursion of the Evansville (Ind.) Press Club, Thursday, June 27. Two boats were under charter for the occasion.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, July 20, 1912.

Number 41.

PRESS CLUB SPECIAL TRAIN TO MILWAUKEE, SATURDAY, JULY 27

Chartered Parlor Cars Over Interurban Line Will Arrive at Wisconsin Metropolis that Evening Where Members of Press Club of Chicago Will Be Guests of Milwaukee Press Club at a Stag.

DON'T GET LEFT.

The date: Saturday, July 27.

The hour: 3:30 to 4 o'clock from any elevated station on the loop.

The route: Evanston express train on the Northwestern L to Central St. station, Evanston.

Connections: "Press Club Special" on Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Line leaves for Milwaukee from Central St. station, Evanston, at —

The hour: 5 o'clock.

The Fare: Round trip, Evanston to Milwaukee and return, \$2.50. (Tickets are to be had at 4th floor office of Press Club up to 3:45 o'clock, Saturday, July 27.)

L Fare: Chicago to Evanston, 10 cents each way.

Running Time: "Press Club Special" makes express time, 2 hours and 15 minutes, Evanston to Milwaukee's business district.

Equipment: Parlor car train.

Connections: (Return trip): Through arrangements with Northwestern L close connections will be made at Central St., Evanston, with the "Special," early Sunday morning, July 28, with sufficient equipment to transport Club members down town.

CAUTION: One full hour must be allowed for the trip on the Northwestern to Central St. station, Saturday afternoon. Play safe and leave the loop not later than 3:45. The "Special" leaves Evanston at 5 o'clock SHARP from Central St. station, and no delay will be permitted.

One hundred strong—possibly more—the Press Club of Chicago will invade Milwaukee, Saturday, July 27, where the members will be the honored guests of the Milwaukee Press Club at a Stag.

Remember the words of President Oscar Morris, of the Milwaukee Press Club:

IT WILL BE SOME STAG!

One week from today is the date, and as Milwaukee is making prodigious preparations to entertain us palatially, it is up to us to invade the Wisconsin metropolis with a monster mob.

Mr. Member: Paste the d. c. box, which appears above, in your hat, and see that you don't get left.

The Press Club of Chicago's parlor car special over the Chicago and Milwaukee electric

line leaves at 5 o'clock SHARP from Central station, Evanston, and refuses to wait for a single person.

It must reach Milwaukee by 7:15 o'clock, and the dispatcher insists that it leave Evanston on the dot.

That is why we repeat this caution:

Board an Evanston express on the Northwestern L from any station on the loop, not later than 3:45 o'clock Saturday. If by any mischance you are delayed, catch the train at Madison or Randolph street stations on Fifth avenue, instead of riding around the loop. It has been rumored that at times elevated trains become stalled on the loop, so play safe.

Do It Now, Mr. Member.

Don't forget to sign your name on the list of those who intend to take in the trip. A big

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Saturday, July 27, 5 o'clock—"Press Club Special" over the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Line, Leaves Central Street Terminal, Evanston, for Milwaukee, where Members of Press Club of Chicago will be Guests of Milwaukee Press Club at a Stag.

sheet of paper for your signatures, can be found at the fourth floor office. We want to know as early as possible just how many are going, as it is necessary to keep the Milwaukee boosters accurately posted.

Don't overlook the Bulletin Board. It will be found on the fourth floor near the elevator, and will keep you posted about the plans for the trip. Carry a copy of this issue of the BULLETIN in your pocket in addition to the clipping in your hat, so you will be sure and not overlook the time, the place and the fun.

Secure Tickets at the Club.

All members who intend going to Milwaukee must secure their tickets at the fourth floor office. They entitle you to a round trip on the "Special" and cost \$2.50. The only other expense will be twenty cents carfare on the Northwestern L to Evanston and return.

The "Press Club Special" is scheduled to leave Milwaukee on the return trip about 1 or 1:30 o'clock, Sunday morning, making the run to Evanston in two hours and fifteen minutes. Arrangements have been made with the Northwestern L so that close connections for down town will be made at the Central street terminus of the interurban.

Elevated and surface trains operate on all lines at all hours, so there is no need for fear about reaching home. But don't forget to muzzle the dog, remember the number of your own house, carry a pocket searchlight and insert your latch key in the upper key-hole.

Fun, Feast and Frolic.

We're not saying much about the stunts. We can't, for we don't know "nothin'," 'cept the Milwaukee boys have been working for weeks preparing for the evening's program, and that we will have a few stunts of our own up our sleeves if we are invited to perform.

We have positive information that a delegation of Milwaukee Press Club members will welcome us when we arrive, but as to what is going to happen thereafter we are in the dark.

A number of members of the Press Club of Chicago who live in Wisconsin, as well as others residing near Chicago, are planning to join the delegation from here.

How to Get Home.

Should some of the members desire to remain over in Milwaukee it will be necessary for them to pay the one-way fare on the electric line, amounting to \$1.10 on regular trains.

Add twenty-five cents to this amount for transportation on a limited train. There are four limited trains every day between Milwaukee and Chicago, leaving Milwaukee at 8:30 and 11:30 a. m., and 2:30 and 5:30 p. m. Local trains leave every hour up to 11:15 p. m.

The Goodrich line whaleback Christopher Columbus leaves Milwaukee about 4:30 in the afternoon, and there is also a night boat, which arrives in Chicago the following morning. Both the Northwestern, and Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul steam roads operate frequent trains.

TALKS ON AUSTRALIA.

Dr. George Dorsey, curator of anthropology at the Field Columbian Museum and a contributor to the Tribune, gave some interesting as well as startling information, regarding Australia, and her people, in an informal talk Tuesday noon. On that occasion Dr. Dorsey was the guest of honor at luncheon, following his return to Chicago after three years abroad, during which time he traveled more than eighty thousand miles.

Dr. Dorsey declared that Australia today is a leader in advanced thinking, and that she has a greater purchasing power, per man, woman and child than any country on the globe. Australia was the first country to turn the government over to a labor party, he said. The traveller said he found no paupers nor slum districts in that country, and that the minimum wages paid permit a man to buy a home and rear his family in a decent manner. He also said that he found the people of Australia generally posted on the history of the United States, including the constitution, and with a surprising knowledge of our industrial history.

Fay Cooper Cole presided and the committee of the day included C. A. Gardner, George W. Weber and E. L. Cooley.

TO BE CLUB'S GUEST.

George Schlosser, the newly elected secretary of The National Press association, is also secretary of the commercial club of the hustling city of Sioux Falls, S. D., and one of the best known newspaper men in the great Northwest. He will be the Press Club's guest of honor at a noon day luncheon on the occasion of his next visit to Chicago. The date will be announced soon.

A LETTER.

President Malloch has sent the following letter to Mason Warner, a member of the Press Club:

Chicago, July 15, 1912.

Mason Warner,
Press Club of Chicago.

My Dear Mason:
Word has come to me that a request is in circulation among the members for signature asking me to be a candidate for a second term as President of the Press Club of Chicago, and that it is in your possession.

As you know, I was not a candidate for this office a year ago. When it was offered it was accepted because I had certain ideas that I believed, if carried out, would awaken interest in the Club, increase its membership, fellowship and prestige, reduce its floating indebtedness and provide a means by which ultimately all its indebtedness might be wiped out.

Practically all that was sought to be accomplished now has been accomplished, but at a sacrifice of time, means, happiness and health that few will comprehend. Great as is the honor, it was not the honor I accepted but the opportunity to put these ideas into execution. That having been done, I must ask for rest and relief.

I wish I might adequately express my gratitude for the confidence that has been expressed to me by many members; and I wish conditions were such that I might continue to serve the Club if such were the Club's desire. Yours for a greater Press Club,
Douglas Malloch.

OWED TO JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

In Honor of the Fruit and Wine sent by Him to the Club from California.

Oh, young Lochinvar has gone out of the West,
Which varies Sir Walter, as you may have guessed!
Before he left Chi., he was shy and so meek,
And an ardent disciple of dear Battle Creek—
Yes, ere he went West, where the people say "thar,"
He spurned rosy wine, did John Bram Lochinvar.

But, when he gets "thar," what does John T. Bram. do?
He gets very "jaunty," from a different view!
He packs up some fruit, and he bottles some wine,
And sends to the Press Club some "nectar divine".
We grasp his dear hand, ere his conscience can bar—
"Now tread me a measure," said Young Lochinvar."

"Avaunt and be off!" to his conscience he quoth—
To his conscience and Battle Creek—yea, to them both—
And he says, with Sir Walter, "With this best love of mine.

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!"—
"I send to the Press Club, from this land of 'thar,'
Some sweet and some dry," said John Bram. Lochinvar.

The Club kissed the goblets, the Board held them high.
It is said, till the morn was suspiciously nigh,
As with many a song, and with many a "smile,"
They sang with a fervor quite worthy De Lisle;
And we grasp the glad hand reaching out from afar,
Reached out with our brother, John Bram. Lochinvar.
Earl Marble.

RECENT VISITORS.

Victor F. Hayden, a member of the Des Moines (Ia.) Press club, was a visitor last Sunday.

Herbert Kauffmann, on the staff of the Western Empire, Los Angeles, Cal., spent a few days at the Club this week.

Frank H. Palmer, Boston, Mass., guest of W. R. Barnes.

H. L. Weber, Bald Eagle, Minn.; George Lynn, New York, guests of John L. Weber.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

JULY CLUB MEETING.

The July meeting of the Press Club of Chicago was held Saturday, July 13, at 1:30 o'clock, with President Malloch in the chair, and the following members present: Kney, Halley, Cooke-Adams, Osborne, Kellog, Taft, Ball (E. A.), McIntyre, Brewer (J. A.), Henderson, Nutt, White, Marble, Aldrich, Fay, Waterloo, Davis, Davieson, Ward, Carr, Merrell, Warner, Barnes, Sternfelt, Delano, Sawyer, Ormes, Frazier, Goble, Schnable, Durham. H. H. Delano was appointed secretary pro tem.

President Malloch read his regular monthly report, which was filed. In his report the president paid particular attention to the work accomplished by the membership department and the excellent program of entertainment mapped out by the entertainment committee for the remainder of the summer months. Of the work of the membership department, which has now been suspended for the summer months, he showed that of 120 applications for membership received from March first to the present time, over forty per cent had been interested and the way paved by the department, in addition to handling the PRESS CLUB BULLETIN, the "Scoop" publicity and general publicity of the Club, and the correspondence of the president, financial secretary and committees of the Club.

The report of the financial secretary was read and accepted.

The applicants for membership were all elected:

| Life. | |
|--|-----------------------|
| Name. | Sponsor. |
| Geo. J. Pope..... | Douglas Malloch |
| Active. | |
| Harry A. Atwell, reporter..... | Arthur E. Ormes |
| Brooks Beitler, Daily News..... | Chas. N. Wheeler |
| Dr. Lewis W. Bremerman, writer..... | W. E. Moore |
| Charles Carnie, Inter Ocean..... | Frank Roderus |
| Edward E. Dvorak, writer..... | A. Milo Bennett |
| F. Furstenheim, former member.... | B. Beecher Osborne |
| Charles H. Gill, writer..... | Roy O. Randall |
| John R. C. Grahame, journalist..... | T. J. Zimmerman |
| A. R. Hodge, publicity man..... | Frank Roderus |
| John J. Husch..... | William P. Henneberry |
| John J. Poulton, contributor..... | H. W. Lee |
| P. R. Randolph, Jr., Woman's World.... | Herbert Lane |
| R. Raymond Raymoth, contributor.. | B. Beecher Osborne |
| Win. Urban Traney, writer..... | A. Milo Bennett |

Non-Resident.

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Jack C. H. Beaumont, writer..... | G. Cooke Adams |
| A. G. Divet, author and contributor.... | G. T. Propper |
| Geo. Fitch, author..... | Douglas Malloch |
| J. S. Mathews, contributor..... | G. T. Propper |
| A. E. Nelson, former editor..... | G. T. Propper |
| J. F. Pooley, writer..... | G. Cooke Adams |
| Ben G. Whitehead, editor..... | W. H. Graffis |

MEMORIAL MEETING.

A memorial meeting for the late Charles E. Pickard was held in the Press Club library, Thursday afternoon at 1 o'clock. Robert Millar, John A. Brown and John McGovern were members of the committee of the day.

THE PIPE

OUR Motto—"Let the heathen rage."

—Psalms XIX.

RHUM.

VEN der feverish passion gadering in Bill Knox's face
I see,
Ven he leads me to der table, chendly tells me not to
Hee,
Den I know that I will catch it, und my heart in fancy
twitches,
As I lissen for the scamper of mein money from my
britches,

Oh, so quick!

(To be continued.)

OLD Pop Mansfield jiggled into the Club last week after an absence of three months in the wilds of Egypt and the Continent. Can you imagine Pop, idly floating down the placid surface of the Nile, his bean adorned by a rakish red fez, and his lily-white hand diffidently plucking lotus blossoms? Pity the poor simian who might have bitten him!

"A FARM PHILOSOPHER."

(Continued.)

She is the widow of Henry B. Kepley, an able lawyer, who died in 1906. Broken in health, she went upon a farm, mastered that art and regained her health.

Mrs. Kepley has lived an eventful and adventurous life in a small town of Illinois. She was the first woman in the world to graduate from a law school. She is known far and near, and has been forgiven of her once offences as a reformer. Her book, "A Farm Philosopher," A Love Story, is on a new and novel line. It is a book that men, women and even children can read and enjoy heartily. Preachers, priests, lawyers, doctors, surgeons, teachers, educators, reformers, farmers, mechanics of all sorts, poets, painters, sculptors and authors will find new and original ideas in it and much food for thought of the best. It is up to the last best things that men and women know. A cheerful optimism runs through it. Love binds it together like a golden thread. It is uplifting and teaches immortality. Some heads of Chapters are:

I Take a New Part in the Play of My Life; My Partner; How Old Are You, with the Golden Wedding; An Epic of the Corn Fields, which, with the poem attached, will last as long as the corn fields endure; Pruning the Grape Vines; The Holy Child; The Orchard; The Walnut Tree; Plant a Tree; A Suffragist; Prayer; A Free Thinker; Knights Templars Pilgrimages; Free Masonry; The Creed of Jesus; Creeds and Creed Makers; The Plan of Salvation; God's Value of a Man; Rich Devil, Poor God;

(To be continued.)

WHO WANTS TO BE GOOD?

"Be good and you'll be happy—

And poor!" the poet wrote.

"And miss a lot of buttin' in!"

Commenting, said the goat.

—Uncle By.

IDENTIFIED.

H. J. O'B.: "I'm the pest who can't write a short story without the co-operation of a skull cap, some incense and a Baedeker."

B. W.: "I'm the gink who wants to know when Roy Randall is going to buy some more of that nice pink typewriter paper he keeps in the upper right hand drawer of the desk in the silence writing room. I am about out of his last month's supply."

YE Ed. while calmly sauntering down State street the other day, was nearly butted off his pins by a disheveled individual weighted underneath the load of a collection of ponderous tomes. When he had picked the broken teeth out of his cheeks, he identified the impolite and ribald frolicker as Roy Randall. Roy, as we subsequently learned, was tearing up the street in an endeavor to get home as quickly as possible. There were times when—but that would be telling.

GEORGE Weymouth, ye editor of Woman's World, is back from ye sylvan haunts with a markedly new agility cultivated in ye pursuit of frogs for bait. THEO.

VAN ASHCROFT, also just returned from ye chain-of-lakes, sports two new let-outs in his belt, he having worn ye red undershirt and made frog-catching like taking candy from ye children.

EARL Marble copped twenty plunks last week manufacturing a Post Toastie jingle. This beats Charles Walter Brown's record for the six days ending Saturday night, owing to Brush's butting into the game.

HERBERT Lane, of Glen Ellyn and Chicago, is toddling down New York's Gay White Way buying souvenirs for the Press Club Outing, to be held in the Glen next August. This makes old Frank Roderus peeved. He has his corn field all choked up with gift pumpkins for free distribution on this occasion.

SOME KID!

(From the Elmhurst Breeze.)

Geo. Dunham and wife were son-worshipping on The Aurora & Elgin Sunday. Come again, George, et al.

AS we wobble to press Mr. Dante M. Smoggletogs, well known poet, comes across with the assurance that he is chuckling up a poem for our next issue. Watch this space.

—OL' BOB WARD.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

J. B. Mansfield has returned from a European tour.

Sigmund Krausz has written a new book, "The Cameo of the Empress," which is now on the market. The scenes are laid chiefly in Naples and Pompeii and the principal characters are American pleasure seekers in Italy.

W. W. Bailey, publisher of the Democrat at Johnstown, Pa., is a candidate for congress in the nineteenth district. He is the "only progressive candidate for congress in the field," according to his literature.

Benedict Papot is summering at Chautauqua, N. Y.

Horace M. Ford is spending week ends at Ludington, Mich., during the summer months, with his family.

Albert B. Cone has gone to North Carolina on a business trip.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday, July 27.—Members of the Press Club of Chicago guests of the Milwaukee Press Club at Milwaukee at a Stag.

Saturday, August 10.—Basket picnic and corn roast at Glen Ellyn, for members of the Press Club and their ladies, who will be guests of Press Club members who are residents of that town.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, July 27, 1912.

Number 42.

BULLETIN ISSUED EARLIER.

This issue of the Press Club Bulletin is issued on Wednesday this week on account of the big Stag at Milwaukee Saturday night, July 27.

One other important event is scheduled for this week.

On Friday night, July 26, members of the Press Club of Chicago will be the guests of Frank O. Peers, manager of the Whitney opera house, where they will witness Beverly B. Dobbs' tourgrapholog of Alaska and Siberia.

Tickets, which are free, are to be had at the fourth floor office.

REMEMBER THE BIG STAG AT MILWAUKEE, SATURDAY, JULY 27

Press Club Special on the Interurban Line Will Convey Members to and From the Wisconsin Metropolis.

DON'T GET LEFT.

The date: Saturday, July 27.

The hour: 3:30 to 4 o'clock from any elevated station on the loop.

The route: Evanston express train on the Northwestern L to Central St. station, Evanston.

Connections: "Press Club Special" on Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Line leaves for Milwaukee from Central St. station, Evanston, at —

The hour: 5 o'clock.

The Fare: Round trip, Evanston to Milwaukee and return, \$2.50. (Tickets are to be had at 4th floor office of Press Club up to 3:45 o'clock, Saturday, July 27.)

L Fare: Chicago to Evanston, 10 cents each way.

Running Time: "Press Club Special" makes express time, 2 hours and 15 minutes, Evanston to Milwaukee's business district.

Equipment: Parlor car train.

Connections: (Return trip): Through arrangements with Northwestern L close connections will be made at Central St., Evanston, with the "Special," early Sunday morning, July 28, with sufficient equipment to transport Club members down town.

CAUTION: One full hour must be allowed for the trip on the Northwestern to Central St. station, Saturday afternoon. Play safe and leave the loop not later than 3:45. The "Special" leaves Evanston at 5 o'clock SHARP from Central St. station, and no delay will be permitted.

Indications are that the Press Club of Chicago will be well represented at the big stag to be given in its honor by the Milwaukee Press club at Milwaukee, Saturday night, July 27. The event promises to be a scream from start to finish, and MR. MEMBER YOU WILL REGRET IT IF BY CHANCE YOU FAIL TO MAKE THE TRIP.

Look at the "Don't Get Left" instructions above, and be sure and be counted one of the party. It is imperative that all those who intend making the trip place their names on the list at the fourth floor office at once, in order

that we may keep our hosts posted as to the number in our party.

Prepared for Big Crowd.

A number of copies of last week's Bulletin have been sent to the members of the Milwaukee Press club, and they are prepared to entertain a big crowd, so don't disappoint them.

Everything has been arranged for the special train, banners for the sides of the cars have been painted and a number of other arrangements of the surprise kind have been completed.

Mr. Member: Paste the d. c. box, which

appears above, in your hat, and see that you don't get left.

The Press Club of Chicago's parlor car special over the Chicago and Milwaukee electric line leaves at 5 o'clock SHARP from Central station, Evanston, and refuses to wait for a single person.

It must reach Milwaukee by 7:15 o'clock, and the dispatcher insists that it leave Evanston on the dot.

That is why we repeat this caution:

Board an Evanston express on the Northwestern L from any station on the loop, not later than 3:45 o'clock Saturday. If by any mischance you are delayed, catch the train at Madison or Randolph street stations on Fifth avenue, instead of riding around the loop. It has been rumored that at times elevated trains become stalled on the loop, so play safe.

Don't overlook the Bulletin Board. It will be found on the fourth floor near the elevator, and will keep you posted about the plans for the trip. Carry a copy of this issue of the BULLETIN in your pocket in addition to the clipping in your hat, so you will be sure and not overlook the time, the place and the fun.

Secure Tickets at the Club.

All members who intend going to Milwaukee must secure their tickets at the fourth floor office. They entitle you to a round trip on the "Special" and cost \$2.50. The only other expense will be twenty cents carfare on the Northwestern L to Evanston and return.

The "Press Club Special" is scheduled to leave Milwaukee on the return trip about 1 or 1:30 o'clock, Sunday morning, making the run to Evanston in two hours and fifteen minutes. Arrangements have been made with the Northwestern L so that close connections for down town will be made at the Central street terminus of the interurban.

Elevated and surface trains operate on all lines at all hours, so there is no need for fear about reaching home. But don't forget to muzzle the dog, remember the number of your own house, carry a pocket searchlight and insert your latch key in the upper key-hole.

How to Get Home.

Should some of the members desire to remain over in Milwaukee it will be necessary for them to pay the one-way fare on the electric line, amounting to \$1.10 on regular trains. Add twenty-five cents to this amount for transportation on a limited train. There are four limited trains every day between Milwaukee and Chicago, leaving Milwaukee at 8:30 and 11:30 a. m., and 2:30 and 5:30 p. m. Local trains leave every hour up to 11:15 p. m.

The Goodrich line whaleback Christopher Columbus leaves Milwaukee about 4:30 in the afternoon, and there is also a night boat, which arrives in Chicago the following morning.

Both the Northwestern, and Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul steam roads operate frequent trains.

A TRIBUTE TO PAUL HULL.

By John T. Bramhall, Fair Oaks, Cal.

Paul Hull is gone! The Press Club of Chicago has lost a dearly beloved brother, and the angelic choir has gained a notable member.

A wild and ungovernable fellow was Paul, when I first knew him, a newspaper man, a Bohemian, a White-chapeler. But a woman tamed him—a woman and a little child. Like a boy, he would tell us about the woman—the Only Woman among them all! And the Boy! Little John! "There never was such a Boy! I'll tell you what he did, that little rascal—" And so it would go on, and we grizzley old fellows that had reared a house-full would sit and listen to the tale, and say Amen! He was a swashbuckler with a pen, and he became a gentle knight for his lady and his boy. How we honored him!

Able? He was a good newspaper man, which means that he could do any job assigned him, from reporting a fire or convention to running a campaign. Do you remember how he helped Moses Handy out of a hole with his world's fair catalogue? Two experts had fallen down on the job, a navy lieutenant and a Philadelphia Doctor of World's Fairs. The opening day was approaching, and there was no catalogue in sight. "Paul," said Handy, "help me out of this. Get out that catalogue, and do it quick." "All right," replied Paul, and he shook up the incompetent staff and fired copy at Printer Conkey while he sang Johnny Deever to a corps of frightened type-writers in the Administration building. We read proof at midnight in that shaky old fire-trap on Dearborn street, and when the fair opened, Major Moses P. Handy, Chief of the Bureau of Publicity and Promotion, had the distinguished honor to present to Director-General Davis, and also to President Cleveland a full-morocco bound copy of the first world's fair catalogue to be ready at the opening. Paul was on the job.

And so it was in the post office. If there was a tangle to be untangled, a difficulty to be solved, a hard task to be done, call in Paul Hull.

He has got a job higher up. It will be a busier time in Heaven with Paul, and Peter will have a more efficient helper at the gate than he ever had in his long experience. And the celestial choir, I fancy, will be a more human sort of crowd than ever it was with Moody and Sankey. Above the droning of "Rock of Ages" we shall hear the deep, familiar notes of "Illinois, Illinois."

So long, Paul, take care of yourself.

FOR A NEW ZEALAND PRESS CLUB.

At the instance of Fred J. Earle, editor of the Journalist at Wellington, New Zealand, President Malloch has supplied him with a copy of the constitution and other data on the Press Club of Chicago. Mr. Earle proposes the launching of a Press club in his city.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday, July 27.—Members of the Press Club of Chicago guests of the Milwaukee Press Club at Milwaukee at a Stag.

Saturday, August 10.—Basket picnic and corn roast at Glen Ellyn, for members of the Press Club and their ladies, who will be guests of Press Club members who are residents of that town.

LONG AUTOMOBILE TOUR.

The Press Club of Chicago is receiving some excellent publicity through a seventeen hundred-mile automobile tour being made from Chicago to College Station, Tex. Headed by David B. Clarkson, in whose car the trip is being made, four members of the Club left here July 13, and are due at their destination about now.

The car is flying Press Club pennants and at Houston and Dallas, Tex., the Press clubs will be visited. The Club members who made up the party when the car left the Club are: William Lightfoot Visscher, Dr. Bonney Youngblood, special writer and lecturer, in charge of twelve agricultural experiment stations in Texas, Kirk Towns and Mr. Clarkson. Arnold Chapman, who is not a Club member, was also in the party.

Because of an important business engagement, Col. Visscher was forced to return to Chicago, but left last week for Enid, Okla., where he intended to join the autoists. William J. Way, who has been playing at St. Paul and Minneapolis theaters the past two weeks, arrived in Chicago on Monday and left that evening for Dallas, to join the party.

Mr. Clarkson recently gave the Texas Agricultural college an endowment of \$1,500 per annum for a period of five years, to carry on the work of cotton experimentation.

A card from Mr. Clarkson, mailed from Kansas City, gives 229 miles as the best day's run.

MEMORIAL TO CHARLES E. PICKARD.

A meeting was held in the Press Club library Thursday, July 18, to do honor to the memory of the late Charles E. Pickard, who died June 24. President Malloch presided, and made some feeling remarks concerning the deceased, after which touching tributes were paid by Dr. W. F. Nutt, Stanley Waterloo, Harry Irving Greene, John McGovern, Henry W. Lee and Dr. Cooke-Adams.

The following resolution offered by Mr. McGovern was unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

Resolved, By the Press Club of Chicago, in memorial meeting assembled this 18th day of July, 1912, that in the death of Charles E. Pickard, we mourn the loss of a beloved companion, a distinguished member, often at the Press Club, a gentleman and a scholar. We miss his gentle touch at the piano, his pleasant voice in the circle, his honest, learned and intelligent views on the subjects that interest mankind.

That we treasure his exemplary memory, and tender to his wife and sons and to his afflicted brother, so long and honorably a member of this Club, the sincere expression of our heartfelt sympathy.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

NOW FOR 1,300!

Thirteen hundred is the goal, and we won't be satisfied until the mark has been reached!

One new membership each day will result in our hitting the mark in very short order. We will have 1,300 members mighty soon if everyone helps.

Will you be one member to come to bat with one application one of these days?

Every member added makes this a better Club for you. Every member added makes life more joyous for him.

So altogether for you and him and the Club!

AMONG THE MEMBERS

John T. Bramhall, who recently changed his residence from Auburn to Fair Oaks, Cal., has a job with the Santa Fe coast lines in that state.

Major John B. Jeffery has been doing publicity work in southern California. He is now going to Alberta, Can., to write up Calgary and the Southern Pacific.

Have you seen Richard Henry Little's new walking stick? It measures in the neighborhood of five feet and was made to order. It has been attracting much attention at a certain haberdashery a block south of the Press Club. "He's a very tall man," explains the prop., as he exhibits it to customers.

Douglas Malloch, S. E. Kiser and Walter D. Moody were the speakers at a dinner tendered five hundred visiting furniture men at the South Shore Country club Wednesday evening, July 17.

Charles Lederer and wife have returned from a two weeks' trip in the east, which included stays in Atlantic City, Coney Island, Niagara Falls and Toronto, besides steamer trips up the Hudson and Lakes Ontario and Erie.

MAY VISIT THE CLUB.

W. J. Shanks, secretary of the harbor and subway commission, left Chicago this week on an extended visit to Canada. Before leaving he was appointed a special delegate from the Press Club to call at the government house in Ottawa and deliver an official invitation from the Club to the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, to visit the Press Club this fall.

NEW PRESS CLUB SONG.

Copies of the new Press Club song, by Geo. L. Louis, that was sung at the Press Club Thursday night, can be secured at the office of the Club for 10 cents each, to cover cost of printing. Every member should have a copy.

THE PIPE

SOME zube, with a touch of yokel humor, has tried to slip over a sly wheeze about what will happen to us at Milwaukee, and to cast a doubt on the possibility of further editions of this column. Take it from us, with a good swift punch behind it, that unless we are doped, gagged and beaten to a frazzle, we will be on the job for the next issue. The gink who thinks he is going to escape the harpoon on account of anything short of our physical inability has another good think coming.

HAVE you lamped the number of baseball fans who nightly gather on the Fourth Floor? If you haven't, you're deaf, dumb and blind, for they are some Noise Committee, believe us!

IN our last edition we stated that we would favor our readers with a poem by that interesting Dante M. Smoggetogs. We regret to say, however, that Mr. Smoggetogs unexpectedly received word from his country home at Kankakee that his presence was urgently required, and therefore he was unable to hand us the coveted squib. However, his regret was so genuine that he has authorized us to announce a contest for members of the Club, in which they are offered the prize of a fresh cheese sandwich for the best poem for use in each issue of this column. Earl Marble has grabbed the delicacy this week.

THE MODERN ATHENS.

("Beware of the gift-bearing Greeks," was the classic allusion in ancient Greece; but "Beware of the fruit-selling Greeks," is the more or less classic illusion today, in the modern Greece of Chicago.)

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart!"
Byron sang it soft and low
Near a hundred years ago,
And quite near the martial fields
Where grand glory homage yields
To the hero where he seeks
Freedom from the struggling Greeks.

"Man from Athens, famed for bunk,
Give, oh, give me back my plunk!"
Thus we sing it in a tone
'Twixt a bass and baritone,
Near and 'cross from Marshall Field's,
To South Water's wholesale yields,
Where we vainly, vainly seek
Luscious fruit from wily Greek.

"Two for nickel," "Ten a box"—
Greed of wolf, and sly as fox,
North from Randolph, up to Lake,
Fight we e'er with many a fake
For the peaches blushing there
Through pink gauze that makes them fair.
Athens' "peaches"—were they specked
Thus when Byron's heart was pecked?
—Earl Marble.

ARTHUR Ormes is keenly emulating the exploits of that classic hero of De Maupassant's "The Ladies' Man." His is a singularly winning personality, and it has even been directed towards our own downfall, but, pardon our rude lawfyer, Arthur, we make no more tentative engagements.

COL. Davis is the author of a beautiful little volume entitled "How To Smoke a Pipe." We understand that in compiling his *magnus opus* he consulted Otto Kney, Phil Sawyer, et al., as experts whose opinions were considered valuable puffs. However, we are a trifle jealous, as the Col. studiously avoided any suggestions we might have had to offer. What's the matter, Col.? Wasn't our pipe big enough?

ROY Goble, alias Gobble, alias Gabbie, has added his name to the list for the Milwaukee Stag. We hope that Fate places us at the same table as Roy, for he is exceedingly free with his mazuma at such times. (Side Pocket Buck please write.)

QUELQUE BOOK!

"THE FARM PHILOSOPHER."

(Concluded.)

The Midwife and the Man; Nurses and Nuns; Vivisection; The Black Plague; Cats, Dogs and Horses; The Wheat Fields; In the Hay Fields; Threshing; Can Pigs Think; The Weatherman, Mr. Groundhog; Peacocks; There Is a Law; The Sin Against the Holy Ghost; Around the World Four Times; Black Cattle; The Sheep; The Silo; The Haymows; Making a Field; With Tile Spade, Hoe and Corn Knife; The Rose Gardens; The Sun Dial; The Turkey Bird; The Assessor; Hymns of all Nations; Before the Board of Review; I Am Fined \$20.00 and Costs; Love, and many other choice topics. Many choice poems are found, for Mrs. Kepley is a poet as well as a Philosopher. The poem which closes the book will give a taste of the contents:

TEACH ME.

"Oh, bird, dear little bird, teach me to sing,
E'en though my heart is sad;
Sweet love, overflow thy soul and make me glad;
Until not sorrowful but joy bells ring
Through every day and all the long, long night.

"Though food be scant and friends seem few,
Oh, love possess me through and through
That I, like thee, may sing a happy song
And so help all who come my way of life along."

RHUM.

(Continued.)

EVERY scamper of der money has an echo und a schting,

Und a tousand burning fancies into active being spring,
Und a tousand bees und hornets in mein bonehead seem
to schtick,

As I lisden to der scamper of mein money, oh so quick!

(Continued.)

OUR motto for next week—"Beaned but Undismayed."
—OL' BOB WARD.

"SEE AMERICA FIRST."

The Press Club of Chicago was represented at a meeting of the board of managers of the "See America First" association at the headquarters of the Trans-Continental Passenger association in the Transportation building, Tuesday afternoon. The purpose of the association is to cause American travelers to devote more time to touring their own country in preference to going to Europe.

FOR OCTOBER MEETING.

The Press Club of Chicago will co-operate with the other Chicago clubs and the Association of Commerce in attending the International Chamber of Commerce in Chicago in October. A committee has been appointed, made up of presidents of the various clubs for this purpose.

THE PRESS CLUB PENNANT.

The official Press Club pennant is now on sale at the Press Club office. It may be obtained for fifty cents and makes an ideal decoration. The pennant is being practically sold at cost in order to give it as wide a circulation as possible. It is hoped that all members of the Club when attending future outings will carry the Press Club pennant.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, August 3, 1912.

Number 43

HAD GREAT TIME

Milwaukee Press Club Provided Wonderful Entertainment for Visitors From Chicago.

Well, we thought they would, and they did. Saturday, July 27, sixty members of the Press Club of Chicago journeyed by special train to Milwaukee where they were entertained by the Milwaukee Press club in glorious manner. The affair lingers in the memory of those who participated as a riot of red fire, music and Teutonic refreshment that quite eclipsed our own justly celebrated efforts along that line.

The start was made from Evanston at 5 o'clock p. m. in a special car over the Milwaukee electric. En route the Press Club Inharmony band made things lively with music and serenaded the passing towns while the vocalists tuned up for later efforts at the proper time.

Arrived at Milwaukee the Chicago delegation was met by the Milwaukee Press club, a splendid band of 40 pieces, which remained faithful and tuneful throughout the evening's festivities, and a vast concourse of citizens.

Continued on Page 176.

FOR THE CORRESPONDENTS.

Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 5, 6 and 7 are the dates of the "Bull Moose" convention in Chicago. As in the case of the Republican national convention in June, representatives from newspapers from all parts of the country will invade Chicago, only there won't be so many.

The Press Club of Chicago extends the same hearty welcome to the visiting newspaper men, as it did at the time of the last convention when they were welcome to "make themselves at home" at the Club. In addition to placing the Club's many social features at their disposal, they will find the Club a good place to grind out their "copy." Typewriters and writing material will be found in the writing room on the seventh floor, and there are plenty of telegraph messenger call boxes handy.

The Press Club's doors never close and no keys are necessary.

FAMILY PICNIC

August Outing of Press Club to be Held at Glen Ellyn, Saturday Afternoon, the Tenth.

GET YOUR TICKETS AT THE CLUB.

A special round-trip rate of 50 cents for adults and 30 cents for children under 12 has been made, but tickets must be purchased at the Press Club not later than Friday, August 9, so we may know how much railway equipment will be necessary. These tickets will be good going or returning on any train Saturday, August 10. Members are urged to telephone, write or call for tickets immediately.

WHEN THE TRAINS GO!

Convenient trains on the Aurora, Elgin and Chicago railroad leave the Fifth Avenue Terminal, near Quincy street, for Glen Ellyn, as follows:

| | A. M. | | |
|------------------------|-------|-------|-------|
| Leave Chicago..... | 11:00 | 11:30 | 12:00 |
| Arrive Glen Ellyn..... | 11:52 | 12:22 | 12:52 |
| | P. M. | | |
| Leave Chicago..... | 12:30 | 1:00 | 1:30 |
| Arrive Glen Ellyn..... | 1:22 | 1:52 | 2:22 |
| Returning trains: | | | |

P. M.

| | | | | | |
|---|------|------|------|------|------|
| Leave Glen Ellyn..... | 4:45 | 5:08 | 5:10 | 5:34 | 6:06 |
| Arrive Chicago.... | 5:46 | 6:03 | 6:04 | 6:31 | 7:00 |
| Other trains leave Glen Ellyn at 6:38, 7:07, 7:37, 8:07, 8:33, 9:03 and every half hour until 11:03 p. m. | | | | | |

The Press Club's First Annual Suburban Picnic will be held at Glen Ellyn, rain or shine, Saturday afternoon, August 10, as the guests of the Glen Ellyn members of the Club.

It will be the August outing of the Club, and it will be **some** picnic. All the members are invited to attend and urged to bring the wives and kiddies and make this a real family affair. And don't forget to take along a Press Club pennant.

Cars on the Aurora and Elgin electric
Continued on Page 177.

A GREAT TIME.

Continued from Page 175.

The sky was aglow with red fire, and Roman candles lent further illumination.

Parade Big Attraction.

President Oscar Morris, of the Milwaukee Press club, and President Douglas Malloch, of the Press Club of Chicago, were treated to a surprise and the people of Milwaukee and the Press Club boys to an interesting spectacle, when two camels were brought forth for them to ride in the parade. The presidents were made to shed their coats and adopt the Musselman costume and then the parade got under way.

It was headed by the Milwaukee band. Then came the camels. The sixty Chicago members were next in line. The Chicago Press Club In-harmony band acted as escort for a hundred Milwaukee Press club members, who completed the procession. The cavalcade traversed the principal Milwaukee streets, called on the Milwaukee morning papers and serenaded them, and was viewed by 25,000 interested citizens who lined the sidewalks.

Arrived at the Milwaukee Press club a buffet luncheon was served. Then the visitors and guests were loaded into a gravel train on the local street railway and conveyed to Blatz park, where the festivities of the evening occurred amid the beautiful scenic surroundings of that resort.

Program Unique One.

A bountiful Dutch lunch was served, after which President Morris delivered the address of welcome on behalf of the Milwaukee Press Club and read a letter of greeting from the mayor of Milwaukee. The response was by President Malloch for the Press Club of Chicago. Both executives dwelt on the delights of such outings and urged their continuance.

Axel Christiansen, of the Chicago delegation, led in singing songs written for the occasion and Stanley H. Twist, another Chicagoan, and Mr. Christiansen told dialect stories in their best vein.

The party then adjourned to another pavilion, where they were treated to two spirited boxing bouts, ragtime by "the Czar of Ragtime" (Mr. Christiansen), rapid-fire comics by the Chicago Press Club Cartoon Quartet (R. A. Ward, L. R. Merrell, Frank I. Wetherbee and Phil Sawyer), vocal selections and other numbers.

The start for home was made at 1 a. m. by special train and was completed without mishap. The entire affair was a great success and set a lively pace for the Chicago boys to follow when they entertain the Milwaukee Press club in Chicago in 1913. Already we are beginning to think up stunts for that occasion.

Meanwhile the Milwaukee Press club has

made itself solid with the Chicago bunch for all time by its unique and hilarious entertainment.

W. J. Bollenbeck, vice-president of the Milwaukee Press club, writes to President Malloch, under date of July 29:

The boys here sure did enjoy your visit to this city and hope it can be duplicated before long. You boys made quite a "hit" here, especially with the young ladies, who looked at you admiringly from the sidewalk. We were afraid there would be some kidnapping. As some stayed over there may have been some at that. At any rate it did not take place to interfere with our plans.

Trust that you have recuperated from the ride on the camel and that you have not become infused with the idea that you have to follow the example of that critter at any time, at least never while in this city.

Have all your boys reported "in"? If not, let us know and we will look into all possible crevices in which they might be secluded. Don't forget to come again. Also tell your boys to call on us when in our city."

AUGUST CLUB MEETING.

The August meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held in the Club library at 1 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, August 10. It will be noted that on account of the Glen Ellyn picnic the hour of the meeting is 1 o'clock instead of 1:30. The following applicants for membership will be voted on.

Life.

Daniel A. Levy—Louis L. Berlin, Sponsor.

Active.

A. C. Houser, Examiner—P. F. Lowder, Sponsor.
Reed L. Parker, Tribune—Mark S. Watson, Sponsor.

H. L. Anderson, editor I. C. Magazine—G. G. Dowdall, Sponsor.

A. H. Bouman, Evanston News—W. W. Loomis, Sponsor.

Will M. Hight, contributor—Earl Marble, Sponsor.
George A. King, Tribune—W. A. Washburne, Sponsor.

Walter H. Wood, Examiner—M. E. Dickson, Sponsor.

Bert St. Claire, Associated Press—Jay Cairns, Sponsor.

Non-Resident.

H. Irving Ross, correspondent—E. F. Clipson, Sponsor.

William H. Miller, editor, Free Trader, Ottawa, Ill.—Douglas Malloch, Sponsor.

H. Jay Kenner, special writer—B. Beecher Osborne, Sponsor.

Frank Scott Clark, Detroit, Mich.—B. Beecher Osborne, Sponsor.

B. Youngblood, special writer, College Station, Tex.—D. B. Clarkson, Sponsor.

Will L. Comfort, author, Detroit, Mich.—B. Beecher Osborne, Sponsor.

Calvin W. Brown, city editor, News, Elgin, Ill.—B. A. Pratt, Sponsor.

F. E. Marley, publisher Herald, Batavia, Ill.—B. A. Pratt, Sponsor.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Saturday Afternoon, August 10, 1 o'clock—Cars Leave Fifth Meeting.

Saturday Afternoon, August 10, 2 o'clock—Cars Leave Fifth Avenue Terminal of Aurora and Elgin Electric Line for Glen Ellyn Where Press Club Members and Their Ladies Will Be Guests of Glen Ellyn Members at a Family Picnic.

FAMILY PICNIC.

Continued from Page 175.

will leave the terminal on Fifth avenue at 1 o'clock sharp Saturday afternoon, August 10. Refer to time table above for other cars. Get your lunch before you go and take along a picnic lunch. We will have a big picnic supper under the trees beside Lake Ellyn.

We are going to take along the Press Club Inharmony band and en route and at the picnic there will be plenty of music, such as it is. The musicians already signed include Edward H. Fox, leader; A. B. Cone, saxophone; Rudolph Jung, baritone; S. H. Twist, snare; G. L. Louis and F. R. E. Woodward, bass drums; John L. Weber, triangle.

Then there will be athletic events, in which all can participate, with sumptuous prizes. These will include a hobble-skirt race for the men, a baseball-throwing contest for the ladies and other diversions.

The program for the day will be as follows:

- 1:00 p. m., or earlier.—Leave Fifth Avenue Terminal, Aurora & Elgin electric.
- 3:00 p. m.—Baseball game, Editors vs. Authors.
- 4:00 p. m.—Hobble skirt race for men.
- Baseball throwing contest for ladies.
- Girls' race, under 12.
- Boys' race, under 14.
- Long-legged race.
- 5:00 p. m.—Band Concert.
- 6:00 p. m.—Picnic Supper and Corn Roast.
- 7:00 p. m., or later.—Off for home.

The following will be the prizes:

- Hobble Skirt Race—Necktie.
- Baseball Game—Box of cigars.
- Baseball Throwing—Press Club Pin.
- Girl's Race—Box of Candy.
- Boy's Race—Baseball and Bat.
- Long-Legged Race—Press Club Pennant.

In addition there will be bathing and boating facilities and other diversions.

The day is in charge of a special committee of Glen Ellyn residents consisting of Harold Lane, F. D. Abbott, W. T. Christine, Byron Williams, Frank Roderus and others.

NEW PRESS CLUB SONG.

Copies of the new Press Club song, by Geo. L. Louis, that was sung at the Press Club Thursday night, can be secured at the office of the Club for 10 cents each, to cover cost of printing. Every member should have a copy.

Come On, You Musickers!

Recruits will be welcomed to the Press Club Inharmony band, which will make its next public appearance at the family picnic at Glen Ellyn Saturday, August 10. If you play any band instrument, or ever did, please notify Edward H. Fox, chairman entertainment committee, Press Club, 26 N. Dearborn street.

Bring Your Pennant.

Members are requested to be sure to bring along their Press Club pennants to the family picnic at Glen Ellyn Saturday afternoon, August 10. Those who haven't them will be supplied at cost at the Press Club office—50 cents each.

Remember the Starting Time.

Members and their families going to the family picnic at Glen Ellyn Saturday afternoon, August 10, should board an Aurora, Elgin & Chicago electric at Fifth avenue terminal at 1.

TOUR THROUGH ALASKA.

As the guests of Frank O. Peers, manager of the Whitney opera house, Press Club members and their ladies, witnessed Beverly B. Dobbs' touragrapholog of Alaska and Siberia, on Friday evening, July 26. Mr. Dobbs spent ten years in the frozen north and as a result presented some wonderful moving pictures. Much additional realism was given to the pictures by the introduction of some clever imitating by assistants on the stage, who were able to talk "real Eskimo" in addition to barking like a dog of the northland.

Wanted.

That 1,300th member as soon as possible. We won't be happy till we get him.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday, August 10.—Basket picnic and corn roast at Glen Ellyn, for members of the Press Club and their ladies, who will be guests of Press Club members who are residents of that town.

Saturday, August 10, 1 o'clock, p. m.—Regular monthly Club meeting.

THE PIPE

FOILED! We have came back and here is our coleman just as ripe with harpoons as ever before. There is little use in trying to put us out of business, for it can't be did. We will admit, though, that it was quelque time.

WE have missed a number of familiar faces on the Fourth Floor during the past week. We fear that the gayety of the night—the spell of the green lights and the cheering of the Milwaukee hoi polloi lining the thoroughfare, led them adrift out of the narrow path. We hope they will come back.

DID you lamp Axel Christensen, standing atop a chair seat, with that wonderful Parisian creation on his bean, the bally English twang on his lip, and with raucous voice awaking the echoes of classic Blatz Park? Ah, 'twas a sight that will ne'er be forgot.

LOCK THEM UP.

FRANK Wetherbee and E. A. Taft were the jolly boys, and at every opportunity the rafters of the roof responded with echoes to their dashing wit. We love every bone in their nebulous noodles.

IMPORTANT!

WE have great pleasure in offering below a series of verses entered in our competition running each week, on account of which Mr. Smoggetogs has subscribed the prize of a fresh cheese sandwich. For various reasons the winner of the delicacy this week desires to remain anonymous.

Stanley Waterloo wrote Ab historie,
Wrote Ab full of red blood caloric.

We have one regret
In his books we have met—
We wish they were much more plethoric.

A man with two friends promptly run 'em,
Up here and to join the Club won 'em.
Then with pride most profound
Introduced 'em around,
Introduced 'em to us and George Dunham.

Our genial genius Gene Shinkle
Knows ev'ry old fact and new wrinkle.
His humor so fine
Act on people like wine,
It makes a man act like a drink'll.

Here's to Ed. W. Miller,
At joke writing he is a killer.
He sits up long nights
But the stuff that he writes,
If accepted, is always marked "Filler."

George Louis, may stars shine above him,
Because we admire him and love him.
In fact we are sore
That he didn't grow more—
We wish there were really more of him.

—D. M.

WE had an awful shock when we discovered Bob Millar stalling around the edges of the bunch headed for Milwaukee. Bob so seldom takes a jaunt of this kind that when he does it makes the cold chills run up and down our backbone, and our hair to rise, when we think of the chances we are taking. Did you ever notice him, standing off to one side, a thoughtful look on his proud, imperious countenance, an attitude reminding one immediately of that sterling detective, Bill Burns? 'Snuff! The idea is painful.

AH, but wasn't Stanley Twist a dashing figure in his brand new uniform and cavorting snare drum? If you had seen him, standing at attention aboard the Blatz Park car, the quick rat-tat of his drum breaking the stillness, and with all the skirts lining the curbs dizzy with admiration, your heart would have beat in unison with his drum. Such a gallant courtier. (Forgive our rude lawfter.)

RHUM

(Continued.)

In a sphutter comes J. Hanson, whom I'd sposed had gone

To survey der skiduvation, und tell Billie to lay it on,
I see him slipping it o'er me as I liscden to der strain.
Blayed by him and by der cardboardos, in a wild und wierd refrain.

(To be continued.)

THE VAGARIES OF A BUG.

(Quotation from a circular mailed by an Indiana minister, seeking engagements for lectures in Chicago. Submitted by this minister as a sample of his ability.)

A Mother's kiss, a Father's hand, a tiny grave and our darling's face;

The sweetheart's note and bunch of violets and bit of fragile lace—

At cross roads, and Life's epochs, when Christ spake face to face—

Toward sunset, makes Gethsemane, Mizpah, Lexington, Gettysburg, Patmos, a Holy Place.

HAVE you heard the great cat story? Watch our next issue.

—OL' BOB WARD.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

C. P. Lampman has returned from an extended business visit in Minneapolis, St. Paul and the Northwest.

H. B. Darlington and A. B. Cone are home from Asheville, N. C., where they attended the 21st annual of the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo.

France is now exporting large quantities of postcards to this country, mostly to the Press Club. John U. Higinbotham is over there.

Charles W. de Rekouski, of Detroit, Mich., spent Monday at the Club.

Albert W. Brickwood, Jr., has been appointed Venezuelan consul at Chicago, with offices in the Rector building, 79 W. Monroe street. Mr. Brickwood assumed his new duties on June 23.

Thomas Devereaux is spending week ends in Michigan.

P. A. Robinson is spending week ends at Spring Lake, Mich.

Dr. John E. Gilman has been elected a member of the Authors' Club, London, Eng.

According to Col. William Lightfoot Vischer it is "some hot" in Texas. The Colonel is among the party of Press Club members who made the trip from Chicago to College Station, Tex., in an automobile. In his latest postcard, mailed from Forth Worth, the Colonel says "all are well and jolly." Billy Way joined the party in Dallas and in a postal says he is having a great time.

Theodore Van R. Ashcroft and family who have been spending a month at Bellaire, Mich., returned home Monday.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, August 10, 1912.

Number 44.

FIRST ANNUAL SUBURBAN PICNIC OF THE PRESS CLUB

Real Family Affair to be Held at Glen Ellyn this Afternoon, Saturday, August 10, with "Rural" Club Members as Hosts.

ALL aboard for the Press Club's First Annual Suburban Picnic! Rain or shine, the big event will be held today, Saturday, August 10, at Glen Ellyn, where the Club members, their wives, and kiddies, will be guests of the Glen Ellyn members. In the event the weather man is a poor provider, it will be an indoor affair, at the Glen Ellyn auditorium.

Cars on the Aurora and Elgin electric will leave the terminal on Fifth avenue at 1 o'clock sharp Saturday afternoon, August 10. Refer to time table above for other cars. Get your lunch before you go and take along a picnic lunch. We will have a big picnic supper under the trees beside Lake Ellyn.

The program for the afternoon is as follows:

- 1:00 p. m. or earlier—Leave Fifth avenue terminal, Aurora and Elgin electric.
- 3:00 p. m.—Athletic program:
 1. Boys' race, 10 to 14 years—50 yards hopping on either foot.
 2. Girls' race, all under 12 years—potato race.
 3. Boys and men—Hop, step and jump.
 4. Girls' race—Skipping rope, 50 yards.
 5. Ball throwing contest for ladies.
 6. Boys' race—Running backward 50 yards.
 7. Fat men's race, 200 pounds or over—100 yards.
 8. Tug of war—Slims and fats.
 9. Girls' relay race—100 yards.
 10. Ball throwing contest for young men over 40.
- 4:00 p. m.—Baseball game between members of the Press Club of Chicago and Glen Ellyn residents.
- 5:00 p. m.—Band Concert.
- 6:00 p. m.—Picnic Supper and Corn Roast.
- 7:00 p. m., or later.—Off for home.

The following will be the prizes:

- Hobble Skirt Race—Necktie.
- Baseball Game—Box of cigars.
- Baseball Throwing—Press Club Pin.
- Girl's Race—Box of Candy.
- Boy's Race—Baseball and Bat.
- Long-Legged Race—Press Club Pennant.

In addition there will be bathing and boating facilities and other diversions.

The day is in charge of a special committee

of Glen Ellyn residents consisting of Harold Lane, F. D. Abbott, W. T. Christine, Byron Williams, Frank Roderus and others.

GET YOUR TICKETS AT THE CLUB.

A special round-trip rate of 50 cents for adults and 30 cents for children under 12 has been made, but tickets must be purchased at the Press Club not later than Friday, August 9, so we may know how much railway equipment will be necessary. These tickets will be good going or returning on any train Saturday, August 10. Members are urged to telephone, write or call for tickets immediately.

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| | A. M. | | |
|------------------------|-------|-------|-------|
| Leave Chicago..... | 11:00 | 11:30 | 12:00 |
| Arrive Glen Ellyn..... | 11:52 | 12:22 | 12:52 |
| | P. M. | | |
| Leave Chicago..... | 12:30 | 1:00 | 1:30 |
| Arrive Glen Ellyn..... | 1:22 | 1:52 | 2:22 |

Returning trains:

| | P. M. | | | | |
|-----------------------|-------|------|------|------|------|
| Leave Glen Ellyn..... | 4:45 | 5:08 | 5:10 | 5:34 | 6:06 |
| Arrive Chicago.... | 5:46 | 6:03 | 6:04 | 6:31 | 7:00 |

Other trains leave Glen Ellyn at 6:38, 7:07, 7:37, 8:07, 8:33, 9:03 and every half hour until 11:03 p. m.

Bring Your Pennant.

Members are requested to be sure to bring along their Press Club pennants to the family picnic at Glen Ellyn Saturday afternoon, August 10. Those who haven't them will be supplied at cost at the Press Club office—50 cents each.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Tuesday Evening, August 13, 8 o'clock—"Press Club Night at the Majestic" in honor of C. A. Briggs and Sidney Smith, well known cartoonists, who appear in a novel act, "Cartoonland."

"CARTOONLAND" AT THE MAJESTIC.

"Press Club Night at the Majestic," Tuesday evening, August 13, don't forget to be there!

C. A. Briggs and Sidney Smith, famous Tribune cartoonists, both members of the Press Club, and noted for their clever work as members of the "Press Club Scoop" Octet, are on the Majestic program for the entire week. It is in their honor that "Press Club Night at the Majestic" has been arranged and a goodly number of Press Club members are expected to witness their act, "Cartoonland." Stanly H. Twist presents Messrs. Briggs and Smith in their novel act.

In addition to this unique act, next week's bill at the Majestic is an exceptionally good one. Box seats are one dollar and orchestra seats seventy-five cents, and it is important that all Press Club members who plan to attend the performance Tuesday evening, sign their names to the list at the fourth floor office of the Club.

Don't forget the date, Tuesday evening, August 13, at the Majestic.

Wouldn't be a bad idea to take your Press Club pennant along—in fact it is decidedly the proper thing on all occasions.

PUBLICITY THAT COUNTS.

Barratt O'Hara's clever Chicago Magazine for August contains a frontispiece made up of a series of photographs of the Press Club of Chicago, including an exterior scene, the library and a glimpse of the lobby. The famous photographs of President Maloch shaking hands with President Taft on the occasion of the latter's visit to the Press Club last spring, and of the joint smoker of the Milwaukee Press Club and the Press Club of Chicago in the banquet hall of the Club are also conspicuously displayed.

The Chicago Magazine accords the Press Club of Chicago additional honor by featuring the pictures as the first of a series of views of Famous Chicago Clubs.

CORRESPONDENTS WERE HERE.

The "Bull Moose" convention brought a number of newspaper correspondents to Chicago, and the Press Club was afforded an opportunity to extend to them the courtesies of the Club. A number took advantage of the Club's facilities and ground out their "copy" at the seventh floor writing room, as well as the hearty welcome to "make themselves at home."

TRADE JOURNALISTS WELCOME.

August 13 to 16 inclusive are the dates for the second annual convention of the Motion Picture Exhibitors' league, and five thousand visitors are expected in Chicago to attend. About twenty motion picture trade journal writers will be on hand, and for the purpose of properly looking after their interests, the front rooms on the third floor of the Press Club building will be reserved for their exclusive use. Typewriters, and other conveniences will be at their disposal.

On Wednesday evening, August 14, Stanly H. Twist, Club member, and director of publicity of the Selig Polyscope company, will entertain the trade journal writers at dinner at the Union restaurant. A unique invitation printed in black on yellow stock, with a "man in the moon" thanks seal properly attached with "damnearsilk ribbon" is being sent out to the honored guests. The name of the invited guest is printed in red on each invitation. Why red, we don't know, unless it's the Selig dopester's idea of "class."

Each guest is honored with this "toast" under his name: "Gentleman, writer, motion picture bug, critic, anon and good fellow always," which is followed by this text:

Greeting: You are cordially invited to be one of a select few who will wine, dine and make merry with me on the evening of August 14th in a private room of the Union restaurant.

The idea being a lovefeast of Trade Journal scribes attending the convention, where shop talk will be mostly barred, formality tabooed and good fellowship will reign supreme. The festivities will be sandwiched in between the regular program of events and will not interfere with other schedules.

Come with a happy smile, and we will all enjoy the good things and each other, and as we sip the small blacks and talk it over pro and con (mostly con), I shall murmur Selah—for Kurnel Selig foots the bill.

STANLY H. TWIST,

The dopester's seal.

Selig Dopester.

P. S.—Time flies, things transpire, answer quick by mail or wire.

Wanted.

That 1,300th member as soon as possible. We won't be happy till we get him.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

A COMPLIMENTARY NOTICE.

The Marseilles (Ill.) Plaindealer in a recent issue contains this happy reference to the Press Club of Chicago for the part it played in entertaining the delegates to the convention of the National and Illinois Press associations, recently held in Chicago:

During their entire stay in the city a cordial welcome awaited any of the editors who saw fit to spend a portion of their time at the Press Club of Chicago. This in itself, is always a highly prized privilege which the brethren are eager to avail themselves of. Aside from the appointments and accommodations within the building, models of convenience and comfort, there is always the chance of meeting face to face the noted of the literary worlds, oft those whose productions have long been enjoyed by the visitor for the time, a treat to be ever remembered with pleasure. * * *

Not to cast any reflection on the excellent methods of the gentlemen of the reception committee in the treatment given the visitors, the ladies of the Illinois Woman's Press association and wives of members of the Press Club of Chicago certainly rendered a most pleasing service, one which the lady guests will long remember with deep gratification. They surely left nothing undone that could possibly be of interest to those in their charge or in any way add to the pleasure of the ladies and their escorts.

NEGLECTED THE "KILTIES."

This good one comes from Dallas, Texas:

The Press Club of that city recently entertained visiting newspaper advertising men at a little function. Those in charge noticed that many of the visitors had no press badges. "Will each Dallas member kindly pin his badge upon his neighbor who has none?" This was done with courteous promptness and good will. "Will the Dallas members kindly give up their seats in front to the visitors?" This was cheerfully done.

Just then some Toronto visitors in their regalia of kilts and with knees bare came in. James Schermerhorn, the witty publisher of the Detroit Times, arose to his feet and gazed impressively about him. "Gentlemen," he said, "we have observed the unselfish Dallas men give up their badges to the visitors. Then we saw them give up their seats. When our good friends from Canada came in I was disappointed in not hearing your chairman say: 'Our fellow journalists from Toronto have just entered the hall. Won't the Dallas members kindly give them their trousers?'"

A "TOASTIE" JINGLE.

Prizes keep on coming to Press Club members. The latest one reported was sent to Earl Marble, who has so long been a member, and who recently submitted a "jingle" to the Postum Cereal company of Battle Creek, in response to an invitation, for which he received a check of twenty dollars. The following is the "toastie" submitted:

"Who gave Battle Creek its name? Who shall make the boast?

Who gave Battle Creek its fame? 'There's-a-Reason' Post.

Now he has another claim to our gratitude,
Since with Toasties made by Post he feeds the multitude."

RECENT VISITORS.

Joseph Greene and T. J. Carrigan, New York, and Henry McRae, Sacramento, Cal., guests of Stanley H. Twist.

IN THE NEWSPAPER WORLD.

A "good one" on an Eastern editor was pulled off during the Chicago convention, and as a result Harry M. Biglow of the Portland (Me.) Press has discovered that there is more than one Portland. One evening Editor Biglow wrote some burning words about the convention, headed his copy "Portland Press," and turned it over to a telegraph operator.

The following afternoon he received a telegram from his office asking him what had become of his story. Upon investigation it was discovered that it was sent to Portland, Ore.

"Who ever heard of Portland, Ore., anyhow?" growled Biglow.

According to Alexander Dodds, managing editor of the Christian Science Monitor of Boston, Mass., who was a recent guest with other members of the Monitor staff at an informal luncheon at the Press Club of Chicago, the circulation of the Chicago edition of the Monitor which was published each day during the Republican national convention averaged 50,000 to 60,000 daily. As many as eight editions daily were issued, and the number of visitors at the plant on Michigan avenue averaged from 1,000 to 1,200 daily.

The Boston American has made a novel departure in assigning the governors of five of the New England states to take turns in editing the Sunday edition for five issues. Gov. Plaisted of Maine was the first Sunday editor and is being followed in regular order by Gov. Bass of New Hampshire, Gov. Foss of Massachusetts, Gov. Pothier of Rhode Island and Gov. Mead of Vermont.

The five "governors' editions" will present to the people of the New England states the most important matters that concern their general welfare.

The New York Tribune will soon change its pages to the so-called "standard size," by shortening the column length to twenty-one and one-half inches and a reduction of the column width to thirteen and one-half em size. New machinery will be installed to make the change possible.

Effective July 1 the Boston Herald took over the Boston Traveler, and the Traveler and Evening Herald are being published together as a combined newspaper. The Traveler was one of Boston's oldest newspapers, having been established in 1825.

In a recent issue of LaFollette's Magazine the Wisconsin senator took another rap at newspapers, declaring, among other things, that people sacrifice too much time to the newspapers.

THE PIPE

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

DISCOVERED! Through the fickle finger of Fate we have found the historian of that peerless poet, Dante M. Smoggletogs. That gentleman has written us that he has in his possession a number of rare bits of verse composed by Mr. Smoggletogs, which he intends to use in a series of memoirs at some future date. In the meantime, he has consented to send us a triolet or two, and we will print them in an early issue. This is indeed a scoop for The Pipe, say we.

DO you intend being one of the gay and lissome revelers at the Outing today? Verily, 'twill be a merry day, for after canvassing the Fourth Floor hangers-on we learn that the majority will beat it for the Glen with their hair in hard knots and stereotyped grins greatly in evidence. Picture such a line-up as Harry White, Billy Ray, George (Little Jeff) Louis, Col. Kellogg, Frank Woodward, Col. Lewis, Charley Brown, Billy Knox, et al., toddling pensively around a flower-wreathed maypole to the beautiful aria of "Marching Through Georgia," played a la Milwaukee by the Inharmony Band! (Applause.)

BY the way, a new addition to the Band is planned. We have grabbed off another bass drum. Such delight, such harmony and also rhythm!

WE hope that Joe Henderson sticks to the athletic events. Joe is such an ardent rooter that his cheering will greatly encourage the enthusiastic participants in their mad endeavors to capture the prizes (fresh cheese sandwiches). Have you ever heard Joe cheer? Hurray! (Noise.)

RHUM.

(Continued.)

In a sudden indermission, which appears mein only chance,

I say, "Be reasonable, Billy, or my wife'll make me dance."

He schtops a moment, ein cardboard holds aloft—

Den says, "Mein boy, I had not thought of that, dis makes der game more soft."

(Continued.)

IN our next issue we propose to offer our readers the first installment of the serial "Who Killed the Cat," or "The Great Seltzer Mystery," written especially for The Pipe by that prince of story tellers, Col. Davis, author of the famous Knickel Knovel Series. This serial abounds with startling situations, and there will be a shock in every paragraph, a thrill in every picture. Don't miss it!

THUMBS UP OR DOWN?

WHAT would you do if a disheveled individual with a wild, inhuman glare from beak and lamps, fiendishly assaulted you while on your peaceful way, accusing you meanwhile of maliciously dousing his literary aspirations? Such was the situation one evening this week when we heroically refused to print in this column a lot of bunk about the Presidential campaign. In the furtherance of this object, the aforesaid unprincipled grafter even had the temerity to endeavor to slip us a two-dollar note, and it required the assistance of a billiard cue, two chairs and a call-bell to induce the offender to change his mind. Three guesses as to the identity of the criminal. Prize—see next issue.

IF there is one thing that utterly disgusts us, it is to see so many of our promising aspirants for fame toting around extra loads in the shape of walking sticks. We inadvertently butted into a bunch of these maniacs last Sunday on the Fourth Floor bearing these superfluous burdens, and we hesitated not in orally chastising them for their

boneheaded stupidity. Carlos MacVitty was mixed up in this melee, but we can excuse Carlos, as the dramatic creator of "The Shepherd of the Hills" must needs have a wand to carry in the furtherance of the role. We would suggest that some of our fair readers present him with a parti-colored ribbon for the handle of his impedimenta. Now, don't everybody speak at once!

WHILE we are pounding out this load of bunk, our heart is weighted down with both gloom and envy. It seems that every gink around this Club has received a word from that hero of "Three Weeks," the absent J. U. H., except us. We hereby notify whomever it may concern that unless we hear from him within a certain stipulated time, we will release a detrimental pome which we are holding in our files. Believe us, this is some dire threat!

REBLOATED PLUTOCRATS.

WHERE, oh where is Harry Greene gone? Is it that he has decided to withdraw from the lurid horizon of club activities, or has he still some coin left out of his last check, and won't come back until it is spent? We wish that we could get enough ahead to get out of town, but, don'tcherknow, these bally editor fellows are getting more tightwadded every day, and the best we can do is stick near enough to the free lunch counters to grab a hand-out at least once a day. What else can one do when our credit is stopped on the Sixth Floor?

COL. Kellogg has a new story on tap. Stick around sometime, and he'll shoot it.

SEE the next issue of The Helngon Star for the sordid details of the terrible plot recently uncovered, revealing the duplicity of certain well-known Fourth Floor characters.—Ad.

OL' BOB WARD.

CLUB MEETING TODAY.

The August meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held today, Saturday, August 10, in the library. On account of the Glen Ellyn picnic the hour of the meeting is 1 o'clock sharp.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Text Book of True Temperance, by M. Monahan; United States Brewers' association, New York.

Year Book of the United States Brewers' association, 1909; United States Brewers' association, New York.

Year Book of the United States Brewers' association, 1910; United States Brewers' association, New York.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday, August 10.—Basket picnic and corn roast at Glen Ellyn, for members of the Press Club and their ladies, who will be guests of Press Club members who are residents of that town.

Saturday, August 10, 1 o'clock, p. m.—Regular monthly Club meeting.

Tuesday evening, August 13, 8 o'clock—"Press Club Night at the Majestic" in honor of C. A. Briggs and Sidney Smith, well known cartoonists, who appear in a novel act, "Cartoonland."

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, August 17, 1912.

Number 45.

INDOOR PICNIC SIR GEORGE REID

Downpour of Rain in No Way Seriously Interferes With Enjoyable Glen Ellyn Event.

Such a small matter as a downpour of rain cannot discourage a Press Club crowd or seriously interfere with a Press Club event.

It had been announced that Saturday, August 10, the Press Club would picnic at Glen Ellyn, and picnic it did. True it had rained most of Friday night and it rained Saturday morning. At noon, just at the starting time, it poured. But it had been announced that the picnic would occur, shine or rain (indoors in the event of the latter contingency).

Fifty members, ladies and children journeyed out to Glen Ellyn Saturday afternoon and were met by the Glen Ellyn members and other residents of that delightful suburb. They were escorted to the Auditorium, where an indoor picnic was held, the chief feature of which was an impromptu program, including piano numbers by Mrs. Helen Rosenfeld, recitations by Mrs. Bertha Jane Fox, remarks by Frank Roderus and President Douglas Malloch and cartoons by Charles Lederer. Herbert Lane presided. The Glen Ellyn members also provided a program of moving pictures and in consequence the afternoon was fully and delightfully occupied. Herbert Lane, Frank Roderus, F. D. Abbott and James W. Valentine, assisted by Mrs. Roderus, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Byron Williams, Mrs. W. T. Christine and other Glen Ellyn friends of the Press Club did the honors.

At 6 o'clock the picnic party adjourned to the Congregational church parlors and there a big family picnic supper was served. The corn roast was necessarily changed to a corn boil, and it was a decided treat. Ten dozen ears of the best Glen Ellyn sweet corn were served by the proud Glen Ellynites, each of whom has a garden of his own. Edward H. Fox and Mason Warner poured.

The Glen Oak club also generously extended its courtesies to the visitors for Saturday

(Continued on page 184, col. 2.)

High Commissioner of Australia, to be Guest of Press Club at Luncheon in September.

On Friday noon, September 13, the Press Club of Chicago will have the honor of entertaining at luncheon the Rt. Hon. Sir George Houston Reid, P. C., K. C., G. C. M. G., L. L. D., High Commissioner for the commonwealth of Australia, in London, England, and formerly Prime Minister of the commonwealth of Australia. Commissioner Reid arrives in Chicago from Toronto on September 11, accompanied by Lady Reid, who will be with her husband during the two or three weeks he will remain in the United States.

It was while in London last May that Dr. G. Cooke-Adams, on behalf of the Press Club of Chicago, personally extended an invitation from President Douglas Malloch to Sir George Reid to be the Club's guest at luncheon on the occasion of his visit to Chicago. The affair will be purely informal and Dr. Cooke-Adams will preside. He will shortly appoint a committee of the day to co-operate in entertaining the distinguished guest.

A Remarkable Career.

In addition to the luncheon at the Press Club, Commissioner Reid will be entertained at luncheon on Wednesday, September 11, by the Chicago Association of Commerce, and on Thursday evening he will be given a dinner by the British Empire Association.

Sir George Reid has for years been a dominating factor in the political history of the Commonwealth of Australia. His premiership of New South Wales from 1894 to 1899 was noted for being the longest and most successful administration in the history of that country. He was Minister of Public Instruction in New South Wales from 1883 to 1894; leader of the opposition in that country in 1891; Premier of N. S. W. from 1894 to 1899; leader of the opposition in the Commonwealth Parliament from the inauguration of the commonwealth, 1901 to 1904; Premier and Minister for external affairs, 1904-5; and represented New

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Saturday Afternoon, August 24, 1:30 O'clock—Special Business Meeting in the Press Club Library.

Saturday Afternoon, August 24—Immediately After the Special Business Meeting—General Club Caucus.

South Wales in London at Her Majesty's (Queen Victoria) Diamond Jubilee, on which occasion he was made a member of the Queen's Most Honorable Privy Council.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

H. S. Pepoon, who dislocated his shoulder while summering at Lake Magician, Mich., has recovered sufficiently to be able to row a boat.

Horace H. Delano and wife have returned from a few days' outing at Muskegon, Mich.

John R. Purchase and wife have returned from a two weeks' outing in the Northwest. They visited the Twin Cities, Dells of Wisconsin, Lake Minnetonka, Minnehaha Falls, and came home by way of the Mississippi river from St. Paul to Quincy.

G. W. Weippiert writes from Munich that since leaving Chicago the first of May he has seen several lands and many people and gathered numerous notes of interest. During September he will devote his time to the Balkan States, returning to Chicago about October 20.

W. M. Johnson was elected a member of the board of directors of the Federation of American Motorcyclists at its tenth annual convention at Columbus, O. Mr. Johnson delivered an excellent address on the benefits of the organization.

John R. Gregg, of New York, has been a Club attendant recently. He has recently returned from an extended trip to Europe and declares that the first thing he did on returning to his office was to look up all the back numbers of the Bulletin and read them.

Frank Collins entertained a party of eleven, which included the Governor of South Dakota, at dinner at the Club Tuesday evening.

William F. Young, for ten years western manager of Benjamin H. Sanborn and Company, has become president of the firm, following the retirement of Mr. Sanborn recently. Twenty-three years ago, Mr. Young entered the employ of Ginn and Company, leaving six years later to become associated with D. C. Heath and Company. In 1902 he took charge of the Sanborn office, in Chicago, and since that time it has grown so rapidly, that its volume of business now exceeds that of the home office. A recent issue of the School Board Journal contains an excellent likeness of Mr. Young.

INDOOR PICNIC.

(Continued from page 183.)

evening. The Press Club party arrived home again between showers delighted with the picnic and full of sympathy for those who were frightened away by the weather.

The hosts of the occasion were the Glen Ellyn members of the Press Club, Messrs. Lane, Roderus, Vallentine, Johnson, Abbott, Williams and Christine. It was the unanimous verdict that they did finely under very adverse conditions.

AUGUST CLUB MEETING.

The August meeting of the Press Club of Chicago was held Saturday afternoon, August 10, at 1 o'clock, with President Malloch in the chair and the following members present: Messrs.: Kellogg, Comerford, Louis, (G. L.) Taft, Knox, Clark, Hall, (E. A.) Ulrich, Marble, Fox, Goble, O'Hara, Miller, Osborne, Weber, Pickard, Partridge, Cairns, Gairing, Hart, Rutherford, Dickson, Jamison, Woodward. George L. Louis was appointed secretary pro tem.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved, and the report of the financial secretary read and accepted.

Seventeen applicants for membership were elected.

JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS COMING.

Judd Mortimer Lewis, of the Houston (Tex.) Post, the best known newspaper poet in the South, will be the guest of the Press Club of Chicago at luncheon at 1 p. m., Saturday, August 31. Mr. Lewis has accepted an invitation to be the Club's guest on that date. The affair will be entirely informal, and the usual table d'hôte will be served. Mr. Lewis will recite some of his best brand of southern poetry and tell a story or two.

CHICAGO TRADE PRESS MEETS.

A special meeting of the Chicago Trade Press association was held in the library of the Press Club Monday noon, August 12, to take action opposing the proposed increase from one to two cents a pound on second class mail matter.

E. J. Tinsdale of the New York Press club, has been making the Press Club of Chicago headquarters during the present week.

SPECIAL MEETING.

AT A REGULAR MEETING OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO HELD SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1912, IT WAS ORDERED THAT A SPECIAL MEETING BE HELD SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1912, AT 1:30 O'CLOCK P. M., FOR THE ELECTION OF TWO DIRECTORS TO FILL VACANCIES AND TO TRANSACT SUCH OTHER BUSINESS AS MAY COME BEFORE SAID MEETING.

(Signed) GEORGE L. LOUIS,
Acting Recording Secretary.

CAUCUS.

AT A REGULAR MEETING OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO HELD SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1912, IT WAS ORDERED THAT A GENERAL CLUB CAUCUS FOR THE NOMINATION OF OFFICERS OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BE HELD SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1912, IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO, TO BE HELD AT 1:30 O'CLOCK P. M., THAT DAY.

(Signed) GEORGE L. LOUIS,
Acting Recording Secretary.

PRESS CLUB TO PARTICIPATE.

T. Edward Wilder, of the Association of Commerce, has been elected chairman and Douglas Malloch, of the Press Club, secretary of the executive committee made up of presidents of the leading Chicago organizations which will have charge of the reception and entertainment of the delegates to the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce who will visit Chicago after its Boston convention. About 400 visitors from Europe, Asia, Africa, South America and North America will be present and a fund of \$20,000 will be required for their entertainment. Frank M. Bunch, president of the Board of Trade, has been made chairman of the entertainment committee.

INJURIES PROVE FATAL.

Frank Thompson Searight, a prominent visitor at the Press Club in 1911, died at Los Angeles, Cal., Saturday, August 10, as the result of injuries received in an automobile accident several months ago. He was a former president of the American Press Humorists, which has a number of members in the Press Club of Chicago.

RECENT VISITORS.

H. Prime Kieffer, Boston, guest of Douglas Malloch.

H. C. Kauffman, Los Angeles, Cal., guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

W. H. Weed, Milwaukee, guest of M. E. Dickson.

GOD'S IMAGE.

(G. "Tip" Propper, of Minneapolis, Minn., has another specialty in addition to securing members for the Press Club, which to quote him, is none the less than "having a few insane thoughts at times, and 'wiggled' into verse some sixty odd punches of stuff, which I expect if I can screw up courage enough for the purpose, to print in book form along lines and ideas which I believe will make them, if not prohibited under federal statute, first among the 'Six Best Sellers.' " The following is a sample:

Why need I fear immortal wrath
For thoughts that sin,
Why must I keep in virtues path
My crown to win?
If God this nature gave to me
Which yearns for love and liberty,
My every reason says I'm free,
Exempt from Hell's ghost penalty.

Must I deny Love's fond embrace
Because of shame,
Or hide the blush that scalds my face;
Am I to blame?
Why should I not when Love's voice cries
For lips to kiss, fan fancy's fires,
Unrein desire, loose passion's flame,
And say 'tis done in Glory's name.

If in God's image I am here,
It is His will;
'Twas He who made me as I am
My place to fill;
'Twas He who caused the tree to grow,
Caused reason's light to softly glow
That I might eat its fruit and know
The fount from which life's pleasures flow.

I scarce can feel it is God's will
That I should die
Before this nature which He gave
I'd satisfy.
To me 'tis sin, 'tis folly great
Which asks a passion bold to wait
Its glory in another state,
While life fades past youth's open gate.

I dare to think a better God
Enthroned on High,
Than one who damns without remorse
All such as I;
A God who weighs each thought, each deed,
Knows neither vengeance, hate or creed,
Bids all to come, proclaims them free,
Such is my faith, Oh God, in thee.
—G. Tip Propper, Minneapolis, Minn.

PRESS CLUB WELL REPRESENTED.

The annual convention of the American Press Humorists will be held at Detroit, September 2 to 7, and the Press Club will be well represented by Chicago scribes who are members of both organizations. Among those who will go from here are Douglas Malloch and E. W. Miller, who are members of the executive committee. The other Chicago members are C. W. Taylor, W. D. Nesbit and S. E. Kiser, who are expected to attend. They will be joined at Chicago by Vice-President George Fitch, of Peoria, another Press Club member, Judd Mortimer Lewis, of Houston, Tex., W. H. Miller, of Ottawa, Ill., and other Press Club members and column conductors in other towns west and south of us. All of the members will be accompanied by their families.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

"CAPT. JACK" A VISITOR.

"Capt. Jack" Crawford, the poet Scout of America and the original Boy Scout, honored the Press Club of Chicago with a brief visit while on his way to his home in New York City this week. At the age of sixty-five and one-half, "Capt. Jack" "can trail an Indian, write a sonnet, broil a hunk of venison over a camp fire, act 'Rip Van Winkle,' tell the time of night by the stars, deliver a temperance sermon, plunk a bull's eye with a rifle or revolver, entertain an audience of college professors or newsboys, write a play, conduct a church service, examine the dust of a trail and tell how many persons have passed that way and how long since, sing a hymn or a song, locate a gold mine, dance a jig, break a broncho, kick eighteen inches above his head, palm both hands on the ground without bending his knees, or discuss the science of civil and social government better than any other man I ever knew," says Nixon Waterman.

Says Capt. Jack:

I fling you this crude bouquet
From where God's songsters sang,
I laughed and it came back one day,
A sunshine boomerang.

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye
An' ye'r spine is feelin' proud,
Don't fergit to up an' fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it,
It's a boomerang to you.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday afternoon, August 24, 1:30 o'clock—Special business meeting in the Press Club library.

Saturday afternoon, August 24, immediately after the special business meeting—General Club caucus.

Saturday afternoon, August 31, 1 o'clock—Informal luncheon to Judd Mortimer Lewis, of the Houston (Tex.) Post.

Thursday afternoon, September 5—Annual election.

Friday noon, September 13—Informal luncheon to Rt. Hon. Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for the commonwealth of Australia in London, Eng.

Saturday afternoon, September 14, 1:30 o'clock—Annual business meeting.

WANDERING SHEEP.

Natchez, Miss., August 7—Yours, GENE.
Corpus Christi, Tex., August 9—It is fine down here. Hot as—well, it's hot away from the bay, but the breezes come in like ice cream in a hay-field. Have seen a whole lot of society—the clothes are so thin. Clarkson is out on his plantation for a few days
VISSCHER.

THE PIPE

WHAT!!!!!!

YES, it is us, despite wars and rumors of wars. TANKS for dem cheerin' words, kind friends.

UPON looking for the Dante Smoggletogs' article mentioned last week, we find it confiscated by the Ch c g Tr b n together with some other matters.

THIS Melancholic Monumorial seems to be a hoodoo. J. U. H. is gone. Ol' Bob is gone, and we're called back from Helngon. We strongly suspect that this is a pro tem job. Anyone volunteer as substitute Pipesman? (Not the servant in the house please). The best-fitted person present is bar-red. Get that, Jeff?

BUT enough of this triviality and to work, Percival! (That's our muse—a perfect lady, too). For one thing, this Joe Henderson hooray stuff is declared canned. Our stenog. objects, she being a lady also.

THE three busy bees—Brewer, Brown & Brush. Answer, Rum Bs.

THAT came from Louis. Yes, we know it, but we didn't like to hurt his feelings.

BRO. Briggs states for publication: "Stanly H. Twist receives no payment as my theat. agent. Au contraire, S. H. T. pays me."

LAMP the books rec'd in last week's P. C. B.

THE guessing contest prize, put up last week, went to Earl Marble. A tall one, Jeff!

FOR the benefit of those interested in charitable work, we will state that the address is 15, East High Holborn, Leghorn Lane, London, E. C. (Better hurry; George is going it pretty strong).

SPEAKING of winged motors, the Bellman says "Skimming the earth like some uncanny bird *** even the pigs are shuddering in their pens." Must be getting bats in the belfry, Bro. Edgar!

THE corn-roast at Glen Ellyn was one grand little affair. What? You didn't? Well, you missed the roast of your life, old chap.

SPEAKING of switching, some weeks ago Bro. Milo was advertising his letter to Gar—we mean to Bryan. Now he comes out as a Roosevelt alternate. Some alternation.

WANTED: Maxim silencer. Must be in good condition.—Col. Kellogg.

WILLIAM Knox was a visitor at the Press Club today.

PHIL Sawyer reports that he is now painting in the country. Some class to our Phil! He did two barns last week, at \$2 per hour.

NOTICE! The Goble library will be disposed of at public auction Monday, Aug. 18th. Books autographed for all buyers. (adv.).

HE'S come back!

WHO'S come back?

WHY—

—Q. H. FLACCUS!

IN HONOR OF CARTOONISTS.

Last Tuesday evening was "Press Club Night" at the Majestic in honor of Messrs. Sidney Smith and C. A. Briggs, famous Tribune cartoonists and members of the Club. Forty Club members attended the performance in honor of the cartoonists who appeared in a novel act, "Cartoonland," under the auspices of Stanly H. Twist.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, August 24, 1912.

Number 46.

J.U.H.BACK AGAIN NAMES SPEAKERS

Prop. of the Pipe Col. Once More on the Job After Three Weeks Spent in the Land of the French Which Included a "Rest" in Paris.

Our trip to France was as near perfect as a woman-planned, man-executed affair could be. Even the weather man entered into the spirit of the thing and only interfered with one plan on the trip and that an "extra."

The ride across was so smooth that only the presence of five meals a day made it seem like ship-board.

A novel feature, due to the dockers' strike, was the presence of one hundred and fifty

(Continued on page 188, col. 1.)

SPECIAL MEETING.

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(Signed) GEORGE L. LOUIS,
Acting Recording Secretary.

Col. "Jim Ham" Lewis, Frank Comerford, George F. Butler and Dr. Dorsey on Program for Luncheon to Sir George Reid.

Rt. Hon. Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia, in London, Eng., on Tuesday wired Dr. George Cooke-Adams from Halifax, N. S., confirming the date of the luncheon to be tendered to him by the Press Club of Chicago, on Friday noon, September 13. Commissioner Reid will be in the United States about two or three weeks, arriving in Chicago on September 11.

For the luncheon to be tendered by the Press Club, Dr. Cooke-Adams, who will be chairman of the day, has named the following members of the committee: Charles N. Wheeler, George Sutherland, Jay Cairns, E. O. Phillips, Allan F. McIntyre, E. W. Prickard W. J. Shanks and E. C. Moore.

The speakers will be Col. James Hamilton Lewis, Frank Comerford, Dr. George F. Butler and Dr. George A. Dorsey.

The Christian Science Monitor of August 13 prints a column article, under a Chicago dateline, on the proposed visit of Sir George Reid to Chicago and the Press Club of Chicago. The following interesting extracts are taken from the article:

As high commissioner for the commonwealth of Australia, Sir George Reid visited Germany earlier in the present year and made a most favorable impression. It is generally recognized that his brief visit to Germany will prove of great benefit to Australia in promoting the extensions of trade between those two countries. Germany urgently needs commodities that Australia is in a position to supply in almost unlimited quantities and the high commissioner, it is thought, has at least taken one step in the direction of opening the door for trade there.

During his long public career in Australia, Sir George Reid visited all parts of the commonwealth and nobody knows Australia better than he. His influence in politics was always great. Even when engaged in party politics, Sir George was always able to command the attention and respect of his political opponents.

Sir George visited England on the occasion of the late Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee in 1897,

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Saturday Afternoon, August 31, 1 o'clock—Informal Luncheon to
Judd Mortimer Lewis of the Houston (Tex.) Post.

and was created a privy councilor and made D. C. L. of Oxford. He declined a knighthood in 1897, but accepted the honor in 1909.

It is largely due to the favorable impression he has made upon the English public that Australia has recently become so well and favorably known throughout the British Isles.

Sir George Reid, G. C. M. G., K. C., D. C. L., is the first high commissioner appointed by the commonwealth of Australia. He is a native of Scotland. He arrived in Australia in 1852, and as early as 1880 represented East Sydney in the legislative assembly of New South Wales. He continued to take a prominent part in state politics—while at the same time being one of Australia's leading barristers.

He was minister of public instruction in New South Wales in 1883-84, and became premier and treasurer of New South Wales in 1894. His government remained in office until 1899.

It was, however, as premier of New South Wales that the present high commissioner brought about a conference of the premiers of the various states (then colonies) of Australia to advance the federal movement. He was one of the leading members of the national convention which framed the commonwealth constitution in 1897-98, and was elected one of the members of the first federal Parliament. He was several times re-elected. He was leader of the opposition when the Labor government was defeated in 1904 and then became prime minister.

J. U. H. BACK.

(Continued from page 187, col. 1.)

marines from the French navy, real tarry tars, who kept everything on the boat spick and span, even forgetting themselves in their zeal for the woodwork and brass.

We visited something like thirty French cities and towns and confirmed a suspicion that we had long harbored, that there is a great deal of interest in that charming country outside of Paris. Our three weeks' expired at Fontainebleau and the next day we went to Paris for a few days' rest. Resting in Paris is like freezing in Hades. It cannot be done.

I regret that the self-imposed time limit of three weeks, excludes Paris from the 4th coming book, but any day when I can do so without interruption at the Knockers' Table, I will be glad to answer questions.

Of course, I am glad to be back. Nothing in Europe looked quite so good to me as the sight of hands extended for grips and not tips. Nothing sounded quite so good as Doc's, "Now shut up a minute and listen to this one." If I thought you were half as pleased by my return as I am—but you couldn't be—

J. U. H.

THEY MEET FACE TO FACE.

Senator-elect James K. Vardaman of Mississippi and Dr. G. Frank Lydston of Chicago, have been warm friends for a number of years, although until Monday evening they had never seen one another. The Press Club "brought them together" and now they're better friends than ever before.

The friendship between the two men is the outgrowth of years of correspondence—sort of a "mail order" friendship as it were, and when Dr. Lydston on Monday received word from the Mississippian that he would be in Chicago that day, he at once realized that the Press Club was the proper place for a good visit. A number of Club members had the pleasure of meeting Senator Vardaman and also of hearing an expression of his views on the political situation.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Sigmund Krausz is spending week-ends with his family in Saugatuck, Mich. He is fond of fishing, but has had poor luck so far, his only catch consisting of a well-developed case of lumbago.

John U. Higinbotham is again occupying a seat at the Knockers' table. (See elsewhere in this issue.)

Hugo B. Koch is starring this week in Clyde Fitch's new play, "The City," at the Imperial.

W. T. Christine has returned from a ten days' tour of the Minnesota timber regions. He also visited St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Peter Stauer has returned from an extensive tour of Alaska and is so enthusiastic over the country that he proposes to make a similar trip next summer. In his opinion the scenery bordering the Yukon surpasses that of the Hudson.

J. G. Prosser, a life member, was about the Club for a few days this week.

A. E. Ormes left on Tuesday for a three weeks' trip to the Northwest, going directly to the Big Horn valley, and from there through Wyoming and Colorado before returning to Chicago.

W. E. Bergman of Des Moines, Ia., is on a vacation trip through Colorado.

Homer J. Carr's Gary (Ill.) Tribune, which is the oldest daily in that city, is going to have a forty thousand-dollar home.

COMPLIMENTARY TO MRS. HIGHT.

Mrs. Mary Hight, the splendid raconteur who delighted a Press Club audience several months ago and also assisted the wives of Press Club members in entertaining the ladies in attendance at the recent convention of the National and Illinois Press associations, is the subject of complimentary criticisms in the Evanston Index of August 3 and 10. The issue of the latter date contains an excellent likeness of the gifted woman.

The Index refers to Mrs. Hight's work in the benefit performance at the Evanston theater for St. Francis' hospital under the auspices of the hospital association, in part as follows:

Her humor was of the contagious kind that met quick response. She reminds you of May Irwin, in the rollicking nature of her sallies, but is an improvement on the buxom May, because of greater refinement in both quality and delivery.

MORGAN McQUEEN DEAD.

After suffering for several months from a complication of diseases, Morgan McQueen died at the People's hospital at six o'clock Tuesday morning. The body will be shipped to Mississippi for interment.

Morgan McQueen was one of the oldest employes of the Press Club of Chicago and was known to all of the resident members and a large number of non-resident ones. He operated the elevator for a number of years at the former location of the Press Club, 106 Madison street, and after the Club purchased the present building took charge of the billiard room, which position he held up to the time of his death.

LEWIS LUNCHEON NEXT SATURDAY.

Next Saturday afternoon, August 31, at one o'clock, the Press Club of Chicago will have Judd Mortimer Lewis of the Houston (Tex.) Post as its guest at an informal luncheon. Mr. Lewis, who is the best known newspaper poet in the South, is scheduled to recite some of his Southern poetry and tell a story or two.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday afternoon, August 24, 1:30 o'clock—Special business meeting in the Press Club library.

Saturday afternoon, August 24, immediately after the special business meeting—General Club caucus.

Saturday afternoon, August 31, 1 o'clock—Informal luncheon to Judd Mortimer Lewis, of the Houston (Tex.) Post.

Thursday afternoon, September 5—Annual election.

Friday noon, September 13—Informal luncheon to Rt. Hon. Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for the commonwealth of Australia in London, Eng.

Saturday afternoon, September 14, 1:30 o'clock—Annual business meeting.

OBITUARY.**Horace E. Horton.**

Horace E. Horton, a life member of the Press Club of Chicago, passed away Sunday night, July 28, at his residence, 10206 Longwood avenue, Tracy, Ill. Mr. Horton was owner of the Chicago bridge and iron works and was 68 years old.

2,731 MILES BY AUTOMOBILE.

The Dallas (Tex.) News of August 7 prints the following dispatch under a Corpus Christi (Tex.) dateline:

Traveling a distance of 2,731 miles, a party consisting of Col. William Lightfoot Visscher, a veteran newspaper man; David B. Clarkson and William J. Way, arrived in this city tonight from Chicago. They made the trip as representatives of the Press Club of Chicago, having left Chicago on July 13, making several stops after reaching the state. They will remain here for a couple of weeks before returning. Mr. Clarkson is the owner of a large farm near this city.

THESE PIPING DAYS OF PEACE.

Our monthly meetings in these days—

These quiet, "piping days of peace"—

Roll smoothly on, like poets' lays,

Describing scenes where turmoils cease.

And memory backward turns to those—

Ah! shall we ever have them more?—

When on some question Bramhall rose

To the occasion—and the floor!

The question—oftentimes so trite,

And trivial, too—it seemed to all—

Well, no, not all, nor even quite,

For Bramhall rises at the call

Of "Question?" and his eloquence

On the proceedings puts the brake!

Oh! why were all our minds so dense,

And now so clear since Bramhall spake?

Those strenuous days! Those valiant days!

How much we all enjoyed the "scraps!"

When Bramhall gathered all the "nays,"

And waked us from our little naps!

Come back, dear Bramhall, we implore!

Our meetings now are incomplete,

Since Bramhall rises here no more

To the occasion—and his feet!

—EARL MARBLE.

WANDERING SHEEP.

Corpus Christi, Tex., August 16—This is more also hot. Wish I was "to hum." Will start in a week or ten days. Billy Way and I, assisted by a local music club, will probably give an entertainment here. We have been doing "stunts" all the way.

Forrest Lake, Wis., August 15—They say this kind of fish is not good to eat, so we won't try to catch them. We are having a good time.

MR. AND MRS. R. E. WALKER.
(Reverse side of card shows "fake" fish half the length of a row-boat.)

EMPLOYMENT SERVICE.

WANTED—Young man, some experience, to write paragraphs and minor articles on special publication. Moderate salary. Address Pox "R," Press Club.

WANTED—Reporter on afternoon daily; \$12 to \$18, according to ability; position open about September 15. Address H. F. Kendall, Mattoon (Ill.) Journal-Gazette.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

"FARMER" HAN AND OTHERS.

Our good friend Bramley-Kite sends the Bulletin the following interesting letter from Phillipston, Mass., about persons and things in that neck of the woods:

It will interest you to know that there are many writers in this section of the land who have bought farms that have long been abandoned.

They have modernized the houses and cultivated the soil, but where they undertake to do the latter themselves I cannot say that they make a success of it.

The other day I paid a visit to a writer who had lately come from Chicago. I found him in the field trying to cultivate the crop thereon. While Han, the man's name, is a good writer, he knows nothing about a farm or a horse, and while the horse tries to tell him lots of things, somehow Han doesn't catch on. The horse and cultivator, with Han holding onto the handles, went along all right for a little way, when the cultivator struck a rock and jumped out and over the ground like a Billy Goat in a cabbage garden, or like a catboat jumping from sea to sea. The handles of the cultivator struck Han in the ribs and knocked him out. He got up and chased the combination, and fell down every other step. Then the mother tongue asserted itself, and, as the horse did not understand Norwegian, he became excited and dragged the overturned cultivator all over the field, uprooting everything it went across. The horse ran to Mrs. Han for protection, who placed him in the pasture, but neglected to unhitch him from the cultivator. It was a very warm day and Han had placed two buckets of water on the wrong side of the barbed-wire fence, and the horse, in getting to the water, tore himself with the barbs in such a manner that Han will not be able to use him for the rest of the summer.

The women about here outclass the men by far in shrewdness, wit and humor. The other day, I went into a blacksmith shop to get some finished work that I had ordered. The man was outdoors. Two women were seated in the shop waiting for their tires to be set. I walked about the shop looking for my work and said, "I don't see anything that looks like me."

One of the women handed me a pocket mirror.

Two women live about one-half mile apart. The same distance above me is the home of the first. The farthest one was going to town, when the nearest one asked the other to take a crate of berries and deliver them to the store, where they were expected. The woman asked her how much she was getting for berries. The reply she received was, "Fifteen cents per box." Instead of delivering the berries at the store she sold them from house to house for 25 cents per box and paid the other woman 15 cents per box, and the storekeeper waiting for the berries the while.

The ground is not the only thing about here that lacks cultivation. I worked hard against the re-election of the town clerk, as he had neglected his duty, inasmuch that he had only recorded two births during his official career, and the women worked with me.

—Bamley-Kite.

RECENT VISITORS.

Paul D. Hammett, St. Louis, guest of C. W. Brown.

THE PIPE

WE have been invited to resume the cap and bells.

THE remarks made about our brave comrades who rushed into the breach in our absence convinces us that it is not the thankless job we thought it was.

WHAT WERE the remarks?

THERE are ladies present.

WE must be especially careful after spending three weeks and all of our money in France, n'est ce pas?

OF course, we like Gaul, but we trust our correspondents will not presume too much upon that predilection.

SOME of our jokes may be far-fetched.

HEARD ON SHIPBOARD.

The Pipe: Oh-hum! Won't it feel good to land on something solid tomorrow?

The Doc (we landed on this Doc several times): Yes, Americaw (meaning N. Y.) will look good to me.

The Pipe: For just one reason, Doc, I would like to sail on and on.

The Doc: The reason is?

The Pipe: To get to the bottom of your steamer-trunk. For ten days you have worn a different shirt each night to dinner.

The Doc: Oh, I have a number that I checked to New York.

The Pipe: You have also worn some checked ones and some that are barred—usually.

The Doc: Very good. (That "very good" of Doc's always moved us to supreme endeavor.)

Miss C. (who has been to Egypt and admits it): The doctor hasn't as many shirts as I have beads.

The Pipe: Well, you need more beads than you do shirts.

(CURTAIN.)

OUR boat was a day late.

SO they docked her.

ECHO: Doctor!!!

WE will not reopen old wounds, nor obtrude our personal grief on our readers, but we owe it to this Column to register therein our great sorrow at the passing beyond of Charles E. Pickard and Paul Hull. They were of the elect who have given the Press Club its unique savor. But, thank God, the soil enriched by such characters can keep right on growing real men as in the past.

MANY thanks for the finest bunch of steamer letters that an overwhelmed and blushing club-mate ever received.

IF it really is more blessed to give than receive, the writers were supremely blessed.

WE grieve to note (just in the way of starting something) that our alma mater (deny it though he may) on the Trib., defends his spelling by pleading some dictionary or other as authority. You can prove more widely divergent things by using several bright lexicons than you can by the Bible. Why not spell the thing as you want it and leave the rest to the compositor?

BESIDES, having joined the "fell with presidents and precedents"—but we MUST NOT be drawn into this campaign.

WHY is the bottom line so important, anyhow?

BECAUSE it is the only one most people read.

—J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, August 31, 1912.

Number 47.

ANNUAL ELECTION ON THURSDAY, SEPT. 5.

The annual election of the Press Club of Chicago will be held at the Club on Thursday, September 5. The hours of balloting will be between twelve o'clock noon and seven o'clock in the evening of that day, as provided by the amendment to section three of article four of the constitution.

Section three of article four of the constitution, as amended, provides:

The officers shall be elected annually by ballot on the first Thursday after the first day of September. * * * At 12 o'clock noon on that day the President shall call those present to order, state the object of the meeting, appoint one judge and one clerk of election and immediately declare the polls open. No one whose dues are not paid up to July 1 of the current year, or whose house account exceeds the constitutional limit as to amount or time, shall vote or be elected to any office. The Financial Secretary shall be present or furnish a list to the Judge of Election to determine who are debarred from voting under the above provisions. The polls shall be kept open continuously until 7 p. m., at which time they shall be declared closed by the judge in charge. The judge and clerk and one representative of each avowed candidate for President shall thereupon count the ballots, and the clerk shall fully record the result at once and post the same on the bulletin board. The Recording Secretary shall report the same to the Club at the next regular meeting.

NOTICE OF ELECTION.

The annual election of the Press Club of Chicago for the election of officers for the ensuing year will be held at the Press Club Thursday, September 5, 1912. The polls will be open from 12 m. to 7 p. m.

CHARLES LEDERER,
Acting Recording Secretary.

RECENT VISITORS.

Hal P. Denton, Washington, D. C., guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

W. Wilfred Barcus, Muskegon, Mich., guest of Horace H. Delano.

J. B. H. Veanzanett, Philadelphia, guest of W. H. Wood.

Fred J. Beecroft, W. Stephen Bust, James L. Hoff, C. J. Verhalen, motion picture writers from New York, guests of Stanley H. Twist.

NOMINATE C. N. WHEELER FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

At a caucus held in the Press Club library Saturday afternoon, August 24, by members of the Press Club of Chicago the following officers were nominated:

President: Charles N. Wheeler.

First Vice-President: Jay Cairns.

Second Vice-President: C. A. Briggs.

Recording Secretary: Dr. W. F. Nutt.

Financial Secretary: B. Beecher Osborne.

Treasurer: Frank Collins.

Librarian: J. F. Henderson.

Directors: H. R. Daniels, George L. Louis, John L. Lawson.

Theodore Van R. Ashcroft presided at the caucus and Charles Lederer acted as secretary.

ELECT TWO DIRECTORS TO FILL VACANCIES.

An adjourned meeting of the Press Club of Chicago was held in the Club library Saturday afternoon, August 24, at 1:30 o'clock. President Malloch presided and E. C. Moore was appointed acting recording secretary.

Edward H. Fox and Stanley Twist were unanimously elected members of the board of directors to fill two vacancies. Mr. Fox's term expires in September, 1912, and Mr. Twist's in September, 1913.

The appeal of O. B. Brush from the action taken by the board of directors was ordered made a special order of business for the September Club meeting.

MAJOR JOHN B.—MANDARIN.

The Pasadena Star, reporting an interview with C. E. Ferguson "of New York and San Francisco" at the Green hotel:

I will go to Canada from here, and then over to China again, with my associate, Major John B. Jeffery.

All right, Major, remember us to Dr. Sun, Li and Yuan and the rest of the boys.

WANDERING SHEEP.

San Diego, Cal.—Am glad to note so much prosperity in the Press Club. With best wishes for the success of the "greater Press Club."

JAMES P. CADMAN.

Little Rock, Ark., August 18—Remember me to the bunch.

FRANC R. E. WOODWARD.

JOHN T. WRITES FEW WORDS ON TEXAS IN HONOR OF JUDD LEWIS' VISIT TO CLUB

Judd Mortimer Lewis of the Houston (Tex.) Post and the best known newspaper poet in the South, is coming to the Press Club of Chicago Saturday, August 31. He will be the Club's guest at an informal luncheon at noon and is scheduled to recite some of his Southern poetry and to tell a story or two.

Through the medium of the Press Club Bulletin (circulation books open to all) our good member, John T. Bramhall of California, learned of Mr. Lewis' proposed visit to the Club.

This is the letter John T. writes from Fair Oaks, Cal. You'll appreciate it all the more when we tell you confidentially that its author wrote on both sides of the paper, causing a key puncher on one of the Bulletin's battery of linotypes to leave his chair and start for Texas. Here's the epistle, word for word, with the exception of those the operator failed to make out:

I notice that Judd Mortimer Lewis of the Houston Post is scheduled for the Club August 31. I wish I could be there; for when I was down in Texas some five-years ago the Post people were right hospitable—almost made a Texan of me.

Of course you know all about Texas,—there's no subject under Heaven or over Illinois that the Press Club of Chicago doesn't know about, and know it straight. A New Yorker might enquire, what have they down in Texas, to which you might reply, suiting the answer to the question, even as we are bidden to answer a fool according to his folly: Very largely view. Two hundred and sixty-five thousand, seven hundred and eighty miles of it, and then some, across the border. To be sure, the viestah across the Rio Grande doesn't count particularly, and is open to the careless shots of inaccurate Greaser insurrectos, rurals, Zapatestas, Orozcotistas, et aliende. But that is a mere incident of the time, and Texas doesn't mind it any more than an elephant would mind a fly, or

"As the sea's self would heed a pebble cast."

Tomorrow the Texan will round up his stock on Chihuahua's wild wastes, rechristened magnificent Mesas, and will be selling suburban lots in Sonora. Two hundred and sixty-five thousand, seven hundred and eighty square miles, and in that corral, so to speak, you might drop the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut,—all New England in fact, including Bar Harbor and Mount Desert (kindly pronounce the same desert, which the same it was until the fair ladies from Texas graced it with their presence!!)—and then New York state, with Long Island and Oyster Bay thrown in,—and New Jersey added, with the shades of Princeton,—and Maryland, my Maryland; and Ohio, eke with its burgh of Cincinnati, Taftian town,—and the great and goodly state of Penn's Woods, patrimony of Penrose, and verily Virginia, Mother of Presidents (Ohio being but the mother-in-law.)—all these states rolled into one could be put into the broad bounds of the imperial and once-upon-a-time (before the baleful bull-

ing in of Bailey) free and independent state of Texas!

May her star shine forever!! (Bracket—I fear I have committed a fore-paw in mentioning Bailey, whom the Post, if I am not mistaken, regards as a high and mighty statesman. All right, he is Kow-tow.

Coming back to the broad and expansive view—Texas has no occasion to blush if the said view, through the binoculars of some globe-motoring Mortimer extend to foreign, and so to speak, ancestral lands. I said ancestral not in the queereus, genealogical way, but literally, for Mr. Lewis will tell you that the finest, the most progressive, the most substantial, the most enterprising, the most industrious, the most agriculturally intelligent and gastronomically expert,—the most steady, persistent, assiduous, indefatigable, go-ahead-and-get-there population of Texas is that which has sprung from the sturdy loins of the burgher followers of Prince von Braunfels, who settled in Comas and Behar counties, some sixty years ago or more. Great people, those original Germans in Texas! Not one of them ever did dishonor to the state, or left his acres poorer than he found them.

But Germany, through her energetic sons have made so bright a record in the state of their adoption, has nothing on Texas. Why, we could put all the German empire into the borders of Texas, and still have room for more. Yah! The Kingdom of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony and Wurttemberg; the grand-duchess of Baden, of Mickenburg-Schwerin and Oldenburg, the Reichsland, (the Rhein, the Rhein, the German Rhein!) The duchy of Brunswick, famed for its billiard tables and its stew,—and a score of other lesser principalities, potentates and powers which have not room enough on their hides to take a brand, and still add the Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland and Denmark, with Monte Carlo and Andona to boot, could be thrown into the confines of Texas, (supposing that Texas has any confines, which she has not), and still leave room for a few thousand plodding Germans to show the native Texans (pardon, Messie), how to make a living.

And, by the way,—how are Texans making a living? What do they raise in Texas? Again, in a spirit of levity you may possibly say that they chiefly raise Cain, which is a base libel. Of course the Texans are abundantly Abel,—if you will permit me,—but the supposition is enormous. It is more than that,—it is a solecism. If you want to take your maiden aunt, who is president of a W. C. T. U., to a country, where social quiet reigns with industrial activity, where sweet, soft-drink sobriety is the rule and the square,—take her to Texas. You may step over to Whereas if you need excitement (N. B. Adigram goes with this,—whereas.) You may be playing a nice, sociable game of Double Canfield or Sociable Solitaire as you approach the Texas border in the Santa Fe, Galveston Ghost (all advertising rights reserved), as you cross the Red River, when the porter comes in and apologetically, but firmly announces that you are in Texas, and cards must be put aside. You retire to the smoker, and pull out your flask. The porter touches your arm and says, sadly, "Texas, sah," with an admonitory gesture. Fast! Ask Mortimer.

Dominoes is the national game in Texas. Travel

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Thursday, September 5.—Annual Election, 12 o'clock Noon to 7 o'clock p. m.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday afternoon, August 31, 1 o'clock—Informal luncheon to Judd Mortimer Lewis, of the Houston (Tex.) Post.

Thursday noon to 7 o'clock p. m., September 5. Annual election.

Friday noon, September 13—Informal luncheon to Rt. Hon. Sir George Reid, High Commissioner of the commonwealth of Australia in London, Eng.

Saturday afternoon, September 14, 1:30 o'clock—Annual business meeting.

through the state from Texarkana to Texico, from Fort Worth to Galveston, from the Sabine Pass to El Paso, and you will spy no game but dominoes,—unless you are smarter than the New York police, which of course is impossible. And chaps, ropes, silvered and scintillating sombreros, big spurs and all the theatrical outfit,—they are gone.

"And Jameshyd's seven-ringed cup, where no one knows." Nothing doing. The Texas cowboy lives only in the moving-picture show, which is manufactured in San Diego, California. Gun-toting went out about the time that Deputy Sheriff Emerson Hough put on store clothes and went up to Chicago to make a living about the good old days of the wild and woolly west. Long-horn steers have gone with the plesiosaurus and the imgatherium. The King ranch, I believe, retains an ancient specimen for exhibition purposes, but they have to carry him in a closed van through Texas—or he would be arrested for having a horn too much.

Seriously, what do they raise in Texas? Categorically and specifically, as well as statistically and unpoetically, they raised last year,—and I believe it was a dry year at that,—something like 140,000,000 bushels of corn, worth \$69,000,000,—also, 6,580,000 bushels of wheat, worth just so many dollars. (Parenthetically, it may be remarked that since the advent of the white fly they don't pretend to raise much wheat. Some day California will send them a parasite of the fly, and then they will really raise wheat again.) They raised 2,850,000 bushels of potatoes,—but then Texas isn't a potato state. Likewise, Texas isn't a hay state, but they managed

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Year Book of the United States Brewers' association, 1911; United States Brewers' association, New York.

A Text Book of True Temperance, by M. Monahan; United States Brewers' association, New York.

EMPLOYMENT SERVICE.

WANTED—Young man, some experience, to write paragraphs and minor articles on special publication. Moderate salary. Address Box "R," Press Club.

WANTED—Reporter on afternoon daily; \$12 to \$18, according to ability; position open about September 15. Address H. F. Kendall, Mattoon (Ill.) Journal-Gazette.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lederer spent nearly all of last week at Valparaiso, Ind., attending a reunion of Mrs. Lederer's relatives at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Emma Allen. When Charley has a reunion of his own he has it all by himself, as he hasn't a single living relation—of the blood kind, at least.

A recent issue of the Chicago Record-Herald says:

A new course of instruction in the business systems is to be taught at Harvard university the coming fall term. Professor P. T. Cherington has been in Chicago for several days consulting with George L. Louis, author of treatises on business organization. Mr. Louis' articles first attracted the attention of the Harvard authorities when they appeared in "System," a business magazine, and Professor Cherington was sent here to consult with Mr. Louis.

George W. Davis, mayor of Jacksonville, Ill., a non-resident member and long-time newspaper man in that town, was around the Club Thursday. He was formerly city clerk of Jacksonville and was then sentenced to four years as mayor. Jacksonville has the commission form of government and its affairs are handled by four commissioners and the mayor. His Honor thinks the Club is the greatest organization in the world, and we guess he is right.

Sigmund Krausz has gone to New York City on a brief business trip.

Daniel Stern sailed on the White Star liner Olympic Saturday, August 17, for Europe. His address during September will be in care of the American Express company, London, Eng.

MET CLUB AUTOISTS.

H. C. Withers, president of the Dallas (Tex.) Press club and city editor of the Dallas News, was in Chicago Tuesday and spent a portion of the day at the Press Club. At Dallas Mr. Withers met David B. Clarkson and other members of the party who recently made the trip from Chicago to Texas in Mr. Clarkson's automobile.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

SIR GEORGE REID IN CANADA.

The Rt. Hon. Sir George Houston Reid, High Commissioner for the commonwealth of Australia, who is to be entertained at luncheon by the Press Club of Chicago on Friday noon, September 13, has left Halifax, N. S., for Quebec and Montreal on his way to Toronto. At the latter city the High Commissioner will participate in the opening of the International exhibition.

Sir George Reid will leave Toronto for Chicago on September 10, according to his latest plans. He has written to Dr. Cooke-Adams of the Press Club confirming the date of his visit to the Club and states that he is looking forward with intense interest and pleasure to meeting the members of the Club on the thirteenth.

Dr. Cooke-Adams has also received a letter from Dr. George Dorsey, curator of anthropology at the Field museum, who is to be one of the speakers at the luncheon, stating that he will be glad to participate in the affair to Sir George Reid. Australia was one of the last countries visited by Dr. Dorsey in his recent three years spent abroad, and a few weeks ago at an informal luncheon given in his honor by the Press Club he told many interesting things about that country, its people and their customs.

The committee of the day is composed of Dr. Cooke-Adams, chairman; Charles N. Wheeler, George Sutherland, Jay Cairns, E. O. Phillips, Allan F. McIntyre, E. W. Pickard, W. J. Shanks, E. C. Moore and John Fay.

A DESERVED SUCCESS.

Miss Lola Fisher, the beautiful and talented daughter—and we wish that “beautiful and talented” was not such a bromide; it should have been coined expressly for Miss Fisher—of Brother Charles Fisher, who gives the Press Club beautiful marquetry billiard cues for prizes and is now trying the baths in Prague—where were we?—oh, yes, Miss Fisher has been slowly climbing the Thespian ladder round after round (of applause) by the arduous stock company method and will play “lead” in The Common Law during the fall and winter in the eastern cities.

Most of us remember and are proud of Miss Fisher as a Press Club girl and expect her to do really splendid things in her profession. Endowed with youth, beauty, vivacity and talent, she has added thereto the frequently missing ingredients of energy and application and simply must succeed.

THE PIPE

CARUSO has sued his wife for defamation of character. He has the support of this Column. No perfect lady would have said what she must have said.

THE Pullman company is going to cut a melon. They are saving money since the decrease in the berth-rate.

SAME OLD HOODOO.

ANOTHER politician has succumbed to the nomenclature hoodoo. “Honest Tom” somebody, an alderman, is on trial in Detroit. The minute a man becomes so conscious of his honesty as to parade it, we get a transfer.

THE enemy says that the breakdown of Tom Marshall's grand stand at Indianapolis last week was due to rotten planks in the platform. The democrats claim it was caused by the mad rush of voters to get into the band wagon and promise to build for larger audiences hereafter. Take your choice.

THIS REALLY HAPPENED.

Another one of those trans-Atlantic anecdotes that are too true to be good. The Pipe was spokesman at the Captain's dinner. Miss Wild, who had eaten all of her meals but two on deck and come promptly on deck after those two, met The Pipe after the C. D.

Miss W.: I ate in the dining room tonight and enjoyed your speech so much.

The Pipe: You don't mean to say that you sat through the entire dinner plus my speech?

Miss W.: Indeed I did.

The Pipe: Well, you **are** getting to be a good sailor.

Miss W.: Oh, Mr. Pipe, you can turn anything.

The Pipe: But I hope I didn't.

CURTAIN.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

He had been warned to keep away. Friends had advised and foes had threatened. A big metropolitan newspaper had declared it would crush him. The very danger lured him to the spot. Twice he avoided attacks that would have annihilated a less nimble body. For a third time he came back.

He was conscious of a dark shadow between him and the sun. He knew it was cast by his old enemy. In sheer dare-deviltry he loitered an instant too long. So swift, so sudden, was the blow that he never heard the crash nor the brutal laugh behind the big newspaper that had been his undoing.

“That's the third swat I've made at that fly, but I certainly got him that time,” chuckled his murderer, laying his swatter aside for future use.

WHY not issue marriage certificates in Cook County with murder coupons attached?

WE started an ode to the new general of the Salvation Army but the only rhyme we could think of to Bramwell would not sound well in a Salvation Army poem. No, not **very** well.

WE have no doubt Bramwell Booth is a fine Christian gentleman, but if he ever stands in front of the Blackstone with those bilge-keels on his face and in that uniform, someone will be sure to ask him to call a taxi.

ALREADY? Gee, this is a short column.

J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, September 7, 1912.

Number 48.

SIR GEORGE REID CLUB'S GUEST NEXT FRIDAY NOON.

Dr. George Cooke-Adams left on Wednesday for New York and Washington en route to Toronto, Can., to meet the Rt. Hon. Sir George Houston Reid, High Commissioner for the commonwealth of Australia, who will be entertained at luncheon at the Press Club of Chicago, next Friday noon, September 13. Dr. Cooke-Adams will accompany Sir George and Lady Reid to Chicago.

COME AGAIN, MAYOR!

President Douglas Malloch has received the following letter from Hon. George W. Davis, Mayor of Jacksonville, Ill.:

I note in the Press Club Bulletin of August 31 that I was around the Press Club on Thursday. I also note that you say that after being city clerk that I was sentenced to four years as mayor. Say, what do you think this town is anyway? A state prison? When I worked at the newspaper game I worked twenty-four hours a day. Now I only have to work eighteen hours. That is gaining some.

One thing that you have right is the statement that I think the Press Club is the greatest organization in the world. For me it is, and the only regret is that I can't spend more time there.

I am sending this to you because I have never had the pleasure of meeting J. U. H. I hope to be in Chicago soon and have the pleasure of meeting more of the members. Believe me to be,

Sincerely yours, Hizzonor,

GEO. W. DAVIS,
Mayor of Jacksonville, Ill.

PRESS HUMORISTS IN CONVENTION.

The annual convention of the American Press Humorists was in session all week at Detroit, at which the Press Club was well represented by Chicago scribes who are members of both organizations.

President Douglas Malloch and E. W. Miller, who are members of the executive committee are in attendance. Other Chicago members of the American Press Humorists in attendance are C. W. Taylor, S. E. Kiser and W. D. Nesbit. George Fitch, of Peoria, who is vice-president and W. H. Miller, of Ottawa, Ill., both members of the Press Club are also in Detroit. Judd Mortimer Lewis who was the Club's guest at luncheon last Saturday, left that day for the convention.

C. N. WHEELER FOR PRESIDENCY; SINGLE TICKET IN THE FIELD.

Seventy-five votes were cast at the annual election of the Press Club of Chicago, held on Thursday between the hours of 12 o'clock noon and 7 o'clock p. m. A single ticket, headed by Charles N. Wheeler of the Inter Ocean staff for president, was in the field.

The vote was as follows:

| | |
|--|----|
| President, Charles N. Wheeler..... | 75 |
| First Vice-President, Jay Cairns..... | 75 |
| Second Vice-President, Claire A. Briggs... | 75 |
| Treasurer, Frank Collins..... | 75 |
| Financial Secretary, B. Beecher Osborne.. | 69 |
| Recording Secretary, Wm. Frederick Nutt.. | 75 |
| Librarian, Jos. F. Henderson..... | 75 |

DIRECTORS.

| | |
|----------------------|----|
| Harry R. Daniel..... | 75 |
| John L. Lawson..... | 75 |
| George L. Louis..... | 75 |

G. Charles Griffiths acted as clerk of the election and Col. William Lightfoot Visscher as judge of the election. At last year's election seventy votes were cast.



Sketch of Judd Mortimer Lewis.

J. U. H. "PROMOTED."

John U. Higinbotham, "prop. of the best little job in town," has been elected a member of the American Press Humorists.

NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS

Friday Noon, September 13—Informal luncheon to Rt. Hon. Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia, in London, Eng.

Saturday Afternoon, September 14, 1:30 o'clock—Annual Business Meeting.

OBITUARY.

Arthur Dana Wheeler.

Arthur Dana Wheeler, a life member of the Press Club of Chicago, former president of the Chicago Telephone Company, and a member of the law firm of Holt, Wheeler and Sidley, died suddenly at 11:30 o'clock, Thursday evening, August 29, at his home in Lake Forest, at the age of fifty-one. The immediate cause of death was agina pectoris.

Mr. Wheeler returned to his home from Chicago late in the afternoon. He complained of not feeling well, but no alarm was felt. He retired and at about 11:30 o'clock members of his family heard him make a feeble outcry. When they reached his bedside he was dead. A physician summoned immediately said death resulted from the heart affection.

Mr. Wheeler was born at Kenosha, Wis., in 1861 and was educated in the public schools and at Lake Forest university. He came to Chicago in 1882 and entered the Northwestern University Law school. He joined the law firm of Williams & Thompson in 1886 and at the time of his death was a member of the law firm of Holt, Wheeler & Sidley.

At the time of his death he was chairman of the board of the telephone company. He was also a director of the Western Electric Company.

Mr. Wheeler was a Republican and was interested in church and Y. M. C. A. work. In addition to the Press Club Mr. Wheeler was a member of the Union League, Chicago University, Commercial, Chicago Literary, and On-wards clubs.

The funeral was held last Sunday from the Lake Forest Presbyterian Church.

EDITOR OF JUDGE DEAD.

Carlton G. Garretson, editor of Judge, died at the home of his sister, Mrs. J. G. Friend, in New York City, Tuesday, from injuries sustained May 10th, when he was thrown from a horse. Although Mr. Garretson was paralyzed from the neck down since the accident, he dictated from his bed frequently for his publication.

Mr. Garretson was well known to a large number of members of the Press Club of Chicago, and on several occasions has rendered the Club kindly services in securing publicity.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

J. F. Pooley of Appleton, Wis., was a recent visitor on his way to New York on a business trip.

William Wallace Cook, a non-resident member, whose home is in Marshall, Mich., was at the Club recently.

Col. William Lightfoot Visscher returned on Wednesday from an extensive trip through the Southwest. Other Press Club members who some weeks ago made the trip from Chicago to College Station, Tex., in an automobile are expected home in a few days.

The new novel, "The Cameo of the Empress," by Sigmund Krausz, is now off the press and by special arrangement copies are on sale at the fourth floor of the Press Club for \$1.25 each. The author announces that he will be pleased to autograph books for any members of the Club desiring them.

COMING EVENTS

Friday noon, September 13—Informal luncheon to Rt. Hon. Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for the commonwealth of Australia in London, Eng.

Saturday afternoon, September 14, 1:30 o'clock—Annual business meeting.

REPRESENTS JAPANESE GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Issa Tanimura of Tokyo, commissioner of live stock for the Japanese government and an honorary fellow in agriculture at Cornell university, is in Chicago for the purpose of making a special investigation of live stock conditions in this country. He was at the Press Club Thursday night as a guest of J. E. Buck.

JOHN T. WRITES FEW WORDS ON TEXAS IN HONOR OF JUDD LEWIS' VISIT TO CLUB

An informal luncheon was tendered Judd Mortimer Lewis, of the Houston (Tex.) Post, by the Press Club of Chicago, Saturday afternoon, August 31. Dr. G. Frank Lydston presided and Mr. Lewis, who is the best known newspaper poet in the South, entertained the members by reciting some of his excellent poetry.

John T. Bramhall of Fair Oaks, Cal., furnished the Press Club Bulletin with a most interesting letter about the state of Texas, in honor of Mr. Lewis' visit to the Club. As announced in last week's issue, the letter was written on both sides of the paper.

The result was as fool luck would have it. The "aft" part of the letter became lost, so we're printing the complete text this issue.

I notice that Judd Mortimer Lewis of the Houston Post is scheduled for the Club August 31. I wish I could be there, for when I was down in Texas some five years ago the Post people were right hospitable—almost made a Texan of me.

Of course you know all about Texas,—there's no subject under Heaven or over Illinois that the Press Club of Chicago doesn't know about, and know it straight. A New Yorker might enquire, what have they down in Texas, to which you might reply, suiting the answer to the question, even as we are bidden to answer a fool according to his folly: Very largely view. Two hundred and sixty-five thousand, seven hundred and eighty miles of it, and then some, across the border. To be sure, the viestah across the Rio Grande doesn't count particularly, and is open to the careless shots of inaccurate Greaser insurrectos, rurals, Zapatestas, Orozcotistas, et aliende. But that is a mere incident of the time, and Texas doesn't mind it any more than an elephant would mind a fly, or

"As the sea's self would heed a pebble cast."

Tomorrow the Texan will round up his stock on Chihuahua's wild wastes, rechristened magnificent Mesas, and will be selling suburban lots in Sonora. Two hundred and sixty-five thousand, seven hundred and eighty square miles, and in that corral, so to speak, you might drop the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut,—all New England in fact, including Bar Harbor and Mount Desert (kindly pronounce the same desert, which the same it was until the fair ladies from Texas graced it with their presence!!)—and then New York state, with Long Island and Oyster Bay thrown in,—and New Jersey added, with the shades of Princeton,—and Maryland, my Maryland; and Ohio, eke with its burgh of Cincinnati, Taftian town,—and the great and goodly state of Penn's Woods, patrimony of Penrose, and verily Virginia, Mother of Presidents (Ohio being but the mother-in-law.)—all these states rolled into one could be put into the broad bounds of the imperial and once-upon-a-time (before the baleful bullying in of Bailey) free and independent state of Texas!

May her star shine forever!! (Bracket—I fear I

have committed a fore-paw in mentioning Bailey, whom the Post, if I am not mistaken, regards as a high and mighty statesman. All right, he is Kow-tow.

Coming back to the broad and expansive view—Texas has no occasion to blush if the said view, through the binoculars of some globe-motoring Mortimer extend to foreign, and so to speak, ancestral lands. I said ancestral not in the quereus, genealogical way, but literally, for Mr. Lewis will tell you that the finest, the most progressive, the most substantial, the most enterprising, the most industrious, the most agriculturally intelligent and gastronomically expert,—the most steady, persistent, assiduous, indefatigable, go-ahead-and-get-there population of Texas is that which has sprung from the sturdy loins of the burgher followers of Prince von Braunfels, who settled in Comas and Behar counties, some sixty years ago or more. Great people, those original Germans in Texas! Not one of them ever did dishonor to the state, or left his acres poorer than he found them.

But Germany, through her energetic sons have made so bright a record in the state of their adoption, has nothing on Texas. Why, we could put all the German empire into the borders of Texas, and still have room for more. Yah! The Kingdom of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony and Wurttemberg; the grand-duchess of Baden, of Micklenburg-Schwerin and Oldenburg, the Reichsland, (the Rhein, the Rhein, the German Rhein!) The duchy of Brunswick, famed for its billiard tables and its stew,—and a score of other lesser principalities, potentates and powers which have not room enough on their hides to take a brand, and still add the Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland and Denmark, with Monte Carlo and Andona to boot, could be thrown into the confines of Texas, (supposing that Texas has any confines, which she has not), and still leave room for a few thousand plodding Germans to show the native Texans (pardon, Messie), how to make a living.

And, by the way,—how are Texans making a living? What do they raise in Texas? Again, in a spirit of levity you may possibly say that they chiefly raise Cain, which is a base libel. Of course the Texans are abundantly Abel,—if you will permit me,—but the supposition is enormous. It is more than that,—it is a solecism. If you want to take your maiden aunt, who is president of a W. C. T. U., to a country where social quiet reigns with industrial activity, where sweet, soft-drink sobriety is the rule and the square,—take her to Texas. You may step over to Whereas if you need excitement (N. B. Adiaqram goes with this,—whereas.) You may be playing a nice, sociable game of Double Canfield or Sociable Solitaire as you approach the Texas border in the Santa Fe, Galveston Ghost (all advertising rights reserved), as you cross the Red River, when the porter comes in and apologetically, but firmly announces that you are in Texas, and cards must be put aside. You retire to the smoker, and pull out your flask. The porter touches your arm and says, sadly, "Texas, sah," with an admonitory gesture. Fast! Ask Mortimer.

Dominoes is the national game in Texas. Travel

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

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through the state from Texarkana to Texico, from Fort Worth to Galveston, from the Sabine Pass to El Paso, and you will spy no game but dominoes,—unless you are smarter than the New York police, which of course is impossible. And chaps, ropes, silvered and scintillating sombreros, big spurs and all the theatrical outfit,—they are gone.

"And Jameshyd's seven-ringed cup, where no one knows." Nothing doing. The Texas cowboy lives only in the moving-picture show, which is manufactured in San Diego, California. Gun-toting went out about the time that Deputy Sheriff Emerson Hough put on store clothes and went up to Chicago to make a living about the good old days of the wild and woolly west. Long-horn steers have gone with the plesiosaurs and the imgatheringium. The King ranch, I believe, retains an ancient specimen for exhibition purposes, but they have to carry him in a closed van through Texas—or he would be arrested for having a horn too much.

Seriously, what do they raise in Texas? Categorically and specifically, as well as statistically and unpoetically, they raised last year,—and I believe it was a dry year at that,—something like 140,000,000 bushels of corn, worth \$69,000,000,—also, 6,580,000 bushels of wheat, worth just so many dollars. (Parenthetically, it may be remarked that since the advent of the white fly they don't pretend to raise much wheat. Some day California will send them a parasite of the fly, and then they will really raise wheat again.) They raised 2,850,000 bushels of potatoes,—but then Texas isn't a potato state. Likewise, Texas isn't a hay state, but they managed to put up 600,000 tons of hay, worth \$7,200,000. Rice is handy to have in the house, and Texas harvested 8,000,000 bushels, worth on the ground, \$6,590,000, and in the Chicago restaurants about a million times as much. There were 8,000 tons of cane sugar to sweeten the rice, and ninety thousand crates of Elberta peaches and early tomatoes. And cotton! You know they had the boll weevil in Texas, the same that Louisiana and Mississippi in a blue funk,—but they raised 4,256,000 bales, worth close to \$300,000,000, and with the oil, that you eat on your salads, if you cannot afford to eat California olive oil, worth a bunch of millions more.

"Boll weevil," said a farmer to me down in the blackberry belt,—"why the boll weevil ain't done us no harm. Just made us raise more corn and hawgs. Yes, sir. Hell! The boll weevil isn't a betterment, it's a blessing!"

"And that is what I call the Texas brand of optimism.

My paper has given out,—otherwise,—

My best regards to Mr. Lewis.

Yours very truly,

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

EMPLOYMENT SERVICE.

WANTED—Young man, some experience, to write paragraphs and minor articles on special publication. Moderate salary. Address Box "R," Press Club.

WANTED—Reporter on afternoon daily; \$12 to \$18, according to ability; position open about September 15. Address H. F. Kendall, Mattoon (Ill.) Journal-Gazette.

WANTED—Reporter, with trade journal experience. Rodenbaugh & Morris, 118 N. LaSalle street, Chicago.

WANTED—City Editor, morning daily, \$25. Express, Fort Collins, Colo.

WANTED—Reporter, \$18-\$20, according to ability. Address, Calvin W. Brown, City Editor, News, Elgin, Ill.

THE PIPE

THE A. P. H.

MOST people read either the top or bottom of this column, so we want to say right here, in the first paragraph, next to poor reading matter, that the American Press Humorists' meeting at Detroit this week has brought together the finest bunch of good fellows on earth. We are as disinterested as a man chasing another fellow's hat because they will either have elected or rejected us before this article is printed. They are stingier on knocks than Opportunity. Gillilan says it is because the other members' stuff IS good. George Fitch says it is because no two are working the same side of the street. Eddie Guest has no theories to advance as to good fellowship any more than as to breathing—they both come so natural to him that it has never occurred to him to try to account for them. We think that the ability to appreciate must precede the ability to create. Whatever the cause, the result is delightful and the association deserves to live if only for the purpose of perpetuating the art of speaking kindly of our fellowmen.

THE APPENDIX IN LITERATURE.

Now that the above is off our mind, we will resume knocking. A delightful article in the September American Magazine describes all of the incidents of an operation for appendicitis. Its great! We haven't enjoyed anything so much since we saw a man pulled out of a railroad wreck shy two or three limbs. There was a time when Dutch painters delineated a clinic with such skill that flies gathered on the canvas. Now it is getting into litrachoors. No man or woman with a hospital record need lack an audience. Give an organ recital! Perhaps the movies will break into the game next. "Setting a Compound Fracture" in two reels. Splendid, isn't it?

THERE are paradoxical things in all trades. A young man whose business it is to put candy boxes into crates was discharged because he had a skin disease. The idea of firing a crater for having an eruption!

ANOTHER UNHEEDED LESSON.

A MAN who spent a million easy dollars in four years died in a federal prison last week. He probably was no happier when spending the million than when in prison.

THE U. S. A. is full of multi-millionaires who have lost friends, hair, digestion, self-respect, sense of proportion and the love of their fellowmen and who would be happier, really happier, in jail. When the brakes will not work, even a collision is a relief.

THE MODERN NOVEL.

End of Chapter X.

She felt herself falling through space. Then all was blank! They picked up her insensible form at the foot of the cliff. She was still breathing!

Chapter XI.

It was the night of the Assembly Ball. Fairest, brightest, sweetest of debutantes, she entered the ballroom on the arm of her affianced lover. (Same she.)

AND the same writer who knits every bone in her torn and lacerated body between the lines, devoted two paragraphs to her emotions as she darns his first sock!

THAT is ART.

J. U. H.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I. Chicago, Saturday, September 14, 1912. Number 49.

PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT.

Under that provision of the constitution that requires an annual report, I submit the following for the fiscal year begun September 1, 1911, and ended September 1, 1912:

Financial Condition.

Our financial condition is of the first and most vital interest. According to the quarterly audit of the Safeguard Account Company, our comparative assets a year ago and now were:

| Assets. | |
|------------------------|--------------|
| September 1, 1911..... | \$242,456.80 |
| September 1, 1912..... | 244,009.76 |
| Increase | \$ 1,552.96 |

Since March 1, 1912, however, we have listed in our assets our unexpired insurance. This item appears in our assets of September 1, 1912, as stated above, but not in our assets of September 1, 1911. It should be deducted from the former for the purpose of proper comparison. The amount of unexpired insurance listed as an asset September 1, 1912, was \$949.55. Deducting it, we find our actual comparative assets now and a year ago to have been:

Comparative Assets.

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------|
| September 1, 1911..... | \$242,456.80 |
| September 1, 1912..... | 243,060.21 |
| Actual increase in assets | \$ 603.41 |

Our liabilities are reported as follows by the Safeguard Account Company:

Liabilities.

| | |
|------------------------|--------------|
| September 1, 1911..... | \$102,054.62 |
| September 1, 1912..... | 95,855.37 |
| Decrease | \$ 6,199.25 |

As a matter of fact we are glad to report that the actual decrease in our liabilities has been considerable more than this. March 1, 1912, a change was made in our bookkeeping system by which unearned dues and accrued taxes are now proportioned from month to month and carried among our liabilities. In other words, this year we have paid not only \$4,646.21 (all of the 1911 taxes) but charged ourselves and added to our liabilities eight months' proportion of the 1912 taxes payable April 1 next year. The two items of unearned dues and accrued taxes do not appear in the Safeguard Account Company's statement of our liabilities on September 1, 1911 (before the new system was put into vogue) but do appear in the statement for September 1, 1912. These two items on the latter date, September 1, 1912, were as follows:

| | |
|---------------------|------------|
| Unearned dues | \$2,310.00 |
| Accrued taxes | 3,097.44 |
| Total | \$5,407.44 |

To afford a proper comparison it is necessary, therefore, to deduct from our liabilities of September 1, 1912, the above sum of \$5,407.44. Leaving these two book liabilities out of consideration therefore, in order to secure an actual comparison that will show us whither we are drifting, we find that

our actual liabilities at the beginning and end of the fiscal year just closed were as follows:

Comparative Liabilities.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|
| September 1, 1911..... | \$102,054.62 |
| September 1, 1912..... | 90,447.93 |
| Actual decrease in liabilities..... | \$ 11,606.69 |

The Safeguard Account Company reports our assets over liabilities to be as follows:

Assets Over Liabilities

| | |
|------------------------|--------------|
| September 1, 1911..... | \$149,402.18 |
| September 1, 1912..... | 148,154.39 |
| Increase | \$ 7,752.21 |

But, taking into consideration the change in bookkeeping above noted, in order that we may make correct comparison and learn our actual condition contrasted with our actual condition a year ago, we find that our actual net worth at the beginning and end of the fiscal year just closed was as follows:

Comparative Assets Over Liabilities.

| | |
|--|--------------|
| September 1, 1911..... | \$149,402.18 |
| September 1, 1912..... | 152,612.28 |
| Actual increase in assets over liabilities | \$ 12,210.10 |

In other words, we have increased our net worth an average of more than a thousand dollars a month during the year just ended. This statement shows two important and interesting things: First, that we are abundantly solvent; second, that we have largely improved and increased our solvency during the year just closed.

Bonded Indebtedness.

The Club May 1, 1909, issued \$50,000 of first mortgage bonds to complete the purchase of this building and August 1, 1909, issued \$30,000 of second mortgage bonds considered necessary for its rehabilitation. Of the second issue \$3,300 were never sold and \$300 were retired during the present year. Our actual net bonded indebtedness, therefore, now is \$76,400. Of these bonds \$50,000 are payable May 1, 1914, and \$26,400 August 1, 1914. Our rapidly improving financial condition makes possible the speedy wiping out of our floating indebtedness and the Club should be able to take care of part of these bonds when due and refund the remainder. Therefore, in largely reducing its floating indebtedness and vastly improving its credit during the fiscal year just closed, the Club has paved the way for taking care of its bonds.

Floating Indebtedness.

We will now take up the subject of our floating indebtedness. We find this to be as follows:

| | Accounts Payable | Notes Payable | Total Floating Indebtedness |
|--------------------|------------------|---------------|-----------------------------|
| Sept. 1, 1911..... | \$17,143.46 | \$1,750.00 | \$18,893.46 |
| Sept. 1, 1912.... | 4,490.11 | 4,000.00 | 8,490.11 |
| Decrease | \$12,653.35 | \$2,250.00* | \$10,403.35 |
| *Increase. | | | |

You will note that we have reduced our floating indebtedness during the fiscal year just closed more than 55 per cent.

There is a significance and benefit attached to this, however, that deserve your attention. A year ago there were on the Club's books \$18,893.46 of accounts payable and notes payable of date previous to September 1, 1911. Some of these bills, in fact, had been unpaid for several years.

| | | |
|--|-------------|----------|
| September 1, 1911, our accounts and notes payable of date earlier than September 1, 1911, were | \$18,893.46 | |
| September 10, 1912, our accounts payable of date earlier than September 1, 1911, were only | \$ 391.80 | |
| To which should be added an increase during the year in our notes payable to take care of certain of these accounts of | 2,250.00 | 2,641.80 |

Showing that during the year we have paid in full old bills amounting to \$16,251.66

In order to pay off these old accounts of previous years we have, of course, been compelled to turn over to our successors some bills of the present fiscal year. Our policy was to re-establish our credit, and this has been done. At that, while a year ago we received accounts payable payment of which might be pressed at any time a total of \$17,143.46 we bequeath to our successors but \$4,490.11 of such accounts, or \$12,653.35 less than we received. Since September 1, 1912, further payments have reduced our accounts payable until today they are only \$3,461.97.

The increase of \$2,250 in our notes payable deserves explanation. A year ago when your Board of Directors took hold it found the club defendant in two long standing law suits, about to be made defendant in a third and also liable for an account of \$1,171.10 for legal services in these cases, an account which had never been entered on our books or listed in our liabilities. After careful consideration and extended and laborious negotiations we compromised all of these and took the Press Club out of the courts. These claims totaled \$9,485.24 besides court costs. They have all been compromised and all paid with an increase in our notes payable of but \$2,250.

The claim for legal services, mentioned above, was \$1,170.10. It extended over three years but no part of it had ever been placed on our books or included in our liabilities. It does not appear in the \$18,893.46 of floating indebtedness September 1, 1911. Were it so included it would show that our actual floating indebtedness September 1, 1911, was about \$20,000 and our actual total liabilities over \$103,000 on that date. This claim of \$1,171.10 has not been considered in any of the discussions above concerning reduction of liabilities during the year. Nevertheless during the present year we have paid it in full.

We are quite positive that all bills presented previous to September 1, 1912, have been listed in the total of our liabilities of that date and also that our system of bookkeeping will not require further change and that there will be no future necessity for the elaborate and tiresome explanations I have been compelled to make in order that you may know the club's actual comparative condition.

Membership.

Recognizing that members mean money, that we need both, and that the field had many possibilities,

your Board of Directors in November unanimously authorized the employment of clerical assistance, a part of whose duties should be the direction of a mail membership propaganda. How successful it has been you may know when it is stated that of the new members who have joined the Club in recent months 40 per cent were first interested and solicited by this department. A part of the expense was paid from the Extension Fund, contributed by individual and patriotic members, and there remains of this fund in hand for the continuance of this work \$35.95. The work was discontinued in June because of unseasonable weather, but I strongly recommend that your new Board of Directors carefully consider the results secured and the data and facilities that have been assembled and the advisability of resuming this work October 1. An excellent system devised by Mr. Albert Cone and others has been perfected and the machinery is available for a further census of the eligible men in Chicago and a continuance of the work. In any event I expect to see the effect of the work already done reflected in new members for some time to come.

At the very beginning of the year a campaign was started to increase the daily newspaper membership of the Club. The name of practically every man working on a Chicago daily newspaper was secured. His interest was enlisted by letter and Bulletin and the splendid follow-up work of Charles N. Wheeler and other daily newspaper men landed many of these men as members. This membership campaign secured several of the men whom you have since elected officers of this Club. The Club has, as a result, the largest newspaper membership it has had in years and undoubtedly others, in whom the germ is working, will come in.

You understand, of course, that only about half the time of this additional clerical assistance has been devoted to membership work. The other half has been devoted to getting out the Bulletin, to general Club correspondence on financial, entertainment and inter-club business, publicity and other duties, including several weeks of active and valuable work on the Scoop. It has been an innovation to provide the President and other officers with this assistance, but it has made possible prompt transaction of the Club's business and left your officers free to devote themselves to larger matters, of direction rather than of detail. I strongly recommend that your incoming President, for his sake and the Club's, be afforded this help without criticism.

The Club has made up all of its losses from dropped members, deaths and resignations during the year and, despite our increase in non-resident dues, shows an increase in all the paying classes of membership

We had September 1, 1911, of members..... 1,218
During the year we lost of members:

| | |
|----------------|-----------|
| Dropped | 51 |
| Deceased | 17 |
| Resigned | 75 |
| | <hr/> 143 |

Which deducted from our membership September 1, 1911, leaves..... 1,075

During the fiscal year ended September 1, 1912, there qualified of new members..... 178

Making our total net membership September 1, 1912..... 1,253

This is an increase of 35. During the year we received in initiation fees \$1,400. Former members re-joining pay no initiation.

The Departments.

Of the departments I need not speak in detail. During the year they paid total profits (outside of rent) as follows:

| | |
|-------------------------|------------|
| Bar and cigars..... | \$1,206.40 |
| Pool and billiards..... | 774.20 |
| Dormitory | 1,243.25 |

Total \$3,223.85

If rent were charged, the bar and cigars and billiards would still show a profit. The cafe would show a heavy loss for rent and unpaid accounts and interest on non-interest bearing credit extended to members. The library floor is, of course, nearly all loss; it must be remembered that these are conveniences, however, expected by members and the Club as a whole may well pay this rental. The dormitory, of course, if that floor were charged with rent, would show the greatest loss, as it is a convenience to the fewest members. It is one that I believe the Club, if it ever changes its quarters, should not attempt to provide.

The heavy business done by the departments during the year we attribute to the Club's general activity, particularly in the membership and entertainment work.

The Bulletin.

The Press Club Bulletin was established October 14, 1911. During the first two months it was generously provided by the Regan Printing House and the Peterson Linotype Company. Since that time it has been a gift to the Club by the Western Newspaper Union, and a splendid gift, for which I find it difficult adequately to express thanks. We send it each week to members who pay postage thereon, or nearly so, to all members once a month, to prospective members occasionally, to sister clubs, to the Chicago newspapers and other good places. Even printed gratis and the postage partially paid by the members it is a loss, but it has been of tremendous value to the Club in every way and a saving over the old method of printing and sending individual notices of coming events. It has promoted the Press Club spirit and spread the Press Club fame. It divides with the Scoop our chief gratification over the new things established this year.

The Monthly Statement.

Early in the year the custom was established by which there was furnished to the members present at each monthly meeting not only a written report by the President, but also in connection with that report, a printed statement for distribution among the members, showing the financial condition, state of membership, amount of floating indebtedness and department profit for each month of the year as the year progressed. I believe this custom should be continued. A verbal report is seldom understood and is quickly forgotten. A printed statement is a matter of record. Such a statement might also show the amount expended for salaries and wages, entertainment, etc., from month to month of the current fiscal year. This would encourage economy.

Entertainment.

At the beginning of the Club year a definite policy of entertainment was formulated. It was the belief of the administration that the Club had an actual and unmistakable function to perform in the community in the entertainment of its members, that a personage should not be honored merely because he is prominent but because he is prominent in the profession we represent. In other words, the Press Club undertook, and we believe succeeded, to do Chicago's duty and its duty in entertaining the great

newspaper men and men of letters who visit Chicago. In accordance with this policy during the year it gave functions in honor of Arnold Bennett, Alfred Tennyson Dickens, Sir Gilbert Parker, George Fitch, Nixon Waterman, Lyman Abbott, and many other authors or interpreters of literature. The publicist was also not forgotten and during the year we have entertained the President of the United States, ex-Premier Bowell of Canada, High Commissioner Reid of Australia, Chief Justice Carter, Senators Bristow, Gore and Poindexter, Gifford Pinchot, and other men of prominence. This activity has pleased our members, we believe, and has vastly increased our prestige and reputation.

We have also cultivated the friendship of other Press Clubs and I think may safely say that this is now recognized as the leader of such organizations. Among these inter-club activities have been a luncheon in honor of the President of the San Francisco Press Club, a resumption of relations and exchange of visits with the Milwaukee Press Club, an exchange of courtesies with the Evansville Press Club, and the regular placing of the Press Club Bulletin in the libraries of all the leading Press Clubs of the United States and England.

As a part of the same policy the Press Club entertained the National Press Association during its annual convention here and provided facilities and entertainment for the newspaper correspondents who came to Chicago to cover the National Republican convention, the National Progressive convention, the Mining Congress, the Picture Exhibitors' convention and other national meetings. The entertainment of the newspaper correspondents who came to the political conventions was comparatively inexpensive and vastly increased our prestige among the newspaper men. This work was done almost entirely by Mr. Charles N. Wheeler, Mr. Edward H. Fox and Mr. Harry Daniel. Mr. Fox was the Club's chief representative in the entertainment of the National Press Association and our hospitality on that occasion made the Press Club known throughout the rural press of America.

The Club has been fortunate during the year in having as chairman of the entertainment committee Mr. Edward H. Fox, a man with a positive genius for making such arrangements and making people happy. A Fox happens in the Press Club but once in a decade. This year has been remarkable because both a Fox and a Twist happened; for Mr. Stanly H. Twist also is an impresario par excellence.

The Scoop.

During the year plans for an annual benefit for the Press Club resulted in the Press Club Scoop, which spread the Club's fame throughout the country, made all Chicago sit up and take notice and paid a profit in excess of \$8,000. It is one thing concerning which this administration is especially gratified. In the President's June report credit was given where credit is due. I wish I might repeat it here: Look at your Scoop program frequently and remember the boys who made the Scoop a success.

Publicity.

During the year a regular publicity bureau was established and maintained and the Club, it is estimated, during the year received nearly 1,000 columns of printed mention. It is now widely known and recognized as the leader of such organizations in the United States. Pictures, advance notices and reports of events have been furnished and widely published. The Press Club of Chicago has been put on the map.

The Board of Directors.

Of the Board of Directors that has served the Press Club this year I cannot speak too highly.

Fortunate, indeed, the Club has been to have handling its finances and its affairs such men as E. J. Baker, a watch dog of our money, whom John McGovern has so aptly eulogized as the old guard's assurance of safety; H. S. Hyman, a business man of long experience; Julius Reynolds Kline, a cautious and able attorney; Horace M. Ford, an upright and able business man always on the job; W. R. Barnes, the essence of integrity; Otto Kney, who made a model secretary until compelled by private business to resign the office; Edward H. Fox, business man as well as entertainer; Stanly H. Twist, who was elected late in the year but proved a tower of strength, and Charles Lederer, faithful in the performance of duty. These were the men who worked the hardest and achieved the most. If this administration you consider a success these are the advisers who made it so. I have been a member of the Press Club eight years and have, I believe, spent five of them in the harness, and I have never seen, and never expect to see, a stronger Board.

Recommendations.

It is not the President's intention to tell the incoming administration what to do. But I would feel derelict in my duty if I did not make some recommendation as a result of some study and experience. I therefore recommend especially a continuation of the following among the new features of Press Club activity that have been established during the year:

1. Publication weekly of the Press Club Bulletin.
2. A monthly report to the Club of the Club's activities by the President.
3. Furnishing by the President to the members present at each monthly meeting of a complete printed financial statement by months.
4. A membership propaganda, including a census of eligible men in Chicago.
5. A steady publicity campaign.
6. Appointment of special committees to visit the sick.
7. An annual benefit performance of magnitude to be known as the Press Club Scoop, to be by Press Club members and of a gridiron character.
8. A definite policy of entertainment, honoring authors and newspaper men of prominence who visit Chicago.
9. Frequent entertainments, at many of these the ladies of members to be entertained, including an annual children's party, annual family picnic and monthly outings in summer.
10. Promotion of cordial relations with other Press Clubs and exchanges of visits where feasible.
11. Furnishing facilities and entertainment to newspaper men coming to Chicago to report public events, where such can be afforded practically without cost.
12. Books of Press Club authors to be on sale at the Press Club office.
13. Committees in Washington and New York to co-operate with the reception and entertainment committees.
14. No expenditure not absolutely necessary until the Club's floating indebtedness is paid off.
15. Co-operation with the Association of Commerce and other organizations for public service, but without expense to the Club.

Respectfully submitted,

DOUGLAS MALLOCH,
President.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago, at 26 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., under the direction of the Board of Directors.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

The annual business meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held at the Club at 1:30 o'clock, today, Saturday, September 14.

An appeal of O. B. Brush from an action of the Board of Directors will be heard. The following applicants for membership will be voted upon:

Active.

Sponsor.

John R. Livingston, Tribune,.... Mark S. Watson
James L. Clark, Child Magazine. Walter H. Wood
Erich C. Hartmann, trade journalist.....

..... Douglas Malloch
Charles S. Washburne, Tribune..... John L. Lawson
Walter H. Eckersall, Tribune..... John L. Lawson
William N. Johnson, contributor..... Mark Hayne
Harry Friend, Examiner..... Jay Cairns
George T. Bindebental, Tribune..... John L. Lawson
Henry H. Cary, A. N. P. association.....

..... W. A. Washburne
S. Allens, artist..... W. Frederic Nutt
Samuel Gerson..... Victor Eubank
Jerome W. Power, journalist..... R. A. Halley
Joseph P. Schiller, special writer..... W. J. Cochran
A. O. Royce, American..... O. E. Moody
Thomas M. Campbell, publisher..... Douglas Malloch
Abraham G. Kheirallo, author..... W. Frederic Nutt

Non-Resident.

W. H. Baird, contributor, Detroit, Mich.....
..... Frank Roderus
Charles L. Rhodes, former member, San Francisco Geo. S. Wood

Honorary Members.

William M. Knox.
George W. Wiggs.

GUESTS AT LUNCHEON.

Fred Schaefer of San Francisco and Dixon Merritt of Nashville, Tenn., stopped off in Chicago for a few hours Monday en route home from Detroit, and were guests of the Press Club at luncheon. Mr. Schaefer is connected with the San Francisco office of the Newspaper Enterprise association and writes Adolph and Oscar stuff. Mr. Merritt is connected with the Banner at Nashville. Both informally addressed the members.

Messrs. Schaefer and Merritt spent last week at Detroit as delegates to the American Press Humorists' convention.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

H. Bedford-Jones, is at present circulating about eastern Press clubs, being engaged in writing a series of special articles for Popular Electricity. He will be absent from the city about two weeks.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, September 21, 1912.

Number 50.



Officers and Directors Press Club of Chicago, 1912-1913.

A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The first meeting of the board of directors of the Press Club was a joy. Every man but one was there and every man there was filled with the spirit. Things will move. The Club spirit is the best we ever saw. Not a mollycoddle or a phlegmatic in the bunch.

Progress, order, good behavior, the wiping out of the floating debt, economy with efficiency and a stirring of the literary spirit of the Club—these be the shibboleth!

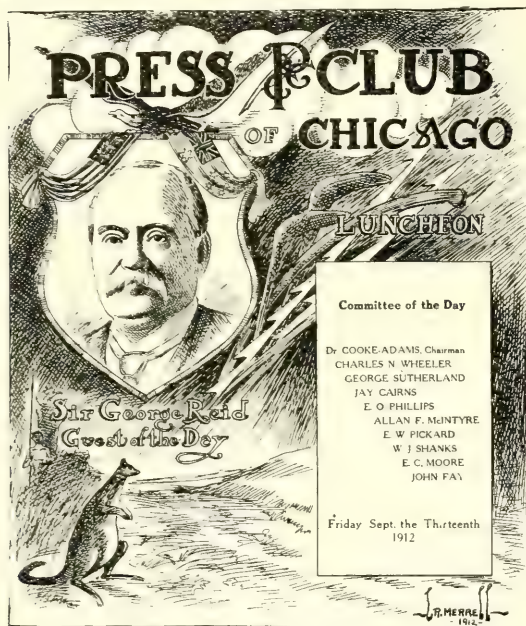
Jay Cairns will be managing editor of the Bulletin. That is assurance of enlivening it. The Bulletin will be the Club's loudest rooster these twelve months ahead. Opie Read writes for the first number this week. Sam Blythe, George Fitch, Sir George Reid, Woodrow Wilson, President Taft, Col. Roosevelt, Stanley

Twist, William Lightfoot Visscher, Stanley Waterloo, William Cochrane, Richard Little, Earl Marble, John Higinbotham, Karl McVitty, Bill Walker, John McGovern, Victor Eubank and others will be on the contributing editor list shortly. Claire Briggs is going to make pictures for it.

The Bulletin is open to the Club members. It is your Bulletin; make the most of it. Let's make it the best little four-page sheet anywhere in the world. Who has a bright idea? Hand it in to "Casey" Cairns.

The "Scoop" will again be given, bigger and better than last. Malloch will help. Twist will be on the firing line day and night.

Thus we start. We are actuated by right motives and filled with the joy of the work. The outlook is of much promise. The "lex loci" will be—WORK. Chas. N. Wheeler.



Sir George Reid, high commissioner of Australia, in London, was a luncheon guest of the club on Friday of last week. He proved to the satisfaction of all that he is one of us.

No more scholarly address has ever been heard in the Press Club than that delivered by Australia's distinguished citizen. None but a versatile man of affairs, a citizen of the world who knows men, could have glided so completely into the hearts of his auditors as did Sir George.

In a quaintly humorous manner, something to the American mind a bit un-Britishlike, he swept away the natural reserve existing between a speaker and a strange audience, and succeeded in converting his hearers not only with the force of his logic and his delicious humor, but, too, by his skillful manipulation of his famed monocle. It requires a genius to wear a monocle and get away with it before an untamed audience. He did. And more, with his delightful wit still ringing in the minds of the members and their guests, he changed the trend of his masterful address to the more serious affairs of the world powers.

In his address of welcome Frank Comerford recited the early accomplishments of Sir George, which formed the foundation for his present famed public career. Dr. George F. Butler and Dr. Dorsey rose, too, to welcome Sir George. Then the guest was presented to the club by Dr. George Cooke-Adams, the chairman of the day, just as Lady Reid and Mrs. Cooke-Adams took seats in the balcony of the hall.

"While these many beautiful tributes, none of which are deserved were being paid me," said Sir George, "I glanced at the menu cards. I noticed that today is Friday the thirteenth. Now it happens that I am the oldest man in

the hall and naturally must wonder who will depart from us. And while I was wondering and almost worrying over the dreadful thing, it just came to me that your present president, Mr. Malloch, 'dies' tomorrow.

"Mr. Malloch is a Scotchman. I was born in Scotland, but came away when I was sixty days old, so I can speak rather encouragingly about my native land. I took my parents to Australia at this early age.

Sir George looked anxiously up to Lady Reid and a broad smile spread over his countenance.

"You see, gentlemen, it is very hard for me to stand here with Lady Reid looking down upon me and keep up the illusion that I am the boss," he added.

Then Sir George waxed more serious and in a strong analytical argument urged all time peace between the world powers and especially between the great English speaking nations. He paid a high tribute to his native country and recited its needs and that which it has taught in affairs governmental other countries. Then he summed up his hope of world peace briefly:

"However great or warlike this country or any country may become, we should look back and recollect we all come from common stock and in that lies our great controlling power. The world has advanced from the inhumanity of wars to the greater humaness of peace and progress."

Sir George left for the east on Saturday night going to Boston, where he will make an address before the International Chambers of Commerce in session there.

President Harry Pratt Judson of the University of Chicago occupied a seat at the speakers' table. A. Schillinger, acting German consul; Baron Von Reisswitz, deputy German consul, and Baron von Hoffman, acting consul for Austro-Hungary, were guests of Judge Girtan.

The Observer.

SO LONG, SIR GEORGE.

By Jay Cairns.

So long as ace in cards is high
And waters touch the shore,
So long as mountains kiss the sky
And leaders rant and roar.

So long as the high heavens light
So long as poets yearn,
So long shall here our beacon bright
Wait Sir, your safe return
Before the altar of our fire,
The fire that Friendships learn.

Sir George, you are gone—but present;
Your visit over, you remain
In echoes of kinship pleasant
The theme of our hearts' refrain.

In the words of your own great poet
Whom we all love so well,
And you, Sir, too, must know it,
This truth he oft did tell:
"If you love me as I love you
All Earth is servant to us two."

HACKLEY, THE BRUTE.**By Opie Read.**

So often had Hackley been told that he was a brute that had he latterly been offered the courteous appellation of gentleman, he would have been shocked into resentment. But it was Hackley's fault; it is almost always the man's fault, as you of the experienced must know.

Surely it was not Mrs. Hackley's fault, for when her husband won and gave the money to her she pardoned his gambling. But upon his drinking she could not smile. With philosophic intuition she felt that there was nothing in it for her; and often she said "Alonzo, if you could only see yourself drunk I'm sure you'd never drink again," and then the wise woman repeated, "Why shouldn't he see himself in that condition?" He shall."

She dialed the time of a souse of perfect abandon, and one evening when he came home there was a number of delighted neighbors to welcome him and there was also a moving picture man to film him.

Then, a few evenings later when forecast said that Hackley would be sober, he was invited, together with the social leaders of the neighborhood, to see himself as others had seen him. Of course, he was deeply humiliated, and while he groaned in ashes his victorious wife beamed upon him a charming reproach and said, "Now, dear, I know you can never drink again. Kiss me."

But among the company there was one who found opportunity, the president of a film corporation, and he said to Hackley: "Most marvelous piece of acting I ever saw. I want you."

And so he paid Hackley a big salary to play drunken shadows, and soon the mortgage on the home was lifted and thrown over the back fence. One night Hackley and his wife sat in a "movie" viewing his latest appearance.

"Dear," she said, "you dont' seem to be so artistic in this one!"

"Because I was sober at the time," he replied; and then with her cheek against his shoulder she said, "Dear you'll have to guard against that," and sweetly she sighed.

BOOZE.**By Geo. F. Butler.**

I've quaffed from cups of old, old wine,
Nectar-distilled from sun-kissed vine.
From Golden State to sunny Spain;
And why refuse to quaff again?
What drinks have toyed beneath my vest?
Forgotten some, but here are the rest:
Besides the wine, fit drink for gods,
That oft inspires the merest clods,
Whisky and beer, gin slings, good brandy,
Vermouth and absinthe, making one feel dandy.
Porter on draught, and special brewed ales,
But better than all are Press Club cocktails.

THE WISHIN' GLANCE.**By Harry Irving Greene.**

Sittin' heah in ough canoe,
Floatin' down de still bayou,
Gal, I wants a converse word wif you.
Stop yo' lips a-poutin' so,
Stop my love a-floutin' so,
Listen, while I sings a song to you.

Listen to yo' niggah as he croon, he croon,
Bosom swellin' like a big ballooa, balloon;
I'se been watchin' you, my chile,
Flirtin' wif dat crockerdile,
Gal, he got his wishin' glance on you,
Oh—oo.

Take yo' fingers out de bay,
Hark to what my banjo say,
Chloe, it's pleadin' out its heart to you.
Heah dem strings a-strummin' so,
Heah dat echo soft an' low,
Doan' yo' know its voice am ringin' true?

Doan' yo' trust no 'gator by de moon, de moon,
Doan' yo' venture near to his lagoon, lagoon,
Years ago dat alligator,
Charmed a gal—an' gal, he ate her,
Now he got his wishin' glance on you,
Oh—oo.

Mockin' bird has gone to sleep,
But jes den I heard him peep.
Now he gwine to sing a song for you,
Hearken, how dem notes do ring,
Gar almighty, how he sing,
Gal, he's warblin' out dat song for you.

See dat moss a-hangin' in festoon, festoon,
Dat's de way yo' arms should hold yo' coon, yo
coon,
Got to take yo' pref'rence, chile,
Hones' man or crockerdile,
Bof have got their wishin' glance on you,
Oh—oo.

FRED PELHAM ILL.

To the many that did not know, it will be gratifying to learn of the wonderful improvement of Fred Pelham, who suffered a severe stroke of apoplexy—Sunday morning at breakfast, September 1—and was taken to St. Anne hospital. Present indications are that he is improving as rapidly as possible. There was nothing the Club or the members could do up to the present time, or at least a short time ago, when it was required that he have absolute quiet and rest. It seems that through it all he has been the same optimistic and genial Fred, that we all know which has greatly to do with his getting well.

Fred's loyalty to the Club will long be remembered and his constant association with the older members has really and rightfully, too, enlisted him as one of the "Old Guard" and beside his very efficient service as a director of the Club in the past; he is well known and popular for the many high-class entertainers he has brought to the Club. F. H.

WANTED—Situation as paragrapher or editorial writer.
Address E. B. N., 439 Monon Bldg., Chicago.

FOR SALE—Good suburban paper; 20 years old; subscription list of 1,200 paid; up to date job plant, presses, etc.; low rent; worth \$5,000.00; control can be secured for \$1,000.00 cash; local merchants will subscribe for capital stock if desired. Live man can make \$2,000.00 to \$3,000.00 a year net income. Hubert D. Crocker, Press Club.



WILLIAM M. KNOX.



GEORGE W. WIGGS.

Highest Press Club Honors Paid to Messrs. Knox and Wiggs.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Chicago Press Club, September 14, Wm. M. Knox and George Wiggs, two of the "Old Guard," were unanimously elected to honorary membership, and the club in thus honoring these two did itself a high honor in its expression of gratitude and appreciation.

Mr. Knox, who is affectionately known in the club as "Billy," has been a member since 1881; was several years in the directory and was two terms president. That was during the years 1898 and 1899. He conceived and carried to successful issue the plan for raising money with which to purchase the Press Club's handsome home that it now occupies. He wrote the pamphlet that did the work and which was then jokingly called "The Dream Book." Mr. Knox was appointed chairman of the committee that his scheme suggested and which, selected by him, from among the club's most eminent membership, secured 450 life members and the very pretty sum of \$135,000. In this work Mr. Wiggs was Mr. Knox's very able assistant.

Wm. M. Knox—he put the "M" in himself when he was about fourteen, just to have a middle initial, and it only means M.—was born in Marcellus, N. Y., on the 30th of December, 1850. He attended Beloit College and Lawrence University, Wisconsin, and was graduated at the Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, in 1874. For several years after leaving the institution in which he took his degree he taught school in Wisconsin and Illinois and then became principal of the Evanston High School. From previous work as a correspondent he was in 1881 invited to a place on the staff of the Chicago Herald—now the Record-Herald—which was then about a month old. After successful

service there he eventually became reporter and exchange editor of the News where he remained five years, and then went to London on the staff of Bennett's edition of the New York Herald. Upon returning to America he became associated with the bureau of Publicity and Promotion for the Chicago World's Fair—The Columbian Exposition—in 1891, and at the beginning of the fair established with "Billy"—W. C. T. Hyde—the famous Beauty Show, which was a highly successful enterprise, financially and otherwise, as was his concession at the St. Louis World's Fair. Since then, with the exception of one or two lesser enterprises, just to while away the time, "Billy" Knox has spent his days leisurely, about the Press Club, for the most part, in what some one who knows what it means might term a "*dolce far niente*." Anyhow, he has as many friends here as there are members of the club and has a pleasant afternoon of life, withal.

George Wiggs was long time publisher of the Current, the brilliant periodical that was established by the late Edgar L. Wakeman, and since has been a highly successful operator on the Chicago Board of Trade. He is exceedingly popular in the Press Club of which he has been a loyal and enterprising member "since a time whereof the memory of this affiant runneth not to the contrary."

Wm. M. Knox and George Wiggs are herewith congratulated upon the high honor with which the Press Club of Chicago has endowed them for life, and the Press Club of Chicago is commended for its exalted sense of duty in the doing of this eminently correct thing.

WM. LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER,

THE LID IS OFF.

Stanly H. Twist, chairman of the committee on entertainment, is already preparing for an eventful year. Upon the president's suggestion, Mr. Twist will select his own committee to assist him in this work. Those so far appointed are Karl MacVitty, Geo. S. Wood, Edward Moore, Rudolph Berliner, Richard Henry Little, Jay Cairns and Harry Sheldon White.

Each member of the committee will be asked to handle a certain end of the work. For example, Mr. Cairns will direct his energies towards securing well known statesmen and men in public life for Press Club luncheons. Mr. MacVitty and Mr. Berliner will arrange for a series of affairs in honor of popular players, etc. The annual Press Club Scoop will be in charge of separate committees.

Among the first events scheduled by the entertainment committee is a lecture by our own Opie Read. Mr. Read's subject will be his new lecture, "The Scarecrow." This has been arranged for the evening of Oct. 15th and will be ladies' night.

The committee plans to hold a series of "Press Club Monthly Stags," which are expected to become a very popular feature. These "stags" will be on the order of the monthly San Francisco Bohemian Club "blow-outs." Popular actors playing in the city at the time of the parties will be invited to be the guests of honor and on each evening one of those present will be elected president pro tem for that evening. His evening's administration will be held up as an example to the next player thus honored, and it is expected that each in turn will endeavor to outdo his predecessor in the novelty of his administration.

A series of dances are planned for, also a series of dinners at which Chicago daily newspaper publishers will be entertained. Each publisher will be assigned a certain subject to talk upon, and every phase of that always interesting subject, "The Metropolitan Newspaper and Its Making," will be lectured upon by those who have made the Chicago dailies what they are.

GOVERNOR WILSON INVITED.

An invitation has been extended to Woodrow Wilson, Democratic presidential candidate, to be the guest of the club in October. He has expressed the hope of accepting the invitation and the definite arrangements will be made later with Joseph E. Davies, in charge of the western headquarters. The Tattler.

COMING EVENTS.

Opie Read, lecture, "The Scarecrow," Tuesday night, October 15, ladies' night.

Inaugural dinner early in October. Details next week.

First dance of the season. Details next week.

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE.

A large number of boosters is being listed to co-operate in the securing of approximately 200 more active members, which will fill our list to the constitutional limit. With strong team work and good generalship this can be accomplished during the present winter season. Merely securing members will not be the only feature which will have close attention, for already preparations are under way to supply the service and accommodation which will hold them.

The entertainment committee will contribute largely to this purpose. The library will be renovated, redecorated and made the one richly furnished and dignified room of the Club.

The cafe department will shortly be open all night for the special accommodation of the 2 a. m. newspaper men, whose attendance now runs between eighteen and thirty every night.

New uniforms will be provided for the employes and things burnished up generally.

Constant effort will be exerted to make the Club most attractive, in all respects, to not only the bachelor members but likewise to the member blessed with a family and also to his blessed family.

Wheeler and Osborne stand at the top for number of members secured during the past year, and their work has proved that getting members for this Club is a matter of personal solicitation.

During the past year a large sum has been disbursed for stamps, letters and circulars to boost the membership, with very small results from this source, therefore we must all get together and each one do "personal solicitation" which alone will fill our "active" ranks to the limit.

The life membership is now filled and a waiting list is in order, therefore an amendment will be offered at the next monthly meeting raising the fee to \$500, and the limit to 600. Have you a prospect? If not, why not?

Chairman.

THE FALL OF FAME.

Jonathan Erratic Buck is a member of the Aero Club (?). He loaned his badge to Eben Norris with this advice:

"When the air-men see that badge they will want you to ride. Don't do it. Be wise and stay off the ground." The Quibbler.

C. W. Post of Battle Creek, a life member, visited the club Sunday. He entertained a large group of members at Rye Beach, where he received informally. Also they.

The Bourbon.

George Louis is dared to come out from under his new hat and fight in the open.

The Scout.

BOOST THE BULLETIN.

Boost the Bulletin; it boosts the Club. A suggestion box has been placed on the office floor (about half way from the ceiling) in which it is desired that members shall deposit all news items and surreptitious articles which they are too modest to hand ye ed, while face to face. If you write or think you can write send in your stuff, and if it is sufficiently "high" we'll run it (somewhere).

This sheet will not be a one man's sheet if J. C. knows himself and he thinks he do—it's for all—it's for the Club.

This issue is sent to every member and prospect. If you are not a subscriber, please remit four bits before October 1, as that is when the printer calls for his money. And if you have a prospective member subscribe for him also and so simplify the process of signing him up.

Special inducements will be offered for short stories (originals, Ole Bob barred). Cash prizes will be awarded for those judged the best and three months' suspension handed to authors of the worst rotten. Anyone—who does not admire the editor or who does not believe that one C. N. W. mounted policeman can chase a whole band of Indians back into the states—is especially desired as contributor. The success of the next few numbers is assured as MSS. are pouring in in bundles and from within which we have laid aside several of real merit and also the following: "Karl McVittie's Dancing Ditties," a short seenharryo by Dick R. H. Little entitled "Lillian Russell Rejecting a Lion's Paw"—very interesting, short but scrappy, and "The Willow Wand," from Bramlykite Roost, Phillipston, Mass., which we will hold to season, as we are not ready to enter politics on the water wagon.—Ye Ed.

If the financial secretary seems derelect in collecting your fourth quarter dues, in advance, don't be alarmed, for just now he is up to his ears in details of heating contracts, new uniforms, redecorating, reading proof for ye ed., etc., etc. Don't worry, he'll prod you soon.

Frederick Cleveland Test is regularly about the Club again, having just returned from a seven months' trip covering England, Scotland and the continent. He can tell you all about motoring in the British Isles.

Eugene Chafin, presidential nominee on the Prohibition ticket is to be a guest of F. D. L. Squires and other admiring friends for lunch, Sept. 28th, and will make a short informal address. We sure do get all the big uns.

The Illinois Microscopical Society will begin their monthly meetings at the Club, early in October.

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED SEPT. 14TH.

Honorary.

George W. Wiggs. William M. Knox.

Active.

S. Allen, illustrator; Wm. Frederic Nutt, Sponsor. George T. Bindebental, Tribune; John L. Lawson, Sponsor.

Thos. M. Campbell, publisher; Douglas Malloch, Sponsor.

Henry N. Cary, former editor; W. A. Washburne, Sponsor.

James L. Clark, publisher; Walter H. Wood, Sponsor.

Walter H. Eckersall, Tribune; John L. Lawson, Sponsor.

Harry Friend, Examiner; Jay Cairns, Sponsor. Samuel Gerson, former newspaper man; Victor Eubank, Sponsor.

Erich C. Hartmann, former editor; Douglas Malloch, Sponsor.

Wm. N. Johnson, contributor; Mark Hayne, Sponsor.

Ibrahim C. Kheiralla, author; Wm. Frederic Nutt, Sponsor.

John R. Livingston, Tribune; Mark S. Watson, Sponsor.

Jerome W. Power, journalist; R. A. Halley, Sponsor.

A. O. Royse, Examiner; O. E. Moody, Sponsor.

Joseph P. Schiller, newspaper man; B. Beecher Osborne, Sponsor.

Chas. S. Washburne, Tribune; John L. Lawson, Sponsor.

Non-Resident.

W. H. Baird, contributor; Frank Roderus, Sponsor.

Charles L. Rhodes, former member; B. Beecher Osborne, Sponsor.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Dr. R. C. Fisher appeared in the club last Monday after nearly a year's absence and was greeted by many friends. He had just returned from Nantucket, Mass., where he owns a summer home, and has been "whiling away" the hot months. Mrs. Fisher, he reported, was returning to Chicago by auto in company with her brother.

Paul D. Howse was a visitor at the Club this week. He has been in California for nearly two years engaged in various amusement enterprises at Ocean Park. He has gone to New York on a business trip. He is enthusiastic over California and says he will never live anywhere else. Even the climate suits him. He is now an electric sign magnate of Los Angeles and has a seaside home at Santa Monica. A few years ago Paul formed a monkey trust, and succeeded in cornering the monkey market. No one could get a monk without paying the trust price. The simians of the rum game have never been formed into a trust.

The "Congo" tournament for a gold Press Club pin for first prize and a silver one for second prize was recently ended and the prizes awarded to "Billie" Walker and Ben Zimmerman, respectively.

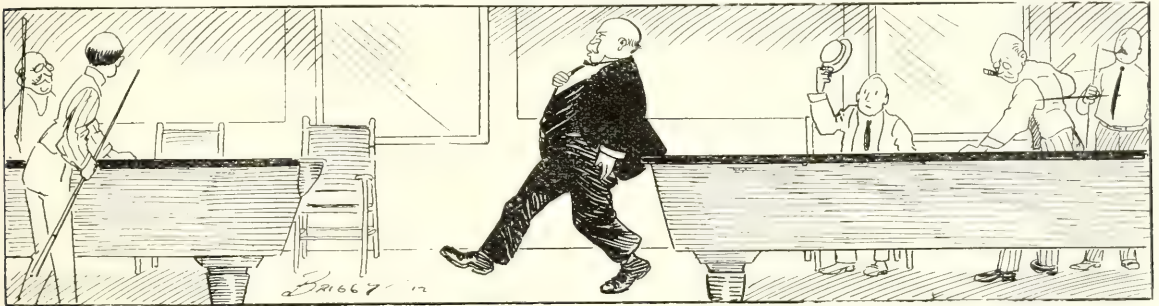
Have you seen Ole Bob—Bard?

"FORWARD—MARCH!"

It is always interesting—and sometimes rather pathetic, especially to an old soldier, and frequently to the elderly people who never were out of the civilian ranks—to see a veteran like Colonel Kellogg take up his line of march around the billiard room—for exercise, he declares; and yet believe me it is quite sure that a certain amount of memory and habit may be said to seek to divide honors as the inspiration of the marches. Who shall say that the billiard tables and the pool tables, with their outlook on Dearborn street, may not loom up before the Colonel as breastworks to be taken, especially when the balls are flying promiscuous-like in the exciting game of Kelly pool? Or they may seem to him like chicken coops down on the old Virginia plantations, when a squad under the Colonel's command—he was possibly a major then, possibly even a captain or less—yes, when a squad under the Kellogg command was foraging for something to eat, which possibly had been overlooked by the colored element of the community, which always had a keen eye and a strong grasp for the inmates of the coops, affording such a welcome variation in the menu, too often rather

about his feats of valor in upholding the flag of his country—then in peril, now restored in all its glory, revered alike by the redoubtable rebel, as well as the detestable Yank; for John tells a good story, and a thrilling one, when he gets started, and always regrets that no one yet has written a proper history of the Virginia campaigns. (Business of John making himself useful as well as ornate out in Oregon, writing up some of this history for the Bulletin.)

Yes, when Colonel Kellogg is wound up—beg pardon—wound up in his memories of the Virginia campaigns, and doing memory stunts of what were every-day occurrences during those incarnadined days, one almost expects an outbreak now and then when Colonel Davis looks in and sees the Colonel of the blue uniform and epaulettes in imagination, and Colonel Davis also in imagination riding his fierce charge in the Louisiana rebel cavalry, fighting over the battles of the old days. But Colonel Davis never emits any rebel yell, for he is reconstructed till he is sometimes ready to eat out of a Union man's hand, especially if that Union man happens to be Colonel Visscher, who has beaten him in a game of billiards. If there were any doubts



restricted as to the choicer ingredients of food products in the strenuous days—and nights—during the War of the Rebellion. But we will not dwell on the humorous aspects of the Colonel's Dearborn street marches, though sometimes suggested when some sporty member of the Press Club—members, rather—dispel the chicken illusion, and seek to disturb the Colonel in his numerous laps to make up his daily record. "To such base uses," doubtless the Colonel thinks; and so he postpones his march till the next morning, before the not-too-early billiard player has come upon the scene, and after the not-too-late all-night player has concluded it is time to go home for a little rest and sleep.

Honestly, it is a bit inspiring to see the Colonel trudging off sturdily and almost incessantly during the hour devoted to his "march, march, march, the boys are marching," and imagine him doing his old stunts during the sixties down the battle-fields of Virginia, where—well, if one desires to know how gallantly the Colonel carried himself during those days, he can ascertain only by hearing John Ritchie, a fellow-soldier, tell

about the Yankee lion and the rebel lamb lying down together, it can be seen in the affectionate way in which these two war-time enemies are such friends in the idyllic days as they pass peacefully along in the precincts of the Press Club of Chicago.

But we are forgetting. "Revenons a nos moutons," as we say in the classics. Meanwhile the Colonel—Colonel Kellogg—with the pride of West Point still clinging to him—

"You may break, you may shatter, the soldier as you will.

But the dream of the uniform clings to him still."

"Young men may fight battles, but old men may dream dreams;" and so we take off our hats to the Colonel as he marches in imagination "on fame's eternal camping ground," and brings to those of us who have the boyish memories of the war a desire to join the Colonel in his march, and resent the intrusion of mere billiard and pool players upon the scene.

EARLE MARBLE.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago

JAY CAIRNS, Editor

Officers of the Club

CHARLES N. WHEELER.....President
 JAY CAIRNS.....First Vice-President
 CLAIRE A. BRIGGS.....Second Vice-President
 FRANK COLLINS.....Treasurer
 B. BEECHER OSBORNE....Financial Secretary
 WM. FREDERICK NUTT....Recording Secretary
 JOS. F. HENDERSON.....Librarian

Directors

HARRY R. DANIEL JULIUS R. KLINE
 JOHN L. LAWSON CHARLES LEDERER
 GEORGE L. LOUIS STANLY TWIST

RECENT VISITORS.

Arthur Krock, guest of William J. Cochran.
 V. G. Hinshaw, guest of F. D. Squires.
 Howard Shelley, Philadelphia, Pa., guest of
 E. C. Moore.

H. Finke, guest of W. H. Wood.
 W. D. Haynie, guest of G. C. Adams.
 Chas. G. Shoemaker, Elgin, Ill., guest of D.
 H. Anderson.

Geo. Schlosser, guest of E. H. Fox.
 W. L. Spencer, guest of Geo. S. Wood.
 Dr. A. L. Mann, Elgin, Ill., guest of D. H.
 Anderson.

Rt. Hon. Sir Geo. Reid, London, guest of
 Dr. Geo. Cook Adams.

Fred Schaefer, San Francisco, guest of D.
 Malloch.

S. Robbins, New York City, guest of Stanly
 H. Twist.

Capt. the Hon. T. McClintock, Bunbury,
 London, guest of Dr. Geo. Cook Adams.

L. L. Hill, Los Angeles, Calif., guest of
 Stanley Waterloo.

Dixon L. Merritt, Nashville, guest of D.
 Malloch.

Corbett Morriss, New York City, guest of
 Stanly H. Twist.

James L. Clark, guest of W. H. Wood.
 Fred Steckmann, Nat'l Press Club, guest
 of W. J. Cochran.

W. P. Guebersson, Los Angeles, guest of
 John L. Weber.

H. C. Walton, Wellington, New Zealand,
 guest of J. G. Davis.

Harry Conar, New York, guest of F. D.
 Comerford.

W. B. Hodges, Dallas, guest of C. H. Com-
 pere.

J. C. Eubank, Kansas City, guest of Garrett
 Eubank.

The annual three-cushion billiard tourna-
 ment for the Charles Sergle cup for 1912 will
 soon be started.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Press Club of Chicago was called to order promptly at 1:30 p. m. on Saturday, Sept. 14. The annual reports of the president, Mr. Malloch, and the financial secretary, Mr. Osborne, were read and accepted by the Club. In a lengthy and detailed report, prepared by Mr. Osborne, it was shown that the floating indebtedness had been reduced by \$10,403.35, a little over 55 per cent. This amount represents the improvement in our financial condition during the past year.

Profits on the fourth floor departments and the dormitory totaled \$3,223.85 for the year.

It was also shown that our books carry several thousand dollars of old, doubtful and dead accounts and it will be one of the first duties of the new board to carry out Mr. Osborne's recommendation to so readjust these accounts which are of long standing that there can be no deception to ourselves or anyone else as to our actual assets.

During the election of members each applicant was elected and the list appears elsewhere in this issue. In the matter of the appeal made by Mr. Brush, the appeal was denied and the action of the board of directors sustained.

After general routine business was disposed of the inauguration of the new officers and directors took place. Mr. Wheeler, the new president, made a splendid and scholarly address, setting forth his ambitions, which are very high and embrace the wiping out of the floating debt, increasing the membership as rapidly as possible, but only by men who are actually eligible in every sense; so control the conduct of members and employees that no one shall have cause for complaint; establish an actual organization of affiliation between the Press Clubs of the nation and make the Press Club of Chicago a standard for the association.

TRADE PRESS EDITORS AND SCRIBES AT NIAGARA FALLS NEXT WEEK.

The annual meeting of the Federation of Trade Press Associations in the United States will be held this year at Niagara Falls, N. Y., September 26-27 being the dates fixed. There have been special transportation arrangements made for members in Chicago and the west en route to this meeting, and a cordial invitation to join the party from Chicago is extended all within reach of this city.

Applications for election at the October meeting are coming in finely. There are now about twenty names posted. This shows a splendid interest by the members, as there has not as yet been a chairman of the membership committee around prodding up the hustlers.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, September 28, 1912.

Number 51.



OPIE AND THE CADDY BOYS.

Opie Read and the caddy boys at Jackson Park are friends. He knows them all by name. They know him, first by the characters he has painted, and now because he visits the park to chat with them. At first the boys stood aloof from our Opie, because the man who penned the "Jucklins" and so graphically described old Starbuck's plight, seemed too great a man, too far removed from their sphere to stop in his busy day, and chat the idle gossip of boydom.

But he soon eliminated that shyness. His stories were too fascinating, too full of thrill, and good, old, straight-forward logic and philosophy to hold the youngsters away. They gathered around him and gazing at our Opie, as some man whom another generation had loaned to them as an oracle of the past, climbed upon his knees and squatted on the ground at his feet. Now they greet him from

afar. His appearance is the signal for a rush of young American feet.

He tells them of the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky and the feuds that laid low good southern men and brought woe to good southern homes. Then when the stories of the hills with their heroines affrighted, heroes triumphant and villains slain have sunk into the youthful minds, sometimes observant Opie sees in a youngish eye a trace of tears. Then he brightens 'em all up by telling how his old friend, Colonel Bill Visscher, "gave his horse circus lemonade because the river water was dirty" and how the horse up and died because "he never liked circuses anyway."

Into the young eyes comes the gleam our Opie likes to see. The laughter of young America, and he has made them smile. Then with them, laughing, he rises and bids them good-bye. He knows how happy he has made them, but they perhaps never will know how happy they have made him.

HARRY R. DANIEL.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

By Wm. Lightfoot Visscher.

There had been some discussion among the elect of Siloam Church, that stood in the woods on the road to Knob Lick, on the subject of predestination, and Presiding Elder Shiner and Bro. Pogram, the circuit rider for the circuit that Siloam belonged in, differed widely in the premises.

It was within two hundred yards of Siloam Church, on a lovely Sunday morning, when the presiding elder and the parson were on their way to worship, that they discovered how distinctly they differed.

It didn't matter that the sisters of Siloam were seated in the meetin' house violently endeavoring to assuage the heat by the vigorous use of turkey wings and some palm leaves, or that the brethren were down at the spring and scattered about, swapping saddles and one thing or another, while they waited. The elder and the pastor had dismounted in the road and were making most demoralizing remarks to each other.

Parson Pogram had carried the argument to that point where he said, in his most convincing pulpit tones, that he could lick Elder Shiner on less ground than he could stand on and in less time than it would take to measure it, at the same time peeling his Sunday sourtout as an evidence of good faith, which, a similar garment the elder had already shed.

"I deeply regret," said Elder Shiner, "that you have allowed yourself to become possessed of another error; for not only is it not true that you can lick me, but to add to my gospel facts of the day, I find it necessary to deprive Siloam Church of a pastor while you are growing together. However, Bro. Magowan and I will manage to fill the appointments."

Then they lit in, and Bro. Gill, a lay member from near Moore's Ferry, rode up and looked on, and also made encouraging, though impartial remarks. "This is pintedly too bad," "Reach for his wozen, Bro. Shiner," "What'll the deacons say?" "That was a peach, Bro. Pogram," "Bully for the church militant," and other such timely ejaculations, being among the things that Brer Gill said.

At this point up rode Bro. Magowan. Bro. Pogram, having by this time done unto Elder Shiner as he had there promised to do, he now sought to prove that Bro. Magowan would not act as understudy in the matter of shepherd of that circuit. This led Brer Gill to take steps and make forcible suggestions in the discussion, in which, shortly, the entire congregation was mixed, more or less. Hence it was at least three hours later that day, than when preaching should have commenced, that Parson Pogram, with an arm in a sling, gave out his text, having asked Elder Shiner to lead in prayer and Bro. Magowan to line out the good old hymn, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

A SIGH FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

By Hal P. Denton.

The news from Washington, D. C., that now is being sent
Befogs my brain until my brow with weariness is bent.
This slush about the tariff that is "framed up for the rich"
Is as bad upon one's system as bubonic plague or itch.
Oh, give to me the papers that in years ago I read
(And just to think the writers of the old regime are dead).
Whenever anything went wrong concerning 'fairs of state,
No one for a single minute ever thought to arbitrate.
There was never any question as to what was right to do,
For that was left to "Veritas" and "Old Subscriber," too.

And if these doughty diplomats were at a loss to know,
There was comfort in the thought that soon "Pro Bono Publico"
Would hurl huge chunks of wisdom with his patriotic pen.
And then we knew the country that we loved was safe again.
Too busy? Ah, no never; were these mentors of the press,
In the days when this fair land of ours was sorely in distress.
We live now in an age of greed; 'tis easy to forget
The glorious work accomplished by these writers bold, and yet
There is one thing a gracious, loving public ought to do—
Rear a monument to "Veritas" and "Old Subscriber," too.

There were others in that galaxy who set the world aflame,
Whose writings never failed to tell just where to place the blame.
"Constant Reader," how prolific, all he wanted was a hint
To dip his pen in vitriol and flash right into print.
And dear old "More Anon," who seldom failed to throw a thrill
When he grasped between his digits his sharp and trenchant quill.
Yes, give us back the "old days," Frank Stanton sings about,
The days when these and others could get up and rail and shout.
In memory we see them now, passing in review,
And we bow our heads to "Veritas" and "Old Subscriber," too.

THE FALL OF FAME.

There is nothing like having one's mail addressed accurately. Harry Irving Greene received a card, Friday, addressed to him, "Middle Couch, Fifth Floor, Press Club, Chicago." It found him as addressed.

Col. Kellogg halts in his march to inquire whether de-natured and good-natured alcohol are the same.

Victor Eubank has an automobile, but he isn't a bit over-proud. The blooming thing has been in for repairs ever since he bought it.

THE GAY DECEIVERS.

By William J. Cochran.

A presidential candidate without a press agent—pardon me, publicity manager—is about as helpless as an aviator in a cheese atmosphere. Hence the presence in our midst of as fine a bunch of newspaper chaps (not chappies) as ever pounded a typewriter, or, as one we might mention, who ever dictated to a Kelly.

And this goes, with the same bouquets, to the bunch now attempting to put the lesser lights over the plate. If anyone thinks the job is a snap let him tackle it for a century a week.

We know (that is Jay Cairns and I do, for we both have graduated into the statesman class). N. B.—A statesman in this particular is a P. A. out of a P. A. job because of the early expiration of his candidacy.

Where there is war there must, of necessity, be war correspondents. And at least two of that haughty tribe are in the thick of the scrap here, both on one side, which would seem a bit unfair to the "common enemy." We refer to Hal Denton, who once shook the hand of Weyler, the same "Butch" who led us into the benevolent assimilation business. And to John Bass, who was on the firing line with the Japs and the Russians at one and the same time. Hal is trying to lead the Illinois public into voting for that gallant football hero, Frank Funk.

Then there is Harry West of the Washington Herald, the proud possessor of a Gridiron pin, who really—and we call this the acme of perfection—can write interesting stuff about Bill Taft. Frank Lord, who represents the Norman E. Mack string of sheets and a few incidental rags at the national capital, is at the head of the Wilson bureau. Frank is no stranger here. He rode a loser in the same camp two years ago. Better luck, old pal, this time, may be.

With Mr. Lord are those sterling soubrette favorites, "Jack" McLaughlin of Milwaukee and Fred Steckman of the Washington Post. Both are handsome youngsters and some handlers of Mrs. English. "Mc" may become a permanent member of the Club, if he can interest certain Chicago capitalists and the Archbishop in his baby magazine proposition.

Then there is our own Stanley Waterloo, the veteran of them all, but as handy at deceiving the "dear peepul" as any of his rivals. Stan. is writing T. R. dope and is making even the opposition press print it. Paul Matthews, busier than a Dutch butcher on fish day, is putting over bundles of "copy" for Judge Dunne.

This spasm would not be complete without reference to two newspaper plutes, who are the real things in the Roosevelt movement. They are United States Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Montana, who has a dandy little "pape" in Missoula, and Medill McCormick. And in the same class is "Charley" Scott, a Kansas editor. He is head of the Taft bureau.

IN DOUBT.

To die is grief,
Yet for relief
All look forth to the veil
That hides the light,
Where, in his might,
He knows, though we all fail.

Heaven, or Hell?
Can men foretell
If they are here, or where?
To die, to rot,
To live, or not,
In some place over there?

Is this poor spot
The only lot
That we shall feel and know?
Shall we be souls
Upon the rolls,
With beads or stoles,
God's throne in sunlight's glow?

Or shall we drift
To fabled rift
In unknown darkness—dead?
Then never feel,
Nor yet reveal,
To those who kneel,
The end—where Death hath led?

J. G. Davis.

INSTITUTIONALISM.

By Clem Yore.

In worth, worthiness and wonderful wisdom, no word of our language holds a greater wealth of ceaseless meaning.

The Press Club is an institution, created, by men, many minded, it has stood the test of the year.

Internecine strife has left no scar, the years, and the roll of years, nothing but the melody of memory.

In its halls have lived, learned and loved, men girded to the fray of frolic, or the war of words symbolic of thoughts—as things. Here has dwelt the charm and the chaos of splendid nights and gray remittent dawns.

Yet has the Press Club stood—an institution.

When its memory is young, even in this day—we men know it. Yonder, back of clearing, in the bog of lime, surnamed future—the Press Club shall still be an institution.

Its upkeep is a duty—a delight. Our posterity—fathered not by our loins—will inhabit it, will enthrone it.

Therefore, fellows, let us make of it a truth—a right, a principle.

I shall try and by the aid of Him who made the mind of man, I shall endeavor to discern a faint strain of meaning in this great word, Institutionalism.

LIDS IS LIDS.

Speaking about hats, the one worn by George Louis is certainly some lid, but how about Colonel Visscher's Corpus Christie wind-jammer and that comic opera lid that Eben Norris has sprung?—Chairwarmer.

How about Opie's cap?—Ed.

PIE.

By Senator X.

Sometimes, when I hear the call of the cricket and hearken back to the good old autumn days, the lonesome sound of a lowing cow seems to come from over the meadow. As the cooling sun bobs out of sight over the hilltops, leaving the frost to gather on the tan of the fattened pumpkins, something tugs at my heart strings with a grip that reaches clear down to my stomach. Why circumnavigate the wordy silences of thought? It is pie!

And, while we are tottering near the brink of hopeful hunger, did you ever stop to think that there are open and closed seasons for pie? Take a regular hope-to-die pie of the pumpkin variety. Whoever heard of anybody except an impossible and unmannerly poacher on the pie preserves eating pumpkin pie except in the fall? All correct and regular pumpkin pie eaters agree that this delicacy should be partaken of only when the frost has tinged the yellow into gold. Of course, they may take this stand purely because of the poetic license which it carries.

Naturally, you of the smoky marts of murk don't know what I'm talking about. You haven't the slightest idea of the sport of stalking a full grown pumpkin to its lair in the wilds of a deadening cornfield, creeping stealthily up to it as it lies securely hidden behind the fastnesses of a shock, seizing it jubilantly in your arms and dashing to the house. You have no idea of the exhilaration that comes from taking said pumpkin into "maw," of the luscious appetite that comes over your being as she carves it and slices it for the baking. Pity be unto you, poor sodden souls, who can not dream the dreams of the autumn days nor taste again the joys of a big, fat pumpkin pie.

As there is a season for the pumpkin variety, so there are times for the huckleberry, gooseberry, blackberry, apple and mince. These times should be looked forward to by all true lovers of the pie-eating sport as ones of joy and merrymaking. What, may I ask, is more joyous than the contemplation and mastication of a fine, ripe mince pie? There is only one thing. And that is another mince pie.

Gosh, but this talk of pie makes me hungry. I'm going right out and get a nice hunk of pumpkin. No, pumpkin isn't ripe yet. Gimme plain apple, and don't cut it too skinny, either. Finis.

Mr. Cairns:

The foregoing is to create an appetite among the readers of the Bulletin—if possible.

Senator X.

TING-A-LING-A-LING MERRY WEDDING BELLS.

Albert N. Cone left for Denver Thursday night and when he comes back his bride will be with him. Mr. Cone will be married in Denver today to Miss Gertrude Alice Warder. Mr. and Mrs. Cone will take a three weeks' trip in the Rocky Mountains and will then return to Chicago.

Col. Hal P. Denton, a member of the National Press Club and we hope a future member of this club, will also be married on Saturday at the home of Rear Admiral Frank E. Beatty, commandant of the Washington Navy yard, to Miss Eliza Russell Peachey. During the Cuban insurrection Col. Denton was in Cuba representing the Hearst newspapers. He will return to Chicago with his bride.

D. H. Anderson, publisher and editor of the Irrigation Age, left on September 24 for Salt Lake City, where he will attend the sessions of the 20th National Irrigation Congress, which will be held in that city September 30 to October 4. Mr. Anderson has been appointed a delegate by Governor Deneen, and will make an effort to start a movement which will result in the banking and monied interests, generally, investigating the basic value of irrigation bonds which were injured by the failure of several bond houses a year or more ago.

Mr. Anderson is of the opinion that bonds on irrigated areas which have been properly segregated and gone over by competent engineers and passed on favorably by the State Land Boards of the various western states, are the best possible security.

He states that the Bankers' Associations of western states will be asked to appoint committees to investigate various projects in each state and thereby rehabilitate a class of securities which have been passed by for lack of definite knowledge of their physical features.

Mr. Anderson has been secretary of the National Irrigation Congress and is familiar with all of the projects throughout the arid sections.

A. Milo Bennett is in Little Rock, Ark., as a delegate to the Deep Waterway convention in session there. Mr. Bennett was named by Governor Deneen as a member of the Illinois delegation.

Philo D. Benham, brother-in-law of Opie Read, and owner of "Hiwassee Island Farm," in the Tennessee river, writes: "The Bulletin reaches me regularly and Club affairs always interest me. The Club pennant adorns the walls of my bungalow and my little girl plays the Club song, which I sometimes attempt to follow with a cracked baritone that became fractured yelling 'whoa' to refractory mules."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Your first Bulletin is a wonder! I nominate you for first assistant to Gabriel on Resurrection Morn. Now, if the boys don't relapse on you, you ought to get better every issue. Briggs' Col. Kellogg picture was worth several years' subscription. Congratulations. J. U. H.

Chicago, September 24.

My dear Charlie Wheeler:

I cannot help but indite a few words of praise to you and Jay Cairns, after reading the Press Club Bulletin. It is a pleasant, healthful surprise to me and to all who I have met, who have expressed any opinion whatever.

The Press Club spirit comprehends that broad conception of democracy on its social side that at once unites into an indissoluble fraternity those of us who are fortunate enough to break bread at its table of companionship. May the first number of the Bulletin issued under the new administration be but the first edition to a completed whole in the early part of your year's work.

Sincerely,

THEO. VAN R. ASHCROFT.

September 24, 1912.

Mr. Charles N. Wheeler, President of the Press Club of Chicago.

Dear Sir:

Permit me not only to thank you, but through you to thank the entire membership of the Press Club, for the high compliment that has been paid me in transferring me from active to honorary membership in the Club.

To be associated in any way with the genial spirits that compose the Press Club is universally acknowledged to be like opening the door to Fairyland, or sensing the smile of the south wind, and is so truly a distinction that I should indeed be callous if I were insensible of the high honor that has so freely, generously and graciously been conferred upon me.

Very truly yours,

GEO. W. WIGGS.

Sept. 18, 1912.

Mr. Charles N. Wheeler, President of the Press Club of Chicago.

My Dear Mr. Wheeler:—The action of the Press Club, at its recent meeting, in conferring on me honorary membership calls for acknowledgment far beyond my power to express. I wish I was able to tell how highly I appreciate the great honor and how thankful I am to yourself and all the other members. I need not give the reasons why I prize and, to the end of my life, will be proud of this distinction. They are apparent to anyone.

I am one of those who believe the Press Club of Chicago is the greatest organization of its kind in the world, and that the kind is of the best. For more than thirty-one years I have been privileged to be a member of the club. During that

period it has been my home—my only home, and it has been a wonderfully good and pleasant one. Nowhere else could one find more good fellows, more congenial spirits, more delightful companions, or truer friends. Many of them have passed on leaving pleasant, cherished memories. Many are still here and many will come, keeping the old club always the first and best.

To be honored so highly in my own home—the best club-home in existence—touches me deeply, and with my whole heart I thank you all over and over again.

Sincerely yours,

W. M. KNOX.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Peer Stromme has returned for a brief visit after a tour of three months duration in Europe. He has been traveling in England and continental Europe as one of a party of American agricultural experts.

Press Club members always help the ladies. A Chicago paper recently proved this by printing the following:

"The Woman's Club possesses many members quietly gaining ground in the interests of equal suffrage. The Third ward has a strong masculine champion in the person of Charles H. Sergel, once president of the Press Club, and now committeeman of the Moosers in his ward."

Hunt McCaleb, who manages and is one of the proprietors of the Fort Worth, Texas, Record, was a visitor at the Press Club on the 26th. Mr. McCaleb is one of the best known newspaper men of the south and has had prominent experience on the newspapers of New Orleans, Galveston and other southern cities. He is forty-odd years young in years and a thousand years old in black art of printing the news, and comment thereon.

LIFE MEMBERS LIKE US.

Charles W. Post of Battle Creek and Elmore W. Hurst of Rock Island, both life members and newspaper publishers in their home towns, made hurried visits to the Club during the week.

Mr. Post has a fund of stories which he dispensed with the same liberality as guides the conduct of his business. Mr. Post is one of the adornments of the Club. His writings on labor questions are widely read, and while he has met with some criticism no one thus far has made him take back anything he has said.

Mr. Post expressed his pleasure in visiting the Club, and declared this will be his regular stopping place on his future visits to Chicago.

Mr. Hurst, who is directing the work of the Business Men's Bureau at the Democratic National Headquarters in Chicago, will be seen often in the Club. He promises to steal a little time from his political duties and come over to the Club, where there are no parties except those of friendship and fraternity.

THE OBSERVER.

THE WILLOW WAND.

A number of people were seated beneath a spreading Maple tree, the other day, when the subject of Drouth came up and remarks passed upon so many wells going dry during the past two seasons. One lady remarked that her father had been in the well-digging business, in the West, and that he always located them with a willow wand.

As for myself I look upon the "wand" idea as related to witchcraft and, of course, take no stock in either.

One of the gentlemen present strolled off and after a little while returned with several Willow Crotches (wands) and as many people were soon locating wells all over my place, as the cry "there is water here" came from each person so engaged.

I must say that I was very much surprised to note the wands respond and I will admit that I was somewhat mystified, to the full extent of my being so.

With the crotch of the wand in a horizontal position, away from their body, they would grasp each end of the wand, with their palms up, as tight as they could, and walk slowly around, here and there, then they would feel the wand twisting in the hands while the crotch gradually came toward them and when it had reached the other horizontal it would flop toward the ground.

They all tried it, and unto all the wand responded. They found water everywhere, in fact I began to feel natural as I realized that I was afloat once more, but, try as I might, the wand would not act with me, not even when I held it over the well: I could not understand, so I began to eliminate and I found that the Willow Wand only responded to Prohibitionists.

Bramley Kite.

A GOUTY VILLANELLE.

By George F. Butler.

How can I write a villanelle,
With gouty pains in my big toe?
How joy depict, enduring hell?

What causes gout is hard to tell,
But yet I suffer untold woe.
How can I write a villanelle?

It isn't booze, I know right well,
That brings these pangs that hurt me so:
How joy depict, enduring hell?

I'd rather in Gehenna dwell,
Than live with this relentless foe:
How can I write a villanelle?

I want to cuss and fight and yell,
As these tense pains severer grow:
How joy depict, enduring hell?

No wonder that I oft rebel:
There's that big toe again! Ouch! Oh!
How can I write a villanelle?
How joy depict, enduring hell?

YE MINSTREL.

By Byron Williams.

Mid the linotypes and presses
Sits a minstrel who caresses
Dainty silhouettes of fancy,
Subtle airs of necromancy,
From the silent keys he hammers
In the vitals of the din!

As the paper's headlight cusses
And the foreman fumes and fusses
At the swiftness of divorces
And the slowness of their forces,
Still he weaves his fairy fancies
In the wee small hours of night!

Soft and low, in dulcet measures,
Sings the minstrel of the pleasures,
Of the purling stream that whimples
And the maiden's cheek that dimples—
At the vortex of the babel,
He is singing sweet and low!

On the morrow he is sleeping
As the waking horde comes sweeping
To the conflict of the masses
Where the golden goblet passes,
And they read what he has fashioned
In the hurry and the din!

Some there are whose hearts are lightened,
Some whose daily hopes are brightened,
Some who lose the blight of sadness
In his minstrelsy of gladness—
And the world is touched with laughter
By the Minstrel of the Press!

Henry W. Lee, editor of the Calumet Record, has issued an industrial edition with a special color cover. Mr. Lee in addition to being an editor is consulting engineer for "Associations of the Calumet Region."

THE AIR APPARENT.

By "Casey."

Twist,

Stanly

sailed

air

the

Into

A smile around his mouth,
With him "Beck" Haven, a friend of his,
Who is no relation to South.

They sailed along the crest of the waves,
And they laughed in ghoulish glee.
"I love the air and sky," said Twist,
"And I also love the sea."

Then the sea leaped up and the sun went out.

Down

into

the

foam

went Twist

alone,

And Haven, he clung to a spar.
Then Twist alone, came out of the foam,
He didn't go down very far.

a

into

Dragged

boat was Stanly Twist,

A smile around his mouth,
With him "Beck" Haven, a friend of his,
Who is no relation to South.



THE PRESS CLUB LIBRARY.

WHAT TO CALL 'EM.

The Bulletin announces a contest of nomenclature abbreviation. A prize will be awarded to the member who suggests the best plan of abbreviating the following names, thus expediting both conversation and correspondence:

H. Bedford-Jones.

G. Cooke-Adams.

A committee composed of Cho Yo and J. Fay will direct the contest.

OLD BILL COLVIN.

Will Colvin of Springfield, a non-resident member and a great down state booster for the Club, has been in town the past week. Old Bill thinks this is quite a town. He is promoting a scheme to move Peacock Alley to Springfield. Bill sez he could save a heap in railroad fares.

RECENT EVENTS

L. E. Bennett, San Antonio, Texas, guest of E. V. Kellett.

A. R. Hammond, Hammond, Ind., guest of John McGovern.

J. B. Deamund, Chicago, Ill., guest of Frank Roderus.

W. A. Bertman, Peoria, Ill., guest of Edward White.

Frank Lord, N. P. C., guest of W. J. Cochran.

NOW FOR A YARN.

Wright Patterson has gone fishing. Not very remarkable in itself unless one considers the after effect. The said after effect will be a recital of wondrous stories, for the entertainment of the Knockers' table. Oh, those big ones Pat will hook but will never land.

We await with interest his yarns and also a fish or two. The first we will hear, the last we will never—but, Pat might make good at that.

OUT OF THE WEST.

Oswald F. Schuette, secretary of the National Press Club and a non-resident member of this club has returned from a western tour. Mr. Schuette has been traveling with J. Adam Bede and John Maynard Harlan stirring up the political animals.

VOTES, VOTES, WHO'S GOT 'EM?

Col. E. E. Young of Arizona, one of the directors of the western Taft headquarters is a daily visitor at the Club. Col. Young says the political sun is shining brightly for Mr. Taft.

IN THE SPOTLIGHT.

Claire Briggs and Sydney Smith, our merry little cartoonists who recently broke into vaudeville with the aid of a net and Stan Twist, will appear at the Willard Theatre as the head-liners during the week of Sept. 30.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago

JAY CAIRNS, Editor

Officers of the Club

CHARLES N. WHEELER.....President
 JAY CAIRNS.....First Vice-President
 CLAIRE A. BRIGGS.....Second Vice-President
 FRANK COLLINS.....Treasurer
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 JOHN L. LAWSON CHARLES LEDERER
 GEORGE L. LOUIS STANLY TWIST

COMMITTEES OF THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

House Committee—Jay Cairns, chairman; Harry R. Daniel, Wm. J. Cochran, George L. Louis, Walter A. Washburne, B. Beecher Osborne.

Entertainment—Stanly Twist, chairman; Karl McVitty, Edward H. Fox, George S. Wood, Edward C. Moore, Rudolph Berliner, Richard H. Little, Jay Cairns, Harry Sheldon White, W. J. Cochran, Harry R. Daniel, John L. Lawson, Opie Read, B. Beecher Osborne, Dr. Thomas J. O'Malley.

Reception—Dr. Thomas J. O'Malley, Dr. Wm. Frederic Nutt, John McGovern, Wm. Lightfoot Visscher, Frank Collins, Charles Lederer, Dr. G. Frank Lydston, Dr. George Cooke Adams, Leroy T. Goble, Charles H. Sergel, W. E. Ray, Harry R. Daniel, E. H. Norris.

Constitution—Frank D. Comerford, chairman; Dr. Wm. Frederic Nutt, Julius R. Kline, Opie Read, Michael F. Girtten, William M. Knox, Wm. Lightfoot Visscher, B. Beecher Osborne.

Art—Claire A. Briggs, chairman; Charles Lederer, Mark Hayne, Phil Sawyer, L. R. Merrell, Sydney Smith, Robert J. Campbell.

Committee at New York—S. E. Darby, chairman; J. W. Long, E. F. Ingraham.

Committee at Washington—O. F. Schuette, chairman; G. E. Roberts.

Billiard and Pool—Dr. Eugene Wayland, chairman; E. H. Norris, Alex J. Johnson, Claire A. Briggs, Orion O. Mather, P. F. Lowder.

Executive on Annual Scoop—Charles N. Wheeler, chairman; Douglas Malloch, vice chairman; Stanly Twist, general director; B. Beecher Osborne, secretary; general committee to be named later.

DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE.

J. Ellsworth Gross, the club's official photographer, just whispered in the editor's ear that he will be ready to do some plain and fancy photographing at noontime after October 5. He has kindly consented to bring his apparatus down to the club and snap the members at noon time, either before or after eating. A charge of \$1 will be made for a picture and frame, which it is desired shall be autographed and added to the pictures already adorning the walls. This will result if all the members take advantage of the opportunity offered by Mr. Gross in giving to the club a complete gallery of member's photographs, invaluable in after years, and mighty interesting and decorative now.

LIBRARY COMMITTEE APPOINTED.

The Press Club library, as in the past, is to be maintained as one of the features of the organization. At the last meeting of the board of directors the following committee was appointed: Victor Eubank, chairman; Harry Irving Greene, B. Beecher Osborne, E. O. Phillips and Joseph Henderson.

One of the frailties of the library during the past few months has been the absence of new books or, in other words, the "six best sellers." Co-operation with the different book publishing companies will undoubtedly remedy this defect. The co-operation will assume the form of weekly book reviews published in The Bulletin. Mr. Eubank and Mr. Greene will write the reviews and every book sent to the Press Club will receive proper notice in the columns of the weekly publication.

In this way the club should receive all of the best books published. The club needs these books and the aid of all the members in keeping the library up to the standards of success. The library needs a boost and YOU are hereby appointed a booster.

READ AND BE HAPPY.

Beginning Oct. 5, the first Saturday of next month, the entertainment committee will stage monthly stag parties.

These parties are to be real Bohemian affairs, fashioned after the San Francisco "Bohemian Club" blowouts and the Saturday nights at the Suicide Club of Mexico City.

Theatrical stars will be our especial guests and phun and phrolic will hold sway. The night will begin at 11:30 o'clock. It is impossible for theatrical people to appear earlier. A charge of seventy-five cents will be made for these affairs, which charge will include a cabaret lunch. Members will be limited to two guests.

COMING EVENTS

Senator T. P. Gore of Oklahoma will be a luncheon guest Oct. 3.

First Monthly Stag, Saturday night, Oct. 5, 11:30 o'clock.

Opie Read, lecture, "Scare Crows," Tuesday night, October 15, ladies' night.

Inaugural Dinner, Thursday night, October 17. The presence of several life members whose fame circles the world will make this an event of events.

Sir Wilfred Laurier, Canada's first citizen, will be a guest of the Club during the coming month.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, October 5, 1912.

Number 52.

M'INTYRE THRILLS BOSTON BY DAILY PROMENADES.

Police Watch.

(Special Dispatch to The Bulletin.)

Boston, Mass., Oct. 4.—Alan McIntyre, a famous Western character known locally as "Old Doc Yak," wanted by the police of several cities, has been creating daily sensations on the local boulevards.

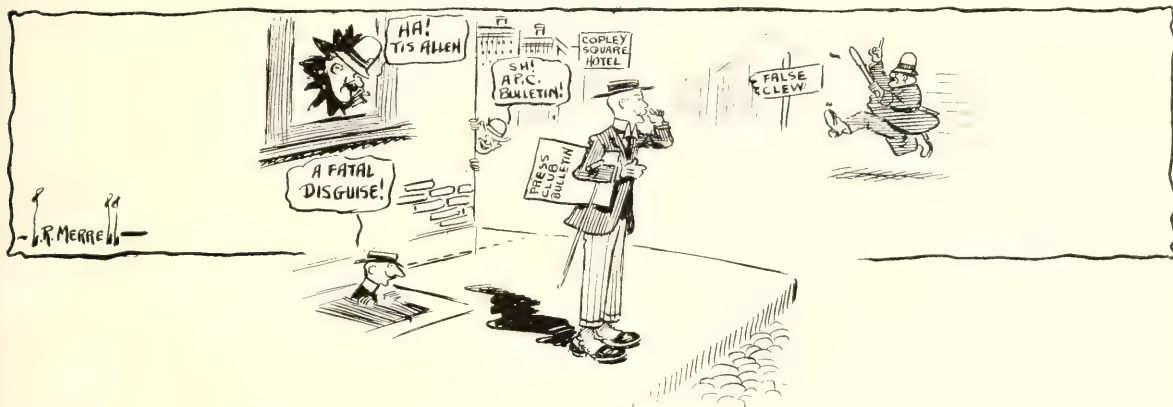
McIntyre is said by the secret service men stationed here, to be one of the cleverest heart

heels into his dome, inflicting painful injuries. The audience was thrown into an uproar and when my detectives reached the scene McIntyre was gone. We discovered several small pieces of paper on the floor near the seat he occupied. These have been pieced together with the following astounding result:

R—SS C—B
o— CH—A
PI-as REMIT.

"This queer memoranda may be the clue to some crime he has perpetrated elsewhere."

That McIntyre has completely baffled the local



breakers in the country. His habit of promenading in the afternoon, is the "tip off" published in the national detective journals. In spite of this, he has not been apprehended owing to his remarkable disguises.

Yesterday, he sallied forth from the Copley Square Hotel disguised as a gentleman completely mystifying the detectives, who had been watching the hotel all night. Inspector Clancy in command of the Fourth precinct station, recognized as one of the most skillful operatives in the country, was placed in personal charge of the case today by Mayor Fitzgerald.

"This McIntyre, alias Yak," said Inspector Clancy, "is one of the most remarkable men I have ever seen. He does the most astounding things and yet, we are unable to lay our hands on him.

"At the theater the other night, right in the middle of a performance, Ed. Sothorn halted in his lines, and leaning over the footlights said:

"Hello, Yak!"

"The women of the company started climbing down over the orchestra, one girl standing on the bald head of the leader, grinding her French

authorities is not denied. He parades the streets having at times the appearance of a farmer, and at other times all the dignity of a defeated presidential elector.

About the hotels he assumes the role of a club man and has five times eluded the police. He has also posed as a newspaperman. This, say the police, is his most imperfect disguise. The police of several western cities have been notified.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

"Doctor! doctor! come, I pray!
My little Cupid's ill!
He's growing weaker every day:
Oh, come and try your skill."

The doctor comes, the doctor sees
The bottles on the table:
"Ah! 'Silence,' 'Distance,' 'Absence,' 'Time'—
He reads each flaming label.

"Madame, the boy is dying fast"—
She shudders at his fiat.
"Now throw these tonics all away—
He needs a change of diet."

Old Doc Yak.



STAG—STAG.

Saturday Night, Oct. 5, at 11 O'clock—Our Guests.

Robert Edeson—Richard Carle—Frank Tinney.

Mr. Edeson will be given the distinguished honor of super-president of the club. Messrs Carle and Tinney will each be accorded the honors due them as super-vice president of the club. Mr. Edeson is playing in "Fine Feathers" at the Cort theater, Mr. Carle in "The Maid from Montmartre" at the Chicago Opera House, and Mr. Tinney in "The Winsome Widow" at the Colonial theater.

Through the courtesy of James J. Brady, Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., and others' entertainment will be provided by the following stageland favorites:

Miss Kathleen Clifford of "The Winsome Widow" company.

Miss Molly King and Frank Mellenger, who do the "Bumble Bee Member" in "The Winsome Widow," assisted by the Colonial Theater orchestra. (Permission Chicago Federation of Musicians).

Morris Nitke, musical director of "Egypt." A member of the New York Press Club.

Flo Jacobson—Chicago's own.

Edna Whistler—College Inn and White City favorite, and Mr. Bert Brown, the popular song writer. He wrote "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," "Jungle Town."

Mr. Frank Clark and the Ted Snyder Music Co. will extend us the courtesy of a pianist. Fine for Frank and Ted.

THE DOG DAYS.

By Clem Yore.

It is hell when you are lonesome,
It is worse when you are blue;
It's sizzling hot when you're forgot
And you know that you are through.

Perhaps if you had it all again
To live as you know is right,
You wouldn't flinch when you felt the pinch
That draws your conscience tight.

The sunshine is not what it used to be,
The fields are not so green,
And you sit alone, a worthless drone,
Clean sore on what "has been."

These are the dog days sure enough,
And you are there today,
You sit and weep, but seldom sleep,
And you've learned how to pray.

You've had your fun—its over,
And the fiddler's time is come,
He wants his cash, and won't take trash,
Get up and pay him some.

Where are the girls who called you dear,
Where are the bright-eyed pals?
All stung, like you, and quite as blue,
Thinking of Bacchanals.

You're gouty and grim and sullen,
And the dogs and kids hate you,
It's sizzling hot and you're forgot,
And the hell of it is, you're through.

DAVE CLARKSON BACK.

David B. Clarkson, one of our motoring members, has returned to the club from New York via his trusty automobile. With a party of friends he toured the east, taking in all the high spots in the Berkshire Hills and other scenic districts. Fine, say we to thus enjoy oneself,

PRESIDENT WHEELER RISES TO REMARK.

The big political events of the closing month of the national campaign will be staged at the Press Club. Thursday, Oct. 3, was Democratic day. Thursday, Oct. 10, will be Republican day. Thursday, Oct. 17, will be Bull Moose day, and Thursday, Oct. 24, will be Republican state day. The luncheon hour will be given over to the Amalgamated Order of Bunkshooters on these days.

Wouldst gaze on the visages of the erudite gentlemen who are engaged in working the pulmotor on the candidacy of big Built Aft? Then hie thee forthwith, sirs, to the home of the greatest Press Club of the sphere Thursday next at high noon.

They all will be there—Mulvane, western generalissimo of the Taft forces; Scott, the greatest living optimist since Job's time. Also the Kansas editor who prints the truth about the campaign on his local pages and doesn't let the right hand know what the left hand is doing on the editorial page. West (ah, knowest thou Mr. West—Mr. Harry West?)—a jolly good chap, me lads.

The only precaution the Club officials will take on this occasion will be to instruct the official bouncer to see that West does not attempt to sing a song. He has one that is a pippin, but he can sing it only when looking pathetically into the collar of a cold stein. The first line begins something like this:

"Oh, my German brother," etc.

Mr. Mulvane, the loquacious member of the Taft managerial forces, promises to bring with him a few of the shining lights of the new cult who hope to be saved by faith alone. A few ex-governors, ex-senators, ex-congressman and ex-Moosees are to be given seats of honor at the festal board. Mr. Mulvane assures us that he will have no trouble in drawing on his large galaxy of "ex's" for this occasion. Some really big men in national affairs will be with us on this day. There will be brief speeches, and those who long since have insisted that the day of miracles has passed will enjoy the novel sensation of listening to prophecies that will upset their iconoclastic sophism.

Remember the day and date—Thursday, Oct. 10!

On the seventeenth, also at high noon, the Bull Moosers will foregather with us. A cow moose or two may be permitted to gaze on the turmoil from the upper balcony.

We are making no promises for this day in the way of insuring the guests against stampedes by the antlered herd. There will be bellowing and pawing and kicking and a tumult as of great noises and strange tongues. Also night will be turned into day and day into night, and if there still remain skeptical ones Head Apostle McCormick has consented to lead the party to the foot of Randolph street and there walk on the

water of the lake to prove that he knows whereof he speaks and promises.

But two hymns will be permitted at this luncheon—"Onward, Christian Soldiers," by the Illinois delegation, and "Jerusalem the Golden" by the New York delegation.

The chief of the spell binders on this occasion will be that struggling young proletariat, that champion of the plain people and defender of that other orphan child, George W. Perkins—that profound and sensational youth who has worked his way up from the steel mills and the section boss, who has known the hard knocks of life, who has known what it meant to work eighteen hours a day for starvation wages, who has triumphed over environment and a lowly beginning, who has turned adversity into advantage and misery into mazuma—we refer to that distinguished Mirabeau of the twentieth century, that thunderer of the National Assembly of the year 1912, that splendid Bourbon, Girondist, Fourth Estateist, Republican and now Revolutionist, Monsieur Medill McCormick.

His theme will be: "A House Divided Against Itself Still Can Stand."

Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Montana, who directs the national campaign for the Great Re-incarnation, sends a wire from New York that he will be here on that day if he possibly can come and will be glad to explain to the brethren just why he has become an idealist without hope of reward. He requests, however, that we try to sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," before breaking the bread and the legs of mutton.

Conspicuous Moosees from all over Illinois want to be numbered among those present on the seventeenth. They have been urged to come, in fact to dash madly to the Club home on that day.

And you, Plebs; you who have been standing afar off and imagining these national heroes as dwellers upon Olympus and especially blest of Jove himself; come thou to these feasts and behold your idols behaving like mere mortals and talking like head barbers.

Come, thou, and be disillusioned, but, in the disillusioning thereof, enjoy the commingling of noble spirits and the elbow-rubbing with big-brained thinkers and lovable human beings.

"EXTRA DRY."

Eugene W. Chafin, Prohibition nominee for President, not of the club, but of these United States, was a luncheon guest last Thursday. Mr. Chafin made a brief address after the speech of welcome by President Wheeler.

The "Dry" candidate is considerable of a man, physically as well as mentally. He made a decided "hit" with those fortunate enough to meet and hear him. Mr. Chafin's visit marked the opening of a series of "political Thursdays" during the month.

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

By Earl Marble.

Once upon a time, as Mother Goose related it, "three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl"—"bowling along, bowling along," so to speak; but the Press Club Bulletin is not raking up ancient history except to accent, by a system of verisimilitude, the probability of the incident of modern history about to be related. Singularly enough, it was three wise men of Chicago who went to see (double ee, please) what could be discovered in a downtown restaurant. If they had patronized the club restaurant, they could not have had this adventure. It can be remarked parenthetically. But it is not wise to anticipate.

The three Press Club men, if there was a bowl present at their repast, did not have one of sufficient size for them to clamber into, nor did it contain soup, but rather—well, rather. See? The members who gathered in the restaurant comprised a composite character known as a litterateur and a limb of the law; a poet who reversed the generally accepted idea of a poet, inasmuch as he did not have a Paderewski head of hair, but rather, like "Old Uncle Ned," in the old song—"Had no hair on the top of his head, The place where the hair ought to grow"; while the third member may be styled the Tolstoi of the Club, inasmuch as he is a story-writer of much fame. The size of the story-writer was like unto that of Tolstoi also, and thus it can be imagined that the three made a conspicuous group.

The first they knew that they were attracting attention was when one of a couple of ladies sitting near their table remarked to her companion—she thought she was a great judge of human nature, did she?

"See those three men. I think the big man is a mining man from Colorado—I am sure he is. And those two men with him are con-men, as any one can see. I feel almost as though I ought to warn the big fellow, whose heart, as one can see, is as big as his frame, and probably his pockets have several big wads in them—'wads' is what they call big money, isn't it? Of course, I shan't do any such thing as warn him, but I am going to watch and see how the affair comes out."

The three men soon saw that they were observed, and were nothing loth. It is quite safe to say that they encouraged it, with the result that soon there were five sitting at the ladies' table, instead of two, and they introduced themselves to each other. The poet introduced himself, and so did the story-writer, and then, to put up a job on the third member of the party, who was quiet, and was sitting in the shade, so to speak, of the brilliance of his two companions, the two introduced him as their friend, the well-known aviator, and, if they did not mention the name of Beachey, they certainly gave it

out cold in hints that they were in the presence of that distinguished air-man. But, to the chagrin of the poet and the story-writer, who had been basking in the favor of the ladies, while the third member was a sort of wall-flower, so to speak, the latter suddenly shot up into prominence, much as an aviator shoots in the air, and the two companions, who had been "hoist by their own petard," suddenly were nowhere in the esteem of the ladies, who had ears only for the alleged aviator.

"Next Saturday," said the unblushing party of the third part, "I am going to do my greatest stunt. I am going to ascend until I am far above the clouds, and then keep on till there is not a drop of kerosene in the can, when I shall turn the prow of my vehicle of the air toward the earth, and perform the most marvelous descent as yet chronicled in the doings of the aviators."

"Oh, won't that be splendid?" exclaimed both ladies in chorus, turning their backs undeniably on the poet and the story-writer, and gazing with beautiful eyes and countenances aflame into the face of the alleged aviator, who had shown himself to be something of a producer of fiction himself.

The party broke up anon; and, while "the subsequent proceedings," as Bret Harte might put it, are not part and parcel of this story, it may be stated that the poet, who had really given his name, was called up over his telephone several times during the next two or three days by first one of the ladies, and then the other, who asked almost hysterically what had become of the brilliant aviator whom they were so kind as to introduce, and hoped he (the poet) would let him (the aviator) know how much they enjoyed his talk, and hoped that he would soon call and see them; "And possibly," one of them remarked through the telephone in a naive tone of voice, "we might be induced to take that daring trip through the air of which he spoke; for it would be just heaven, in case of an accident, to go to heaven in this way."

'RAH FOR DEAN COOLEY!

E. L. Cooley, our distinguished rum player and authority on all subjects from baby grouse to how much water can flow through a twelve-mile channel eighty-five feet wide when the channel is frozen over to a depth of five and one half feet, has received a letter from his brother, Mortimer E. Cooley, dean of the department of engineering at the University of Michigan, complimenting two of the contributors to the first edition of The Bulletin—Opie Read and Harry Irving Greene.

He says: "That Press Club Bulletin strikes me as a rather clever thing. I enjoyed Opie Read's "Hackley, the Brute," and the "Wishin' Glance" on the same page is very unusual. If set to music it would be a splendid stage stunt."

THAT DEAR OLD CLUB-O.

The chill of the past week has brought many to the club at nighttime. Saturday night the rooms on the fourth and fifth floors were crowded with members and guests. There was no special program nor anything to bring such a gathering of members, except the comfort and fraternity they all knew they would find here.

This spirit of friendship is what makes the Press Club distinct and alone among the clubs of Chicago. Everyone knows that a new member here does not have to stray around the club alone. He will not have gone very far before he is discovered by Mr. Osborne, Mr. Knox, Col. Visscher, or some of the other members who are almost always here.

Then they are introduced to the other members, not as Mr. Smith to Mr. Sykes, but as "Bill" Smith to "Bill" Sykes. Did you ever notice the cheeriness that attaches to a first name? How comfy it sounds to have a fellow member stride up and call you by your first name? It means something. It means that you are his friend and that he is proud to be able to call you by your given name.

This is the spirit that pervades the club and it is the reason why the club is filled these dreary nights and why the members seek here welcome cheer. Last Saturday night groups of members placed small tables together to make improvised round tables and around each was a lively crowd until a late hour.

That is what we want to see. This club is a club for all its members. There are no kitchen cabinets, no cliques, no aloofness among our members. The Press Club stands for a nice Bohemianism. Each administration has carefully guarded this, our precious standard. During Mr. Malloch's administration this gospel was carried to neighboring cities and the Press Clubs there told what we stand for here.

We want this to continue, and so let us all drift clubward these cold nights to come, mingle with our fellows, laugh and make merry.

RUINED BY A SCENT.

BY WILLIAM WALKER.

Plans for money making were being cogitated. The library lamps blinked benignly on the scene. The urge was severe in one or two instances (or individuals), but all methods of gear gathering had the disadvantage of being adulterated with work.

This was felt to militate against them the ideal being a plan that cashed automatically.

"I had the scheme that came within an eyelash of making me wealthy beyond the fondest dreams of a financial secretary, without a connected lick of work or worry to mar its perfect fiscal felicity" said one of the party flicking the tip of his home-run luxury.

"It was outlined to me first in the palatial gold

ceiling bar of the Cadillac. A Canadian cousin of the highest polish disgorged the idea with a suspicion of its tremendous bearing. It was this; to harness up the great law of Primogenitive or as it is sometimes called Eugenics, to use the very volvolutions of evolution itself as wheels for my wagon. All he knew was Hudson Bay statistics and some natural history, which combined gave me the hunch to a stunt that would have shaded old John D.

"My first task was to acquire an island entirely surrounded by water. On this island to dig a shallow lake entirely surrounded by land. This island was easily obtained from the U. S. government, with a tip of a partially imported cigar bestowed on a member of the orthography staff—the government having a large supply of small islands of which it is quite unconscious.

"On this island I domiciled a Mr. and a Mrs. Pole-cat. In the shadow of the lake consorted for the time being two consortable members of the carp family. The central idea of my plan was to get the pelt of the pole-cat without wasting the animal, since the pelts sold for \$1 each.

"I waited until the first pair of cats raised a family. Then they were to fall a sacrifice to commerce, and be fed to the carp, which in turn were to be fed to the descendants of their aliment. These were destined to yield more or less gracefully a pelt apiece as their tribute to the might of human intellect and then become realimented into that which with the next revolving of this aculic cycle become rerealimented into the descendants of the realiment of the aliment mentioned in a preceding paragraph.

"The effect of this harnessing in man's behalf of the tireless primordial purpose to populate was an avalanche of pelts, which baled neatly at \$1 per pelt, less the tare, representing snug bundles of boodle, honestly and somewhat niftily obtained—what?"

"How did you spend the first million?" asked a curious one.

"That's just the trouble," resumed the narrator, "it is still there and more millions, too. That island reeks with millions. But they are not for me or any known variety of human being, I fear. When I judged the first bale of pelts must be about ready to glean, I sent an expert gleaner of ordinary pelts to get them. He was ambitious and likewise needed the per diem—but he never landed.

"As he approached the island he saw carp fattened pole cats, peering at him from behind every bush. He pulled for the shore with lusty strokes. He sang a joyful Canadian boat song. He whetted his knife on the gun wale.

"But he faltered; he trembled; he stopped; he turned; he fled. Others did likewise. No one dared land on the island. My dream of affluence was pinched in its primogeniture, commonly called eugenic aspect.

"I was ruined by a scent."

THE FALL OF FAME.

"Hal" Denton has returned to Chicago with his Washington, D. C., bride. Hal reports that "Doc" Wiley was one of the wedding guests and attested the purity of the cake before slices were slipped to the guests.

* * *

Stanley Twist developed a case of nerves Sunday night. "Stan" missed his weekly plunge into the lake from his hydroaeroplane, that's all.

* * *

"Hank" Cary, secretary of the Chicago Publishers' Association, was at the head of the New York World staff in Cuba during the little unpleasantness with Spain in 1898. Incidentally "Hank" once published the Morning Telegraph of New York and knows more stage folk by their front handle than any man living. We welcome him, therefore, and for other excellent reasons, as a recent addition to the Entertainment Committee.

* * *

Elmore W. Hurst of Rock Island, a P. C. life member, is one of the big noises in the Wilson western headquarters. We always find Mr. Hurst chairman of the arrangements committee whenever the professor comes this way.

* * *

Walter Washburne of "The Trib," has been added to the House Committee to keep the 2 a. m. lads company. Walter insists he must have a big star. Contributions may be made to the editor as we understand tin has gone up.

* * *

"Bill" Colvin, one of the real live wires in the legislative correspondents' set, will linger in Chicago until the campaign ends. He proposes to put up at the club.

* * *

"Charley" Scott, of Iola, Kan.; Harry West, of the Gridiron Club; "Joe" Kealing, who owns Indiana; "Dave" Mulvane, of Kansas, and Congressman Diekema, of Michigan, all of Taft headquarters, treated the political squad to "beer and beefsteak" Saturday night. It was "some party."

A FISH LINE.

George H. Gordon, managing editor of the Evening Press, is some fisherman, believe us. He was up at Bear Lake, near Muskegon, one Sunday a while back, and when he heard everybody thereabouts complaining of there being no fish in the lake he took a six-foot pole he found on the shore with a line and hook attached, asked somebody for a minnow, and brought in a two-pound bass as soon as his line struck the water. Now they all say it was the only fish in the lake anyway.

H. D. M.

AMONG THE FLEECY CLOUDS.

Mr. George J. Kavanaugh, of Denver, one of the shining lights of earlier Press Club days, is in town for a few days of business and pleasure.

Mr. Kavanaugh is now manager of the Dan Noy News and Scenic service, operating the Moffitt Mountain Trips. Mr. Kavanaugh is very enthusiastic over the magnificent scenery through which his road passes. He has a warm spot in his heart for all Press Club men and will see to it personally that any of us who show up at his head office in Denver will get regular old fashioned free passes to any point along the line they wish to visit and the opportunity to spend a few days or so at one of their hotels. (Your bill to be charged to advertising). Season opens June 1st to Oct. 31st. Don't slight George if you are out Denver way—encourage him, he's a regular member.

A. T. Packard, an old Press Club member, and president of the club in 1895, and who was in the club something like a month ago, after which he suddenly disappeared, with the result that it had been suggested that sleuths had better be placed on his trail, to see if he had not been dealt with foully, has turned up safe and sound. Charley Blakely received a letter from him a day or two ago, bearing date of September 26, and hailing from Lewistown, Mont., in which he says: "I suppose you would as soon expect a letter from me in Japan as from Lewistown, but I am now an old settler, and have one of the best weekly papers you ever saw in a better town than you ever saw, and that includes good old Chicago." That Packard will make good—no, no, that he already has made good—goes without saying with those who know anything about him and his ways, and his "old settler" remark goes, and goes strong, and that he will show up as a delegate to the next national convention held in Chicago will only prove the clear-headedness of his constituents and subscribers. The best wishes of the crowd at 26 send him most cordial greetings.

FRED PELHAM BETTER.

Fred Pelham is looking better, feeling better and getting better every day. But as he is not permitted to smoke, write or read, time hangs heavily. About all he can do is look at pictures, play solitaire and gaze wistfully out of the window Press Clubward. Visiting friends will find Fred smiling as ever, and the smile will be doubled in size if they leave behind them illustrated periodicals for him to look over after they are gone.

He is at St. Anne's Hospital, 4900 Thomas St., Austin.

WEDDING BELLS.

Among the coming social events in which the Press Club will be interested is the approaching marriage of John A. Brown, the local lawyer and litterateur, which event will take place on Saturday evening, October 12, at 8 o'clock, at the Kenwood Evangelical Church, Forty-sixth Street and Greenwood Avenue. The bride-to-be is Miss Margaret Glessner, daughter of A. W. Glessner, a former director of the Press Club, and a cousin of Charley Glessner, also a member of the club. The bridesmaids on the function will be Miss Florence Ackerman of Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Bernice Gillette of Galena, Ill.; Miss Levara Arnold of Lafayette, Ind.; Miss Clara Sax of Ottumwa, Iowa; and Miss Mary Glessner of Findlay, Ohio. The best man will be William C. McHenry, and the ushers will be Julius S. Taylor, Lorraine McKay, Arthur Glessner, and Herbert Glessner. A reception will take place immediately after the ceremony, at 4630 Greenwood Avenue, and the couple will be at home after December 1 at 5516 Cornell Avenue. The congratulations of the members of the Press Club—and they will be hearty ones—will be extended to the happy couple right from the heart.

MAKE WAY FOR WAY.

Billy Way, one of the lights of the last Press Club Scoop, has become a member of the staff of the Temple Telegram, Temple, Texas. Billy recently went to Texas with Dave Clarkson and the Telegram refused to let him return.

The following toast prepared by Billy at a banquet in Temple has made a hit.

Everybody's talking it.

Here it is:

"The Texas cotton crop may fail,

Her cattle all may die,

The banks all break, the lumber burn,

Her oil wells all run dry;

But still she will have the men who made

Her what she is today—

The biggest hearted, manly men—

You can't take them away."

OL' FRANK FRANC.

"Circular" Franc R. E. Woodward writes that he is again at work at his old trade of bushwhacking Greasers around the suburbs of Mexico. Franc says that he believes in fighting in circles for the reason that then no one can tell whether you are chasing the enemy or being chased. Having confidence in Franc's courage, we do not believe that he was ever chaste.

Makes us think of the old days when he was in Cuba and we heard that he was in desperate peril. So a committee of inquiry was appointed to ascertain the facts. The committee learned that Franc was perfectly safe. He was in jail.

He had been convicted of stealing a march on the enemy.

AMONG THE MEMBERS.

Major E. L. DeLestry, of St. Paul, Minn., one of the most popular out-of-town members of the Press Club, drifted into the Club a few days ago, the first time he has been seen within its precincts for something like a year. The Major is one of those owners of a newspaper who also boasts the ownership of an automobile, and he has been out in his vehicle for several months, off and on, visiting his mining investments in Arizona and also in northwestern Canada, from which latter place he made a bee-line for Chicago, and made the rise over the Rocky Mountains and the sweep through the prairie country subsequently, and never had a mishap till he came within a dozen miles of Chicago, where he struck a mudhole of old-fashioned Illinois dimensions, and, in his struggle to get out, crippled the machine so he was obliged to send it on by rail to St. Paul, and then spent a day or two among the club members.

WALTER C. WRIGHT.

Walter C. Wright, a veteran member of the Press Club, has been circulating in our midst during the past week, shaking hands with old friends and adding many new ones to his list. Mr. Wright has long been known as one of the most loyal members of this club. When he went to New Orleans, eighteen years ago, to try a new field for his publication, *The Lumber Trade Journal*, he declined to have his name transferred to the non-resident list, and during the long period that he has resided in the southern city, he has continued to pay the dues required of an active member, thereby retaining all the rights and privileges pertaining thereto. A few years ago he bought three life memberships in the club, at \$300 each, and presented them to three of his old-time friends and associates. In each case the gift was highly appreciated, and the act endeared the donor to the entire club.

Mr. Wright comes to Chicago every year to spend a portion of his vacation. His visits are always looked forward to as enjoyable events in the life of the Press Club of Chicago.

VISITORS.

Maurice Nitke, New York Press Club, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

George M. Fee, Chicago, guest of Banks Winter.

H. W. Miller, San Francisco, guest of Paul D. Howse.

Ned Holmes, New York, guest of Mr. James J. Brady.

Mr. Howard Shelley, Philadelphia, guest of E. C. Moore.

Irving S. Roney, New York, guest of G. C. Griffiths.

E. R. Wright and S. A. Harper, Chicago, guest of Edward White.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago

JAY CAIRNS, Editor

Officers of the Club

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 JAY CAIRNS.....First Vice-President
 CLAIRE A. BRIGGS.....Second Vice-President
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CANDIDATES FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership, from the following, were formally approved at the regular weekly meeting of the Board of Directors, Sept. 30:

Active.

Perley H. Boone, Tribune; John L. Lawson, Sponsor.
 Jonathan Mayo Crane, Tribune; E. B. Fullerton, Sponsor.
 John G. De Long, Tribune; W. A. Washburne, Sponsor.
 Charles W. Emerson, Tribune; W. A. Washburne, Sponsor.
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 Oscar Hewitt, Tribune; John L. Lawson, Sponsor.
 William M. Handy, Tribune; John L. Lawson, Sponsor.
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 Lyne S. Metcalfe, Tribune; John L. Lawson, Sponsor.
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 Herbert Waters, Record-Herald; E. O. Phillips, Sponsor.
 E. F. Weigle, Tribune; John L. Lawson, Sponsor.

Non-Resident.

Geo. Brunk, political editor; Chas. N. Wheeler, Sponsor.
 S. Leigh Call, editor; Chas. N. Wheeler, Sponsor.
 H. P. Denton, newspaper-man; B. Beecher Osborne, Sponsor.
 A. L. Mann, M. D., contributor; B. Beecher Osborne, Sponsor.
 Roy K. Moulton, newspaper-man; Douglas Malloch, Sponsor.
 John L. Pickering, newspaper-man; Chas. N. Wheeler, Sponsor.
 Arthur R. Robinson, lecturer and author; John McGovern, Sponsor.
 Howard Shelley, reporter; Edward C. Moore, Sponsor.

EAT AND BE MERRY.

Cook County Press Club will give its first monthly dinner of the season at Press Club, Saturday night, October 5, at 6:30 p. m.

COMING EVENTS.

First Monthly Stag, Saturday night, Oct. 5, 11:30 o'clock.

Opie Read, lecture, "Scare Crows," Tuesday night, October 15, ladies' night.

Inaugural Dinner, Thursday night, October 17. The presence of several life members whose fame circles the world will make this an event of events.

Sir Wilfred Laurier, Canada's first citizen, will be a guest of the Club during the coming month.

"Public Men Luncheons" every Thursday. Halloween Dance.

Monthly Stag, first Saturday each month.

DEMOCRATIC LUNCHEON.

A distinguished gathering of Democrats of national prominence were the guests of the club Thursday.

Senator Hoke Smith from Georgia, who was given the portfolio of Secretary of the Interior in Cleveland's Cabinet when he was 35 years old, led the orators.

With him was Judge Martin J. Wade of Iowa, Joseph E. Davies, secretary of the Democratic National Committee; Judge W. R. King of Oregon, and Elmore W. Hurst of Rock Island. Accompanying the high lights were the real "bosses" of the campaign, the publicity chiefs, Frank B. Lord, John McLaughlin and Fred W. Steckman.

Senator Smith, in a vigorous speech, detailed carefully the issues of the campaign.

Incidentally, he paid his respects to President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt.

What he didn't say about them, Joseph Davies and Judge Wade did. It was a great success and the luncheon next Thursday, "Republican Day," will be equally attractive, entertaining and instructive.

We have the assurance of the presence of former Senator Thurston as the principal speaker. From indications these weekly luncheons will prove a magnet for the members as mid-week entertainment. Be sure and be present Republican Day and also on Thursday of the following week, when the "Bull-Moosers" will hold sway.

Members of the Press Club who live on the north side are getting up a Press Club night at the Wilson Avenue Theatre to see Briggs and Smith. Show starts at 7:45 p. m. and lets out at 9:15. Seats can be secured by seeing W. H. Wood. Seats 30 cents each.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, October 12, 1912.

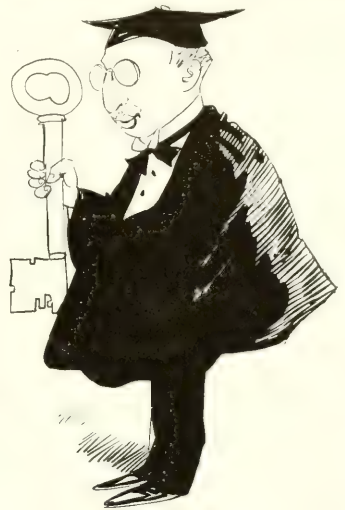
Number 53.



FRANK TINNEY
Receiving Plaudits.



ROBERT EDESON
Receiving the Silvery Fleece.



RICHARD CARLE
Receiving the Kan Ka Kee.



MAURICE NITKE.

HAVE A GOOD TIME?

The "stag" Saturday night was voted a success. The sixth floor was filled to overflowing by members and guests anxious to take part in the fun.

The three principal guests of the evening, Robert Edeson, Richard Carle and Frank Tinney, were invested with the robes of supreme officers of the club, with mock solemnity.

When the evening opened President Wheeler took a seat at the Council table, a college gown draped over his more or less manly form, and a velvet cowl on his head.

On his left, similarly attired, was Claire



OPIE READ.

Briggs, second vice-president, and on his right the first vice-president. Stanley Twist, chairman of the entertainment committee, wore the cap and bells of a court jester, while Ed. Moore and Rudolph Berliner were musicians of the court.

An excellent preliminary program was offered by the Ted Snyder Trio and Miss Flo Jacobson. Then to the music (?) of the Harmony Band, with an obligato by the Colonial Theatre orchestra, the distinguished guests were ushered in. President Wheeler informed Messrs. Edeson, Carle and Tinney of the high honor about to be conferred upon them.

Col. William Lightfoot Visscher escorted in

the sacred key presented to the club by the city of Kankakee.

President Wheeler then presented each of the three guests with a stein, especially designed, and decorated. These emblems of cheer will hang in the dining room as an evidence of mutual friendship.

We hope they will come in often and use them.

Molly King and Art Mellenger of "The Winsome Widow" Co.

Their number was a beauty and made a big hit. Miss Nellie King, sister of Molly, viewed the number from the balcony with Mr. Rosenbaum and ye Ed. Delicious moment, say we.

Then there was Edna Whistler, Morris Nitke of the New York Press Club, and our own Alex. Christensen, the man who breaks a piano to music and puts it together again as harmoniously as the sighing of a summer breeze. Everybody enjoyed Christy, even the piano. The party was attended by many out of town guests. Harry Olson, Chief Justice of the Municipal Court, was present to preserve the peace.

Dr. Nutt, who never lost a case, says Edna Whistler, is —. Well, anyway, he enjoyed the pat of Miss Whistler's hand on his brow. Fine for Doc, but she knew she was safe, Doc being a gentleman of ye olde schoole.

The party broke up at the proper hour for such parties to break up.



OTTO KNEY, GARCON GRANDISSIMO.

Kney was nigh Saturday night. Voluntarily he assumed the role and robes of Garcon in Chief. He worked a durned sight harder to see that everybody was fed and watered than the professional garcons. His is the real club spirit and that is why this club is what it is.

MEMBERS TO BE DROPPED.

Members whose dues, for the second quarter, have not been paid previous to the Monthly Meeting to be held Oct. 12th will be dropped from membership.

"THEN LOVE DIED."

By George F. Butler.

The mid-day sun of August was bleaching to a lifeless pallor the dusty pavements as a young woman with an infant in her arms stepped out of a great maternity hospital. She hesitated a moment in the hot street, then walked wearily toward a suburb of the city—out on to the white powdery road, away from the limitation of four walls, and the moans of women and crying of babes.

A dull, pink-gray blur of heat lay along the horizon as on into the country she went, where the heavy perfume of flowers hung in the atmosphere like a sensuous drug. Over the hill, where the turf grew short; down the road which, like a white ribbon trailing betwixt splendors of green and gold, wound far away, until, like a mere thread gleaming in the distance, it dipped into a forest, and was lost to view; past hedges sweet with waving sprays of honeysuckle, she staggered on.

Suddenly, as if rising from the earth before her, she saw the tiled roof of a long irregular but beautiful building. Walking faster toward the house, which now revealed its magnificent proportions, she saw that on one side it was supported by a great stone terrace, which seemed to the woman as broad as a city boulevard. On the lawn were quaint statues and fountains. The grounds were enclosed by a high stone wall, and where the roadway leading to the dwelling pierced it there was open a wrought iron gate, with twisted espaliers. Great masses of woodbine climbed lavishly over the gateway and wall, while flaunting poppies and sulphur-colored primroses held carnival in the gardens. Yet everywhere the place appeared sleeping in the silence of an August day, save that one rich note of a bluebird, flung out upon the summer air, seemed to tremble and linger all quivering in the warm sunlight. With this divine melody ringing in her ears, the woman entered the gateway, slunk along the wall for a short distance, then, partially hidden by a hedge of red and white roses hurried to the lily-ponds at the left, where, unobserved from the house, she could watch the gate and roadway.

About her lavender reared its delicate spires beneath the snowy cups of virgin lilies. The irides lifted their heads high, forming a purple pavilion of enticing shelter.

At her feet lay a pond almost covered with a flotilla of water-lilies and great round bronze leaves. Sinking upon the ground she endeavored to quiet the fretful crying of her babe. A ray of sunlight falling through the trees touched the heart of each lotus to a greater glory, as the infant fell asleep upon the woman's breast.

Long she sat there in the waning afternoon, gently protecting the child's face from the gauzy wings of dragon flies, inhaling the sweet breath of river things and water plants.

Miles away the pulse of the great city throbbed and thundered, besieging her spirit with a wordless fear, stirring her mind to a tense activity, thrilling her with sickening memories.

Suddenly she started, and the dragon flies, with a whirr rose, hovered a moment over the awakened, restless babe, and then, dispersing, sought shelter in the reeds of the lily pond. The woman sprang to her feet and listened. A distant something grew on her ear so soft and vague that for a moment she thought it only the heat of summer in her veins. The sound grew more distinct and soon shaped itself into the distinguishable ring of hoofs on the luminous, dusty road.

Breathlessly she ran towards the rose hedge, gazing intently at a carriage rolling rapidly up the gravelled roadway to the house. Pressing the child to her bosom convulsively, she stood half hidden in a wealth of roses and watched a man who was descending from the vehicle.

And then she suddenly parted the hedge and held the babe aloft. The thorns pierced the tender flesh of mother and child cruelly, and great drops of blood splashed on the quivering white petals of the roses.

"Albert!" she cried. "My love"—

But the man did not hear, for her voice was drowned in the joyous greeting of his wife and son.

The woman saw him toss a curly-haired boy in the air and kiss his ruddy cheeks and golden locks. She saw the woman put her arm lovingly about her husband's neck and draw down the faces of man and child to hers. But she saw no more, for, closing her eyes she ruthlessly tore herself and babe out of the clinging hedge, and hastened, bleeding and dazed, back to the lily pond.

Flinging herself upon the ground, she burst into a flood of tears and sobbed until her whole being seemed to melt. Sudden pangs of anguish tightened her throat, and between her paroxysms she cursed the merciless God who had robbed her of her happiness.

She had thought that love had given place to hate, but today at the sight of him, her love came back, with the onrush of a tempest—a frenzied adoration she could not quell.

She sat upright and stretched out her arms towards the house, but her groping hands grasped emptiness, and her weary head bent on her delicate neck.

The baby moaned and she placed it to her breast, softly stroking his silky hair. She sat thus quietly, while memory's invisible messengers brought back to her with startling vividness that November night when her life, her strength, her pride and happiness were placed in his keeping. She felt no fear then, and even smiled at the thought of the things which would surely come, for to love each other was alone of import. She was in a delirium of happiness in which she forgot everything. The sufferings of

the past, the obstacles of the morrow disappeared in that kiss without an afterthought.

Then the realization of the perfidy and deceit of it all surged over her soul in a great flood of anguish. The sweet illusion of the night was gone, and she sank back, swooning on the hot ground.

Then Love died.

Insects teased the infant unmolested, and it fretted on its mother's breast, but at last its pitiful, feeble cries ended in a sigh.

A dusky wood thrush near by lifted its head in accents of agony, and sang its sad vesper to the setting sun, as if the little heart would pour itself away in plaintive prayer.

Evening dropped caresses upon the languid earth, each one denser than the last, till a dark stillness reigned in the sky.

Soon a chant of sorrow seemed to rise and fall in the starless night, then a soft pattering rain fell upon the white faces of the woman and child, and the sleep of death laid her loving fingers upon their tired eyes.

A RHUM NOTE.

By H. BEDFORD-JONES.

I recently ran across an interesting note on rummy which will no doubt prove of interest to many Press Club enthusiasts. The derivation of the game and the game itself may be well established in our midst; but in 1901 so well-read and thorough a bibliophile as Adrian H. Joline knew nothing of it.

Writing in the "Literary Collector" for that date, he gives an autograph letter from S. R. Crockett, the Scots' novelist. One paragraph is as follows:

I need not say that I had a delightful afternoon * * * with your husband and his delightful first editions. Also rummy, the fascinating, a noble peony-rose, burning a hole in the landscape of a dull day. * * * Pray accept some 120,000 words of mine. I would give them all for rummy.

Commenting on this, Joline says "There is just a little obscurity about this letter. It is evident that the lady and 'rummy'—whatever 'rummy' may mean—were more attractive than first editions."

Eleven years ago rhum was possibly unknown in this country; I am not acquainted with its pedigree. But since the game is very old—*on dit*—it is an interesting fact that Joline, extremely widely read and versed in all the phases of books and collecting, had never heard of it.

MEMBERS TO BE SUSPENDED.

Members whose dues, for the third quarter, have not been paid previous to the Monthly Meeting to be held Oct. 12th will be suspended from all privileges of membership until full settlement has been made.

GONE BEFORE US. Oliver.

October 16, 1868, on one of Chicago's soupiest, most forbidding days, I arrived at Chicago. I saw the hacks standing on four sides of the Court House, and heard the big bell toll the hour. I played the whole sad scene for a funeral.

Then I went into Wood's Museum (where the Garrick Theatre stands now). There was too much dust on the Megatherium and the *Dinosaurus Dilochodaurus*, but I liked James O'Neill's acting. When I came down stairs, of course I entered Carme's, for all boys played billiards.

In a rear "parlor" with one table, was the pin pool. There were high seats on three sides. The balls (or pills) cost 50 cents for each player, and I then believed that I never saw an expert in that game get more than one shot for his money. As a true test of skill at pin pool it was the sportiest spectacle that I ever knew to go on day after day and week after week. I sat often, marveled greatly, and gradually learned the names of the players—among others John W. Koons, John McDevitt, Joe and Cyril Dion, Dump Rhines, Pierre Carme, Frank Parker, Goldthwaite, Rudolphe (to arrive soon) and Oliver Hazard Perry.

Oliver Perry had a brilliantly red face and a pleasing tenor voice. When he drew No. 21 ball and the first shot he would set up that sweet lay, and the other experts would go anew with their fifty cents to pool-keeper, without turning their heads to see Oliver seal their doom.

Oliver was a printer. So was I. To have one of our own trade well up in such company filled me with high class pride. I became his worshiper and fan. He never, to his dying day, could comprehend my devotion to his glory, and I was to know him well for 42 years, and to speak at his bier, and at his grave under the Press Club monument in Mt. Hope. When I came to Chicago he had been a familiar figure in Lake, Randolph and La Salle streets for 16 years. He walked before the shops of Chicago from the time they were 10 feet under present grade to 20 stories above it. He was afterward an editor on the *Journal* for many years. He was chairman of the third Board of Directors of the Press Club. He married at a mature time of life, and, during the seventeen years before Mrs. Perry died, the pair were seldom separate while Oliver was not at work.

It was after Mrs. Perry's death, when Oliver came back to the club in all his loneliness, that he revealed himself as the strangely lovable character and great man that he was.

For most of his life he was easily the best at all games in the club. In Kongo he was King, playing 30 and 60 or no count, while the second potentate of that dark realm, the Lord High Chancellor of the Banana Crop himself, only played 9 or no count!

Oliver was the greatest man of the Press Club. He wept with all those who grieved; he rejoiced deeply and silently with all those who exulted nobly. But, under wanton provocation, this gentle person was a centre of the very highest disturbance, as the traditions of the club cheerfully attest. At last there were years in the Press Club when Oliver's example of good will was so powerful that the mere knocker heard no sound save his own dashings.

As the wintry years stole upon Oliver the boys began to take a loving alarm. They could not have Oliver always. On March 9, 1905, I think, he was 69, and John Zimmerman, one of the cleverest versifiers in America, wrote a Ballad to the Commodore. This was read at Oliver's first smoker. The next year we commissioned Colonel William Lightfoot Vischer, to write an occasional poem, in which the good man of 70 winters was hailed as the Buddh. Oliver had reached success in life.

The last of Oliver's anniversaries was celebrated when he had reached 73, and in the poem of that great occasion, Harry Greene hailed the King of Kongo as one who, having "walked his horses when he was young, could gallop at 72." By this time Bohemia looked on Oliver's birthday as a legal holiday.

Mainly through the efforts of Doctor Nutt, warmly supported by Dwight Allyn, Frank Comerford and Harry Irving Greene, the Press Club showed forth grandly in the last days of Oliver. Bohemia itself grew tender and found its heart. A great many of the Old Guard went forth to far Mount Hope on one of the hottest days Chicago ever saw, and no sunstroke came of it.

In my opinion, the memory and influence of Oliver Perry alone are more valuable to mankind than the works of one hundred thousand usurers and college and library taxers.

John McGovern

JUST TO SHOW THAT WE HAVE READ IT.

Arnold Bennett in *Mental Efficiency* says: "We do not all care to eat beefsteak and chip potatoes off an oak table." But, my dear fellow, you can't chip potatoes off an oak table, you know? It isn't done.

Of course we know what the gifted author means and our feelings are divided between dislike of the slovenly habit induced by the desire to grind out books while the market is ripe and admiration for the genius who has so much to say and usually says it so clearly that we do not care how carelessly he says it.

We have eaten chipped potatoes off a pine table and found them so good that the quality of the table gave us no concern. Nevertheless it irritates us to feel that a man has fine napery in his linen chest and feeds us from bare boards occasionally because he is too lazy or too busy to have his laundering done. J. U. H.

THUMBNAIL PLAYS.

"Mother Cary's Chicken—Not."

By P. F. Lowder.

Scene: State and Madison streets. Crowd hurrying to the Press Club stag; taxi-drivers, pedestrians, newsboys, chorus girls and bankers.

THE CAST.

Professor Dope (his wife is gone to the country).
Officer 666.

Tessie Terrapin (beauteous creature).

ACT I.

Dope: "Hello, my little chicken."

Business of Tessie having nervous prostration.
Officer 666 rushes across street.

Officer: "You're pinched."

Dope: "All right, officer, I will go with you, but I shall return."

Curtain.

ACT II.

Scene: Court room; usual crowd of hangers on; society women uplifting, etc.

Judge Kline: "Good morning all."

Officer 666: "I have here, your honor, a distinguished college professor."

Voice: "Is it Wilson?"

Judge Kline: "There must be order. ORDER. Proceed."

Officer 666: "This professor was pinched for mashing. He called this lady a chicken."

Business of Tessie being beset with mingled emotions, as she looks around the courtroom and sees the envious glances of women who would not be so termed.

"Forty dollars and costs," announced the court.

"Your honor, may I say a word?" asked the prisoner.

"You may," said Judge Kline.

"If your honor will turn to the dictionary, you will observe as illustrating the application of the various meanings of the word 'chicken,' a quotation from Dean Swift. Does your honor find it?"

"I do."

"Then, your honor, I will read what Dean Swift says: 'Stella is no chicken,' i. e., she is no longer young."

"Discharged," said the court.

Moral: Education is a great thing.

Editor's Note.—Other plays have been received from Karl McVitty and Charles F. Murphy. The title of Mr. Murphy's effort is "Bone-head Plays," being a compilation of incidents in his life.

EYES FRONT.

If you notice the financial secretary looking at you rather intently the next few days, there is a reason. He has that habit when quarterly dues are engrossing his attention.

POLITICS.

By Senator X.

Somehow or other I'm all muddled up on politics these days and at the present writing I don't know whether I'm a Republican, Democrat, Prohibitionist or Presbyterian. I'm pretty certain I'm not a Prohibitionist (Jeff, please take notice), although I'm expecting to meet one of the party press agents tomorrow and you never know what'll happen. Some of these publicity peddlers almost get to believe their own dope. Every day some bright and smiling bonehead approaches and says:

"Well, what do you think of the election?"

Now, I haven't a regular, honest-to-goodness think on the situation, but, being a simple soul with a mind for peace and happiness, I reply thusly:

"Oh I don't know. It looks pretty complicated, doesn't it?"

Now that should be a safe and sane answer, one that nobody could take offense at, no matter whether he is a bull moose or a bull pup. Any man with ordinary luck could get away with that. Do I? I do not.

"Why," declares the smiling feather-brain, "there is no doubt about it at all, my boy. It's Wilson. He's got 'em all backed off the boards. He's the most intellectual candidate the country's ever had. Look at his record. Look at his face."

I look at his face, figuratively, and opine that it seems to be almost human: Here my informer hands me a wallop on the back—one of those hale-fellow-come-on-into-the-lodge slaps—and proceeds to enlighten me on the burning question of the hour. I list with rapt attention and pretty soon I'm saying, "yes, that's so," and "I guess you're right." Then I become real interested and it's not long before I have decided that the Pearl from Princeton is the only real savior of the country.

The next day I meet another enthusiastic worker whose head is very much similar in contour to the one who converted me to Wilsonitis. The only difference is that the last one makes a noise like a moose. He tells me all about Roosevelt and the terrific struggle which is going on between Terrible Teddy and the predatory rich. After some real edifying arguments I begin to think that maybe I was mistaken about Woodrow being the Horatius at the Rush street bridge.

Right after the Teddy-teaser I encounter another stand-by-the-party person who grapples with the Wilson and Roosevelt arguments and grinds them in the dust. He talks of demagogues and mob rule. And when he leaves me it's almost sure that Taft will get my vote. Of course, I meet the Wilson man next day and back I go again to the banner of higher education. So, one hour I'm for Wilson and the next for Teddy and Taft. Now, whoinel am I for?

PIUTE PETE'S PHILOSOPHY.

By Clem Yore.

My sleeper was silent. The Pintsch lights were turned down low so that weird shadows fell eerily into the narrow aisle. I heard subdued voices without. From them I learned the engine had broken down. There must be a considerable wait. I donned my garments and stepped from the sleeper into the chill of the night. Down the track I saw a cluster of lights. We were near a small cattle shipping point. I walked the track to the cluster of lights. Each light a saloon, each saloon filled with cow men. Pinto ponies with low, drooping heads were standing in a row, hitched to a long horse-eaten pole nailed to three uprights.

As I approached the nearest saloon a voice broke the stillness.

"Whee-oo-oop-eee." I could not prevent the gooseflesh from covering my arms and back, for the night was chill.

"Who cares, who cares,
Sailing away
At the break of day
On a bale of hay
Who cares, who cares."

I made out the singer. He was half hid by the horse trough. I approached him and spoke. "You seem happy," I said.

"Happy hell," he replied. "Sailing away on a bale of hay, who cares."

That was all I could get from him. Then I entered the saloon.

The inmates looked at me—once. I sized them up several times. They were crowded around the front of the bar. I edged that way. The conversation ran upon the topic of a round up. I scarce could believe men could be talking business at the hour of dawn. They were many sized. All legs acted saddle broke. The Colt family was well represented. Forty-fives, all of them. Single-action forty-fives.

The gooseflesh was still with me so I ordered some liquor.

"Who is the man singing outside?" I asked the bartender.

"Piute Pete," he replied. "Great song he's got tonight."

"Somewhat of a cynic?" I queried.

"No, just plain damn fool," said the bar man. "You see, Pete has had a heap of learning in his day. He came out here in '91 the first time and made a silver strike up at Crede. Soapy Smith trimmed him. Then he went away and we didn't hear from him for two years. He came back, bought a bunch of short horns and was doing great. Then he killed Slim Sam in a dice game and had to hike out. Back he came when the county cooled down and was acquitted. Last week he sold his cows and sent east for a gal he had back there. She was to have reached here yesterday morning. Last night he got this

message." The bartender handed me a telegram. It read:

"I have changed my mind. I reached Kansas City single. Am leaving it double. I married Billie this morning."

"Ain't it hell," spoke the bartender. I agreed with him.

"But that ain't all," he continued. "See the skinny kid next to the booze bottle? That's Poker Tommy. Well him and Pete thought they would drown Pete's sorrow in a game of Poker. Tommy just cleaned up the last of the cow money from Pete a little while before you blew in. Drink up and have one on me."

I did and bought some after that. Then I went outside to interview Piute Pete.

"Are you down and out?" I asked.

"Who, me?" replied Pete. "I should say not."

"I heard the gossip in there," and I indicated the saloon.

"They have no sense of humor," he replied. "I take it all as a matter of course. There is no principle involved in being broke, and as for a woman, well, you have to learn them, that is all. Let's have a drink."

Pete and I went inside and we drank until I heard the engine whistle calling in the flagman. I went back to my sleeper. Dawn was breaking in streaks over the Santa Cristo range. As the train rolled slowly out of the switch past the cluster of red lights backed by the gray slopes of the foot hills, I distinctly saw Piute Pete sitting by the horse trough. Then I heard his "Whee-oo-oop-eee," and a shrill voice came to me out of the dawn.

"Who cares, who cares."
Sailing away
At the break of day
On a bale of hay,
Who cares, who cares."

AND THERE ARE OTHERS.

I love to write of Eloise,
For knees and trees and bees and leas
And seas and cheese and fleas and ease
And breeze all rhyme with Eloise.

—Houston Post.

I love to write of Marguerite,
For sweet and neat, petite, discreet,
And greet and meet and eat and treat
Are words that rhyme with Marguerite.

—Springfield, Mass., Union.

I like to write about Marie,
For glee and she and be and see
And we and plea and free and ME
All go so nicely with Marie.

—Kiser, Record-Herald.

I love to write of Isabel,
For swell and jell' and dell and shell
And sell and knell and yell and h—
Are words that rhyme with Isabel.

E. M.

THE OMAR SPEAKS.

Addressed to Middle Couch, Fifth Floor, Press Club, Chicago, Ill., Sunday, October 6, 1912.

Translated by Elbog Yorel.

Wake! For the bunch are scattered from our sight,
The Stars are gone who entertained last night;
All that were wished on us are dreams of joy,
And bleary eyes, and trembling hands. We're tight.

Before carousals of last evening died,
I know at least a dozen voices cried,
"You've had enough; get hence unto your bed."
We ordered more because they hurt our pride.

And those who criticised our maudlin fun
Were right; and now the morning's Sun
Shows us bedecked with hangovers most sad,
And muddled wonder at the way 'twas done.

Arise! That ratty, much-used couch needs air;
Your suit is wrinkled, and your matted hair
Requires attention. Now to brace your frame
Drink this, it will that deathly pallor scare.

Ah, fellow member, here's a cup that throws
Regrets and aching heads to last year's snows;
Doc. Butler's joy, "A Cocktail a la Club,"
Cure for red eyes, brown tastes and all your woes.

This is the drink that starts that witty stuff.
Quaff deeper; mayhap if you drink enough
You'll write a "Villianous" on gout, or draw
A clever sketch that J. U. H. will puff.

How's that? Again you've sworn to shun the cup;
This sweet grain-vintage will not tempt you up;
Ambition's dead and you lack hours of sleep;
Nor all my pleas will lure you out to sup.

My astral self has traveled many a mile
To sit with you at feed, and try bewhile
To learn to write such books as "Barbara"
And "Yozonde," to cop your northern style.

Cruel, drowsy youth, your snooze and secret keep,
In that I fail that errand I'll not weep,
For I take with me two far greater things
Than in past years have kept me from my sleep.

No greater night of true good fellowship
Is known in all the revels I've seen slip
Into my highly colored past, than that,
When Edeson held sway with goodly quip.

I take the memory of his dignity,
Close wrapped with Carle's strange gravity,
When forced to forego dancing and sit still
While Tinney added to the jollity.

And greater far to lover of grape tea,
I carry to my blooming bower with me
A means to cheer lone stagless nights to come—
The famous Press Club Cocktail recipe.

ARE YOUR DUES PAID?

Dues for the 4th Quarter became payable on October 1st and all who have not sent checks should do so at their earliest convenience for at this time of the year there are several very large payments to be made and the Financial Secretary is obliged, therefore, to be unusually urgent for prompt settlement of house accounts and dues.

THE FALL OF FAME.

George Wood is writing a novel. The title is "With Buck in Indiana."

Which reminds us that "Side Pocket" Buck is among us again. He has written a monograph on binding twine which is so replete with sentiment that one might be excused for kissing a threshing machine on the cheek after reading it.

Karl McVitty sez hereafter when he calls for young ladies at the stage door he wants the same cab he had Saturday night. It was necessary for the chauffeur to use a shoe horn to get Karl and his prima donnas into the rig.

Frank Comerford has entered the "Lids is Lids" contest. He is wearing a light pearl-colored crush hat which proves conclusively there are some mighty good hat salesmen in this town.

Judge Edward O. Brown, life member, has returned to Press-Club-Life after a ten days' trip to the Pacific coast. The Judge spent the summer at his home on Mackinaw Island.

Eddie Fox naturally takes things "on the side" occasionally. This time it was politics. He has been out doing a stunt for Wilson "on the side." But isn't it a little singular that he should have landed in the wrong camp? His natural place is tooting for Chafin.

A little matter of news got overlooked last week. On the day that Chafin spoke before the Club the business done by the bar was quite phenomenal. The boys came down from hearing the lecture and headed for the bar just as naturally as though it was the morning after some night when the lid was off.

Several ice-cream suits drift into the Club occasionally, in spite of the threatening weather. Pack them away with the straw hats, boys. Some other kind of a "straw" and the regulation brand of ice-cream are in order now.

FOREIGN DELEGATES ENTER-TAINED.

The Press Club during the week assisted in the entertainment of the more than four hundred foreign delegates to the Fifth International Congress of Chambers of Commerce. The Congress held its business sessions in Boston and immediately thereafter the delegates left on a tour of the country in two special trains. They arrived in Chicago Friday evening, October 4, and remained until Monday evening, October 7, when they departed for Cincinnati.

During their stay in Chicago the visitors were shown the chief places of interest, were given numerous automobile tours about the city and frequently dined. The Press Club issued them guest cards for their use and a number of them visited the Club during their stay in the city.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

Published weekly by the Press Club of Chicago

JAY CAIRNS, Editor

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Dr. S. G. Staples, Chicago, guest of Mr. J. Hamilton Lewis.

Chas. G. Osborne, Chicago, guest of Phil Sawyer.

Col. Geo. French, San Francisco, guest of Willis Melville.

Dr. D. H. Davidson, Bombay, India, guest of J. Edward Bangs.

Capt. Harry Lambart, guest of H. Percy Millar.

Fred S. Hickey, Chicago, guest of W. H. Woods.

W. M. Keene, Toledo, O., guest of Banks Winter.

Frank Tinney, Richard Carle and Robert Edson, guests of A. Milo Bennett.

OUT OF THE EAST.

William M. Johnson has returned from the East. While in Washington he whiled away his spare time at the National Press Club.

PHIL SAWYER ILL.

Phil is our famous dry point etcher. He was taken ill at the stag party Saturday night. Absolute rest being essential he ordered a ride for himself to the Lakeside Hospital.

SORE BUT TICKLED.

We have no objection to newspapers in Cincinnati and elsewhere "lifting" stories out of The Bulletin, but we do desire that credit should be given this publication. If it was necessary for us to "lift" in order to make The Bulletin a success, we would have the decency to give credit where credit is due.

As it is, the contributors to The Bulletin are many and it is some consolation to observe that it is not necessary for the editors to do any literary pilfering. At the same time we appreciate the compliment of having our columns "burglarized."

COMING EVENTS.

Opie Read, lecture, "Scare Crows," Tuesday night, October 15, ladies' night.

Regular Thursday Luncheon, October 17, Bull Moose Day.

Inaugural Dinner, Thursday night, October 17. The presence of several life members whose fame circles the world will make this an event of events.

Sir Wilfred Laurier, Canada's first citizen, will be a guest of the Club during the coming month.

"Public Men Luncheons" every Thursday. Halloween Dance.

Monthly Stag, first Saturday each month.

MONTHLY MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be called to order at 1:30 P. M. Saturday, Oct. 12th.

The attendance of every member is desired.

OH, YOU WEDDING BELLS, CLANG, CLANG-TING-A-LING.

John D. Cress, one of our most distinguished members associated with the American Lumberman, has blushinglly whispered in our ear. His marriage to Mrs. Mildred Mather was thus made known. Mr. and Mrs. Cress will reside in Seattle.

Note:—Since this column was started each issue makes a marriage announcement. We want it understood that we are not on Cupid's pay roll, but merely a retailer of the news.—Ed.

STAR FOR A STAR.

Walter Washburne, the demon member getter of the Tribune, will soon be presented with a star, a token of his authority as a member of the house committee. Subscriptions have been started by John Lawson who contributes 25 cents. Red L. Parker gives a like amount.

To Date.

| | |
|--------------|--------|
| Lawson | \$.25 |
| Parker | .25 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$.50 |

The star will be 26-carat tin. Washburne sez he will wear the star on his right wrist in the hope of scaring a few aces out of the dice box.

FRED PELHAM IMPROVING.

Cheering news comes from Fred's sickroom. It won't be very long before he will be back with us. Fred is improving steadily and surely.

Press Club Bulletin

PRINTED WEEKLY FOR THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO BY THE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION.

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, October 19, 1912.

Number 54.

OPIE IN THE "MOVIES."

Opie Read, personifying his great literary creation of Starbuck in the "movies" Tuesday night, gave the Club a revelation of his possibilities as an actor—no, no, as presenting a realistic character without any acting whatever—just the old moonshine mountaineer, as seen by the author in his keen vision, and transcribed in the pages of his novel, and then lifted bodily into the films. His associates did some clever acting; but he was simply there, and that is all there was to it.

Shakspere was called "a many-sided man." Well, those who heard Opie Read Tuesday night, and saw him in the films, think that the Bard of Avon has nothing on Opie on that score.

WHEN OPIE SPEAKS.

When Opie Read from cloudland comes—
Where classic muses sought his ear—
The audience approval hums,
Then eagerly awaits to hear
What he has brought from Shadow Land,
Illumined by his mind alight;
We know the treat the gods have planned
To give us all a soulful night.

When Opie on the platform stands,
Before us ordinary "guys,"
We wait the lore from other lands—
The quaint, the curious, and the wise—
The while, devoid of all pretense,
He hands it out, in winning dress,
In sentences begirt with sense
And local color, one may guess.

When Opie speaks, all else is still,
In presence of the greater thought,
Except, perchance, some meadow rill,
Below, with whispering echo fraught,
May carry, with its silvery voice,
The thought from uplands to the low,
That all may marvel and rejoice,
As to all minds it thence may go.

When Opie speaks, we fain would list,
And miss not e'en a single word.
Well knowing that the muse had kissed
Each utterance before 'twas heard
By mortal man, in earthly guise,
As yet but in his a, b, c,
Who listens, in this world of sighs,
To humor's uplift fain to flee.

When Opie to his audience speaks,
In that dear voice we know so well,
One must be daft, and full of piques,
Who could his inner promptings quell,
To render rightful homage due
Our brother, known from sea to sea,
And to us all—to you, and you—
Who came to Chi. from Tennessee.
—Earl Marble.

LONESOME.

Harry Irving Greene.

Midway on a portage,
Packing my canoe,
Slipped into a muskeg,
Stick! It stuck like glue.
Turned my ankle half around,
Getting out the stew,
Now I'm lying doubled
Thinking, Girl, of you.

Wind a-whistling off the Bay,
Rapids boiling gray as whey,
Twelve long hours to break of day,
Feeling pretty blue.

Got an Injun with me,
Smells like Billy Hell,
Brushes black flies off me,
Hopes that I'll get well,
Think it's rather doubtful,
(Leg's a yellow hue)
Feels into my pocket,
Steals another chew.

Wolves a-yapping mongst the trees,
Loons a-yelling thick as bees,
Spruce a-sobbing in the breeze,
Lonesome, Girl, for you.

Thinking of you other day,
Face was frozen stiff with spray,
When I clawed the ice away,
Took my whiskers, too.
Heard the wild geese honking by,
Saw the north lights riding high,
Smelt a bear go lurching by,
Heard a panther mew.

Tiresome here as like as not,
Hail a-pelting down like shot,
Brain a-fire and leg a-rot,
Lonesome, Girl, for you.

Writing this on piece of bark,
Twixt the firelight and the dark,
Going to throw it in the stream,
Hope t'will float to you, my queen,
Hope t'will find you safe and warm,
Dry and snug against the storm,
Hope your life will be serene,
Hope you'll soon forget, Kathleen.

Lonesome, lying cold and blue,
Hot and chilled and soaked clear through,
Dying midst the caribou,
Lonesome, Girl, for you.

OCTOBER MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting was called to order promptly at 1:30 P. M. by President Wheeler. General routine business was disposed of and all candidates for membership were elected.

Dr. Nutt offered an amendment changing time of monthly meeting to Sunday afternoon. This amendment will be voted on at the regular monthly meeting to be held Nov. 9.

GONE BEFORE US.

Harold Vynne.

The name sounds as though it belonged to an Adonis, a beautiful boy. Indeed, it did. Probably he was, through most of his life, the handsomest young man we saw. He did not live into a mature age.

Harold R. Vynne arrived at Chicago, directly from England, in the seventies, and was taken into the *News* office, probably on his good looks, by Melville Stone. Within what seemed to the boys to be an incredibly short time, Harold appeared nightly in the boxes of Hooley's Theater as managing editor of the *News*, and the theatre-folk were glad to have him there, for he gave distinction to the whole show.

Harold, in evening dress, with silk hat, and with his quiet and yet impressive demeanor, was surely an example of how far manly good looks could go without the slightest effeminacy. When stripped to the buff for a friendly bout with the boxing gloves, he was of the exact build, speed, and skill of Billy Freeman, and nothing prettier than their exercises was ever seen in our circle. Perhaps they might have been outclassed as spectators if Joe Choynski had ever met a man who was at the same moment his double in shape and movement—but I guess that never happened.

We have all seen "dog." We have all smiled at it, or cursed it. "Affectation" is not the synonym of "dog," for some folks believed that Mr. Mansfield's tremendous "dog" was wholly affected, while I believe that Harold Vynne's elegant "dog" was wholly unconscious. He was, probably by birth, an English aristocrat. In his view, there was nothing to achieve, for, to attract attention by effort of his own, would be wholly out of form. His good French, his beautiful renditions of the "Evening Star" and "The Rosary"—his favorites—sung and played at the piano, were only for his intimates, and never did such entertainment pall upon those who knew him well.

I suppose few men in Chicago received so many highly-favoring glances from the fairest ones; yet I suppose, also, that few young men, highly allured, departed so infrequently from the straight and narrow path. Harold was early married, and loved sincerely. His father-in-law, a peppery old colonel, deemed a separation advisable, and Harold, therefore, entertained for that veteran the only bitter resentment he ever showed. It used to delight Harold to tell how the colonel broke his leg, and Harold called the sufferer to the telephone. "Hello, father," said Harold, in a distressed voice, "I hear you have met with a terrible accident." "Yes, Harold, me boy," purred the colonel, "preparing to hear the condolences of his magnanimous son-in-law, 'I have broken my leg.'" "I only wish it had been your damned old neck!" said Harold, ringing off

and leaving the colonel as near to apoplexy as such luck could carry him.

So Harold went East. But before he is gone, let me say that he probably did more to make Rector rich than anyone else, save the handsome Charlie Stites. Good looks certainly put money in Charlie Rector's fat purse. No man exceeded Harold Vynne in making interesting newspaper chat out of the champagne that popped in a cellar restaurant.

It was not long ere we received marked copies of a Florida paper that carried a page-account of Harold's second wedding. Little children in a great company had strewn roses before the wedding pageant, good choruses had sung, and there was a house really full of gifts to the bride. It was wedding with a "dog" that echoed to the last syllable of recorded society twaddle. Bohemia here at Chicago was proud of Harold. He came west with a big bank account, and you may believe me that the corks popped for his friends at Rector's. There were no mean or ungrateful hairs in the head of our Hyperion.

When Harold came west still again—this time for good—care sat lightly—yet sat there—on his white and troubled brow. He became "Willie Dearborn" of the *Inter Ocean*, and was the social reporter *par excellence* of the town. He published a book that, I doubt not, was interesting reading (it has not been my fortune to yet read it), and uncomplainingly passed to the early autumn of an exciting life—a life distinguished wholly in a social way.

One morning, shortly before his death, there appeared on the editorial page of the *Inter Ocean* a long series of quatrains by Harold Vynne.

In this poem the author cogently told of the many worthy artistic emotions he had experienced. I have always regretted that I did not keep a copy, and I hope the *Inter Ocean* boys will find it in the files (1907 or early in 1908), and it can be reprinted in the BULLETIN. In that poem, or swan-song, Harold lay upon his bed and summoned the memories that comforted his mind—the nights at the Auditorium and Metropolitan, the soliloquies of Booth, the green eye of Salvini, the roll of Chopin's muffled drum, the apotheosis of gentle *Marguerite*, the bassoons and oboes of "Trovatore," the "Hallelujah" of the Apollo—the shows and oriental glows of Verestchagin. And as Harold drifted aimlessly on this notable tide of art, there was one single phase I shall always remember, and always remember it with Harold Vynne:

And there I saw arise

Great Wagner's Evening Star.

Harold's night was boding, and he must have felt it. Soon Oliver Perry and Joe Henderson, for the club, were to be at his grave in Oakwoods, and soon the intermitting, enviable, unenviable, feverish epic of his short life was to close.

I think, when we were debating this fine metaphor of Harold's, I have heard John Ritchie re-

cite, in full sympathy, his own favorite quotation. (Is it not George Hubert's, and does it not go like this?):

Silently, up the Eastern heaven,
Like maiden on her lonely pilgrimage,
Moved the meek star of Eve.

John Ritchie and John Fay both admired and loved Harold Vynne. It is a good thing, I think, to have so much said of any man.

John McGovern.

SUCH A HOSPITALITY!

By A. Turning Worme.

Thar wuz a time when this ole town was a goodly place ter see,
When things wuz run ez they should be run, upon the bright levee.

The doors wuz allus on the swing, an' a man could quench his thirst;

Chicago then wuz the best uv towns, but now it is the worst.

The basements is a reg'lar morgue, the streets ez black ez night,

An' the coppers say when ye ask 'em why—"Our Carter's closed 'em tight."

I don't know who this Carter is, ner why he's closed things so,

But if this is the way that things is run, it's time fer me ter go

Ter some uther place that's got some snap, an' a chance ter hev some fun.

I've got no use fer grave-yard towns, an' this one takes the bun.

This Carter, with his Sunday rules, an' ways uv goin' slow,

Is worse than them revivalists we've got in Kokomo. An' I won't stay in the durned ole place, this town so free from sin,

It's too much like that future state we soon'll all be in.

Fer what's the use er bein' glum, er drawin' down yer face?

Thar's trubble enuff at eny time fer all the human race.

An' I believe in gals, an' wine, in bands, an' warmth, an' light,

An' all them things this town haint got—since Carter closed 'em tight.

So I'll go home ter the Hoosier State, ez fast ez I kin git,

An' I won't come back, no, that I won't, ez long ez Carter's it.

We aint so fast, down in Kokomo, but things is nearer right,

An' we haint got no Carter there, ter hustle us home at night.

A HAS-WASER.

(From Geauga Co., Ohio, Republican.)

Our grocery wagon will make this week's Thursday trip next Saturday.

B. L. T.'d.

Chicago Tribune, Sept. 26.

Coal yard for sale—by widow; with switch in rear; all equipments; also residence. 2729 N. California-av.

OTHER PRESS CLUBS.

Houston Press Club—Theatrical night, Oct. 4, at the Houston, Tex., Press Club, is reported to have been a great success. The Houston pencil pushers corralled all the stars in town, gave them a Dutch supper and a real bohemian night.

The Houston boys are showing themselves to be a live lot. Their club is only two months old and they now have over 100 members, active and associate. The club is housed in newly furnished quarters which include a library, reception room, lounging room, grill, buffet and baths.

May they live long and prosper.

Madison County (Mo.) Press Club—Report a club outing and banquet at the "Highlands Fair."

Pittsburgh Press Club—The entire eighth floor of the May building was thrown open to members and guests on Oct. 4th, when a formal reception and housewarming was held in the club's new home.

Dallas Press Club—A "monkey" number called the "Daily Live Wire" was recently issued by the Dallas boys—it shows some traces of real human intelligence.

Seattle Press Club—Philander C. Knox was announced as special guest on evening of Oct. 14, when a stag was given with Julian Eltinge and entire company present. On the 15th the Club gives two concerts, afternoon and evening, the U. S. Marine Band of Washington, D. C., furnishing the music. We hope they make a big wad of money on their concert. The following is a reproduction of one of their announcements:



HELP! HELP! PURITY SQUAD!

JULIAN ELTINGE AND ALL THE FASCINATING WIDOW CROWD ARE COMING OVER FROM THE METROPOLITAN TO

HEAR
The New
Siwash Rag
—Our Own
Make

The Seattle Press Club
Monday Night
..11:00 O'clock..

SEE
The Ceramic
Chorus
—Ours Also

WHAT'LL HAPPEN THEN IT'S A SHAME TO TELL. AD CLUB BAND TILIKUM VOLUNTEER WILL ASSIST IN LYNCHING.

COME HUNGRY—Two Hundred of Mr. Dungeness' Crabs Ordered Fresh out of the Sea—There'll be a Claw for You.

IT'S A STAG AFFAIR—Any Man who Neglects the Club for His Wife This Night will be set down as a Coagulated Curd.

J. FRED BRAID - WRFCMASTER

'The Handsomest Woman on the Stage is a Man'

EXEUNT VICE.

Dr. G. Frank Lydston.

Once upon a time the Health Officer of Honolulu resolved to abolish the bubonic plague: The plan was simple—more “simple” than the mind that conceived it. Quoth the savant: “Plague is carried by rat fleas. We will kill the fleas by killing the rats. We will kill both fleas and rats so that we will leave ‘not a wrack behind.’ *We will burn the infected buildings that harbor the infected rats, and cremate the rodents.*” And so the buildings were burned, but not the rats—and alas! not the fleas. The death-dealing rodents skedaddled all over Honolulu, taking their insect guests with them, plague and all.

N. B.—*The Health Officer and his crew of buccaneers sent the bills for the burned buildings to Uncle Sam. Shanties were metamorphosed into palaces in those bills! Uncle Sam settled, and that \$5,000,000.00 which the U. S. government found in the Hawaiian treasury when it “grafted” those beautiful islands onto this country, was thoroughly cleaned up. And why not? Wasn’t it just floatin’ round, like an orphan child?*

Now States Attorney Wayman is a firm believer in the maxim that imitation is the sincerest flattery and he goeth after the two-legged vice rats and smiteth them hip and thigh, scattering them to the four winds—and incidentally to the remotest parts of our decent residence districts. And the moral and physical fleas went with the evicted “ladies.”

Now the social purity folks are crying, “Enough!”

Never again will the police or State’s Attorney be annoyed by the crank who demands tenderloin raids. Chicago has had her stomach full of raids. Good police business and good States Attorney’s business, this. The sword cuts both ways.

When will people understand that the social evil is an economic and physiologic problem controlled by the law of supply and demand? *The demand cannot be side-tracked by cutting off the supply.*

HARK YE, MY CLUB-AND-STAR REFORMERS! WHEN THE PROSTITUTES ARE DRIVEN INTO THE RESPECTABLE RESIDENTIAL DISTRICTS THEIR PATRONS FOLLOW THEM. WHEN THE PROSTITUTES ARE DRIVEN AWAY TO PLACES INACCESSIBLE TO THEIR PATRONS, GENTLEMEN, SEE THAT YOUR AUTOMATIC TEN-SHOOTER IS IN GOOD WORKING ORDER, LEST YOUR OWN CASTLES BE INVADIED.

On a hill commanding the harbor of Honolulu stands a hundred thousand dollar palace, built by the doctor who knew how to cure “the plague” of treasury phethora in Honolulu. Can it be possible that our States Attorney will carry his imitation so far as—?

Well, anyway: The wise sociologist and the shrewd politician studying Wayman’s methods of abolishing the vice plague will say with the bubonic plague experts: “Rats!”

Club Full of Mooses.

The Bull Moose spread at the Press Club, Thursday, brought together a large and representative gathering of leaders of the new party in Chicago. The attendance was equal in numbers and enthusiasm to the similar gatherings held by the Club in honor of the Republican and Democratic leaders.

At the speakers’ table were Harold Ickes, chairman of the Cook County Progressive committee; Professor Charles E. Merriam, Paxton Hibben, State Senator Hunt of Washington, Henry Cochems, Alderman Thomson, who is running for congress in the 10th district; Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. John F. Bass, Miss Anna Nicholes, Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank, Miss Caroline Kirkland, Mrs. Harold Ickes, Mrs. Tiffany Blake, Mrs. Fletcher Dobyns and Miss Virginia Bope. Mrs. Charles M. Kayser and Miss Marian Tracy offered Progressive party certificates and Bull Moose pins for sale.

Paxton Hibben, the first speaker, who was for many years in the diplomatic service of the United States and was stationed at St. Petersburg during the Russo-Japanese war, declared that Roosevelt was the first president since Monroe who had made a definite statement concerning our foreign relations that was understandable.

Henry Cochems of Wisconsin, who was with Col. Roosevelt when the latter was murderously assaulted in Milwaukee Monday night, made the principal speech. He declared that the Progressive movement was a basic movement.

“While some of us,” he said, “when we walked out of the Republican national convention and protested against a stolen nomination, were inspired with a rebellious spirit, four weeks later we ceased to be rebels. We knew then that we had a movement that has a vital reason for existence; a movement which cannot die.

“At this very time we have the most difficult problem to solve that ever confronted any civilized country in the history of the race; greater even than slavery. We have heretofore ignored what we are now fighting for, that the benefits derived from ultra high protection and other agencies instituted by the old parties in a commercial way shall be distributed with some degree of fairness among the men and women who toil to produce the wealth of the country.”

Mr. Cochems declared that, when the men and women composing the Progressive national convention drew up the platform of the party they “drew a bill of human rights not equaled since Lincoln’s proclamation of emancipation.”

“What we want,” he continued, “is not a temporary removal of the political boss, but an emancipation of the people from the boss and what the boss stands for. And the Progressive platform will be the Magna Charta of the people for many years to come.”

Mr. Cochems enumerated the many positions of honor and trust held by Col. Roosevelt, and declared that when he left the Presidency four years ago he was most loved of any man since Abraham Lincoln and is today the most loved man in the world.

“I don’t care whether you like him,” said Mr. Cochems, “all I want is that you be fair in estimating him and his purposes.”

Describing the shooting of Col. Roosevelt, Mr. Cochems said it was as if the hand of God had interfered with the plans of the assailant. He related how Roosevelt’s first thought was to save his assailant from the mob; how he refused to go to a hospital, declaring to those who were accompanying him that he must speak, he must not disappoint his audience, as it might be his last message to the American people.

“No man like that can be charged with insincerity,” said Mr. Cochems.

President Wheeler read a letter from Frank H. Funk, candidate of the Progressive party for governor of Illinois, who is campaigning in the southern part of the state and was unable to be present.

Marion, Ill., Oct. 15, 1912.

Mr. Charles N. Wheeler, President,
Press Club of Chicago,
Chicago, Ill.

My Dear Wheeler:

I wish you would tell all the boys at your Bull Moose spread, on Thursday, how very much I regret that my campaigning way down south in Egyptland will prevent my being with them.

Please say to them that I still stick to my campaign pledge that, after I am elected, I will give out no back door keys to the executive office in Springfield; but I wish now to make an additional pledge that the legislative correspondents, or other newspapermen coming to the front door, will not be required to wait more than one minute and thirty-eight seconds of their time before being admitted for the day's grist of news.

I am a great believer in publicity, as you know, and I now bespeak your fullest co-operation for my plans to turn the light into the state's darkest places. I am counting on this in advance of my election, if for no other reason than because I never knew a good newspaperman who wasn't a whirlwind for publicity.

Again, I wish I were to be with you.

With high personal regards, I am, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

FRANK H. FUNK.

In introducing Miss Jane Addams and Professor Merriam, President Wheeler took occasion to pay a high compliment to each. He referred to Miss Addams as "the greatest living individual force of a woman in the United States today." Of Professor Merriam, he said: "Never has there sat in Chicago Council a fairer, squarer, more decent man than Charles E. Merriam."

Professor Merriam said that the Progressive party was the only political party which has a cohesive group of men who can carry out what is promised in the party platform. The Republican party, he said, was in the hands of the reactionaries; that since the exodus of progressives from the party it could be nothing else. The only other competitor of the Progressive party, he declared, was the Democratic party, and that this party is not pledged to reform, but on the contrary pledged against it.

"And why isn't Wilson standing for anything definite?" he demanded. "I'll tell you. It is because he is driving an unmatched team; he is trying to mix oil with water. He is on no concrete basis. State's rights has a stranglehold on the Democratic party. The Progressive party has a really free group of men composing it. Nine-tenths of the leaders who have gone out to fight boss rule and for humanity are in the Progressive party. They are the men who have quickened the public conscience of the country. We come not only with a definite program, but with the freest, bravest, experienced band of political fighters ever brought together in the last fifty years."

Miss Addams, who was late in arriving by reason of her speech at the Lyric theatre, spoke briefly of the humanitarian planks of the Progressive platform. She said that never before had the human element brought women undividedly into politics. Social reform, social justice and industrial amelioration were the subjects that had made the women a factor in this campaign. Old parties, she said, talked about trusts, etc., but never got down to the questions that are of vital interest to the manhood and womanhood of the nation.

Chicago, October 17, 1912.

Mr. Charles N. Wheeler, President,
Press Club of Chicago, Chicago.

Dear Sir:

The women of the Progressive Party want to thank you and the officers and the members of the Press Club for the courtesy extended to them on "Bull Moose Day."

Very truly yours,

ABBA BASS,

Chairman Organization of Middle and Western States.
Mrs. John F. Bass,

ATMOSPHERE.

The fortunate few who strolled into the club about 1 a. m. Sunday morning enjoyed an hour or two in real Bohemia. The treat was all the better because unexpected.

Richard Carle, Maurice Nitke, musical director of Margaret Anglin's company, and other high lights from the stage belt, sought the lounging room for refreshment.

Nitke started the ball rolling when he unlocked his tuneful Strad and reeled off, as only he can, "Tales from Hoffman," "Old Kentucky Home," and other favorites.

When the applause had subsided, one of Mr. Carle's guests recited John Hay's "Jim Bludsoe" in a manner that made everyone present vote "Jim" a permanent seat in St. Peter's Pompeian room—as if the night owls have any pull with St. Pete. Then Clem Yore, between sandwich bites, told of that little "affair" between Paul Revere and Barbara Frietche, one of Clem's own creations.

BALDY BILL.

SIR GEORGE REID.

Before sailing for London on the Lusitania on Wednesday last, the Right Hon. Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia, etc., who was recently a guest of honor at the Club, sent a special message to President Wheeler, expressing his sincere appreciation for the hearty welcome extended to him by the Press Club of Chicago, which will long be remembered by him.

Since leaving Chicago, Sir George has visited Boston, New York City and Washington. He has been entertained while in New York by the New York Press Club, the Pilgrims of the United States, the City Club, the Canadian Club of New York, the Peace Committee and the Merchants' Association.

While in Washington he was the guest of the Chamber of Commerce, and the Hon. John Barrett, Director General of the Pan-American Republic, on which occasions he met a number of prominent people. Accompanied by Lady Reid and Dr. G. Cooke Adams, special seats were reserved for Sir George at the hearing of Col. Roosevelt's testimony before the Senate Investigating Committee. On this occasion Sir George renewed his acquaintance with Col. Roosevelt, whom he had previously met in London.

He also met, in Boston, Governor Woodrow Wilson. He journeyed to Rochester, as the guest of Mr. Hays Hammond at luncheon, on which occasion President Taft, Mrs. Taft and Mrs. Deliah Torres (the President's aunt) motored over from Beverly to meet Sir George and Lady Reid.

Throughout the whole tour, Sir George and Lady Reid were accompanied by the Hon. T. L. McClintock Bunbury, and their old Australian friend, Dr. G. Cooke Adams of Chicago.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

What was the greatest discovery you ever made in your life? A two-dollar bill in an old vest. A mistake of ten dollars on the bank. A droop in your best girl's eye that said "I love you."

None of these compare with the joy of finding out that a person you have liked for a long time is a MAN!

We presume that no bunch on earth would assay more manhood to the ton than the Press Club boys, but mixed with it is enough alloy to make them human. So that even here, when you bank on a fellow and believe in him for several years and something happens that tests his principles clear to the bottom—and part of the test is that nobody but God and he and you know the facts—and he comes out WHITE, it makes you happier than if John D. had mailed you a check.

Who is he? His name is numerous but we would not spoil the joy of discovery. You will find him some day and when you do it will be ample compensation for the poor guesses you have made in the past.

J. U. H.

DING DONG!

Their pockets filled with rice, and their trunks and hand baggage plastered with cards announcing them to be "Newlyweds," Mr. and Mrs. George F. Bindbeutel registered at the Blackstone Hotel Saturday. The bridegroom, formerly one of the bright lights of The Tribune staff, is managing editor of Aerial Age. Incidentally he is a member of the Press Club. His bride was Miss Arlene Doyle, daughter of Frank J. Doyle, a gas magnate of Kansas City, Mo.

George had to commit "grand larceny" to get the girl, but the young Lochinvar got away with the goods so cleverly that the bride's Pa and Ma welcomed him as a member of the family after putting up the usual bluff of being peeved. Maybe they were at that, because we are told that Mrs. Bindbeutel is a rare specimen of Missouri loveliness. Some of George's pals on The Trib. tried to put up a job on him when he arrived in Chicago, but he turned the tables on them by going to the Blackstone. Reporters get in there only with "jimmies."

The young couple had difficulty in getting away from K. C., where "Biny" once did stunts for Baron Nelson's Star. A charivari party and a tin-pan serenade detained them. When George thinks it safe to leave his honeymoon hotel suite he will take his bride to a cozy nest on the North Side. He is a popular lad and his friends in the club are pulling for his success both in double harness and in his new magazine venture.

Special rate for Bulletin—For the balance of 1912 and all of 1913 the Bulletin will be sent for \$1.00.

ON THE FOURTH FLOOR BACK.

An elderly and a younger member of the Club were discussing our good member, Banks Winter, and the question arose as to what was his best work, whether "White Wings," which he composed and sang all over the country nearly a generation ago, or some of his other less known songs.

"I consider 'White Wings' his best work," said the elderly member.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the younger one. "I have seen and heard a work of his which has that beat a mile."

"What is that?" asked the elder.

"Why, Winona Winter, who is making such a beautiful success in 'A Polish Wedding

And then they proceeded to have something with ice in it.

"But," continued the elder, "that Winter at the Grand is one that never suggests ice in any respect."

THE CRITIC.

First year subscriptions have expired. One dollar, please.

Dr. Rubincam Back.

Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubincam is back from his long trip to the Pacific Coast and declares he never had a more glorious trip in America. Since leaving Chicago he has delivered a series of lectures at the Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah. He spent the summer in travel, rest, recuperation and study.

The Doctor's side journeys included a trip to the country in Southern California, referred to in Helen Jackson's "Romona"; Point Loma near San Diego, where Katherine Tingley has her College of Theosophy; a visit to the Enchanted Isle of Catalina; Leland Stanford University, and a trip across the border into Mexico to Ti Juana. From Mexico he journeyed north across the Rockies into Canada and studied on the way everything from the sage brush of Arizona to the big trees of the Yosemite.

The Rubincam Association has reorganized under the name of University of Ethical Society, with headquarters at the Woodlawn Park Club House, where the Doctor will give his first lecture of the tenth season, next Sunday.

The Bulletin for balance of 1912 and all of 1913 for \$1. Do it now.

NATURE'S BEAUTY.

In looking through the mist of years to come,
Thro' the pale light of distant centuries,

I see in raptures mingling with the gloom
The light of morning o'er the mountain's rim,

I seem to breathe the air of Paradise;

A sense of beauty thrills my soul with joy,
High o'er me peaceful lies the azure sky

Around me breathes a still divinity

And my heart feels that all this Beauty cannot die.

—Geo. F. Butler.

AMONG THE MEMBERS

Fred A. Hodgson, president of the National Builder, has returned to Chicago after a year's absence. Part of this time he spent at his old home in Canada. He spent some months in South America, which is a little jaunt from the snow chilled land of his birth.

A. B. Weeks, who has recently been laid up at Hotel Sherman threatened with pneumonia, is out and recuperating nicely. A. B. didn't let us know until he got most well.

Bruce Calvert! what on earth has become of you? Your chair in the library has been covered with dust for the past two months. We'd go out on the "open road" and hunt you up, but we don't know where in Edelweiss "Pigeon Roost" is.

John T. Bramhall writes a postal card from Planada (Phoebus! what a name!), California, in which he says that a year ago the site of the town (beg pardon, city) was all in wheat, and now it is full of push, buildings, and so forth, "and has a newspaper, bank, barber shop, garage, polytechnic school, library, woman's club, and so forth—everything but a Press Club. And no Japs or Hindus." John doesn't say anything about the Chinks. How about it, John? No "washee-washee?"

Ben S. Boyce has returned from "all summer in Europe."

T. E. Donnelly has returned from a thirty-day trip through the west and to the coast. While in Arizona he spent several days on a hunt with Dr. Montezuma.

J. F. Pendleton, formerly an active member of the Press Club, is now on the non-resident list, and is basking in the somewhat superfluous sunshine of Southern California—or words to that effect.

George Louis is on a flying visit to New York. We hope he will not pronounce it "New Yoick" when he returns, but speak the American-English language correctly, as is done in Chicago and Boston.

Dr. R. C. Fisher and Mrs. Fisher were out to hear Opie Read and see him in the films Tuesday night. It takes a big attraction to draw the Doctor out nowadays, and Opie is some function all right.

Harry Greene, a few weeks ago, when Earl Marble was doing his six-or-eight-hours-a-day stunts over on the West Side, and Colonel Visscher was hobnobbing among the Indiana literary aristocracy, said he did not feel at home any more on the seventh floor, since Marble and

Visscher were not regularly at work there. But now, since the two are busy there again, Harry has a more contented look on his face, and probably will reconsider his alleged proposed resignation.

Stanley Waterloo is progressing slowly on his forthcoming book, along the lines indicated and started in "Ab," his classic, that was plagiarized so unmercifully by Jack London. Stanley is busy boosting Theodore Roosevelt just now; but after the campaign is over he will pick up the new work again, and push it vigorously, as the publishers are crying for it. Those who have had a glimpse of the chapters already written are captivated by the theme and its way of being presented. Stanley is in great form now—a-days, and is the former Waterloo of his days of great achievement.

H. Bedford-Jones, better known to Press Club members as P. H. Flaccus, has recently had a book for boys accepted for publication next year, by A. C. McClurg & Co. This is his eighth juvenile, too. The second to appear under his own name.

HEARD IN THE BOOZE CORNER.

A new member sitting over in a chair beyond the table opened his eyes long enough to remark:

"I think he had one of the best articles in the Bulletin last week."

"Who?" asked an old member, sitting on the near side of the table.

"Louder," said the other.

"Who had?"

"Louder."

"Who?" raising his voice.

"Louder. But you needn't shout your question over and over. I'm not deaf."

"Well, why do you keep saying, 'Louder'?"

"Because that is the name of the writer who had such a good article—P. F. Lowder."

"Oh, I see."

"And hear also, I see."

What can you suggest to improve your club paper—the Bulletin?—Ed.

RONSARD TO HELENE.

Spinning beside the winter's fire, your hair

A silvern crown beneath the candles dim,

The thought will come, as my old songs you hymn—

"Ronsard enshrined me, when that I was fair!"

Then not a drowsy servant by you there,

Half dozing, feigning work to suit your whim,

But shall awaken at the songs of him

And bless you, for the love he held so rare!

But I shall be at rest, while up above

The myrtle shadows weave my mystic pyre,

When you will croon across a dying fire

And mourn your old disdain, and my lost love.

Ah, live and love, nor wait the morrow's dawn;

Cull thou Life's rose, Helene, ere it be gone!

—H. Bedford Jones.

PRESS CLUB BULLETIN

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JAY CAIRNS, Editor

B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

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WE'RE A YEAR OLD.

The Bulletin is now entering on its second year and has become a strong, lusty young publication. Our swadling clothes have been laid aside and we will soon be wearing long pants.

By action of the Board of Directors the subscription price has been changed to one dollar per year, the size of the sheet will continue at four pages or more, and we are going to keep right on growing just as fast as we can pay our own way.

We'll Pay Our Way.

Paying our way is just what we mean and in the future this department is not to be an expense to the Club.

Congratulations have been so numerous and sincere on the four page Bulletin and the contributions of MSS., articles, notes, etc., so constant that the Board feels that it would be a great mistake to fail to keep this sheet up to eight pages. There is a lot of work involved, however, in getting out these eight pages each week, and each member should do all they can to help make this the best little club paper in existence. Sending in your dollar is not enough—send us real printable dope—even poems—and especially personals about yourself. Beginning this issue we will run advertisements. Mr. Osborne closed two contracts this week amounting to over \$300.00 and we want all to aid in making the Bulletin pay its way. Send in your advertisements.

Christmas Annual.

The first Christmas annual of the Bulletin will be published Dec. 14 and everyone should help to make it worthy, in every respect, of "The Greatest Press Club." Send in your suggestions, your copy, your advertisements.

FAIR AND SQUARE.

The "Editor and Publisher" reprints Hal P. Denton's "A Sigh for the Good Old Days," and gives credit to the Bulletin. Cincinnati paper please note.

COMING EVENTS.

Regular Thursday Luncheon, Oct. 24, State Democratic Day.

Saturday Luncheon, Oct. 26—Socialist Day—Seymour Stedman, Chairman.

Hallowe'en Dance, Oct. 30; informal.

Thursday Luncheon, Oct. 31—State Republican Day.

"Public Men Luncheons" every Thursday.

Monthly Stag, first Saturday each month.

LUNCHEON, THURSDAY, OCT. 24.

This will be State Democratic Day at the Press Club and the following distinguished guests and Press Club members will make addresses:

Mayor Harrison.

Judge Dunne.

Maclay Hoyne.

James Hamilton Lewis.

All seats will be reserved and if you don't secure one it will be because you were not first in line.

VISITORS.

Hon. Judge O. A. Wright, Jacksonville, Fla., guest of Theo. Van R. Ashcroft.

John Le Messurier, L. V. Calhoun, E. H. McChesney, Glyn Ellyn, and Chas. F. Nagl, Chicago, guests of Frank Rhoderus.

Jas. J. Doyle, New York, and August McSweeney, Philadelphia, guests of W. J. Cochran.

W. B. Strong and C. H. Rogers, Beloit, Wis., guests of Wm. A. Meese.

Edward Dougherty, Chicago, guest of P. F. Lowder.

Isaac Russell, New York, guest of W. E. Moore.

W. E. Schroder, Chicago, guest of Geo. L. Louis.

Col. Niles, San Antonio, Tex., guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

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THE SCOOP

(FORMERLY PRESS CLUB BULLETIN)

Volume I.

Chicago, Saturday, October 26, 1912.

Number 55

THE STORY OF AN INTELLECTUAL DRUNKARD.

BY JEROME W. POWER.

In a one-horse community, where I went to college down in the green hills of Indiana, some of "us fellows" got out a daily newspaper, a small organ with a dandelion tinge, which was sired by the local press club and dam(n)ed by the whole school—but they read what we printed, just the same. The faculty hated us with gusto, and some member of the staff was always up on the green carpet before the president for faking an interview or rapping a time-honored tradition, or something. However, we were in the possession of statistics showing that the only men who had ever gone out from the school and made good in the large sense had been kicked out, so on the strength of that great truth we remained passing cheerful.

During my junior year Hedges was editor-in-chief and I was managing editor. Hedges was a wee chap who had gone to seed on the German classics. I may say he was the only one of his kind I have ever met. His soul was as pure as a pork sausage made the day after June 30, 1906. He didn't smoke and never had a "case" in his life; in fact, he didn't give the base tempter even a fighting chance. Whenever one of the boys sprung a rotten story he compressed his lips and pushed his chair back from the table. As for the demon rum, his greatest boast was that he had never tasted anything more intoxicating than Peruna. But he was a little brick, for all that.

Well, returning from Christmas vacation that year I passed through Indianapolis, where I chaperoned a bunch of freshmen. The result was that the morning after the night before most of them had crawled back into the hive (the bees, I mean, not the freshmen); nevertheless, by the time I reached alma mater again they had not all found a roost in my dome by any means, and I whispered to myself that I could not touch any work requiring brain effort for the remainder of that day.

I strolled into the editorial parlors with my gold incisor socked into a frayed cigar. Hedges was holding down my desk.

"Hello, P—," he cried with enthusiasm, "we're coming out bright and early tomorrow morning. Some of the dope's gone down now. I've been up to my elbows ever since I got back last night. Will you just head the rest of this stuff? I've got to go over—" (Looks

at me more closely and compresses lips, with pain in his topaz eyes.) "Never mind, I'll head these articles myself!"

"Marion," I elocuted, "why so peeved? I think I can write these heads all right. Even if I am not the man I once was, someone might think to read proof. Nothing in the constitution says that every issue must be railroaded, and besides there's Doc, our intelligent lino-type man, who sits in final judgment on our efforts, anyway."

But he grabbed the blue pencil and began. I leaned over the back of his chair, breathing hard. My booze-laden exhalations must have hit his sensitive nostrils with the force of a hydraulic. I offered a suggestion now and then which was received with a grunt, or with disgusted silence.

The last piece of copy on deck was a well-written little story on the marriages which had taken place during vacation. Imagine my surprise when after a moment's hesitation he wrote the following head:

"Bacchus Reigns Supreme During Holidays.

He marked it for a machine head, but with what little strength I had left after such a shock I changed the instruction to read "14 pt." when he wasn't looking, and then went over to the house and hit the hay.

Sure the paper was out bright and early next morning, with scores of students walking across the campus to breakfast with their noses poked into the patent inside. When they had digested the funny jokes they began to read the news, and then!

Well, a laugh seemed to go up from the whole school. Under the prominent bacchanalian head ran the story of how a number of God-fearing alumni had decided to buck the cost of high living in double harness, and this also included one straight-laced young professor, who had been restrained from dashing feverishly into the ministry only by throat trouble. Everybody read the article. Freshmen and football players who were too low-browed to see the incongruity found plenty who were ready to elucidate.

Hedges, in his own eyes, was a ruined man. That with his carefully gleaned knowledge of the classics he had made the bone-head play of confusing the odious Bacchus with the sacred Hymen was a little more than his self-confidence and self-respect could bear. He was never the same man afterwards. He tottered morally, and before college was out that year he actually drank a cocoa-cola highball with me up in my room one night, real late.

"WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"

BY J. G. DAVIS.

Trains were "balled up" on the elevated down the line. I sat at one end of the platform bench, and a rather rough-looking athlete sat glooming into a dead pipe at the other. After three ineffectual attempts to light it, with a growl he slammed his last burnt match on the platform, and, propping his chin on the palm of one of his hands, gazed absently out into the blue hazed fog of early morning. It was 3 a. m. Why didn't he ask me for a match? I silently reached over and held a cigar with two matches between the same fingers before his face.

His eyes gradually came to earth, and he stared at my hand with that glare of a person suddenly brought back from "way off yander," then gingerly took the cigar and matches from between my fingers, lit the cigar carefully, and, with a huge blast of smoke wreathing an inflamed but ruggedly intelligent face turned toward me with a half-smile, sizing me up from head to foot. The smile broadened into an affable grin, and he stuck out a large, muscular hand, saying:

"Friends always know each other. You are a good Samaritan."

Then, as the smoke curled in and out of his mouth, he talked, and I saw that he was confidentially, affectionately, and garrulously drunk—not to affect his speech, accent, or think-tank (and he had a good one), but he sure became a rag-time talker, as I encouraged him with a question or two.

After giving me some thrilling, hair-raising accounts of his life as a bridge and structural iron worker, told so simply, and with such a careless, matter-of-fact manner, as if they were the natural accompaniments of his calling, making them ten times more truthful, impressive, and dramatic than any pen could write, he stopped suddenly, again propped his chin on his hand, staring out into the opalescent sky.

Then he whirled jerkily around to me, and I gazed open-mouthed into a completely sober face that had tragedy in illuminated letters written all over it!

"Stranger," he said suddenly, "you impel me to tell you one accident in my life, that wrecked it; which I have never mentioned since it happened. But I want you to know, I want you to feel, and see with clear eyes the gruesomeness of it. You look like a man who can give a sane answer when I ask you, after the telling. 'What would you do?'"

"It was twelve stories up in the air on a big office building. The red-hot rivets were flying round me like bullets in battle, falling true into the waiting bucket. When I stood up on a girder to stretch myself from the strain of holding a rivet hammer, across the gulf separating us from the furnace as I stood, Colossus-like, with

arms aloft, came a flying molten rivet thrown wild, which struck me with full force, exactly amidsthips!

"I was tumbling off the girder into the net work of death below, when the bucket-holder snatched me by the scruff of my sweater, and yanked me flat off my back on to two boards that we had for a gangway." He paused, panting for breath, as if he was living it all over again.

"They took me to the hospital. I came out, six or seven weeks later—a eunuch! Just think of it! Just think of it!" he shouted, his face close to mine, his voice harsh and shrieky; "and I with a buxom wife of twenty-nine, and a kid four years old!"

His head dropped between his knees, as I heard a harsh, dry sob. I did not say a word. I could not. But I reached over, and gently patted his shoulder.

The touch startled him to his feet; and he strode down the platform, clinching and pulling his hair. Whirling, he came back to within a foot of my knee, and bending down, his eyes burning into mine, he continued in a hoarse, loud whisper, more tragic than his shout:

"But you have not reached the inner hell of it yet, my friend. Six months my wife seemed happy. I was at work. Money was plenty. Then I took up bridge work, that carried me all over the West and South, for a year. Hell! I could not hang, Tantalus-like, around home, could I?"

"I sent her nearly all I made regularly. Pretty big money it was, too. And I got back many loving words and thanks. Thirteen months away, and then I came home. She met me unexpectedly at the door; and, as I held out my arms, she fled down the hall with a shriek of terror. I followed into the bedroom. She was not there. But my kid was, handsomer than ever. She made up, in extravagant kisses and hugs, for her mother.

"Suddenly I saw in the corner a crib, with a baby in it! Now, stranger, believe it or not, right there another red-hot rivet struck right over my heart, and everything I saw was red. I don't know if I threw my kid off my lap into the corner, where I thought I heard her whimper; but I stood over that baby in the crib until that hot rivet in my heart had cooled down. But it's there yet, cold, and, oh! so heavy!"

"Without looking for her, I went out, and for two weeks I had the whisky market cornered. Again hospital, and a long time laying in bed, thinking, thinking! Say, what a hell of a lot a feller does think while he's getting over a drunk!"

"I went home, sober, all the red things gone out of my eyes, all sudden-death remedies cast aside; only the rivet cast into my heart that day was still cold and heavy."

"Took her by surprise again. When she spotted me, she crouched to the floor with the baby in her arms—like a mother rabbit, waiting trembling. I sat down, and clicked my tongue two or three times, like cocking a pistol, because I could not speak. I finally said, very mild, 'Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you. Have come to tell you what I want to do. You are helpless if I quit you. I can't take my kid, and float you down the wind, because I can't take the kid with me over the country, nor can I leave her with hired help, which means the street for her. I know the father of your baby—your old sweetheart, before I came; married now to a fine woman; has two kids. I cannot, you cannot, afford to wreck her too, as well as yourself. I am already wrecked. Come, let's go away where the neighbors won't know what we know; and, for the sake of my kid, I will father both. Will you go?' She nodded her head. 'But,' I continued, 'if you transgress again, the blood in your heart will get into my eyes until I see nothing but your blood.' She again nodded her head.

"We have lived together since—about four years. She is a good, attentive wife, kind to me. This is the first time I have been drunk in all that time; but the cold rivet in my heart got too cold, too heavy. Say, now! what would you do?"

Just then, my belated train pulled in.

THE TRIMMING OF MUSH MOUTHED PETE.

By Clement Yore.

There are many sights, in the city lights,
Which would turn your conscience green
Where the shadows fall, and the brutish bawl
And the rips of hell convene.
There are dissolute men, from many a pen;
There are women who curse and jeer.
There are plots and plots and counter plots
Yet none like this more queer.

One Mush Mouthed Pete was standing treat
In Danny Sullivan's bar,
He was big in brawn and closely drawn
Like a man that loves to mar.
"Come belly up here and have some beer!"
He bawled in a voice that meant
He would ne'er persuade nor jade nor blade
By way of accomplishment.

There were some unclean, yet every mien
Was graciously circumspect,
For a six-foot-two is a thing to rue
As a man-handling architect.
Now Mush Mouthed Pete was most discreet
In selecting of a gal.
He was right smart fond of a chicken blonde
And his tastes were critical.

So he chose him one, who had widely shown
As the shyest of the shy,
And she took a seat by Mush Mouthed Pete—
My God! how that man did buy.
There was beer and beer till a mutineer
Cried "Switch my suds to booze."
Then up jumped Pete from his tranquil seat
And turned his mush mouth loose.

"Just sluff all beer! I'm buying here,
No five-cent drinks allowed."
And his voice was heard, for none were surd
In that thirsty bar-lined crowd.
The drinks went round, with ribald sound,
And the air was filled with song,
While Pete's blonde girl, known just as Pearl,
For Mush Mouthed Pete was strong.

Pete's poke on view to the motley crew
Was sheer exasperation,
It was filled with gold, and Sully bold
Was bent on confiscation.
Some knockout drops he quickly flops
In the glass of busy Pete,
But the shy blonde girl took a sudden whirl,
And she saw the nifty feat.

Then round she turned and her eyes they burned,
And she cried "Pete, stash your poke!"
Then up sprang Pete, on his hob-nail feet,
And his yell all hell awoke.
All over the floor moved men and gore,
Pete's class was not discreet.
With a table leg, like the China plague,
He zigzagged to the street.

Out they went, though the night was spent,
Pete felt the biting cold.
And he told Pearl there, in the morning air,
That his thanks were manifold.
"I am only a girl," said the shivering Pearl,
"Yet I did not want you robbed,"
So they hastened away, from the growing day,
And the dump that Pete had mobbed.

But they finished the night, in huge delight,
While the streets were streaked in gloom,
And the broad daylight, revealed a sight
Of woe in a close-walled room.
Through an unlocked door, was heard Pete's snore
As Pearl passed on her way;
Beneath her cloak, she gripped Pete's poke,
For she hated all display.

There are many sights, in the city lights,
Which would turn your conscience green;
Where the shadows fall, and the brutish brawl
And the rips of hell convene.
There are dissolute men from many a pen,
There are women who curse and jeer,
There are plots and plots and counterplots,
Yet none like this more queer.

ABOU RUGH ADHEM.

(With apologies to Leigh Hunt.)

About Rugh Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from newsy's dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in its bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
The newsy's instinct had made Rugh quite bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look of radiance on its face,
Answered, "The names of those who love the race."
"And is mine one?" said Rugh. "Nay, nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Rugh then spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I'll brave the knife,
To save a sweeter, holier, purer life."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names with love the world had
blessed,
And, lo! Rugh Adhem's name led all the rest.
EARL MARBLE.

THE SCOOP

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"THE SCOOP."

This name "SCOOP" means much to men of newspaper training. For many reasons it will supersede "THE BULLETIN" as the name of this publication.

Hereafter the columns of THE SCOOP will be open to all writers in and out of the Press Club, and as literary merit is what we desire suitable prizes will be awarded. *All the world may offer, but THE SCOOP alone may reject.*

A plan is in formation which will probably, when worked out, result in offering to non-members a membership in the Press Club for a limited period. The object is two-fold, to encourage the craft and to increase the Club membership by the addition of men worthy of the honor.

The tentative plan contemplates the crediting of a quarter's dues or some other commensurate recognition as a reward to club members. Copy is what THE SCOOP must have and we now throw down the bars and let all the world enter into combat with club members who are known the world over.

EXTRAORDINARILY EXTRANEIOUS.

The management of the Scoop takes pleasure in announcing that we have engaged the services of Prof. A. Turning Worme, M. D., who will present from time to time "Health Hints," which will prove to all and sundry that there are others. N. B.—Our Health Hints will be entered for the Nobel prize and in the coming competition for Lydia Pinkham ad. novelties.

INAUGURAL DINNER.

President Charles N. Wheeler and his administration has been formally inaugurated. To the accompaniment of laudatory remarks and well wishes, President Wheeler shouldered the full administrative burden last Thursday night.

Douglas Malloch, retiring president, paid a nice tribute to his successor.

"It is a kind custom," said Mr. Malloch, "that permits a retired President to have the honor of introducing his successor. It shows that he is forgiven but not forgotten. It is a particular honor tonight because of the kind of a successor I have to introduce. I have already discovered that nothing succeeds like my successor.

"The life of the President of the Press Club must necessarily be one of ease. One of the E's is Entertainment and the other is Economy. The splendid affairs we have had already through the efforts of President Wheeler and Chairman Twist and their helpers demonstrate that the entertainment end is being splendidly taken care of; and I have no doubt that the forthcoming financial showing will be just as satisfactory."

John U. Higinbotham, our own J. U. H., added to the oratory of the evening and the success of the dinner.

"Seldom does a stage-hand elope with a chorus girl," said J. U. H. "Rarely, too, does a newspaper man become locoed by ante-election pledges. Therefore we are ideal hosts and ideal guests.

"Just as it takes a million ounces of pitch blende to produce an ounce of radium, it takes a large assortment of men and women to produce the Chicago Press Club."

Frank Comerford, ever our silver tongued orator, in a delightful speech presented pleasantly and truthfully the ideals which the Press Club prizes and a belief in which has made our club what it is.

Col. Wm. Lightfoot Visscher sang sweetly some of his own compositions.

OBSERVER.

THROW OUT YOUR CHEST.

The Press Club Bulletin, issued by the Press Club of Chicago, would gain a big circulation outside of the club members if it were properly advertised. The last issue is a real gem, the contributions and illustrations ranking high and the makeup pleasing to the eye.—From the Editor and Publisher, Oct. 19.

"THE SCOOP" WILL BE SENT FOR THE BALANCE OF 1912 AND ALL OF 1913 FOR A DOLLAR BILL.

THE FALL OF FAME.

John Gregg ran over from the head office of his publishing house in New York a few days ago, and has been made welcome in the old royal way at the club during his stay. John is another kind of a Scotchman. The only way in which he is close is in being close to the other members of the club.

AMONG THE MEMBERS.

John Ritchie writes from Hugo, Oregon, an interesting letter to Colonel J. G. Davis, in which he expresses the hope, that, before he and the Colonel get a harp and a halo, he, the afore-said Truthful John, may introduce the Colonel "to the king fishing of the universe in the Rogue River, in Oregon." Speaking of that river, John says that "it rises in the mountains about eight thousand feet up in the air, and comes roaring and rampaging down to the Pacific Ocean, some three hundred miles from its source near Crater Lake. And it is almost literally jammed with choice fish—salmon, steel-heads, silver-sides, and half a dozen brands of trout. The Rogue River is set apart by the Government as a salmon-hatching stream, and no canneries are allowed in it. I have seen the river, where it is a hundred yards wide, so paved with them that we could almost walk on their backs. Many of them will run four and five feet in length, and there is just a trifle or more of danger in fishing for them." For heaven's sake, John! don't make our mouths water in that way! He sends his love to the "boys at the club," and declares that he "gets pathetically homesick now and then to look into their kindly mugs." Same to you, John.

VISITORS.

James Durkin, Cosmopolitan, guest of Chas. N. Wheeler.

Mr. A. W. Lublin, Boston, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

Dr. D. H. Davison, Bombay, India, guest of J. Edward Bangs.

Mr. M. C. Marsh, Washington, D. C., guest of S. G. Hobert.

Mr. W. G. Taffinder, San Francisco, guest of Col. W. L. Visscher.

Mr. C. G. Kussling, Chicago, guest of H. I. Greene.

Mr. Chas. Thompson, New York, guest of John Fay.

Mr. W. P. Beazell, New York, guest of John Fay.

Mr. M. J. O'Malley, Chicago, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

Mr. John B. Pratt, New York, guest of Jay Cairns.

Mr. Stanley J. Dyer, New York, guest of Jay Cairns.

Mr. E. S. Underhill, Newark, N. J., guest of Jay Cairns.

Col. Cecil Lyon, Texas, guest of Jay Cairns.

"EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST."

Last Sunday night two men from opposite sides of the country met on our famous fourth floor back. They were William G. Taffinder of the San Francisco Press Club and A. W. Lublin of the Boston Press Club.

Each proved to be an expert on auction bridge and the "hands across the continent" were spread across the deck.

DR. FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN.

Among the distinguished visitors to the Club this week is Dr. Frank Buffington Vrooman, B. Sc. (Oxon.), Ph. D., F. R. G. S., of Vancouver, B. C., editor of the British Columbia Magazine, author, lecturer and explorer.

Dr. Vrooman was born in the United States. He has traveled widely on the American continent and has had some unique experiences, among which was a trip 3,000 miles overland in the sub-Arctic region, through the headwaters of the Mackenzie basin, particularly in the northern part of British Columbia, and later on in the Yukon. On the return journey Dr. Vrooman came through the Rocky Mountains on a raft, experiencing many wrecks and long periods of semi-starvation. These travels and experiences afforded him the material for extended lectures delivered by him before the School of Geography at Oxford and elsewhere on the economic geography of Northern and Western Canada. As a result of his work in this direction, and in recognition of its merits, the University of Oxford conferred upon him a science degree. Dr. Vrooman has given extensive study to the resources of North America, and is making that subject his specialty.

Dr. Vrooman has received many honors, among which was his election as a Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society. Among his works may be mentioned, "The New Politics" and "Theodore Roosevelt, Dynamic Geographer," the latter being based on a lecture delivered to the School of Geography, Oxford University. He recently read papers in London on "British Columbia," before the Royal Colonial Institute and London Chamber of Commerce.

He was one of the delegates representing the London Chamber of Commerce to the recent International Congress of Chambers of Commerce at Boston. He is also a member of the Authors' Club, London.

Dr. Vrooman was the guest of Dr. G. Cooke Adams while in the city. He is a candidate for membership of the Club at the next monthly meeting.

SUBSCRIPTION CARDS ARE INCLOSED WITH THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF "THE SCOOP." PLEASE FILL OUT AND MAIL AT ONCE.

A HOUSE DIVIDED.**A Tale of Politics and Baseball.**

Little Willie was discovered seated disconsolately on the doorstep.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked the kind-hearted stranger.

"Nuthin'," was the reply.

"But," persisted the stranger, "you look as if you had been crying."

The necessity of unburdening had been weighing heavily on Willie and the stranger's voice seemed sympathetic, so Willie spoke up.

"Well, so would you cry if your mother was a Moose and your father ain't one, and the city series being played, too."

"Ah," said the stranger in a voice of deepest concern. "Politics are worrying you, too. Tell me how it happened."

The tone of the stranger's voice won Willie completely.

"Oh, my father he goes to the game and when he comes home and starts to tell me the plays, Ma says, 'William'—that's Pa's name—'I should think you could find something more important to talk to your son about,' and Pa says, 'Well, what is more important?' and right away Ma says, 'You might enlighten him on politics.' 'All right,' says Pa, 'I'll tell him why he ought to vote for Taft, if he had a vote.' 'You'll do nothing of the kind,' says Ma, and then they started and purty soon I had to go to bed and I didn't hear nothin' about the game. This mornin' Ma was still at it tellin' Pa how nice the Jane Addams Chorus looked and Pa said he bet that half of them didn't wash their dishes before they went to the meetin' and Ma got mad and Pa got madder and Pa went out and slammed the door, and all the kids are waitin' for me to tell them about the game, and I don't know nothin' to tell."

Willie's story was all told in one breath and ended in something like a sob.

"And who are you for, Taft or Roosevelt, my son?" asked the stranger.

Castng a furtive glance at the house, Willie leaned forward and whispered, 'Say, I'm for Wilson. A fellah told me he owns a baseball college, and anyhow, you don't see him buttin' in on a series, do you? I guess he knows how important a city series is! Gee, I hate to meet the gang," added Willie in a forlorn voice.

Then the sympathetic stranger, looking cautiously about and seeing nothing that looked like a reporter, sat down beside Willie and told him that his name was Murphy and that he knew all about the game.

Wm. U. Franey.

BOOST FOR BOB.

Bob Campbell's drawing of a wounded Bull Moose published in the Tribune has created a vast amount of enthusiastic comment.

It is a bully picture, Bob, and we hope the "Scoop" will have something from your pen or brush, or whatever you draw with, shortly.

ALSO LONESOME.

Jest a-lyin' in the hospital,
A-wonderin' what next to do;
I hear the Bulletin calls for copy,
May I send a line or two?

I ain't no big Bull Mooser,
With a bullet in my chest;
Jest a fagged and tumbled artist
Stretched out here for a rest.

And for me one consolation,
I can read the Press Club news.
Besides! I have Doc Lydston
To chase away my blues.

PHIL. SAWYER.

Lakeside Hospital, 4147 Lake Avenue.

DICK AND DAWN.

It was the hour when sobriety sleeps and genius runs rampant, the last hour of Oct. 20th.

The scene was our famous library. The world correspondents following Jack Fay's advice were lying low awaiting the train time of Col. Roosevelt. The phone rang and Dick Carle announced his coming with a following of eleven musical men—his orchestra. He came and for 90 minutes violins, trombones, piccolo, 'cello and drum made the books of Joe Henderson nod and nestle closer to one another.

Dick Carle is always Richard and his orchestra was thoroughly immense. Come on, Dick, bring over the entire company.

A. SMOOTHE BALDIE.

OPENED BY MISTAKE.

Sweet Laydie:

An' so it chancyd to come to pass that at the wytching hour of three, just as a bat flapped, a cock crew an' a cat squalled, upon our quiet circle burst one strolling play actor man, by name of Rychard Carle, well backed by his musical crew of villains ten, all armed to the teeth with motley instruments the which wherewith to both torture and beguile the ear. Whereat with small apology to we they sate themselves in cackling circle about the round robin board, and in conspiracy aforetime hatched began with their weapons of noise to rend the air with conjured sounds, now sweet as thy soft voice or silver bells smote with hammers of gold, now with discords infamous beyond compare.

An' always in the mydst of sayd weird crew ye chief villain, sayd Rychard Carle, did make amusing faces and utter strange sentences to a curious moving of his feet, all to the huge delight of we lesser scoundrels who had foregathered near to spy upon these strange wanderers.

An' so amused did I become that I was forced to smile, yea, many a smile I had, so much so that my head still feeleth huge an' my feet are soled of lead.

With which apology I now commend myself to your gentle pardon, sweet laydie, for my breach of tryst.

Harold.

DE MUSSET'S "CHANSON."

I whispered to my heart, my feeble heart,
 "Is it not enough to love sincerely?
 Dost not see that fickle love is merely
 To lose youth's blessing in the worldly mart?"

Heart echoed, "Nay, not thus is Fate bestead!
 It is not enough to love sincerely;
 Dost not see that fickle love is merely
 To render sweet the pleasures that are dead?"

I whispered to my heart, my feeble heart;
 "Does not Life buy of its grief too dearly?
 Dost not see that fickle love is merely
 To seek new griefs each day within the mart?"

Heart echoed, "Nay, not thus is Fate bestead!
 Life buys not its store of grief too dearly;
 Dost not see that fickle love is merely
 To render sweet the anguish that is dead?"
 H. BEDFORD-JONES.

OVERHEARD AT THE TROUGH.

BY A TURNING WORME.

J. U. H.: "Say, Doc."

Doctor: "Address me as Doctor, please. Doc. bears the same relation to Doctor that gent does to gentleman."

J. U. H.: "I've got you, St—I mean, Doctor. But what do you know about the aurora borealis? What's the latest scientific dope?"

Doctor: "We have solved the problem of that transcendently beautiful natural phenomenon beyond peradventure of doubt or the remotest possibility of cavil or hypercritical reflection: When the melofygistic temperature of the subliminal horizon is such as to calorise the impurient indentation of the hemispheric analogy, the cohesion of the borax curbustus becomes impregnated with multitudinous infinitesimals and impalpably imperceptible atoms until it is approximately surcharged with matter which is thoroughly deprived of its pragmatic fissural disquisitions. Once this is effected, a rapid change occurs in the thorambumper of the gyasticutus paleorum. This results in an approximation of the gazondo to the paraphernalia, with a consequent convacular of the hexagonal antipathies, following which the clouds become a heterogeneous conglomeration of defracted specula of cermocular light which, once it is tangibly apparent, immediately is comprehended by the visual perception."

J. U. H. (feebly): "T'anks."

Chorus: "Cut out the personalities, John. No use getting mad at *all* of us, and, besides, he can't prove it."

And some people wonder "Why is Christian Science?" and why the attendance at the trough has dwindled to an almost inappreciable minimum.

THE STYLUS, A Journal for Writers. Illustrated magazine. Desirable and valuable. Contains Opportunities; Prize offers; Suggestions for timely articles; About Authors; Reviews; Magazine Notes, Editorials and Club notes. Read serial story, "The Price of Fame." Sample free. Fifty cents a year. Justitia Pub. Co., Boyce Bldg., Chicago.

"YEARS OF DISCRETION."

An event of more than usual interest to members of the Press Club of Chicago will be the first performance of "Years of Discretion," November 18th, 1912, at Powers' Theater.

It is difficult to arrange the facts concerning this occasion in the proper sequence.

It is under the management of David Belasco. That stamps it with the approval of a man who has picked more big winners in the last decade than any other manager and also guarantees a complete production.

Its cast includes Lyn Harding, Bruce McRae, Herbert Kelcey, E. M. Holland, Robert McWade, Jr., Grant Mitchell, Eugene Stockdale, Effie Shannon, Alice Putnam and Mabel Bunyea, an assemblage of notables entitled to the much abused title "An All Star Cast."

Last and not least, the authors are Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Hatton, the former the dramatic editor of the Chicago Evening Post, a writer of force and discrimination and a former member of the Press Club who will be again one of us very shortly. Mr. Hatton's wide experience in theatrical matters equips him completely for the work he has done and those who have read his daily reviews need not be told that "Years of Discretion" will lack neither point nor pep.

J. U. H.

FUTURES.

Promises and prospects I get them every day,
 But contracts, contracts, they linger on the way!

Chorus.

Contracts, contracts, they linger on the way,
 But promises and prospects they are coming every day!

Now promises and prospects are excellent in their way,
 But what we want are contracts just because they pay.

Promises are clever, clever don't you know,
 But alluring as they are they don't pay what you owe!

So let's be up and doing and cash the prospects in,
 Just because we need the stuff to make the old hoss win.

WALTER C. WRIGHT.

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Hallowe'en Dance

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If you do you'll long regret it—
Gayest function ever seen!
Handsome ladies shyly glancing,
Doing stunts of fancy dancing!
Don't forget it—Hallowe'en!

O! JOY! O! JOY!

This fantastic, fancy and furious function will formally open the Club's Sassiety Season.

But Yet! It ain't going to be no formal affair.

*Nix—It's informal—This is the most democratic institution for high-brow intellects the world doth possess—and you may come in your togs from a "Blackstone Banquet" or an "Assignment in Hammond" and feel proper and right.

Committee—Dr. Wm. Frederick Nutt, Chairman
A. Milo Bennett, Charles Lederer, Mark Watson,
Jno. U. Higginbotham, Charles Glessner.

Decorations by Karl McVitty, Frank Wetherby,
W. J. Cochran, P. F. Lowder.

The music will be irresistible!

Press Club Punch—with a kick to it!

A Vaudeville Stunt at Midnight!

Witches, Goblins, Black Cats and Spooks

Press Club of Chicago

Wednesday Night from 9 o'clock until we're through.

Tickets, 50c. Come after the Theatre. It's a great place to get acquainted. The Cafe will be open.

Monthly Stag

In the language of the profession, the greatest aggregation of scintillating stars ever gathered together under one roof will be present Saturday night and believe us there will be a hum on the seventh floor. Glance over the list.

"Mando Quintette of Chicago" A. V. Holmes
Director

Raymond Hitchcock

Captain Harry Lambard

Henry Woodruff

Ted Snyder (himself)

Egbert Van Alstyne

The Loos Brothers

Edward Ellis

Dorothy Vaughn

Eugene O'Rourke and several more

Think what that would mean on the stage. What would it cost for a theatre manager to get that aggregation together for one night? With such a list as that can the stag be anything but a success? We are out to have a good time, and the only thing that will prevent it is—words fail us. There is nothing that will prevent it.

Press Club of Chicago
Saturday Night, Nov. 2d

Tickets and Eats, Etc., 75 Cents

Saturday Luncheon, Oct. 26—Socialist Day—Seymour Stedman, Chairman.

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THE SCOOP

(FORMERLY PRESS CLUB BULLETIN)

Volume I. No. 56.

Chicago, Saturday, November 2, 1912.

Price 5c.

"JAMES DURKIN, COSMOPOLITE."

The foregoing line in THE SCOOP of last week probably was read with only passing notice, and the fact that it was is not in itself strange. For it is not unusual for cosmopolitans to be placed on the guest list.

The title in this case, however, really fits the subject like a straight front on Anna Held. Mr. Durkin has been called many names and has been given many titles, from "dean of the office boys" to "obituary editor." Nothing, however, that might mar the serenity of his genial disposition has ever been said within earshot, not even by a fresh cub. Some of the Press Club members probably remember when he started his career on the old Chicago Times.

"HELLO EDDIE
OLD SCOUT
HOWS THE
KING BUSINESS"



We might hesitate to repeat the rear handle that Mr. Durkin's terse biographer attached to his name, but we appreciate that "Jimmie" will understand we are not seeking to cast reflections upon his character.

And, besides "Jimmie" has a right to the distinction and may without fear of intrusion take a seat in the circle occupied by Capt. Lambart, Percy Millar, Dr. Cooke-Adams and other globe trotters.

"Jimmie" matriculated in the cosmopolitan class some years ago when he crossed the Big Pond to deliver a message from the Chicago Tribune to the London Mail. He has traveled some gaits since then and still moves at a Star

Pointer clip. If you don't think so, take a peep in "The Trib" local room some night and watch him in action.

Don't call the police if you hear him address Mr. Keeley, the G. M., as "Jim," or Mr. Beck, the M. E., as "Ted" because he can do what no one else can and get away with it. And why shouldn't he be a bit familiar? He raised them both.

We don't recall the year that "Jimmie" was sent to England, but that he went and taught the office boys of the staid old Mail some American tricks that increased the gray hairs on London editors' heads is a matter of journalistic history on two continents.

The night he left was no different from any other in The Tribune office. "Jimmie," as usual



was the busiest person about the shop, when Mr. Keeley walked into the city room.

"Jimmie, take this letter to London," he said, indifferently. Taking the big envelope, "Jimmie" started for the mail box.

"Take it, I said," commanded the boss. "The train leaves in an hour for New York."

That was enough for Mr. James Durkin, king of office boys.

Stopping at the cashier's window only long enough to garner more "kale" than he had ever seen in his life before, Jim "beat it" for London. And he got there.

The chronicler of the trip wrote that "Jimmie" took London by storm and that a plaintive re-

quest came across the water that America keep its office boys at home. Mr. Durkin—we do not vouch for the correctness of this—was reported to have been “dictatorial to the prime minister, condescending to the lord of the admiralty and gracious to the prince of Wales.

Ultimately he came back. He found things running about as he had left them. He was a bit taken back when he stepped into his “kingdom” to hear the city editor shout: “Jimmie, shoot this up the tube.”

Switching his keen eyes about the room he looked for a sign of welcome. “Anything in the mail box for me, Jim,” called a veteran reporter, as he walked in, pulling off his coat. Others beat their typewriters in the same old way, just as if “Jimmie” had not been all the way to London and back.

He stood in the middle of the floor for a brief period. Then he turned the tables on his tormentors. Walking up to the city editor, he demanded:

“TWO
COLUMN—
SHE’S
A DEAD
ONE”



JIMMY
BRINGING INTO
THE ART DEPART-
MENT-A PORTRAIT
OF A PROMINENT
PERSON WHO
HAS JUST
DIED



Dr. 10/11-2

“Say, when do I get my vacation?”

The outburst that followed made “Jimmie” forget all of his grievances. He even smiled at the cubs who had dared to land jobs during his absence.

“Jimmie” hasn’t been out of the country since, but several other things have happened to him, only two of which “faded” him, as he might express it. He was a bit rattled when he got married and forgot to “tip” the priest. And he flushed up some when Pauline Frederick of the “Fourth Estate” cast kissed the original of “Durkin,” the office boy in that successful newspaper drama. Also Mr. Durkin is the proud possessor of a Press Club pennant and a welcome visitor at the club where he sometimes comes to study the lines for his part in the forthcoming Press Club Scoop at the Auditorium.

THE FRIEND UNKNOWN.

Why sittest thou idly in the market-place?
Am I not with thee in the day of trouble,—
The specter of thy youth, fellow-pilgrim of thine age?

Neither evil destiny nor guardian angel am I,
Though so men name me, as they flee my sight.

Heaven has granted thy soul to me, O, man!
Where thou art, there shall I be alway;
Thou and I, brothers inseparable,
Even unto the last of thy days,
When I shall seat myself on thy grave-stone.

When in sadness, come thou to me freely;
In joy, then shun me from afar off!
Ever must I follow thee upon the Road,
Yet never may I touch thy hand—
For I am Solitude.

—H. Bedford-Jones.

THE REASON OF JUDICIAL ANGER.

Jim Packard and his pard had put in a bitter fall in the Funeral Mountains. After a while the grub gave out and the pardners were vigilant lest one get the drop on the other and kill and cook him.

After many days of cannibalistic sentry duty Packard killed and boiled his mate. The meat supply lasted four weeks, quarter rations.

Then Hungry Jim saw one day on the trail, another prospector and killed and ate him.

When spring came the sheriff of the county found Jim wandering down an arroyo munching a thigh bone. After a trial Jim was convicted of murder and the judge passing sentence said, “Stand up, you cannibalistic son of a gun. I sentence you to the penitentiary for ninety-nine years. Sorry I cannot make it nine hundred and ninety-nine years. Here we are trying to attract immigrants to this county and spending hundreds of dollars in doing so and here you are out there in the hills eating them up as fast as we bring them in.”

Clement.

WHAT CAN YOU SUGGEST TO IMPROVE
YOUR CLUB PAPER—“THE SCOOP”?—ED.

KILLING BLUE DEVILS.

A Mystic's Triumph Over Matter.

BY DR. DAVID H. REEDER.

The morning after, and I wondered if I looked as blue and despondent as I felt.

The Mystic sat opposite me as the train sped on, carrying me to work, possibly discharge, for I knew that I would be "a grouch" again and a kindly warning had been given me on two previous occasions.

I saw that the Mystic pitied me and also that his countenance was full of the joy of living. How I envied him.

Just before we reached the station where he got off the train he came over and with a kindly smile handed me a small envelope and asked me to put it into my pocket and not open it until I was alone in my private office and sure that there would be no interruptions. It was marked on the outside: "Killing the Blue Devil." He was so genteel that I could not do otherwise than thank him, although I naturally resented anything which might be in the nature of moralizing. After he was gone I was again a "grouch," and was about to tear up the little envelope, but, oh how thankful I am that I did not.

Of course I was late and there was lots to do. The manager had already sent for me twice, and I was about to go to him, knowing that in my mental and physical state a row would certainly follow any criticism of the delay.

I did not want to lose my position, won after years of hard and painstaking work and I thought of the little envelope. Opening it I found still another envelope and on it was printed the following:

"The blues and the grouch will go like lightning away from you and you will have great power if you will face the East and then fall upon 'All fours' before reading aloud or singing the 'National Hymn of Siam,' tune 'America.'

"You will arise with a laugh, a happy he-haw, that will win friends and fortune."

I felt like an ass, but I decided instantly to "take a chance." It saved my job and I hope it may save yours. Now, whenever I am tempted I always remember the spirit of the song and there have been no more mournings after. Get on "all fours" before you read or sing the verse or you lose the psychic effect. (You must read aloud or sing the verse. The meaning will then come to you, even though you never studied a foreign language.)

NATIONAL HYMN OF SIAM.

"Ova tannas Siam
Geeva tannas Siam
Ova tannas
Sucha tammas Siam
Inocan giffa tam
Osucha nas Siam
Osucha nas."

FERGUS.

By "Casey."

Have you ever lived and lingered in a little hillside shack,
Crouching like a lost child in a forest' land of sighs,
Where you must cuddle up, and, lonely, bear the chilling smack
Of the piercing winds assailing, from out the arctic skies?

With me in my cabin, a nervous, panting wolf-dog
Lies sleepy-eyed, but wakeful, at his post right near the door.
Ready—yes, and anxious—be it sunshine, rain, or night fog,
To follow, lead, or linger—he is gritty to the core.

Just the sort of a companion in a land of tears and turmoil,
One on whom the burden of a simple trust may rest!
He's been tried, and proved his courage. I love him! he was loyal,
When, a year ago this winter, his gameness met a test.

We were mushing 'long a snow-line, near the Going-Sun-High Mountain,
When a crushing slide of earth and snow came tumbling on the trail.
It carried me along, too, head first, my feet not counting,
Bruised and limp and bleeding, like a bear-slapped Tonga snail.

I fetched up at the bottom, like a beaver-tumbled hemlock—
Not a twitching of my muscles, for the day had turned to dark.
Like a relic of a battle, propped against a massive cake-rock,
I lay dying—bleeding, dying—when I heard my wolf-dog's bark.

Through the earthy snow that hid me, to the cake-rock that had crushed me,
He came burrowing and cringing, like the Alps dog of the Swiss,
With his knotty feet a-freezing, and his muzzle cold and watery,
He dug his path of rescue till my face warmed with his kiss.

With me in my cabin, this nervous, panting wolf-dog
Lies sleepy-eyed, but wakeful, at his post right near the door,
Ready—yes, and anxious—be it sunshine, rain, or night fog,
To follow, lead, or linger—he is gritty to the core.

IMITATORS.

I do not know how this may be,
But well I know that B. L. T.
Has set a pace so hot that he
Has made all else a mockery.

Harry Daniel: No, a cabaret is not a lady "cabby." Yes, we understand about suffragettes and we hope to learn the avia-trix.

"THE SCOOP" WILL BE SENT FOR THE
BALANCE OF 1912 AND ALL OF 1913 FOR \$1.

THE SCOOP

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JAY CAIRNS, Editor

B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

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"THANKS, ALL."

The first "Children's number" of "Scoop" was a success. Its reception has been more than gratifying to the editors. While we appreciate words of commendation, if the members of the club really wish to endorse the direction of "Scoop," they can best do so by signing a subscription card.

Each mail brings a stack of subscription cards. Boost "Scoop" by making sure your name is on the list. The character of the articles, and the poetic contributions which "Scoop" presents weekly has necessitated the obtaining of a copy-right.

While we are flattered each time some other publication burglarizes our columns, we are not so flabbergasted that we will not make an effort to protect our contributors. The copyright will do this.

Send us copy, and your ideas.

And

Your subscription.

CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

Send in your poems and articles for the Christmas number of this magazine, which is now in the making. We are in communication with some of the best known writers in this country who have promised to add to the literary strength of our Christmas number. Send in your best copy. Don't be afraid. It may be just what we want.

Do it now. Help us make the Christmas number a success.

AN ENDURING CLUB.

There are a great many members of the Press Club who really love the organization, not for its creature comforts, not for the responsiveness of its billiard rails nor the elasticity of its house accounts, but for what we must call, for lack of a better word, its atmosphere, its freedom to say and do what you please providing you select a proper audience and a suitable environment for your words and your actions.

It is this that makes the Press Club not merely an existing, but a living, breathing, sensate thing.

Many of us have been chilled through while waiting in the ammonia room of some dignified club while an austere page sought for a concealed member crouched behind some quilted leather armchair. We have wondered how many square yards of plaster would fall on our devoted heads if we yelled "Hello, Frank," across those echoing corridors. And then we could come back to the dear old Press Club and thank our lucky stars that we are members of a live, pulsating organization made up of human beings.

Does anything threaten the life of this club? We mean its life—not its continued existence. It would continue to be even though its desiccated soul rattled around in a shell engraved with the great names, living and dead, of those who have blessed it and been blessed by it.

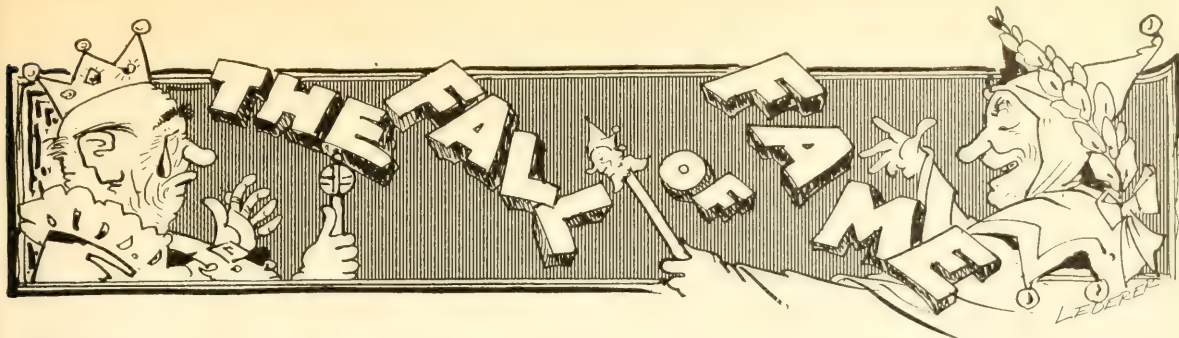
Yes. There is one big danger. It is not our bills, it is not our restaurant, it is not our card tables, it is not the feminization of our manly vigor because of too many ladies' nights, but it is a lack of discretion and discrimination on the part of some of our most loyal, lovable members.

There is a time and place for everything, and I can see and share in the curl of scorn should I pose as a Puritan. But even as some stories will "go" when told to one or two that would flatten out when shouted to a room full, so other theses, however admirably written, should find some other medium of publicity than through The Scoop, née The Press Club Bulletin.

Recollect, first, that our publication is rightfully used by the outsider as a gauge of our highest thought, our most carefully selected gems of wit and wisdom, our best expression of good comradeship. Bear in mind that it is read by many who do not know the writers for the good fellows that they are and who read it in the atmosphere of their offices and homes—yes, their homes.

Remember that many of us keep our files of the club organ in our libraries and proudly exhibit them to our friends, and do not forget that we are taught not only by The Story of Tommy Milktoast and other Third Reader

(Continued on bottom of page 255.)



Mr. Washburn is twenty-five cents nearer his star. The subscription to present him with a star, emblem of authority as member of the house committee, has almost reached two dollars, lacking fifty or seventy-five cents.

First Sweet Layde: "Have you read 'Marriage by Wells'?"

Second Sweet Layde: "Oh, yes, I read it when it was running seriously in the American."

If Col. Visscher rushes up to you and demands a ten word epigram, give it to him. He is working out a scheme of decoration for the plaques in the dining rooms.

If one could lie in bed and write poetry and sit up and do etchings as good as Phil Sawyer does either we'd be glad to spend all our time doing both half the time. Oz.

G. W. Weippiert returned to the Club this week having arrived in New York last Tuesday after spending several months abroad. He was very thoughtful while away, sending us messages of good cheer occasionally from points visited. With one was included a check for dues during the time he was away. G. W. won't have anything around that sounds like an unpaid bill.

The latest news from Fred Bate states he is on his way to Munich where he will spend four months in special art study, after which he will return to ye clubbe. Fred has been in Paris since last March.

Mr. R. J. Peacock, formerly of the Daily North West News and a trio of weeklies published in the Northwest section of the city, has joined the business staff of the Chicago Daily Press.

As secretary of the Cook County Press Club, an organization whose membership represents one hundred publishers of weekly newspapers in Cook county, Mr. Peacock has always been active in advancing the cause of the local publisher.

Axel Christensen, the "Czar of Ragtime," is playing to 3,000 people four times daily at the Hippodrome in St. Louis this week. Axel is "knocking them off the seats" at every performance.

Paul D. Howse announces that he has left the show business and gone into the legitimate vocation of manufacturing electric signs. Paul made the same allegation and recommendation when he left the newspaper business.—Ed.

DING DONG.

Nobody married last week but Dave the head bellboy—well, well, who brought that marriage microbe into the Club, anyhow? My, but he proved a most virile specimen. Bet he bites Charles Glessner next!

LONG LIVE THE KING!

Rudolph Berliner has been appointed vice-chairman of the entertainment committee. Mr. Twist will devote his excess energies from now on to preparations for our annual "Scoop."

Mr. Berliner will be in charge of the entertainment matters and the Club is mighty lucky to gain his consent as it will be a sacrifice of his very valuable time.

Rudy, we're for you.

GOOD MANAGEMENT.

The following is extracted from the report of the Financial Secretary for the month of September:

| | Sept., 1911. | Sept., 1912. |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Net Profit Cafe & Cigar Dept..... | \$19.74 | \$156.98 |
| Net Profit Billiard Dept..... | 15.95 | 52.40 |
| Net Profit Dormitory Dept..... | 26.50 | 137.65 |

(Continued from page 254.)

stuff, but by the history of literature, that only the pure, decent, improving work of the pen really lives.

And, finally, my brethren, whatever may be our attitude toward anyone's contribution to The Scoop, let us try to believe that he is working for the same end that we are, viz.: the upbuilding of the Press Club of Chicago. If we cannot believe it, the loss is ours, not his.

J. U. H.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We present in this issue the first instalment of Health Hints by Prof. A. Turning Worme, A. M., M. D., LL. D. We bespeak for the professor the co-operation of the subscribers of the SCOOP. We don't like to brag, but we consider Dr. Worme in a class by himself. The Chicago Tribune will please take notice.

WEAKLY HEALTH HINTS.

BY DR. A. TURNING WORME, A. M., M. D., LL. D.
Editor Health Department of The Scoop.

(We will gladly answer all questions pertaining to health. While we prefer to give of our modest store of knowledge of hygiene and sanitation, we will not, like our esteemed confrere* of the Chicago Tribune, refuse to prescribe for our clientèle. We are not so hungry for dollars as to compel the suffering to come to our office to get the finish—of our advice and counsel. We hope that our readers will freely question us on all subjects pertaining to health.)

*Con brother. Deriv. Frère (Fr. brother) and Con. (B.)

Dear Dr. Worme: I have a very severe case of chronic logorrhea. My family physician has given up the case. I turn to you as a last resort. What am I to do?
 E. S.

Answer: Thanks for the compliment. You evidently "turn" to me as "a last resort" because all the other resorts have been closed by the authorities. As to the remedy for logorrhea, hold your breath at meal times—unless you are alone. This will soon be a popular remedy, with those who are with you at table.

Dear Professor Worme: I accidentally discovered today a tender spot in my steak! You may imagine how it startled me. What does it mean, and what shall I do if it occurs again?
 M. W.

Answer: The—phenomenon—of which—you—speak is what is known in biologic science as a "sport." It has never occurred before within the recollection of the oldest member of the Press Club. There is nothing to do; it will not recur during your life time.

Dear Professor Worme: I am troubled with what my doctor has termed "scandalitis." He has given me every known remedy without success. Kindly advise me.
 F. R.

Answer: Quit eating at the trough. Ask me something easy.

Dear Professor: One of my experienced friends has told me that I am deformed, that I am a "high brow." How can I determine whether I am or not, and if I am, what shall I do for it?

Answer: Your friend is merely knocking for knocking's sake. Does your barber ever have to dodge your eyebrows when he shaves your neck? If not, you probably are not a high brow. The special symptoms are these, viz.: Baldness extending well down to the nape of the neck, with a cowlick just at the junction of the forehead with the crown of the head. The forehead slopes abruptly backward and there are many deep depressions in the cranium, especially in the frontal region. The eyes have a far-away-aint-my-ideas-grand look and the ears are pointed and somewhat waggish in their habits. As to a cure, that is easy: See Dr. Butler. He himself once had high browitis and cured himself. He says he had a hair breadth escape.

Ernest Cooley, our famous waterpower magneto literati, has discovered all current comical stories have descended from three original stories, products of the early joke-smiths.

Vic Eubank can tell all three.

STEIN SONG.

Steins presented to our distinguished guests at the monthly stags will be hung in the dining room.

Steins belonging to members will also be hung in the dining room. This will make a fine collection.

Be sure your stein is in the line.

IS YOUR STEIN ON THE LINE.

Our devil jumped up, and startled the group
 Who were sitting around, and "feeling fine,"
 And winked at the adipose Ed. of The Scoop,

Who asked him to write him a jingling line;
 And what do you think he said, the boop?

He asked, "Is your stein, dear boys, on the line?"
 Then he rushed away, with a war-like whoop,
 The while each club member ordered a stein.

MACBETH UP TO DATE.

(From the Press Club Edition of the Barred of Avon.)

Is this a stein that I do see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee!

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, beerful vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or are thou but
 A spook-stein of the mind, a false creation,
 Proceeding from the beer-besotted brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As that which barkeep drew for me just now.
 Thou coaxest me to drink thy foaming contents,
 And such a stein I was to use in drinking.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,
 And o'er thy brim the foam is dripping now,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing!
 It is the beer, which to my brain has gone,
 To wake my stomach's craving. O'er my senses
 flown

Dull visions creep, and wicked dreams abuse
 My drowsy vision, while a ghost flits by.
 Nay, it is not a sheeted ghost I see,
 But just that same infernal spooky beer,
 Which dawdles there before my very eyes,
 And makes me feel how very sad it is
 To have a souse come creeping o'er my brain
 Without a previous gurgling of the beer
 Adown my throat. Avaunt, thou spooky beer!
 I see thee yet, and yet, I drink thee not!
 See it not, Duncan; for it is a stein
 That summons thee to hell or life divine!

—Earl Marble.

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ELECTION NIGHT.

Returns at Press Club. Special arrangements have been made to receive and post bulletins of the election results Tuesday night. The large banquet hall on the sixth floor will be fitted up with cozy chairs, card tables and persons of diverse accomplishments. The restaurant will be open all night.

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

Theo Stern, New York, guest of John L. Weber.

M. J. Taylor, Jefferson Park, guest of Frank Roderus.

James H. Ashley, Wheaton, Ill., guest of Frank Roderus.

Cyril Chadwick, London, guest of W. J. Cochran.

J. H. Hamilton, E. Lansing, guest of H. H. Delano.

Robt. Hewitt, New York, guest of C. C. Johnston.

Dr. Augustus G. Haerther, Chicago, guest of Thos. Devereaux.

C. Thomas, Chicago, guest of R. Rutherford. Fowler Manning, St. Louis, guest of Edward White.

J. B. McCafferey, LaSalle, Ill., guest of Edward White.

W. A. Bertman, Peoria, guest of Edward White.

Judge Slater; Marion, Ill., guest of Willis Melville.

M. W. Maloney, Quincy, Ill., guest of Edward White.

Robert Hall, New York, guest of A. W. Christensen.

CAFE NIGHT SERVICE.

Commencing Monday night, the Press Club Cafe will be open all night.

This will add to the convenience of the morning newspaper men who desire sustenance, material and liquid, in the wee sma' hours.

The Cafe should be a fine, homelike place to gather these chill evenings to come. It is also a place of surprises. It is a mecca for stray spirits at night. Distinguished guests, knowing they will find here that happy informality which makes the Press Club a real Bohemia, drop in unannounced and foregather.

One night last week Richard Carle dropped in, bringing eleven pieces of his orchestra with him.

Can you beat it?

Come on in and boost.

THE STYLUS, A Journal for Writers. Illustrated magazine. Desirable and valuable. Contains Opportunities; Prize offers; Suggestions for articles; About Authors; Reviews; Magazine Notes, Editorials and Club notes. Serial story, "The Price of Fame." Sample free. Fifty cents a year. Justitia Pub. Co., Boyce Bldg., Chicago.

Tonite--Monthly Stag--Tonite

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HENRY WOODRUFF, Super Vice-President
CAPT. HARRY LAMBART, Super Vice-President

• And there will be others.

The greatest aggregation within the memory of men, mere men. Our first stag was a howl. Make the second a scream.

A partial list of other Well Known Stage Stars who will be present.

Mr. Edward Ellis

(Of "The Man Higher Up")
Olympic Theater

Mr. Eugene O'Rourke

(Of "The Man Higher Up")
Olympic Theatre

Mr. Ted Snyder, (Himself)

(The Popular Composer)

Mr. Henery Thies

The Sensational Violinist
Accompanied by

Mr. Al. Johnson

Pianist

Bennet, Denton and Butler

(That Singing Trio)

Cloverdale and White

(The Dancing Revelation from
The Red Widow)

Miss Clara Louise Thurston

(Harp Soloist Sublime)

Mr. Carl Baier

(Renowned Zither Soloist)

The Mando Quintette

(Chicago's Best,
A. V. Holmes, Director)

Mr. Egbert Van Alstyne

(The Well Known Composer)
Assisted by

The Loos Brothers

and

Some Real Knockouts In The Way of Surprises

The entire Orchestra of the "Red Widow Co."
(Courtesy Chicago Federation of Musicians)

Saturday Night, Nov. 2nd

Installation of Officers 11:30 P. M. Sharp

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DRIPPINGS FROM THE TROUGH.

By A. Turning Worm.

J. U. H.: "Say, Doc—I mean Doctor, what's good for falling of the brain?"

Doctor: "It's Tuesday, Jawn."

J. U. H.: "What's that got to do with it?"

Doctor: "Never practise veterinary medicine on Tuesdays."

J. U. H. (furiously, rising): "Sir! Do you mean—?"

Chorus (interrupting): "He's complimenting you, Jawn. He means you're a thoroughbred; see? Sit down!"

J. U. H.: "But what's the matter with Tuesday?"

G. S. (aside, to Doctor): "Jawn is some humorist, isn't he?"

Doctor: "Well, he may have some humor, in a medical sense, but he'd better not break out here."

G. S.: "Oh, he won't. Which reminds me that when I was traveling in Terra del Fuego, I saw the funniest looking bird down there that—"

(Babble by full chorus on the relation of the penguin to the great auk.)

"Prof." *R. R.* (not a railroad man, not even a trolley man. No trolley in sight. Rumor that he's off his—well, anyway): "Do you know, I believe that canned penguin is—"

Chorus: "There's that benzoate of soda business again!"

M. W. (aside to the foxy Major): "R. R. is nuts! Babies thrive on benzoate. Now my children were—"

Major F.: "Vaccinated, when?"

M. W. (throwing a fit): "S!—!s—"!ft—!ft—!pm—!sizz—! (business of frothing at the mouth).

Doctor: "My Gawd! Hydrophobia!"

Chorus: "Ha! Ha! Not on your life! Why, he's on the water wagon."

(Remains are removed by waitress.)

G. S.: "That reminds me of the time when I——"

Chorus (everybody looking at clock): "Crimminy! I promised my wife"—"Gee whiz! Look at the time!" "Holy smoke! I'll get docked."

(Business of mob dribbling out.)

G. S. (continuing): "Was in Kalamazoo, Mich., during the war, I—"

Waitress: "Did you say you wanted some change, sir?"

G. H. (fishing up a suspicious looking dime): "Ah, yes, I see. That reminds me of the time when I was in Kokomo, during the county fair. I—"

Waitress (diving under the table and biting dime): "Oh, thank you kindly, gentle sir."

G. S. (business of making exit and being reminded that he is alone): "That reminds me of—"

Elevator Boy: "Down, sir?"

THE SCOOP

(FORMERLY PRESS CLUB BULLETIN)

Volume I. No. 57.

Chicago, Saturday, November 9, 1912.

Price 5c.

DIGRESSIONAL.

A RHAPSODY AT THE STAG.

Guard of stag parties, Great Barkeep,
Master of Keg and bottle-line,
Beneath that beer-soaked hand you hold
Dominion over booze and wine—
Great Guard of Stags, how our wives fret,
When we forget—and are upset!

When laughter and this shouting dies,
When Comrades and the guests depart,
We chosen few with bleary eyes,
And thick'ning tongue and mellow heart,
Good Guard of Stags, will be here yet,
Good Guard, you bet—we'll be here yet.

Booze-soaked, will senses melt away,
Conscience and self-respect retire,
Lo, all our pride of yesterday
With joy we'll push into the mire.
Judge of sweet Potions, serve us yet,
Let us forget—let us forget.

Then drunk with beer and smoke, we loose
Wild tongues in song, and coldest thaw,
To boastings common with all stews
While still we drink till throats grow raw.
Good Guard of Stags, devise some threat
To make us fret—lest we forget!

For there at home she keeps her trust
In reeking liquor stained, smoke tarred,
And maudlin, chunk of common dust,
Which she calls man, however marred,
Good Guard, fulfill thy duty rude
And keep us all from getting stewed.

ELBOG YOREL.



Coverdale and White of "The Red Widow."



Raymond Hitchcock,
Super-President at Press Club Stag.

SOME STAG.

Take it from us, when we tell you it was some stag. From Raymond Hitchcock, who told how he "came damned near getting into jail because he went out in search of purity," to the Loos Brothers, who instantly got a very tight grip on the mere men who were members of the Press Club, and the two or three ladies in the Romeo and Juliet balcony, it was as strenuous as though it had been a Bull Moose stag. Mr. Hitchcock really made a most delightfully modest super-President, and Henry Woodruff was equally charming as super-Vice-President, while Captain Harry Lambert as the second super-Vice-President, filled the office and the hearts of the Club members to overflowing.

Eugene O'Rourke told a fine lot of assorted stories (after the ladies had done their part in the programme and retired); while Ted Snyder, himself, with his ample assistants in song and appropriate action, was more than a revelation; while Egbert Van Alstyne, also a well-known composer, carried the house by storm, assisted

by the Loos Brothers; and others did more than a full share in making the night a joyous one.

One of the "revelations" of the affair was the dancing of Mr. White and Miss Coverdale, who showed that the Barbary Coast had nothing on them in the way of revelation in depicting the "poetry of motion" in accordance with the stunts in dancing according to the ethics of the ultra modern school, which has given us the Bunny Hug, the Grizzly Bear, the Turkey Trot, and other examples of the school. And Miss Coverdale is from Philadelphia, too! The City of Brotherly Love certainly is going some when she lets herself loose in some of her athletic dancing stunts! Take it from us, it certainly was "a dancing revelation."



Capt. Harry Lambart of "The Blue Bird."

THE MORNING AFTER.

(A Post-Election Verselet, with Apologies to Mrs. Norton.)

A bruiser of the 'Steenth ward lay curled upon his bunk;
He was neither dead nor dying, 'twas a simple case of drunk.
As the barkeep stepped beside him with a platter full of booze,
He revived enough to let these words from out his system coze:
"Take a message and a token to the dear old city hall;
Tell them that I voted early; yes, and often—that is all."
HAL P. DENTON.

NOVEMBER MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be called to order at 1:30 p. m., Saturday, Nov. 9.

The attendance of every member is desired.



Miss Clara Louise Thurston.



Henry Woodruff, Super Vice President.

HAVE YOU SUBSCRIBED?

We have received 267 new subscriptions since sending out the subscription cards and they are still coming in every mail. These results are very gratifying and will spur us on in our endeavor to make this little magazine of real value and interest.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

A scion of a prominent Chicago family recently had a most thrilling experience, which he relates as follows:

"Through attendance at one of our leading theaters I had become acquainted, and, I must confess, somewhat infatuated, with a young lady who was appearing in the chorus. She was petite, of excellent family, retiring in disposition, and I considered myself flattered by being allowed to show her my respectful attentions.

"I had an appointment to meet her at the close of a matinee, and an arrangement had been made for two of my gentlemen friends to accompany me to the performance. I dropped into a cafe in the theater building to await the coming of my friends and proceeded to make myself comfortable by disposing of a portion of cheese cake and a mug of ale.

"Presently my guests arrived and we at once went to our seats in the parquet, about half way up. In front of us, and slightly to our right, sat a most charmingly appearing young lady, who at once attracted our close attention.

"During an intermission she slightly turned in her seat, bringing her very pretty face into full view. To my astonishment she nodded to me, a fact which puzzled me during the entire remainder of the performance, and plainly chagrined my companions. I could not recall that I had met her, yet the smile of recognition was not to be mistaken for other than a genuine acknowledgment of recognition by a lady of a gentleman with whom she was or had been acquainted.

"To my still further surprise she came up to me in the foyer at the close of the entertainment, extended her hand and entered into an animated conversation.

"'Why have you neglected us so long?' she inquired in a tone of voice expressing disappointment, shaded with slight vexation. 'Mamma was saying only yesterday that you had not been to call on us for almost a year.'

"Then, without giving me a chance to falter out some excuse, she added: 'The only way you can make amends for your delinquency will be to go home with me in the carriage and have tea with us. Papa and mamma each will be delighted to have you come, and as for myself, I simply will accept no rejection of the invitation.'

"Here I was in a quandary, for sure. Grace, my lady friend of the chorus, had plainly observed me in the audience, and my word was out to meet her at the termination of the performance. I could not refuse the invitation so pressing urged without appearing rude, or disclosing the fact of her mistaken recognition. This latter I could not bring myself to do, having a keen desire to see how the matter would terminate.

"Accordingly I called to the manager, who was passing, and with whom I was well acquainted, charging him with a message to Grace to the

effect that I had been suddenly called away and that I would meet her at the close of the evening entertainment.

"The unknown conducted me to her waiting carriage, one of unmistakable elegance, drawn by a pair of spanking bays, and with the words, 'Home, Wilkins,' to the deferential coachman, we whirled away—where? I vaguely wondered.

"The drive continued until the carriage was pulled up in front of an elegant mansion on Lake Shore drive. As we stepped from the equipage my companion remarked to me: 'See the new porch. We have had that built since you were to see us. What do you think of it?'

"I, of course, observed that it added vastly to the beauty of the house. She accompanied me up the walk and we were met at the entrance to the mansion by an usher, who bore all the evidences of that gentility displayed by servants of the best families.

"Entering the reception room she rang for her maid, whom she instructed to tell her mamma that she was home from the matinee, 'and tell her,' she added in a sweet tone, and with a naive smile at me, 'that I am accompanied by an old friend, one she will be glad to see after a long absence.'

"The maid returned to inform her mistress that she had it from the butler that her mamma and papa had gone to a neighbor's to form a pair in a game of bridge, but that they would return at 5 o'clock. I suggested going, but to this she would not hear.

"After some desultory conversation and statements on her part relative to friends and acquaintances of whom I had no knowledge, she excused herself for a moment and I heard her ascending the stairs. Now, thought I, is my opportunity to escape from this embarrassing predicament. Especially did I dislike to meet the parental pair, for then the mistake must out, and surely it would not place me in an enviable position. Resolved to 'duck,' I went into the entry, grabbed my hat from the halltree, and opening the door, ran plump into papa and mamma.

"Embarrassed to an extent, I sought to pass around the couple, but the head of the house pleasantly accosted me, blocking my passage. 'You are not leaving, are you?' he inquired with a smile. I answered that I thought I had better be going, but he insisted that I return to the reception room. I saw no other course open, without rudeness in the face of such a polite invitation, and entered the room with them.

"The mother excused herself and I heard her ascending the stairs, while the old gentleman and myself seated ourselves, I trying to nerve myself for the ordeal of expected exposure. 'What is your name?' he suavely inquired. I answered that I was Mr. Johnson. 'I am glad,' he said, 'that you have called,' and just at this moment a great commotion arose above stairs.

(Continued on page 265.)

THE SCOOP

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CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

Success for our first Xmas annual is now assured.

We have received several excellent poems and short stories and some valuable suggestions, but will welcome more.

The Cover.

Mr. R. J. Campbell is making the cover design and we are satisfied to just leave it to Bob. It's real art if signed R. J. C.

Advertising Section.

Theo. Van R. Ashcraft has general direction of the advertising section. Van is a genius in this line of work and under his direction we are assured that the work will be so handled that no interest of the club can be jeopardized.

Prize for Short Story.

The best story of about 2,000 words will entitle the author, if a resident of Cook county, to \$10 in cash or credit for one quarter's dues in the Press Club of Chicago; if a non-resident of Cook county, \$10 cash or one year's dues. The award will be made by three judges to be appointed by President Wheeler and announced later.

Stories not winning shall become property of THE SCOOP unless their return is requested.

NO FREE COPIES.

Postal regulations permit only three free copies to be sent during a calendar year to the same person—therefore non-subscribers will receive only two more free copies during 1912. And the only way each issue can be obtained will be by signing and sending in a subscription card.

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

Raymond Hitchcock, guest of Charles N. Wheeler.

Henry Woodruff, guest of Charles N. Wheeler.
W. N. Bailey, Chicago, guest of Stanly H. Twist.

F. E. Lane, Los Angeles, Cal., guest of T. E. Donnelley.

R. Schrouger, New York, guest of T. E. Donnelley.

Charles Donnelley, guest of T. E. Donnelley.
Cecil Yapp, London, England, guest of H. Percy Millar.

C. F. Taylor, Chicago, guest of Theodore Van R. Ashcroft.

CANDIDATES FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership, from the following, were formally approved at the regular weekly meeting of the Board of Directors, Nov. 4, and will be voted on at the regular monthly meeting Nov. 9:

Active.

Name and sponsor:
Clifford Arrick, Chicago Telephone Co., by E. W. Miller.

J. H. Ashley, Editor "Bank Man," by Frank Roderus.
Bert C. Clarke, Inter Ocean, by Chas. N. Wheeler.
James Crusinberry, Tribune, by C. A. Briggs.

Peter G. Drautzburg, U. S. Secret Service, by W. A. Washburne.

Dr. W. A. Evans, Tribune, by W. A. Washburne.
E. Frank Gardiner, Newspaperman, by Mark S. Watson.

Paul T. Gilbert, Tribune, by John L. Lawson.
William Griffin, Examiner, by John L. Lawson.
Sam Lederer, Mgr. Olympic Theater, by W. A. Washburne.

R. M. Lee, Examiner, by W. E. Moore.
Patrick J. J. McCarthy, newspaperman, by P. F. Lowder.

Charles H. Mitchell, contributor, by Chas. M. Carr.
Gene Morgan, newspaper man, by W. A. Washburne.
Paul E. Neumann, Tribune, by W. A. Washburne.
Geo. E. Phair, Examiner, by Douglas Malloch.
Joseph B. Pierson, Tribune, by W. A. Washburne.
J. P. Sprague, M. D., contributor, by B. Beecher Osborne.

J. Sullivan, Tribune, by W. A. Washburne.

Non-Resident.

Bernard J. Cigrand, editor American Dental Journal, by Chas. N. Wheeler.

Irving S. Roney, Publisher, G. Chas. Griffiths.
Hoke Smith, Great Northern Railway, by M. E. Dickson.

F. B. Vrooman, Journalist, by G. Cooke Adams.

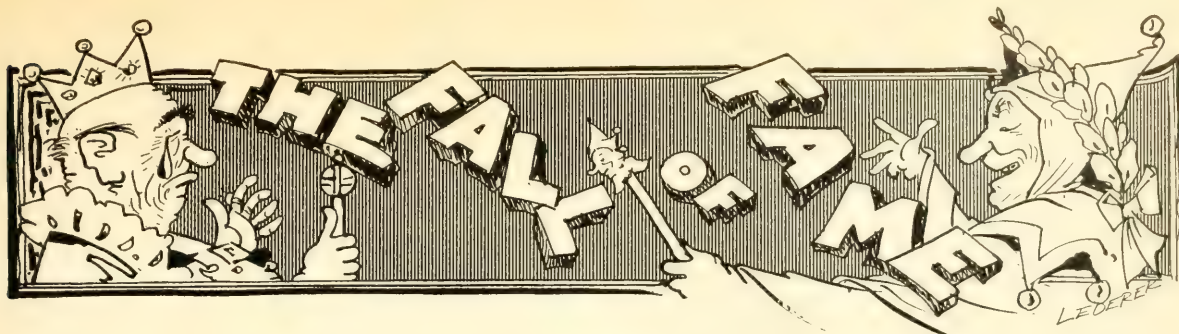
THE WORLD IS NOT MANY.

The world is not many—it is only two;
You and I—or another twain,
Speaking old words that are ever new,
Viewing the earth as our fair domain.

What of the legion that throng the ways?
Two is the total that crowd the street,
Two make the world and its book of days,
And two is the world in a far retreat.

The moon's pale beams flood the summer night,
The rose awakens a-tremble with dew;
The day is a medley of sound and sight,
And all are granted for a world of two.

R. O. R.



Lost, strayed or stolen, John Alcock.

Jeff & Saunders, interior decorators. N. and D. tf.

Which reminds us that Eddie B. Fullerton is a brother of Hugh.

W. H. Wood has come back home—St. Louis was too slow—and hooked up with the Daily World.

Never mind checking the hats and coats. Peter Drautzberg, U. S. secret service, is among us.

Jefferson Jackson's new \$10,000 car got itself stolen and recovered during the past week, with no bad effects except a ripped off hind shoe.

Old Bill Cochrane is starting a "Kelly" for a trip to Excelsior Springs, now the stress of the campaign is ended. He says the water helps his hair.

Tom Harvey, rotund and jolly as ever, spent a few days this week at the Club. He is now a non-resident member, residing in New York City.

Jonathan Mayor Crane wants to back his boy, Palsy, against the world for intelligence, etc. John Sullivan, the well known proof reader, offers to hold the stakes.

Did you know that Member I. E. Sanborn is "Sy," the Tribune's baseball authority? Years ago they called him Sandy and he abbreviated the nickname to "Sy" to save time and space.

The Marquis of Queensberry sent this message from London to the Tribune: "Why don't you run my story I wrote last spring? Handy doesn't know everything." Whereat W. M. Handy smiled audibly.

Otto Engel has appealed to the directors to have a policeman watch the rowdy chess players, Ora A. Mathew and Joseph B. Pierson, and keep them moving. He says he missed two cars waiting for Joe to move.

Joe Henderson again frequents the library. Welcome, Joe.

Daniel Stern recently returned from a three months' tour of Germany and England, which completed his fifty-second trip across the big pond.

Famous stars:
Star of Destiny.
Lillian Russell.
Walter Washburn's.

Harry Fisher, who represents a big string of papers and has an office in the Boyce building, has his eye on the club. He says he is a veteran Pittsburgh reporter and eligible.

Charles Tenney Jackson, author of the "Mid-westerners," spent Tuesday evening at the Club with Stanley Twist and Otto Kney. Mr. Tenney has been spending the Summer at his old home in Madison, Wis. He was on his way to Louisiana to spend the Winter. Mr. Tenney's new book is the headliner of Bobbs-Merrill Fall book list.

Walter A. Washburne has appointed a committee to find out what has become of the fund raising to buy him a solid gold or silver star as member of the house committee. He has named W. A. Pinkerton, W. J. Burns, J. J. Healy, James J. Corbett, Frank Gotch, Harry Walsh, Assistant Chief Schuettler, Franc B. Wilkie, Paul Williams and Charles Gotthart. They are empowered to ACT.

Rutledge Rutherford has shaken the dust of Chicago from his feet and become domiciled in New York, whence he sends postcards to the knockers' table—postcards, generally, of some little old skyscraper of that city, erected after Chicago set the example and showed her how it was done. The following came along a day or two ago:

Here's to the knocker-table mutts,
The boobs of yap renown,
The merry, cherry buster boys,
The porks of Packingtown.

As his cards generally are of the free-ad variety, they are only mildly interesting.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR KINDERGARTEN POLITICIANS.

There was a fat fellow named Taft,
Who during the canvass just laft;
"But they've got our goat,"
He said as the vote
Came in—this big, fat fellow named Taft.

Sing a song for Roosevelt!
Everybody knows he felt
Mad because the delegates
Sent him down where hell awaits
Every politician who
Fails in his ambition view.

Teddy Roosevelt, showing his teeth,
Swashbuckled on Hounsburly Heath,
And said, "My dear Mr. Taft,
You're devoted to trusts and to graft,
And I'm on to you, look at my teeth!"

Roosevelt! Roosevelt!
How is your moosey-pelt?
We shall see you again
In political glen,
And respond to your horn,
As sure as you're born!

There was a scholastic named Wilson
Who was honest, and never had frills on.
"We've just got a hunch
That you'll handle the bunch
In Washington," folks said to Wilson.

There was a shrewd fellow named Dunne,
Who said as he winked just for fun,
"Such a mix ne'er was seen,
For here is Deneen
Who, unlike yours truly, is done."

"Where are you going, my pretty Taft maid?"
"Going out of the sun, and keep in the shade."
"May I go with you?" up spoke the boy Ted.
"You're not that kind of a son," Taft said.
EARL MARBLE.

YOUNG MEN, TAKE NOTICE.

Percy W. Boone of the copy desk of the Tribune no sooner applied for membership in the Press Club than the Morning World sent for him and made him city editor.

HIC JACET.

Here lies an old glutton
Who lived but to eat.
He hated a cold place
Delighted in heat.
His last words were these:
"Dear friends, I am looking
For a warm destination
And capital cooking.
And everything there
Is exact to my wishes.
The place it is hot,
And hot are the dishes.
I'll be where loud toasts
Will always be ringing;
Where there will be plenty
Of drinking and singing.
Don't mourn for me now,
Don't mourn for me ever;
I am going carousing
For ever and ever."

M. M.

Grand Hotel de Cimierz, Cimierz, Nice.

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SAMPLE PRICES—Dickens, 20 vol., \$90; my price, \$17.85. Shakespeare, 20 vol., \$60; my price, \$14.40. Emerson, 6 vol., \$25; my price, \$5.25. Kipling, \$45; my price, \$7.80, etc.

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Look Out for These Men

They Are Wanted to Join the
Press Club

POWERS, WILLIE HARRIS—

Cartoonist on American; brother of Tom Powers; buck and wing dancer; has curly hair; weight about 160 pounds.

PEGLER, ARTHUR JAMES—

Star writer on American; raconteur and near war correspondent; graduate Yorkshire school. Reward for capture alive. Melancholy appearance.

HAYS, CHARLEY—

Telegraph editor Evening Post; rotund and merry; has curly hair.

CURTIS, "SKIPPER"—

City editor Evening Post; entertainer; has five stories he tells. Reward.

DAVIS, JOSEPH GARIBALDI—

Resembles Reed L. Parker in build, but less so, charged with holding out. May be found loitering about golf links or in Tribune office.

SHEAHAN, JOSEPH MEDILL—

News editor Evening Post; slender and thoughtful. Sign him on sight.

LOGAN, FRED—

Evening Post; rotund and not tall; curly hair; was shining light in old Newspaper Club.

JIMMY.

In response to the request "What can you suggest to improve your club paper?"—The Scoop, by Ed.—"I would suggest that you drop the title 'James Durkin, Cosmopolite' and designate him plain Jimmy. Do I know him? Shall I ever forget him? I hate to give Jimmy's age away, but it was more than forty years ago when after looking me up and down he shouted 'Naw, you can't see the city editor.' The fact that I got to the city editor explains the hump on Jimmy's nose. After that he was civil to me until his return from London, when he undertook to make me believe he had secured home rule for Ireland.

"'I've got it all fixed,' he said. 'I have brought Gladstone and Parnell together; I've sent Mrs. O'Shea on the continent and the Boyne water is waiting for Capt. O'Shea.' All three are now dead, and, wonderful to relate, Jimmy is alive to tell the tale. In the language of Mr. John Fay: 'Can you beat him?'"

O. N.

WANTED—Young man to assist on special articles. Address Box "Q," Press Club.

THE STYLUS, A Journal for Writers. Illustrated magazine. Desirable and valuable. Contains Opportunities; Prize offers; Suggestions for timely articles; About Authors; Reviews; Magazine Notes, Editorials and Club notes. Read serial story, "The Price of Fame." Sample free. Fifty cents a year. Justitia Pub. Co., Boyce Bldg., Chicago.

"THE SCOOP" WILL BE SENT FOR THE BALANCE OF 1912 AND ALL OF 1913 FOR \$1.

(Continued from page 261.)

"Plainly I heard hurried footsteps, and soon there resounded several shrieks, which I recognized as coming from the young lady. 'He is mine,' she shouted. 'I will have him.' In a few moments the mother hurriedly entered the room, and, glancing at the father, said simply, 'Again.'

"The old gentleman came smilingly up to me and, extending his hand, said: 'You are not Mr. Johnson, are you?' Blushingly I admitted that I was not, and that my true name was Mr. Edgar. I was about to offer explanations when the old gentleman said: 'I understand the situation thoroughly. Geraldine is subject to periodic attacks of this kind. She imagines she is acquainted with individuals and brings them home with her. Now, Mr. Edgar, let me entreat you to remain and see the matter to its termination. It is best for her'—but he got no further, for at that moment Geraldine entered the room, rushed at her mother, brandishing aloft a pair of scissors in a dangerous and menacing manner.

"I made an effort to interfere, when the mad-dened girl turned on me with all the fury of a tigress. She overtook me in my wild scramble to escape her, and jabbed the scissors time and again into my quivering flesh—at which I was awakened from the nap I had been taking, by my friends who were ready to attend the matinee."

A. H. W.

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WEAKLY HEALTH HINTS.

BY DR. A. TURNING WORME, A. M., M. D., LL. D.

Editor Health Department of The Scoop.

(We will gladly answer all questions pertaining to health. While we prefer to give of our modest store of knowledge of hygiene and sanitation, we will not, like our esteemed confrere* of the Chicago Tribune, refuse to prescribe for our clientèle. We are not so hungry for dollars as to compel the suffering to come to our office to get the finish—of our advice and counsel. We hope that our readers will freely question us on all subjects pertaining to health.)

*Con brother. Deriv. Frère (Fr. brother) and Con. (B.)

Dear Dr. Worme: I suffer from strange delusions. At times I even have actual*obsessions. One of the worst of these is this, viz.: Wherever I am, alone or in company, I keep repeating a most peculiar formula that runs like this:

"Socialism is—Why, you know just what it is. It is a condition of—Well, that is—Anyway, you can't—And besides you ought to know—That is, you see," etc., etc. You may imagine, Doctor, how I suffer. Now, what can you do for me? S. S.

Answer: Your case is hopeless. Science can treat the passing and inconsequential idea, or even a fixed delusion, but not a scrambled delusion. I would recommend the black bottle, or, if death is not yet welcome, try the Prohibition platform. It is very soothing in small doses.

Dear Dr. Worme: I have a sort of humor that breaks out every once in a while. A strange thing about it is, that it is most likely to break out at meal times, especially if strangers are present. A physician who takes his meals at the trough where I eat, says he thinks it's a "nerve case." I suspect it is hereditary; my mother says her father had it. What can I do for this humor? It is making me a nuisance to my friends and a burden to myself. J. U. H.

Answer: Your doctor friend is right, it is a case of nerve. As to grandpa—Not guilty. Sudden and violent death in the ancestry prevents such things from becoming hereditary. One cannot have both that kind of humor and posterity. Try the mind cure—you can borrow one—and then forget it. Your condition is not so bad as others think.

My dear Confrère: I am suffering, yes, actually suffering, from baldness. Being of a highly poetic temperament—several of my poems have been published in the Scoop—I naturally am sensitive to ridicule and I hear many sly remarks about my head—the exterior, you know—that really hurt. What do you suppose caused the baldness—I am still young, only 68—And what can I do for it? I am a physician in the public service. G. F. B.

Answer: Publicity in the Scoop has nothing to do with temperament. The rules of the Department do not allow us to delve too deeply into causes which might set up false ideals in the mind of youth. As to your poetic temperament, consult a mind specialist. We suspect it is merely an obsession which you may out-grow, but think it would be wiser to consult an expert. As to a cure for your baldness, that is simple. Being a physician and in the public service, we wonder you hadn't thought of it yourself. Try grafting—skin grafting is most effective.

N. B.—Please don't address us as "Dear Confrère" any more. We acknowledge the corn (con) but at the same time believe that the less said in public on the subject of "con brothers" the better. Professional ethics, you know.

**SPECIAL RATE FOR "THE SCOOP"—FOR
BALANCE OF 1912 AND ALL OF 1913—\$1.00.**

Dear Professor Worme: My doctor has given me up and I am getting desperate, hence I apply to you. I have what the Doc calls bulimia. The chief symptom is an uncontrollable appetite. What can I do for it? M. B.

Answer: In the first place, I want to congratulate your doctor on his skill in diagnosis. He is right, as the derivation of the term bulimia shows. It is from the Arabic "bull," referring to the sacred bull and "imia," an obsolete Abyssinian word meaning a moose. The two in combination indicate the hungriest animal known in natural history. I don't quite fancy the stress you lay upon desperation as a reason for consulting me; however, we will let that pass. The cure in your case is simple, viz.: eat at the trough.

Dear, Dear Dr. Worme: My complexion is getting very bad. It is covered with an awful eruption. Will you please, please, prescribe for me? I know your treatment cannot fail. CLARA.

My Dear, Dear, Correspondent: In the bright lexicon of medicines there's no such word as "fale." The cure is simple! First, remove the old complexion; especially should all the lava from the eruption be removed. Soap and the Hoe safety razor will do this. Then apply a hot poultice to draw your face to a head. If you don't succeed in this, apply the poultice to your head and draw another face. When this has been done, write again and we will advise you further.

Dear Dr. Worme: My wife is suffering from hysteria. She has fits of uncontrollable laughter that completely exhaust her. Will you please tell me what to do? M. W.

Answer: Tickled to death. Watch the Tribune for stuff signed J. U. H. Give in small doses, just before fit comes on. This has never been known to fail. Don't give too large doses. This was done in one case "and she-never-smiled-again."

Dear Dr. Worme: I was born with a delicate though robust constitution. From my earliest childhood I have been given to spells of rhapsody. (Everybody, even my poor old grandmother, said that I was a born poet.) At early manhood I was tempted, and I fell. I have been writing poetry ever since. I now am a sufferer from neurasthenia and my doctor says I must rest my brain and stop writing poetry. How can I break a life-long habit? D. M.

Answer: You never had the habit. What you mistake for poetry is really rhymitis. There's a difference. Forget your grandmother and turn your hand to some honest pursuit. As to the pursuit I would suggest that you chase yourself, that is, turn to prose and chased ideas.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We regret to announce that Prof. Worme has resolved to relinquish his column of Health Hints. Some of the members do not seem to have a due sense of the proprieties. Questions about remedies for the hookworm and *taenia solium*—the common tapeworm of commerce—have fairly rained in upon Dr. Worme. He says that he has no time to discuss family matters and will therefore limit himself in future to odds and ends of contributions. We take pleasure in announcing that we have secured the services of the celebrated Prof. Aristides Pille, A. M., M. D., L. L. D., who will conduct the column in a manner even healthier, if possible, than it has heretofore been conducted.

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 21, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume I. No. 58.

Chicago, Saturday, November 16, 1912.

Price 5c.



The Above Trio of Press Club Men Are on a Vacation Outing in the San Luis Valley, Colorado. They Are, Left to Right: Jefferson Jackson, William C. Van Gilder, W. P. Humphrey.

A NOTABLE TRIO.

In gazing upon the accompanying picture, readers of The Scoop must not run away with the idea that the three riders straddling their nags in such an important way are cowboys, because they are not, though take it from us when we tell you it is a fact that, sizing them up from the appearance of things, they are equal to it, or almost anything else. One could almost suspect that they were road agents on dress parade just before starting out for the next job. Look at the jaunty way in which the one on the white horse wears his lid! Can you beat it? He is meekness personified when he appears at the Press Club semi-occasionally; but there is something inspiring—if that is the proper word to describe an improper suggestion—about the Colorado climate, that sometimes gives a rakish accent to characters as well as lids when they are really the most innocent creations possible to imagine. (Business of thinking about some of the public characters of Colorado to illustrate this remark.)

Who are the three? Put on your spectacles and decipher the three who form the singular spectacle. There! we thought so. Of course we know them. We don't have to ask for three guesses. One is good and plenty. The trio are not only members of the Press Club, but are members of the Chicago Association of Commerce on a vacation outing in the famous San Luis Valley of Colorado. They are, reading from left to right, Jefferson Jackson, William C. Van Gilder, and W. R. Humphrey. They were photographed just as they were starting out for a horseback ride over the ranch of Mr. Van

Gilder at Alamosa last month—the San Luis Valley, by the way, in which Mr. Van Gilder's ranch of several hundred acres is situated, being as large as the entire State of Massachusetts, which some of our Democratic members think is a much bigger State since the recent election than they ever before considered it.

Mr. Jackson, by the way, as stated by his companions, had been on the sick list for some time before taking the Colorado trip, which he took for his health, and was not always enthusiastic when Mr. Van Gilder, in his enthusiasm, reeled off the names of the big mountains as they appeared high or low on the horizon, and took it all in a very matter-of-fact way, so much so that it became almost a joke as to the inability to wake him up to any enthusiasm. On the return from the ranch, it may be stated, they came by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, by way of Salida and the Royal Gorge; and, when the observation car was put on to go through the latter cut, one of the wonders of the world, he said languidly, "What are we going on this cattle car for?" Then, when the magnificent cut of nature was reached, in which the Arkansas River for thousands of years has been rushing at high water, or lazily creeping along during the dry season, he said, "The railroad people must have had a big job cutting such a deep culvert as this." Shout? You should have heard the whoop sent up by Van Gilder and Humphrey.

If Jackson failed to grow enthusiastic, that fault certainly could not be charged up to Humphrey. He wanted to buy the entire valley, forgetting in his enthusiasm that it would take some time to form a syndicate large enough and with money enough to accomplish that result, when it is remembered that Van Gilder's eight hundred and eighty acres are valued at a hundred thousand dollars. His ranch, by the way, is skirted on one side by two miles and a half of the Rio Grande River, and on the opposite side by the city of Alamosa.

But about the horseback ride. They had an automobile, in which they rode for several days, and then they concluded to spend a day on horseback, with the understanding that they should walk the animals, on account of the weakness of Mr. Jackson. But after walking a while it seemed too slow, especially in remembering the way in which they whizzed around in the automobile, and first one horse and then another would start into a trot, and then into a gallop, in which the others would be obliged to participate, until it became by spells quite a merry party.

EARL MARBLE.

"THERE WAS A TUTOR WHO TOOTED A TOOT."

We have received, with the large number of subscriptions to The Scoop, many encouraging notes. While we feel very humble when thus praised, we at the same time believe the publication of some of these commendatory expressions will prove of interest to the membership of the Press Club, publishers of The Scoop.

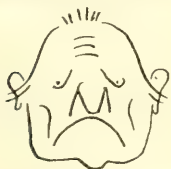
Our service is purely that of a worker in the vineyard, and such slight commendation as is given us should be accepted by every member of the Press Club as his own, for the club makes possible the Weekly Scoop.

Such success as follows the effort of the editor and business manager redounds to the credit of the Press Club. Therefore let everyone boost. We all want to make The Scoop a factor in which we shall all be interested, and of which we shall all be proud.

W. E. Fitch, La Salle, Ill., writes: "Here's my dollar. The Scoop is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. I wouldn't get along without it if I could."

To Editor, "The Scoop"

Yes, you can send the Scoop,
It sure is worth the mon,
And gladly I will read it, too,
When my day's work is done.



And as I read it through,
What Jones and Marble Wright,
I'll try so very hard,
To show you my delight.



R. F. Cobb.

George L. Cox:

"Enclosed please find \$1.00 for The Scoop. It is the most agreeable 'hold-up' I've had in years. Long may you prosper and the good work continue."

Dr. J. C. Krafft subscribed for two years and sent his check for two dollars.

Henry J. Bohn, we regret to say, was moved to express his ideas in verse. Thus:

"The Scoop, the Scoop,
Will loop the loop.
The "bully-tin"
May sometimes win,
But The Scoop, that scoops
Will bring the whoops."

J. G. Snyder writes:

"I wish to say that The Scoop is a very readable little paper and I am mighty glad to have the opportunity and privilege to subscribe for it."

Edmond Louis De Lestry, St. Paul (one of the old guard):

"Gentlemen: All right, let The Scoop come along again, but tell the mailing department not to skip a single number or I'll perpetrate some more pomes. See!"

We urge the mailing department to be careful.

R. C. Jacobsen says "he wouldn't be without it. A winner."

And a score of others to be printed later.

AN OLD SEA DOG.

There is a retired sea captain among these hills who is very jealous and insistent of his rights; in fact he says, "I know no master. Never did because I never could. I might sojourn with one on road that leads to making good." He also says that those who make the laws leave a loophole for their own use, and it is up to him to find it. He cannot understand how he can be prevented from shooting game or catching fish on his own property whenever he sees fit, and claims that they might as well prevent him from reaping his harvest. There is something in his logic.

A law was lately passed compelling every vehicle to carry lights, but did not mention the color, so the old captain placed a green light to starboard and a red light to port. If anyone familiar with the sea should meet him after dark they could not be blamed if they thought they were meeting a sailing craft, as the buggy going over the uneven ground and the horse picking his way from side to side would put them in mind of a ship at sea. The chances are they would do as the man who met an auto—got in the ditch and prayed to God for deliverance.

The other night the old fellow drove home quite late. He got the horse separated from the buggy all right and into the stall, but instead of taking the harness off the horse he undressed himself, while he was singing:

Of brainy men I know a few,
They come from here and there;
But to old Stanley Waterloo
I bare my scanty hair.

Bramleykite Roost, BRAMLEYKITE.
Phillipston, Mass., Nov. 2, 1912.

GONE BEFORE US.

CHARLIE ALMY.

He was stocky, broad-shouldered, quick as a cat, wide-faced almost to a Mongolian pattern, and wore Chinese-like spectacles. He was funny to look at, and didn't blame anybody for saying so. I think nobody else's wit ever really "scintillated." Almy's wit sparked. It was so quick you hardly believed you had heard it—like Tenor Wachtel's high C, D E! Almy did not have a line of goods—he broke out in different spots, until, if you appreciated odd sayings, you were his slave, body and boots.

He arrived out of the tornado at Samoa, and had been a naval officer. He became managing editor of the *Mail*, then in the ratty old quarters abandoned by the *Herald*. There was a managing editor's swivel-chair with a universal joint by which the chair at last revolved in all orbits—you know the kind. When no one was sitting in it, the chair part hung off to one side.

Mr. Almy had made many sharp remarks about the antics of excited managing editors. He called his staff into his room. "Gentlemen," he said, brusquely, "I am now about to show you a managing editor, managing." Thereupon he stood on his head in the chair, balancing, legs kicking in the air, on the universal joint—for he was a right good equilibrist.

He saw that Ben King was worth helping, and first printed "If I Should Die Tonight," and "If I Could Be By Her." "Now this poetry is all right," said Almy, glaring philanthropically through his big spectacles, "but I must see that you don't starve. So come over and GET TO WORK!" "Yes, Charlie," drawled Ben.

"Yes, come over," snapped the benevolent one, "and BE there at 8 tomorrow morning, or I'll corpse you!"

On the fourth morning Almy got Ben on the phone—he could not catch the St. Joe genius earlier. "WELL?" Almy cried, in the voice of Rhadamanthus.

"You see, Charlie, I didn't darst to begin work just yet; I'm coming down with a terrible disease, Charlie."

"What's that?" barked Almy. "What IS it?"

"Small-pox!" confessed Ben.

"Come right along over, and GET TO WORK. We can't catch anything on this dirty sheet," ordered the relentless Almy.

But Ben didn't go. He would starve before he would get right down and saw wood.

Almy speared the professional revivalist with a jest that was a harpoon of a hundred barbs, and chose as his mark the well-known gyrating, forceful, platform variety. His own white necktie, black cloth, and big glasses costumed him for the part, and he could hit a dictionary (in expounding) as many times a second as a cat can hit a mouse. Before the grand coffin-feasts of the Whitechapel Club he used to conclude his ineffable missionary sermon with "The Tongue-

tied Duet," and Ben King acted and sang as the one-eyed, tongue-tied convert from equatorial West Africa, upon whom among others a heavy red flannel shirt and salvation had been simultaneously forced "at an average expense, brethren, I believe (this year) of \$1,345.15, per red flannel shirt, whereas lawst year, the average cost to the Association was no less than \$1,345.19 $\frac{3}{4}$ per red flannel shirt!"

And you should have heard him say "Association!" Whether it were in three syllables or in fifty, no two hearers ever agreed.

By the way, Ben King's "large white cravat," in "If I Should Die Tonight," was a "crack" at Almy's necktie, for the Doctor always wore a big white one. We called him "The Rev. Doctor Almy," somewhat because of the great missionary sermon. In that sermon the eminent "worker" also announced that the "Association" had been able to ship "fourteen thousand three hundred and thirty-three and one-hundredths ice-cream freezers to Greenland."

W—— was a good fellow of the Whitechapel Club, who had had no frills on him in the early days. But he evolved into kid gloves, a cane, and the Italian *a*, and Almy had never remarked cruelly on the metamorphosis. W—— came up to the card room in the Press Club, on Madison street.

"Where you been tonight, W——?" asked Almy.

"Been over to the Auditorium Hotel, to interview Garner, the fellow that lawst year learned to talk to the monkeys."

"Could he understand you, W——?" asked Almy.

"You talk like a fried egg!" he said to a loud-mouthed party.

When Almy took the managing editorship of the *Daily Globe*, he had new furniture, and the boys went over to see him. "Excuse me," he said, and ran out and down the alley. "I thought I saw our subscriber," he apologized to his visitors as he re-entered.

He, with Charlie Seymour, was passing a little girl, who was roundly scolding her smaller brother, and the man in big spectacles listened delightedly to all of the tirade. "That little girl thinks she's that little boy's managing editor," he explained.

When the Hartford Building was finished, there remained only seven or eight pieces of terra cotta on the street in front. "Well, they didn't overset that skyscraper much, *did they?*" said Almy.

I was eating with him one night at a table far back in the Edelweiss, and, while he was debating the German question in Samoa—just then on the carpet, he casually ordered the *garçon* to refill the bread-basket. A little later he again casually told the boy to get some bread, quick. Some time after, he looked up as the inattentive

(Continued on page 273.)

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CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

Contributions should come in a little better for the Christmas number of "The Scoop." Those we have received thus far are gratifying and offer conclusive proof of the high character of our first pretentious effort.

But we need some more.

Fine Results.

Over \$1,000 has been received in cash and checks on account of advertising contracts for the Annual, with the soliciting only just begun.

The Cover.

The cover design is now on view at the office. It was done by Bob Campbell and is a real work of art.

Prize for Short Story.

The best story of about 2,000 words will entitle the author, if a resident of Cook county, to \$10 in cash or credit for one quarter's dues in the Press Club of Chicago; if a non-resident of Cook county, \$10 cash or one year's dues. The award will be made by three judges to be appointed by President Wheeler and announced later.

Stories not winning shall become property of THE SCOOP unless their return is requested.

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

Geo. H. Primrose, New York, guest of John L. Weber.

J. H. Washburne, New York, guest of Wesley D. Stanger.

Louis Stern, New York, guest of H. P. Miller.

A. B. Wilkinson, Scranton, Pa., guest of Edward White.

J. H. Ellis, Chicago, guest of Edward White.

C. G. Alexander, Chicago, guest of Edward White.

NOVEMBER MONTHLY MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the Press Club of Chicago was held Saturday, the 9th inst. All candidates for membership were elected and general routine business transacted. An amendment to the constitution was adopted which changes the time of the regular monthly meeting from Saturday to 4 p. m. of the second Sunday of each month. The following is an extract from the report made by the Financial Secretary which shows that the affairs of the Club are being conducted strictly on a business basis and the results are most gratifying:

| | Oct., 1911. | Oct., 1912. |
|---------------------------------|-------------|-------------|
| Net profit cafe and cigar dept. | \$63.86 | \$302.06 |
| Net profit billiard dept. | 46.35 | 62.65 |
| Net profit dormitory dept. | 82.00 | 164.90 |

TO WHOM CREDIT IS DUE.

Walter Washburne, of the Tribune, "school section," has been appointed chairman of the membership committee.

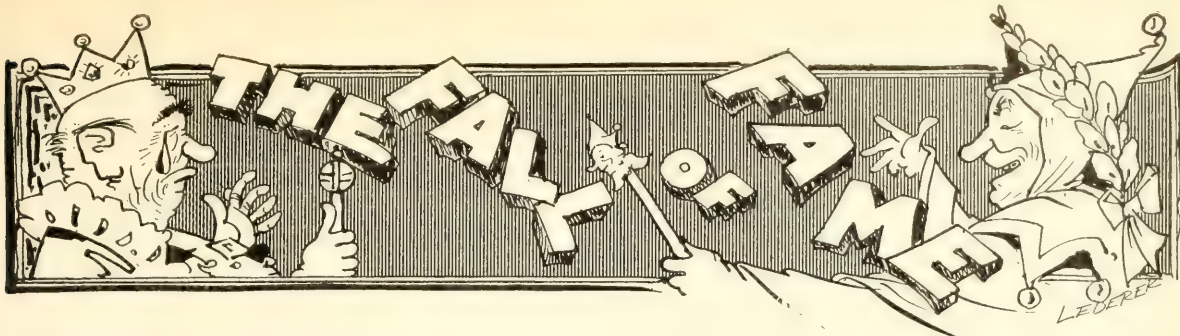


WALTER WASHBURNE, ESQ.

Wash has proved the demon scout in boosting the club membership. He has ridden hard on more prospects than any other one man on the reservation, and made good.

This is the real club spirit. Wash has been ably assisted in his good work by that gladiator of the north woods, John L. Lawson, than whom there is no whomer.

SPECIAL RATE FOR "THE SCOOP"—FOR BALANCE OF 1912 AND ALL OF 1913—\$1.00.



Wedding bells will ring soon for E. O. (Ted) Phillips.

Orion A. Mather, of the billiards committee, says he'll be hanged if he will brush off the tables.

Perley H. Boone, city editor of the Morning World, is slated for a place on the membership committee.

Fred Logan, for whom the club scouts have been looking, has quit the Post to become city editor of the Evening World.

Paul D. Howse has folded his tent like the Arabs, more or less, and trekked to California. He has located in Los Angeles. Sez he will be glad to see the crowd out his way.

John Sullivan, the well-known proofreader, says he will help Jonathan Mayo Crane lick the man that let Crane's boy Patsy figure in last week's Scoop as Palsy.

Capt. Harry Lambart, one of the best fellows who has ever been a guest of the Press Club, has left the city. We all thank Percy Millar for introducing the captain to us.

Col. Kellogg has received a map from the War Department, showing in every detail the theater of war in the Balkans. A coterie of rocking-chair warriors, who have never seen any powder except talcum, join the colonel daily and conduct a board of strategy.

Edgar A. Hall is strong for everything pertaining to the Club, especially THE SCOOP, and is training his whole family likewise. The following shows the effect of his teaching and training along poetic lines. It was written by one of his daughters at the Wisconsin University:

A BITTER PILL.

SWALLOW WHOLE.

Each time I write, I make a "touch,"
I wish I didn't cost so much,
But turn this up and you will see
That I could use 5 bones times 3.

We're strong for daughter, Ed.

Karl McVitty left on the 10th for Montreal and after spending two or three days there he will go to New York and sail on the 16th on the U. S. Fruit S. S. Sexola for Kingston, Jamaica, and Panama. Karl will spend Thanksgiving in San Jose, Costa Rica, and after making a final inspection of the Panama Canal and corralling a collection of parrots and monkeys to install on our fourth floor back, will return to the barracks, 26 North Dearborn, about the middle of December. We don't wish Karl any bad luck, but hope he gets seasick.

Omer F. Doud, who has a great many firm friends in the Club and for several years one of the Club's best boosters, left on the 14th for Santa Barbara, Cal., where he will reside during the winter. Mr. Doud is publicity manager for the American Film Manufacturing Co. and while in Santa Barbara will have charge of a large enterprise which his concern is conducting from that city. Omer has taken special pains to see that THE SCOOP reaches him regularly at his new home and has promised to send us a mounted Rocky Mountain sheep's head or some such trivial trophy to hang among our dining hall collection. We're for Omer.

OUR MEMBERS WIN.

Three members of the Press Club
J. Hamilton Lewis,
Barratt O'Hara,
George Fitch,

have been prominently in the public prints since election because of victory at the polls. As a matter of fact, Col. Lewis won his victory last April, but one victory more or less does not mean much to an all-time conqueror like the colonel. Barratt O'Hara was elected lieutenant governor of Illinois and George Fitch was elected a Progressive member of the legislature.

MRS. LEDERER, CHAIRMAN.

Mrs. Charles Lederer has been appointed by Vice Chairman Berliner of the entertainment committee as permanent chairman of a ladies' committee to handle special affairs.

THE WISE MAN.

There was a man who had lived his day,
And achieved success in a worldly way;
He had striven for wealth; he had slaved for fame—
In the battle of life a toilsome game:
Poor Man!

There was once a man who had reached the heights,
Far beyond his wildest fancy flights;
Ambition-driven, his bark had crossed
The sorrowful sea, dark, tempest-tossed:
Poor Man!

There was once a world that had watched a man
Since his wearisome upward path began;
Meanly opposed every inch of the way,
Obstructed his road, and rejoiced to say:
Fool Man!

'Twas a bitter world that beheld this man,
Who had fairly thwarted its selfish plan,
Who had sturdily fought and won his spurs,
With never a thought for the howling curs;
Yet the world extended a cordial hand,
Marching, as ever, just after the band:
Good Man!

There was once a man who stood looking behind,
And saw not a soul that ever was kind;
He remembered long hours and midnight oil,
Those sleepless nights with their arduous toil;
He sickened to hear the cheers of the mob,
His worn heart froze in the midst of a throb:
Wise Man!

—G. Frank Lydston.

PRAYER.

(From de Musset.)

Pepita, when the shadows steal
And when the last good-night is said,
As thou beneath thy lamp dost kneel
Praying to God beside thy bed;

At this hour when the soul, afraid,
Resigns itself to Higher care—
After a thorough search is made
Beneath the bed, lest thieves be there—

When sleep hath closed her wings divine
Upon the troubles of the day—
Pepita, little love of mine,
What are thy thoughts as thou dost pray?

Who knows? Perhaps of one who moved
Within the covers of a book,
Passing from her who wept and loved
To him who loved and swore and took;

Perhaps of mountains and a plain
Beneath the sun's eternal smile;
Or of a castle, still in Spain;
Of bonbons, or a husband's guile;

Perchance of some one else's faults,
Of whispers with a whisper's fault;
Of dresses, of the latest waltz;
Perhaps of me—perhaps of naught!

—H. Bedford-Jones.

RULES FOR CHESS.

Loud, profane and ribald conversation and yells are forbidden.

Chess players will refrain from slamming each other with bottles or other objects.

Rapid moving of the chess men, tending to confuse the eye, is strictly prohibited.

Pierson and Mather, please note.

BISHOP.

WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB.

The Illinois Woman's Press Association will have their November meeting at the Hotel La Salle, Saturday evening, the 16th. A special entertainment program has been arranged.

LADIES' THEATRICAL LUNCHEON.

Miss Lina Abarbanell, Miss Hattie Williams and Flora Zabelle (Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock) will be the guests of the Press Club at luncheon Thursday, Nov. 21.

Mrs. Charles Lederer will be chairman of the reception committee to care for these very talented stars. This luncheon will be the first of its kind and every member is urged to aid in making it a success.

Members are invited to bring ladies, as our guests will be tendered a reception in the library and we want to make them feel at home.

Mrs. Lederer will be assisted by Mrs. Geo. S. Wood, Mrs. A. Milo Bennett, Mrs. Frank Comerford, Mrs. Harry Hyman, Mrs. Rudolph Berliner, Mrs. Will J. Davis, Miss Doris Mitchell.

Our luncheons have become famous around town, because of the notables we entertain. This next luncheon's success depends upon the members' participation. The entertainment committee, through Mr. Rudolph Berliner, vice chairman, has invited the guests. Let everyone do his share to make their visit enjoyable to all.

CLARKSON'S BOOK BARGAINS

In fiction, standard sets and miscellaneous books of all kinds.

FICTION

SAMPLE PRICES—Their Yesterdays, 90c. Winning of Barbara Worth, 90c. Calling of Dan Matthews, 35c. Shepherd of the Hills, 35c. That Printer of Udell's, 35c. Hundreds of others at 35 cents and up.

125 different sets of the works of the standard authors in de luxe three-quarters morocco bindings at a fourth of the publishers' prices.

SAMPLE PRICES—Dickens, 20 vol., \$90; my price, \$17.85. Shakespeare, 20 vol., \$60; my price, \$14.40. Emerson, 6 vol., \$25; my price, \$5.25. Kipling, \$45; my price, \$7.80, etc.

Also nearly 200 different sets of standard works in fine cloth bindings at similar bargains.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS

Thousands of titles on nearly all subjects, offered at 15c to 50c on the dollar.

Shall be pleased to have you call and look over the stock and select what you want.

If you can't call, send for my free illustrated descriptive bargain list of the stock. A postcard request will bring it.

DAVID B. CLARKSON, The Book Broker
624-630 So. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

Look Out for These Men

They Are Wanted to Join the Press Club

PALENSKE, REINHOLD H.—

Artist; depicted the scenery of the Rocky Mountains, single handed; white, American.

FINN, JOSEPH W.—

Celtic appearance; organized the famous "Order of Spanish Athletes"; former political writer on American.

AXELSON, GUS—

Yclept "King of Sweden," sporting editor, Record-Herald; covered the Olympic games in full view of three kings, a queen and a couple of aces.

PEGLER, ARTHUR JAMES—

Reward stands. Last seen hesitating in front of Stillson's.

DAVIS, JOSEPH GARIBALDI—

Reward stands. Last seen boarding train with bag of golf sticks.

REWARD STANDS for apprehension of Willie Harris Powers, Charley Hays, "Skipper" Curtis, Joseph Medill Sheahan and Fred Logan.

WHY?

Not disparaging the only real excuse we men have got for living—Women and their influence—why do eighty per cent of all women who come out of an open door turn first to the left, no matter where they are going? Oh, don't rear up on your hind legs and shout, "How about a street-car door?" She cannot fall off backward, as she mostly would if she went to the left.

Well, in the first case, a street-car door is not the street-car step, and she may already have turned to her left hand on the platform. But this is a different conundrum.

Take your place on any street in the shopping district—not too close to either end of it, near the middle somewhere—and tab a hundred women coming out of an opposite door. An average of seventy-five to eighty per cent will turn to the left (one step is enough to win) before straightening out her progress to her destination. I have tested it. I have told it to scoffing unbelievers, and bet on it, laying odds of one for me for every woman who turned to the left, and two for my opponent for every woman who stepped to the right. A hesitation or one step to the left wins for me. I have won on it four times out of five.

Why?

J. G. DAVIS.

AUTHORS AIDED by Criticism and Advice as to Publication. Research work, typewriting correctly done for literary and dramatic work. MSS. placed. Special assignments filled. Reference books for writers. Progress Literary Bureau, C. A. Huling (formerly editor of The Bookseller), Director, 30 North Dearborn Street, Chicago.

WHAT CAN YOU SUGGEST TO IMPROVE YOUR CLUB PAPER—"THE SCOOP?"—ED.

(Continued from page 269.)

waiter saucily approached, and half rose, his eyes glaring balefully through his large glasses, a husky and very present menace to the personal welfare of that worthless servant. "Say! didn't I tell you to get us some bread—TWICE?" "I'll get you some bread—yes, sir, I'll get you some bread—quick!" pleaded the fellow. "Well, I should think you WOULD!" finally decided Almy, settling back into his chair. "I EAT such as him!" he said tersely, and resumed his entertaining discourse on Germany and Samoa.

It was one of the funniest and suddenest episodes I ever witnessed.

Mr. Almy's order, when a libation was poured, was "Bring me a piece of booze." When he spat (mock action) he cried: "Come seven!" and looked eagerly to see what he had thrown.

John M. Smythe patronized and befriended Almy in his last years. It was a noble act.

The Press Club was shocked by the early death of Charles D. Almy. The Senators of the Club, in funeral assembled, all spoke solemnly, and went forth to the Club monument at Mount Hope with a true sense both of affliction and personal loss. We did not look upon another at once so strange and so agreeable. His odd way of putting many things has found lodgment in our language.

John McGovern.

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The aim of every successful American Business Man is to push each transaction to a prompt and satisfactory conclusion at once.

Business which "hangs fire" seldom turns out well. A project which grows cold and is laid aside is hard to revive. By the use of the Telephone, however, many a subject can be completed the same day it is undertaken.

Men of action use the Long Distance Telephone every day.

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Extra - Luncheon - Extra

PRESS CLUB of CHICAGO

Thursday, Nov. 21

12:30 P. M.

Guests of Honor

Lina Abarbanell Flora Zabelle
Hattie Williams

First of Ladies' "Professional" Luncheons. Members are requested to bring ladies to this event.

We have all seen these stage stars from across the footlights. Come and meet them face to face.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE

Mrs. Charles Lederer, Chairman Mrs. George Wood
Mrs. Rudolph Berliner Mrs. A. Mito Bennett
Mrs. Will J. Davis Mrs. Frank Comerford
Miss Doris Mitchell Mrs. Harry Hyman

Tickets, 50c Each - - - - LADIES' DAY

WEAKLY HEALTH HINTS.

BY DR. ARISTIDE PILLE, A. M., M. D., LL. D.

Editor Health Department of The Scoop.

(We will gladly answer all questions pertaining to health. While we prefer to give of our modest store of knowledge of hygiene and sanitation, we will not, like our esteemed confrere* of the Chicago Tribune, refuse to prescribe for our clientèle. We are not so hungry for dollars as to compel the suffering to come to our office to get the finish—of our advice and counsel. We hope that our readers will freely question us on all subjects pertaining to health.)

*Con brother. Deriv. Frère (Fr. brother) and Con.
(B.)

Dear Dr. Pille: St. Louis.
How often should a perfectly healthy person bathe?
I hear so many views on this subject that I am in a
quandary. Ann H. Busch.

Answer.—We also are in a quandary. One of our professional friends, the celebrated Dr. A. Schmelle, claims that one cannot bathe and be healthy. He seems to keep strong. Other authorities hold that the daily bath is essential. Others accept this view with the reservation that the bath should be taken internally. A number of our members use a tub of suds in this way every few hours and seem to thrive on it. Personally, we hold the view that devoutness and patriotism demand a general bath every Christmas and Fourth of July. The Christmas bath may be dispensed with by persons whose constitutions are too delicate to tolerate a general wetting of the body in winter. After all, the matter of bathing is largely a matter of geography, taste and economics. As you live in St. Louis, what's the use?

"THE SCOOP" WILL BE SENT FOR THE
BALANCE OF 1912 AND ALL OF 1913 FOR \$1.

Dance Announcement

Press Club

Thanksgiving Eve Dance

Tickets \$1.00 Ladies Free

JOHN U. HIGINBOTHAM
Chairman

MRS. CHARLES LEDERER
Chairman Ladies' Committee

Wednesday Eve., November 27

Thanksgiving Dinner

PRESS CLUB CAFE

Table de Hote de Luxe \$1.50

Service from 1:00 to 2:30 P. M.

Make Reservations Early

The Menu will be printed in THE SCOOP next week

Special arrangements can be made for evening dinner.

A La Carte Service All Day

Dear, Dear Dr. Pille:

My husband has delirium tremens just awful. Nothing seems to do him good. He sees frightful things about every night. The doctors don't seem to understand his case. What can we do? Mrs. E. E. L.

Ans.—Dear, Dear Correspondent: We never in our life saw a doctor with delirium tremens who *did* understand 'em. If your husband sees boa constrictors give him the following:

R

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| Dimethylohepatotrionide | 3i |
| Oxybunkoloomalis | 3ii |
| Aquae bullient. | |

Sig. At bed-time.

If he sees hippopotami, give him this:

R

| | |
|---------------------------|-----|
| Tr. Podcylliae Co..... | 3i |
| Fl. Ext. Corobunculi..... | 3ii |

Sig. Take in glass water when attack comes on.

N. B.—Either will "*do* him good."

Dear, Dear Dr. Pille:

Is there anything in love powders? I am broken-hearted. My husband is getting so cold to me that I am frightened to death lest he is losing his love for me. Help a poor, distracted, loving wife, won't you, please?

Belle

Answer.—There used to be something in love powders, but the pure food and drug laws have put the manufacturers out of business and there's nothing in them any more. I would advise tying a tin can to him and letting him take a little rapid exercise. The celebrated Dr. A. Gunn had a powder that was quite effective, but the law has put that out of business also. If you can find the right subject a little scalding water properly applied, or sudden removal of hair may relieve your feelings some.

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume I. No. 59.

Chicago, Saturday, November 23, 1912.

Price 5c.

THE LADIES' PROFESSIONAL LUNCHEON.

Through all the social events you may hunt,
And never will find a more brilliant affair
Than the Ladies' Professional Matinee stunt
Put on at The Press Club on Thursday—so, there!

That covers it, and there would seem to be no occasion to say any more than is embraced in those four lines; but maybe a little detail would not be out of place, more especially to chronicle what was said and done by the brilliant ladies of the dramatic profession, aided and abetted by those of the newspaper and literary profession, with a few "mere men," who thought they were keeping the affair properly balanced, whether the ladies thought so or no. Lina Abarbanell, and Flora Zabelle were the ladies particularly involved, and that they acquitted themselves brilliantly needs scarcely to be said. Ever since the recent notable stag, at which, among others, Raymond Hitchcock and Richard Carle were guests, there has been an under-current of feeling, if



Lina Abarbanell.

not indeed an upper-current, not only among the wives and other attaches of the club members, but among many of the members themselves, that it would be desirable to see the more beautiful if not indeed the better half of the shows dominated by the two individuals mentioned. So at this luncheon we had Flora Zabelle, wife of



Flora Zabelle.

Mr. Hitchcock, and Lina Abarbanell, of the Princess company at the Colonial.

When we say that the stag had nothing on the ladies at Thursday's luncheon, that might be considered but feeble praise, in view of the brilliance of the function; but we will let it go at that. Miss Doris Mitchell, as our toastmaster, had the business down fine and acquitted herself most creditably; while Miss Zabelle did not need to bring her noted father into the affair, nor her husband either, as it was seen from the start that she shone with no borrowed light, even if she did say, in the ideal woman's deferential way, that if she were to come to a Press Club affair again, and be expected to make a speech, she would ask Mr. Hitchcock to tell her a little story, which she could repeat, and then maybe be able to say something worth while. This, of course, was tickling to the man's vanity, but truth never should be sacrificed even to that. Miss Aabarbanell and Miss Mitchell also had something nice to say—and said it; and so did several others, including Miss Mary Eleanor O'Donnell, Mrs. C. V. Jamieson (Madam Qui Vive), Miss Mary G. Murphy, Miss Mary De Lany Holden and Edith B. Kirkwood.

J. U. H.—our own J. U. H.—not only read a poem—a six-liner—but gave what we might term a happy illustration of "the tail wagging the dog," inasmuch as the six-line poem was

prefaced by an introduction of two or three times its length. (Business here of pausing to allow the reader to reflect that the poem was the dog, and the introduction the tail—or tale, as you please.) Referring to the fact that Miss Abarbanell's name began with A, and Miss Zabelle's with Z, he told an old story of a circus performer named Zeno, who, when the company



Miss Doris Mitchell, Toastmistress.

became stranded somewhere out West, and they paid off the members alphabetically—as long as the money held out—which was only to the W's, left him in the lurch. Of course he walked home to New York, and when some one met him on Broadway, and said, "Hello, Zeno! what are you doing now?" his replay was, "Zeno hell! my name is Ajax." The following is Mr. Higginbotham's poem:

Abarbanell and Flo Zabelle!
I think that you'll agree
The Press Club has for guests today
The ladies who for charm—well, say!
They take the alphabet complay
From A clear down to Z.

Frank Comerford, always ready, and always entertaining, made some very happy remarks, felicitating the club on being able to pull off such fine functions, and carry them at such a high level, without even a hint or a suggestion of anything dry or uninteresting.

The club can be congratulated heartily on the brilliant success of this first of the "Ladies' Professional Luncheons," and it is quite certain that the prestige of this one will call out even a bigger and if possible even more generally attended event when the next matinee occurs.

NEWSPAPER ATMOSPHERE.

(From The Chicago Evening Post, Thursday, Nov. 21.)

There have been in Chicago many brilliant men who followed the pursuit of journalism. Some of them have made their names known. Others, equally brilliant, perhaps, have passed on and out of the game, leaving behind but the vanishing memory of their personalities.

Which is as it must be, of course, in journalism as in other walks of life. But it is none the less worth while to revive, now and again, memories of the wit and energy which these men put into the practice of their profession. And the SCOOP, the little magazine published by the *Chicago Press Club*, is doing good service to the men in harness today in recalling the personalities of some "Who Have Gone Before Us."

In the current number Mr. John McGovern gives a most vivid sketch of the late Charles D. Almy, a former naval officer who drifted into the managing editorship of some of our papers from the great cyclone at Samoa. Of Almy McGovern says:

"He was stocky, broad-shouldered, quick as a cat, wide-faced almost to a Mongolian pattern, and wore Chineselike spectacles. He was funny to look at, and didn't blame anybody for saying so. I think nobody else's wit ever really 'scintillated.' Almy's wit sparkled. It was so quick you hardly believed you had heard it."

The brief biography also recalls one of the best of the purely newspaper jokes that were Almy's bequest to his profession:

"When the Hartford Building was finished there remained only seven or eight pieces of terra cotta on the street in front. 'Well, they didn't overset that skyscraper much, did they?' said Almy.

If the *Press Club* continues thus to create for itself the real journalistic background which belongs to it, it will be doing service to Chicago as well as to itself. Our journalism needs its historic atmosphere as well as our commerce or our government.

THE HARVEST.

Now wears the glorious Summer to its close;
And Nature, wearied with excess of bloom,
Wooes from the year one moment of repose.

Yet, ere she sleeps, from her enchanted loom
She spins in golden threads the harvest fair,

The crown of silent labor, winnowing
In dreamy fields bathed by the sunlit air

The chaff that to the ripened sheaves doth cling,
Then stores her treasured wealth, from care released,

From the long watching and the struggle free,
Folds her mute darlings to her loving breast,

And patient waits the Spring that is to be,
So may we spin and winnow from life's field
A harvest rare, by chaff of sin concealed.

—George F. Butler.

SPECIAL RATE FOR "THE SCOOP"—FOR
BALANCE OF 1912 AND ALL OF 1913—\$1.00.



Mary Eleanor O'Donnell, President.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION

The Illinois Woman's Press Association held a special "Social and Entertainment" meeting at the Hotel La Salle last Saturday night. Five minute addresses on topics ranging from woman's suffrage to the Balkan situation and from grand opera to moving picture shows were made by the following:

Mrs. D. Harry Hammer, Miss Virginia Brooks, Mrs. Charles D. Clark, Miss Jean Comerford, Miss Marion Bowlan, Miss Florence Kipper, Mrs. William Duff Haynie, Mrs. W. Fletcher Barnes of Rockford, Mrs. F. W. Plane of Belvidere, Mrs. Ophelia Lawrence Blair, Miss Addie Andre and Miss Carrie Huling.

Miss O'Donnell, president of the association, called the meeting to order and later introduced Mrs. Ester Ryan Snyder, who presided as special chairman for the evening. The association will begin holding their regular meetings of the winter season on Thursday, Dec. 5th. This meeting will be held in the large banquet room of the Press Club. Regular meetings will be held thereafter on the first Thursday in each month at 8 p. m. THE SCOOP will hereafter be the official bulletin of the Woman's Press Club and carry all their announcements and news notes. The following are the officers of the association:

President, Mary Eleanor O'Donnell, Tribune; vice-presidents, Miss Hattie Summerfield, Mrs.

Gene Stratton Porter, Mrs. Roselle M. Dean; recording secretary, Mrs. A. W. Evans, assistant, Mrs. Mary Helm; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Florence A. Gebhardt; assistant, Mrs. Addie Andre, Daily News; treasurer, Mrs. May K. Holmes; historian, Mrs. Mary Hanson; librarian, Mrs. Emma P. Seabury.

EN ROUTE TO A GRAVE.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

An eternal hymn of glory is the hum along each rail,
Through the mountain, grim and hoary, o'er the air
suspended trail.
On through canyon by the river where the spray is
thrown on high,
Causing rocky banks to quiver as the mighty force
sweeps by.
Then o'er table-land producing vast and world-wide
grain supply;
Down the mountain side, through sluicing, timber for
a world doth hie.
Skirting margin of a bounding commerce bearing in-
land sea,
With the raging breakers sounding dirges on the
bouldered lee.
Then we speed toward "Royal Mountain" where a
friend of other days
Sleeps the sleep of sure awaking to the tune of angel
lays.

—Bramley Kite.

Bramley Kite Roost, Phillipston, Mass., November 8, 1912.

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BALANCE OF 1912 AND ALL OF 1913 FOR \$1.

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CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

Every subscriber of THE SCOOP is going to be proud of our ANNUAL, for it will be highly creditable to its publisher, *The Press Club of Chicago*.

We expected to announce, in this issue, the names of the judges selected by President Wheeler to make the award in the Short Story Contest—two who had been selected, however, have sent in stories themselves so the announcement must be deferred.

If you can write—this is your one big chance to appear in good company. All MSS. must be in by Dec. 7th.

The Cover.

The cover design is now on view at the office. It was done by Bob Campbell and is a real work of art.

\$1,500 In Cash.

This amount has been received so far on advertising contracts.

Copies Will Be Scarce.

Be sure you are a subscriber to THE SCOOP if you want a copy of the CHRISTMAS number and place orders now if you want *extra copies for your friends*.

Prize for Short Story.

The best story of about 2,000 words will entitle the author, if a resident of Cook county, to \$10 in cash or credit for one quarter's dues in the Press Club of Chicago; if a non-resident of Cook county, \$10 cash or one year's dues. The award will be made by three judges to be appointed by President Wheeler and announced later.

Stories not winning shall become property of THE SCOOP unless their return is requested.

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

Theo. Van Gink, Holland,* guest of W. H. Wood.

F. W. Jordan, Lewiston, Me., guest of W. F. Lower.

Harry Beresford, Green Room Club, New York, guest of W. J. Cochran.

Wm. T. Pahr, Mattoon, Ill., guest of Clark S. Thomas.

Roy Van Nice, Chicago, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

W. Leslie Burr, London, guest of H. Percy Millar.

Lucien Dureau, Paris, France, guest of Frank Roderus.

Hugh C. Weir, Erie, Pa., guest of P. C. Holland.

John MacMahon, Chicago, guest of R. H. Little.

Willis Williams, St. Paul, guest of W. A. Washburne.

W. G. McMurchy, St. Paul, guest of W. A. Washburne.

Floyd P. Gibbons, Chicago, guest of Jay Cairns.

N. J. Lillard, Pensacola, Fla., guest of Frank L. Mayes.

A. C. Fessenden, Chicago, guest of E. V. Killett.

Guy Finney, Washington, guest of Jay Cairns.

LOUIS HILL TO BE GUEST.

Louis W. Hill, the colonizer of the great west and son of the Empire Builder, James J. Hill, will be a luncheon guest of the club Monday, Nov. 25. Mr. Hill says he has heard the club has some good Indians, but he will take no chances. He will bring an escort of his own Indians from the Blackfeet reservation.

COMING EVENTS.

Press Club of Chicago.

Nov. 25th, Monday—Luncheon to Louis Hill and "Blackfeet" Indians.

Nov. 27th—Thanksgiving Eve Dance.

Members and Guests, with Ladies.

Nov. 28th—Thanksgiving Dinner.

Members and Ladies.

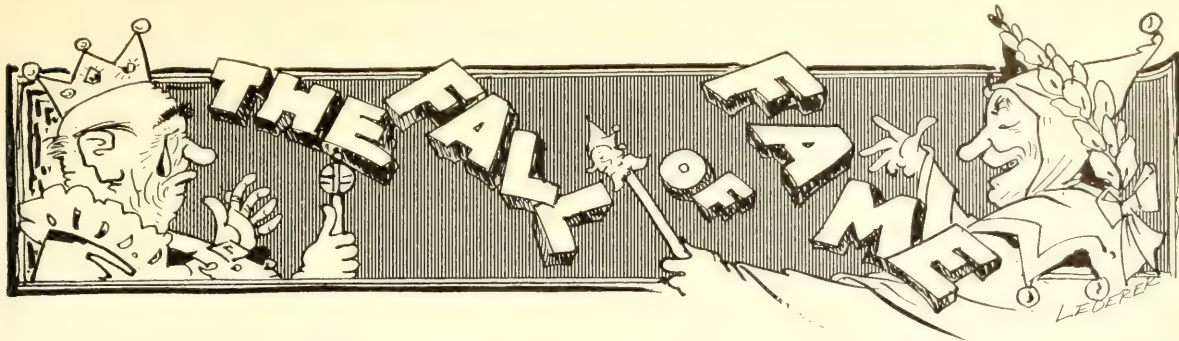
Dec. 2, Monday.—Henry J. Hadfield, Kipling Selections in Costume, 8 P. M.

Dec. 7, Saturday Night—Stag (1st Saturday night each month).

Dec. 8th, Sunday, 4. P. M.—Regular Monthly Meeting Press Club of Chicago.

Dec. 10th, Tuesday night—Microscopical Exhibition, Ladies' Night.

Dec. 14th, Saturday, 8 P. M.—Musical, Ladies' Night.



Will Colvin (Old Bill) arrived from Springfield Wednesday and is occupying the Governor's suite on the eighth floor. Bill was peeved on his previous trip because he couldn't have the Gov.'s room.

David B. Clarkson we consider the world's greatest chauffeur. At the last stag party he offered his services to call for and return some of our distinguished guests. His first trip was Rogers Park. Did he flinch? Not Dave. We're for him strong.

The Scoop admits its inability to keep up with the changes on the various Worlds.

Paul Neumann, Orion A. Mather and Mark S. Watson are organizing a Press Club quartet. They are looking for a tenor. Old Bill Cochran has been heard testing his voice in secret in the library.

The following have been added to Walter Washburne's staff on the Membership Committee: Mark S. Watson, Tribune; E. Frank Gardiner, Evening Post; Clarence Snyder, Jr., Record-Herald; Perley H. Boone, Daily World.

The pool and billiards committee is about due to get busy preparing for the open season. The "Sergel Trophy" will be the first event.

FAMOUS PAULS.

Neumann
Gilbert
Williams
Saint.

Also Jonathan Mayo Crane's Palsy.

Walter Washburne, the hustling chairman of the Membership Committee, has "captured" nearly every member of the Tribune staff. "Wash" has his hooks out for the few holdouts and promises to land them soon.

Col. Kellogg will get that Brigadier Generalship if President-elect Wilson ever feasts his eyes on that list of endorsements hanging in the vicinity of Jeff's domain. Everybody should

sign the petition "on the level." The colonel is deserving of the honor.

"Dick" Little has transferred his affections from the Tribune to the Examiner. "Dick" is writing the drama for the Hearst morning publication. We may look for some original "knocks" and "boosts," as "Dick" always has been "long" on the Rialto.

Harry Beresford, a clever English actor, is one of the few Londoners on the guest list not introduced by Percy Millar. Mr. Beresford promises to become as popular during his stay here as Percy's esteemed friend, Capt. Harry Lambart.

"Bill" Culver, the pessimistic veteran of the Examiner's political staff, is bailing out the campaign kinks at Tom Taggart's French Lick springs. "Bill" isn't a club member as yet, but "Wash's" squad will get him yet. He only needs a little coaxing.

Lost—One John McLaughlin, formerly of the Democratic national publicity bureau. Promised to become a permanent resident of Chicago and the club. His application is in, but fears are expressed that a certain Milwaukee attraction is delaying his return.

"Red" Parker, of the Tribune sport staff, nearly broke up the Ann Arbor football game last Saturday when he received the news in the press stand of Wisconsin's victory in the championship game with Minnesota. "Red" once was the Badger's cheer leader and he informed the Michiganders of his alma mater's supremacy in a voice that startled the Michigan fans. "A riot was narrowly averted," according to local correspondents.

John Holme is The Tribune's most recent applicant for membership. John is a native of Iceland, but if you figure him for a cool proposition you miss your guess. Incidentally, he is a recent Benedict.

Thanksgiving dinner at the Press Club, price \$1.00. Bring the missus and kiddies.

TURKEYLINDEN.

(With Apologies to Thomas Campbell.)

On Linden, when the sun was low,
Still absent was November's snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Turkey's musings gloomily.

For Turkey's thoughts on Servia dwelt,
And where the Montenegrins dealt
A telling blow below the belt,
Which damaged Turkey terribly.

And then Bulgaria rose in arms,
And Greece again roused war's alarms,
And smiled while dwelling on the charms
While carving urged so gleefully.

Ah me! how fitting is all this!
And as the bullets madly hiss,
All hope that none its mark may miss,
But aid Turk's flight materially.

'Tis fitting, since Thanksgiving's reign
Is o'er the land from down in Maine
To far-off California's plain,
The day all waiting hungrily.

For Linden saw another sight
Than Turkey in a fearful flight
To Asia, which a glad "invite"
Gives to the monster fittingly.

And as the Powers carve the Turk,
We let them do their welcome work,
On honor, or with squirm or quirk,
While looking on complacently.

And when Thanksgiving Day arrives,
We'll hail the day, and whet our knives,
And carve—or else allow our wives—
And "helpings" wait so patiently.

Few, few, shall part where many meet,
And, as all o'er the land we eat,
We pray our homes be all complete,
The while we eat so, thankfully.
—Earl Marble.

SUR UNE MORTE.

Good she was, if good it be
To scatter alms in careless living;
If the worth of charity
Is in the gold and not the giving!

She was pious, if such fair
Beautifully slim and slender
Hands, uplifted as in prayer,
Sanctify eyes over-tender!

She had wept, could the pale hand
On her heart so coldly lying,
But have warmed the clay, and fanned
Deeper sparks to fire undying.

Merry was she, as a flower
Closed to all the breeze's kindness;
Closed to all his mirthful power,—
Closed, severe in willful blindness!

She had loved, but for her pride
Like some grave-light coldly gleaming;
Living light of day denied,
O'er a sterile spirit streaming.

She who never lived is dead,
Life to her an echo merely;
From her hands the book, unread,
Falls; its price is paid—sincerely.
H. BEDFORD-JONES.

WEAKLY HEALTH HINTS.

BY DR. ARISTIDE PILLE, A. M., M. D., LL. D.

Editor Health Department of The Scoop.

(We will gladly answer all questions pertaining to health. While we prefer to give of our modest store of knowledge of hygiene and sanitation, we will not, like our esteemed confrere* of the Chicago Tribune, refuse to prescribe for our clientèle. We are not so hungry for dollars as to compel the suffering to come to our office to get the finish—of our advice and counsel. We hope that our readers will freely question us on all subjects pertaining to health.)

*Con brother. Deriv. Frère (Fr. brother) and Con. (B.)

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 18th, 1912.

Prof. A. Pille, A.M., M.D., LL.D.

Dear Sir: Suddenly last evening upon reading the Daily News I was, I believe, stricken with a peculiar form of partial blindness. While I can with ease read the title to the enclosed picture, it is absolutely impossible for me to distinguish the objects named, and like Mark Twain, I am tempted to ask, "Which is the bust and which the pedestal?"

To me the illustration appears like a cross-section of a cigar ash highly magnified, or like the revolving center of a tornado, or Mauna Kea in process of eruption, or a heterogeneous accumulation of unrelated vibrations. Surely something must be wrong with the blind spot of my line of vision. I have tried smoked glasses, Welsh rabbit and squirrel whiskey without success. Please advise me, and rest assured if you can effect a cure, I shall until Lucifer taps at my chamber window remain your self-appointed guardian.

Very anxiously,

J. H. A.

(Correspondent enclosed a bird's-eye view of the Union Stock Yards, evidently taken by a drunken aeronaut during a gale.)

ANSWER: There is nothing peculiar about your blindness. It often affects readers of the Daily News. This leads us to believe in Providence. What the eye cannot see, doth not addle the mind. There is nothing wrong with the picture. It is consistent with its title. Note, please, that it was taken in Jehol Park, China. "Jehol" is the Chinese for Sheol. (See Muck-a-hei-you-muck-a-muck's, Chinese dictionary), and indicates a hell of a picture. If you read the Daily News you should be able to recognize a bust when you see it. As to the pedestal, don't worry; you'll never need one. I note with interest the remedies you have tried. I would suggest cutting out the smoked glasses and the Welsh rabbit—they are unethical. As to the squirrel whiskey, it has cured numerous cases of nuts, and I can highly recommend it to all readers of the Daily News.*

*Nov. (?)

Daily News. Dr. to being mentioned four
times in Scoop.....\$750.00

Dear Dr. Pille:

I am afflicted with a most terrific attack of the itch. What do you do for it? W. X.

Answer.—Apply some chestnut leaves.

Dear Professor Pille:

What do you think of compulsory vaccination? G. K.

Answer.—Consult our colleague, the great vaccination specialist, Dr. Mason Warner. Look pleasant while talking to him, and—well, I don't know as you need to look pleasant. Such little trifles cut very little figure when one is burned up. But see that your lawyer understands his business, make arrangements to have your family notified promptly, and don't worry about how well *she* will look in a black bonnet and veil with white coronal ruching. Whatever you do, when you consult Dr. Warner, don't mention my name. There will be no commissions, so it's not necessary to say who sent you.

Dear Doctor Pille:

I don't know whether you ever prescribe for mental conditions, but if you do you can help me, I'm quite sure. My wife, who has always been quite a home body, has developed a perfect mania for shopping. She goes to the city (we live in a suburb), nearly every day. She seldom purchases anything and seems quite secretive about her movements. She is given to fits of abstraction and is quite irritable with me. At times she has a far away expression and seems not to know that I am present. I might say that my wife has always hitherto been of a very affectionate disposition. What do you think of the case and what would you suggest? B. O.

Answer.—The case is very simple and one which various liniment specialists have frequently described. The late Professor Boccaccio, and Mrs. Dr. Elinor Glyn, have cited a number of them. Authorities are varied in their opinions as to treatment. Some suggest wearing horns—not a la Bull Moose—others to “court” her over again. I consider the latter excellent judges. Still others suggest the intra-corporeal use of lead on the absent—absent treatment as it were. There are numerous vehicles for its administration. Profs. Colt, Smith and Wesson have excellent preparations.

Dear Dr. Pille:

My grandfather has a cancer of the lip. How can we remove it? G. K.

Answer.—Don't try to remove it. That is unscientific. Remove the lip. If he jaws much about it, remove his jaw also. Whatever you do, do it thoroughly, but be gentle with the old folks.

Thanks, Major.

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 19, 1912.

Editor The Scoop.

Noting your request for more “copy” for the Christmas number, I am sending you herein two MSS. Take your pick for that issue. One is a story of newspaper life (actually happened some years ago), with characters disguised, but readily understood. The other is a word picture of my travels.

I may say in passing, as I used to take down the big money, I expect one of these to win first prize, and being of a modest and charitable disposition, I hereby donate the said first prize in advance to Ye Scoop. Long may she scoop.

Yours sincerely,
EDMOND LOUIS DE LESTRY,
990 Dayton Ave.

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WHY?

The article in last week's Scoop entitled Why? gets Col. J. G. Davis, its author, in-bad with the gentler ones:

Editor Scoop:

There is an old guy stands in front of the Boston Store every morning rubbering at us girls when we come out to lunch. When one of us turns north as we come out on Dearborn he says "Shucks!" and snaps his fingers. Most of us goes to a nickel show on Madison street at noon so we turns to the left. See? We seen him go into the Press Club and heard some one call him "Colonel." Tell him to can it. Mamie Roberts.

Editor Scoop:

Maybe if Kerneljim would stand on the left hand side of the door, the ladies would turn to the right. A Member.

Pres. Press Club:

Who's the geezer with the white mustache fading into amber that keeps piping the sales-ladies from the Boston? Tell him he's been noticed and warn him not to start nothing. He wears a club button. Officer 411.

HAVE "CAME" BACK.

Yes, I'm back in old Chicago town,
The town of rush and bustle;
And you can bet I am here to stay—
I love its dear old hustle.


I hear the elevated grinding,
As the wheels go round the curve,
And the trolleys go whizzing past me,
Cutting deep in some one's nerve.

And as I walk up Dearborn Street,
That mighty canyon of the West,
I feel my own importance quite
Expand my lungs throughout my chest.


I hear the policeman as he whistles,
To check that motley throng—
I am in the thickest of the bunch,
For I know where I belong.

I am sure I've grown a foot or more;
Don't you know the reason why?
I don't think 'twould be hard to guess,
I am back in dear old Chi.

—Ben F. Cobb.



Look Out for These Men



They Are Wanted to Join the
Press Club

BICKET, JAMES P. City Editor American; much wanted, especially by men who have worked for him and know him.

ELWELL, HECTOR, assistant city editor American; southerner; buck and wing dancer; live wire. Big reward if brought in. Wanted for committee work—no poetry.

GORDAN NYE, M. E. The World. Last seen standing on steps to the World.

FINN, JOSEPH, W. Apprehended Nov. 19. Brought in by Casey. Signed an application blank and confessed all. Good work, Casey—we hope he's here for life.

Dance Announcement

Press Club

Thanksgiving Eve Dance

Tickets \$1.00 Ladies Free

JOHN U. HIGINBOTHAM
Chairman

MRS. CHARLES LEDERER
Chairman Ladies' Committee

Wednesday Eve., November 27

Thanksgiving Dinner

PRESS CLUB CAFE

Table de Hote de Luxe \$1.00

Service from 1:00 to 2:30 P. M.

Make Reservations Early

MENU.

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|-------------|
| Celery | Olives | Radishes |
| | Blue Points. | |
| Chicken Soup a la Louis. | | |
| Roast Vermont Turkey, | Cranberry | Sauce. |
| Potatoes Rissalee | | Green Peas. |
| Endive Salad—Roquefort. | Cheese | Dressing. |
| Pumpkin Pie | | Mince Pie. |
| English Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce. | | |
| Assorted Nuts | | Raisins. |
| | Coffee. | |

Special arrangements can be made for evening dinner.

A La Carte Service All Day

"TED" PHILLIPS MARRIED.

E. O. (Ted) Phillips, the w. k. p. b. of Cass County, and Miss Helen Matheny were married in Springfield last Saturday. Mr. Phillips' associates on The Tribune did something handsome and with much good will. The honeymooners headed south for a trip.

Gilbert Shorter, a P. C. member who played "La Follette" in the "Scoop Show" at the Auditorium last May, is proprietor of the "Gilbert Shorter Players," who are playing Brandon Thomas' comedy, "Charlie's Aunt," this week at the Globe theater.

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume I. No. 60.

Chicago, Saturday, November 30, 1912.

Price 5c.

KENTUCK

By WM. LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER

Lucie Lee and Howard Lane were sweethearts in Chicago "before the fire." They had a lover's quarrel and Lane went back to Kentucky, from whence he had come ten years before.

Then came the fire. Lucy had lost her home and she and her people went to struggling young Denver to live.

The following summer Lucie was in camp in Estes Park with a party of family friends. While there they were often the guests of Colonel Stivers, who was encamped near by with a great herd of cattle that was being driven to the Laramie plains of Wyoming from Texas. Here, the outfit—cattle, cowboys and equipage—were staying some weeks to take advantage of the luxuriant grass in the Colorado valley that lay at the foot of the mountains, and to get a rest from the long drive.

I was one of the "punchers" of Col. Stiver's "bunch."

In the forenoon of one lovely day Lucie and the old drive-captain were riding together, about the herd. He had told me to keep near him, and I was doing so, for "she was fair and I was young." He was talking to her about cowboys, and he said good things about them, for the most part; how gallant, good-hearted and faithful they were, gen-

erally, and many of them were of good stock in the East, and college-bred.

"See that one riding over yonder, on the east side of the herd?" he said. "He's a friend of the owner and we call him 'Kentuck.' All cowboys have nicknames. On this drive we had an incident that showed the stuff he is made of, and he is one of our newest."

Then he told her a story the truth of which I could vouch—having been there.

"We had just started north and were in the Pan Handle of Texas, north of the Staked Plains. Night was near and we were rounding up for rest. These long-horns were yet as wild as deer and were nervous from being in a strange country.

"There was a chilling rain, and it took some work 'riding herd,' to get them milling—going in a circle. That's the way we stop a fresh herd for the night.

"Finally the cattle got quiet, laid down and were

contentedly chewing their cuds. The barking of a coyote brought one wild-eyed fellow to his feet, trembling with fright. Instantly the whole herd was up, panting and bellowing. Then they, fear-driven, made a break, panic-struck—a stampede.

"The boys dashed to the front, trying to turn



Col. William Lightfoot Visscher.

the herd into a circle again. 'Banjo Jim's' pony caught a foot in a gopher hole and down went pony and rider together. In a few more seconds Jim would have been ground to dust under all those hoofs. 'Kentuck' saw the fall and drove right at Jim. His lariat went over Jim's shoulders and 'Kentuck' dragged him out of the way, just in time."

The captain had barely finished his story when a wild cry of terror rose to his throat. His horse wheeled, ungovernable, and Lucie's pony, crazed with fright, dashed away, directly in front of the wild herd that was on another stampede. All were going straight at a deep, wide arroyo that no animal could leap. Following, like a centaur, went "Kentuck," on his swift, dun pony. His sombrero hung upon his shoulders, held at his throat by the leathern strap, and his long, flaxen hair streamed in the wind.

Within ten jumps of the arroyo "Kentuck" caught Lucie about the waist with one strong arm, swung her to the pony's back, behind him, wheeled to the right, and in less time than it could be told the gallant dun stood steady and panting, with his double load, on safe ground, while the maddened herd swept by, hundreds of the cattle going to destruction, piled deep, and mangled, in the arroyo.

Lucie was brave and she clung to "Kentuck," who rode away to where Col. Stivers and some of Lucie's friends had stood, stupefied by terror.

"Kentuck" gently helped Lucie to the arms of the waiting ones and then flung himself from the saddle.

"That was handsomely done, 'Kentuck,'" said Col. Stivers, and Lucie gave a grateful glance at her rescuer.

It was her first sight of this cowboy's face. Their eyes met, and with a scream of joy Lucie fell into the arms of Howard Lane—"Kentuck."

"THE JUMPING BEAN."

Ed. Pickard's new poem, "The Jumping Bean," has been dragged from the presses and will be offered for sale during the holiday season.

Wright Patterson sez it is the best thing Mr. Pickard has ever written. The poet certainly has thrown his personality into every phrase. We reproduce herewith seven lines of the first and only stanza:

"If I were King of Europe,
And you were a jumping bean,
I'd make you jump,
With a tump-tump
Jump,
To the top of the famous Lean-
Ing tower of Pisa."

Joe Henderson sez in all his experience as a librarian he has never seen anything quite like it.

WHEN INDIAN MET INDIAN.

Louis Hill and his famous band of Black-foot Indians and Montana cowmen from the Riverside Ranch were entertained at the Press Club Monday, Nov. 25. The Indians came attired in full Indian dress, war paint and all that goes with it. The cowboys—fine specimens of the craft—wore the regulation chaps, buckskins and 44s. These ranchmen are musicians as well as "punchers." They made the "brain parlors" resound with real melody.

"Bill" Pruitt, cowboy vocalist with a wonderful voice, sang "In the Garden of My Heart," "Montana" and other songs. After the guests and club members were photographed, our own inimical J. L. Webber entered the library in full Indian chief garb. He created a sensation among the guests and two squaws present looked rather admiringly at him as their faces softened and a smile broke around their set lips. He was introduced to the various Indians and presented each with a beautiful eagle feather.


A luncheon followed the preliminary pow wow in the library. Frank Comerford was the chief spokesman of the club Indians. Major M. E. Dickson made a big hit from the top of the piano. After each speech the cowboys pulled their guns and the dining room sounded as though it were the "Buckhorn Tavern in Devil's Creek." Col. Bill Vischer, in honor of his 70th birthday, came out of his roll of years and gave us "The Barbarian." His offering pleased the guests and again the artillery "barks" met and mingled with the clang of traffic which came up from the depths of Dearborn street.

Ce-Pes-Tah-As (Chief Fred Big Top) made a speech which was turned into white man's talk by John White Calf, a ranger. Besides those mentioned the following were present as guests: Medicine Owl, Chief of the Medicine men; Fish Wolf Robe (Mah-Mi), Dancer; Lazy Boy (Pah-Kops-Sku-Ma), Chief of Crow Dancers; Jim Big Top (Me-Ke-Sta); Long Time Sleep (Meh-Sim-I-Oka); Howard A. Noble, Captain W. C. Pitts, "Jim" Shoemaker, Charles Henderson, Joseph H. Finn and a host of others. Members filled every available dining chair and many hung on the stair railings. This event was one of the best the club has presented in many a day. Louis Hill is a colonizer. His father, James J. Hill, the King of empire builders, is liable to be outdone by his son, whose ambition is to place men upon the soil and turn their faces into the western sun with the light of health and happiness radiating about them. His work is meeting with unquestioned success.

**SPECIAL RATE FOR "THE SCOOP"—FOR
BALANCE OF 1912 AND ALL OF 1913—\$1.00.**



ONE OF THE MOST UNIQUE AND ENTERTAINING LUNCHEONS EVER GIVEN AT THE PRESS CLUB WAS THAT OF LAST MONDAY, WHEN THESE TWO GROUPS OF SPLENDID MEN—THE BLACKFEET INDIANS AND THE COWBOYS' BAND—GATHERED IN OUR BIG BANQUET HALL, AFTER HAVING POSED FOR THE ABOVE PICTURE, AND ENTERTAINED THE PRESS CLUB MEMBERS IN THE LIBRARY WITH EXCELLENT MUSIC BY THE BAND AND "BILL" PRUITT, AND SPEECHES, RECITATIONS, SONGS, FOLK LORE STORIES AND WONDERFUL DANCING BY THE INDIANS.

THE  SCOOP

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CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

Every subscriber of THE SCOOP is going to be proud of our ANNUAL, for it will be highly creditable to its publisher, *The Press Club of Chicago*.

Those members who wish to immortalize themselves by contributing to the Christmas Scoop must have their copy in by next Saturday.

The excellent cover design by Robert J. Campbell on view at the office has created much favorable comment. Many contributions have been received. It is safe to say that no Christmas publication will contain a greater list of authors.

\$2,000 in Cash.

This amount has been received so far on advertising contracts.

Copies Will Be Scarce.

Be sure you are a subscriber to THE SCOOP if you want a copy of the CHRISTMAS number and place orders now if you want *extra copies for your friends*.

Prize for Short Story.

The best story of about 2,000 words will entitle the author, if a resident of Cook county, to \$10 in cash or credit for one quarter's dues in the Press Club of Chicago; if a non-resident of Cook county, \$10 cash or one year's dues. The award will be made by three judges to be appointed by President Wheeler and announced later.

Stories not winning shall become property of THE SCOOP unless their return is requested.

FAMOUS SURVIVORS.

- Doc Presnell.
- Col. Kellogg.
- Ex-President Sergel.
- Ex-President Mooservelt.

CANDIDATES FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership, from the following, have been approved by the membership committee, and will be voted on at the regular monthly meeting, Dec. 8.

Active.

- John J. Alcock, Tribune, by W. A. Washburne.
- William Francis Barnard, World, by W. A. Washburne.
- V. L. Barnes, Record-Herald, by Jay Cairns.
- Edward Brandt, Tribune, by W. A. Washburne.
- H. M. Briceland, Tribune, by Mark S. Watson.
- Harold Palmer Brown, Tribune, Mark S. Watson.
- Joseph H. Finn, former member, by Walter C. Howe.
- Willard C. Howe, former member, by Albert Cone.
- John G. Holme, Tribune, by Mark S. Watson.
- Frank Kipper, Tribune, by W. A. Washburne.
- Alfred Lingle, Tribune, by W. A. Washburne.
- Robert J. Longmore, Tribune, by W. A. Washburne.
- John Lovett, Tribune, Mark S. Watson.
- John McLaughlin, publisher, by W. J. Cochran.
- H. F. Moore, Record-Herald, by Theo. Van R. Ashcroft.
- Rheinhold H. Palenske, artist, by Jay Cairns.
- K. M. Patterson, Journal, by C. A. Briggs.
- J. A. Pegler, Jr., Daily Press, by W. A. Washburne.
- A. DeFord Pitney, Associated Press, by Paul E. Neumann.
- Frank Poeton, Daily World, by W. A. Washburne.
- P. P. Pomeroy, Associated Press, by W. A. Washburne.
- John R. Robinson, editorial manager, by B. Beecher Osborne.
- Arthur P. Robyn, Tribune, by Mark S. Watson.
- George M. Shepherd, Commercial Financial Chronicle, by W. J. Cochran.
- Clarence Snyder, Jr., Record-Herald, by W. A. Washburne.
- C. F. Taylor, Record-Herald, by Theo. Van R. Ashcroft.
- M. J. Wathey, Record-Herald, by H. G. Fisher.
- Les F. Wilson, Tribune, by Mark S. Watson.

Non-Resident.

- Ed. Etnyre, contributor, by R. J. Campbell.
- Rube Harrington, publisher, by Chas. N. Wheeler.
- Chas. A. Karch, publisher, by Chas. N. Wheeler.
- Thos. Tippit, correspondent, by Chas. N. Wheeler.

COMING EVENTS.

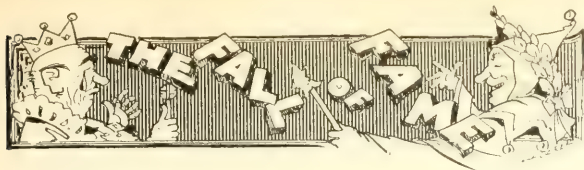
Press Club of Chicago.

- Dec. 7, Saturday Night—Stag (1st Saturday night each month).
- Dec. 8th, Sunday, 4. P. M.—Regular Monthly Meeting Press Club of Chicago.
- Dec. 10th, Tuesday night—Microscopical Exhibition, Ladies' Night.
- Dec. 14th, Saturday, 8 P. M.—Musical, Ladies' Night.

A REVERIE

G. FRANK LYSTON.

When first I met thee, maiden fair—
'Twas many years ago—
Bright golden threads thy glossy hair,
Thy cheek with health aglow.
But now I see thee through the smoke
Of later life's cigar,
I just appreciate the joke,
'Tis bleach and rouge you are.



Friends of our own John U. Higinbotham are seriously considering application for an injunction stopping him from conducting B. L. T.'s column unless the latter comes into the fold.

Alan McIntyre rises to inquire the date of the next theatrical luncheon.

Walter C. Howey, city editor of the Tribune, has begun an agitation for putting in a swimming tank and gymnasium on the third floor. He is organizing a Tank club and has Paul Neumann helping him.

LeBert St. Clair of the Associated Press has been added to the membership committee. A. DeFord Pitney and P. P. Pomeroy are the A. P.'s representatives among the applicants for membership.

Lyne S. Metcalf has given up the Sunday editorship of the Tribune to become Sunday editor of the New York Press. His place has been taken by A. P. Robyn, who, incidentally, is an applicant for membership.

Bunn the Baker of Baraboo was the guest of Paul T. Gilbert at the club on Wednesday night.

His regular name is John C. Bunn.

Which reminds us that Paul T. Gilbert's successful song, "I Want the Moon," is expressive of his personal aspiration.

Frank Buffington Vrooman, non-resident member and editor of British Columbia Magazine, sends greetings to friends and a check to the financial secretary.

Several of our real newspaper members, including the Hon. Dan Sullivan, have lately been seen perusing the Chicago dailies. Who ever heard of a real newspaper man reading any paper, even his own?

Wild Bill Forman of the Post, who is not a member but ought to be, has been raising Cain, merry Cain men, with one H. Fogel, alleged baseball magnate, not to mention our own esteemed C. W. Murphy.

Our hustling membership committee chairman, Walter Washburne, has been a trifle under the weather of late. Old Wash's many friends will welcome his return to the 2 a. m.

brigade where cheer always becomes cheerier when Walter is around.

E. O. (Ted) Phillips and Mrs. Phillips have returned to Chicago. Ting-a-ling-ling, hark the merry wedding bells.

James Frank Allen of the American, one of Chicago's real "old-timers" in the newspaper game, has been seriously ill for some time. Frank was a member of the old "Whitechapel Club" and in his day of outside work knew nearly every policeman in the city by name. All his friends are anxious to hear "he is himself again." He lives at 5433 Prairie avenue.

Harold P. Brown, the world's most famous combination photographer and reporter, has been added to the list, sponsored by Mark S. Watson of the Tribune. How about Parke Brown, the world's greatest Sunday afternoon city editor?

Howard M. Briceland, the well known Hoosier golfer and manager of the Tribune news bureau, is among the latest applicants for membership.

Jonathan Mayo Crane is one of the most active of the boosters for the club.

Mark S. Watson is one of the busiest of the workers on the membership committee judging from results.

Old George Morris and Ralph Ellis are "thinking it over." If they delay much longer Charles Gotthart will be put on the trail to bring them in. He gets what he goes after.

W. M. Handy of the Tribune is at Mercy Hospital recovering from an operation. He was taken ill last Saturday night while in his rooms in the Pullman building. Dr. W. A. Evans hustled him to the hospital, where Dr. J. B. Murphy operated. Mr. Handy had a narrow escape, but is reported as doing well.

E. Edward Rose, Edwin E. Rosé and also E. E. Rose, is once more about the club. We are always glad to welcome Ed.

Frank Comerford is reading up on poetic works in preparation for a more or less masterpiece which he contemplates perpetrating for the Christmas Scoop. John McGovern has him in hand. John says that among poets Frank will always be known as a great lawyer.

J. A. Pegler's name appears on the list of candidates for membership. Where's the old man, A. J., young 'un?

THE UNSUNG.

BY PAUL E. NEUMANN.

(With apologies to The Spectator.)

Reprinted by permission from Once a Year, Milwaukee Press Club.

Who sings of the soldier?
 Of the chieftain whose shoulders bear the weight
 Of an army's weal and the nation's fate;
 Of the half starved marcher in heat and wet;
 Of the trusty lord of the bayonet;
 Of the sabreur blind to uncountable odds;
 Of the gunners serving their grim-mouthed gods;
 Of the curled darling, whose scented breath
 Hurls his jibe in the teeth of death?
 Everyone sings of the soldier!

Who sings of the sailor?
 Of the reckless, roaring, rollicking blade:
 Handicraftsman of every trade;
 Wooer of danger for danger's sake;
 Gayest when landsmen blanch and quake;
 Readiest toiler in dolefullest day;
 Simplest wanton in hard-earned play;
 Thriftless and unstable rogue if you will,
 But chief of our popular idols still?
 Everyone sings of the sailor!

Who sings of the financier?
 Of the country's saviour in time of stress;
 In the cash-mad panic whose own largesse
 Staves starvation and saves the day,
 When the foreign gold wolf scents his prey;
 Of the captain and of industry shrewd and strong,
 Fighting his battle while enemies throng
 To the very ramparts of coined gold walls;
 Who often stumbles but rarely falls?
 All sing of the financier!

Laureate bard in orthodox way;
 Local triller of spineless lay;
 Vaudeville star and guttersnipe;
 Sociable soul over bowl and pipe;
 Parlor warbler and bar-room lout
 Sing and scribble and shriek and shout
 Of money king, soldier and sailor.

Who sings of the reporter?
 Greatest player of uphill game;
 Scorning reward of wealth or fame;
 Work that calls for a soldier's will,
 Money king's force and a sailor's skill;
 Single handed battler of woes,
 Deeper than thrusts of his countless foes;
 Knowing no rest in dark or light;
 Wager of endless, stubborn fight;
 Hated by many, scorned by all;
 Toiling unceasing at duty's call;
 Grafters' destroyer and sufferers' friend,
 Ever determined the wrong to mend;
 Guarding the nation from canker within;
 Careless alike of the threats and din
 Of the pilferer, filching the people's right,
 And the swindling statesman's bawling might;
 Ever taking the under dog's part;
 Smiling serenely though sick at heart;
 Laughing at promises unfulfilled,
 At shattered ambition and projects killed;
 Still he stays at it day by day,
 Bravely renewing the ceaseless fray;
 Stands his reverses and grins at the blow,
 Stronger again with each overthrow;
 Thus the fight goes till his final call;
 While "thirty" ticks his back's to the wall,
 Facing his world of sorrows, not shame,
 This grandest of warriors yields the game;
 Yet no one sings of the reporter!

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

E. J. Tinsdale, New York Press Club, guest of Chas. N. Wheeler.

Howard A. Noble, St. Paul, guest of Jay Cairns.

C. B. Griffin, St. Paul, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

James Shoemaker, Helena, Mont., guest of Jay Cairns.

Wm. Pruitt, Helena, Mont., guest of Jay Cairns.

John White Calf, Glacier Park, Mont., guest of Jay Cairns.

Chief Medicine Owl, Glacier Park, Mont., guest of Jay Cairns.

Lazy Boy, Glacier Park, Mont., guest of Jay Cairns.

Long Time Sleep, Glacier Park, Mont., guest of Jay Cairns.

Jim Big Top, Glacier Park, Mont., guest of Jay Cairns.

Chief Fred Big Top, Glacier Park, Mont., guest of Jay Cairns.

Fish Wolf Robe, Glacier Park, Mont., guest of Jay Cairns.

Stanley G. Swanberg, Moline, Ill., guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

Wm. L. Bush, Chicago, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

Lloyd McDowell, Montana, guest of Stanley H. Twist.

Geo. E. Stacy, New York, guest of I. E. Sanborn.

Ed. Etnyre, Oregon, Ill., guest of R. J. Campbell.

Geo. Schlosser, Nat'l Press Ass'n, guest of Edw. H. Fox.

Jack Burnett, New York, guest of Banks Winter.

C. H. Spencer, Pannah, Utah, guest of H. A. Parkyn.

Frank Irving, Salt Lake City, guest of H. A. Parkyn.

John Flood, New York, guest of J. Williamson.

Martin F. Ryan, Kansas City, guest of Frank Comerford.

RELIGIO POETAE.

Help thou, but be not holpen. If need be,
 Give men what ware thou hast, worth gold for gold,
 And so thy tale of ware be truly told!
 Buy freedom as thou wilt, but be thou free!
 Here close thy count with man. Save this to thee,
 Be there no reckoning made of bought and sold,
 But live the life God gives thee, and withhold
 Thy nobler hand from aught of earthly fee.

Stand four-square to the world for praise or blame!
 Reserve but touch no guerdon. Name and fame,
 Titles and useless wealth, leave thou to them
 Who can be paid thereby. Such be not thou!
 True work, true love, can spare the laureled brow!
 The great are greatest with no diadem.

GEORGE F. BUTLER

TWO DREAMS.

You all know George W. Jackson: The most modest winner and graceful loser I ever knew.

Year ago, George had an associate in business by the name of Charley Wilson, who took good care of the financial end while George attended to the operating end in like manner.

Wilson would not pay a bill until it had run the limit and then he would give you to understand that there was no cobwebs on it. They owed me quite a sum and I needed the money, so one day I went into their office with the intention of collecting the amount. I found a number of other contractors seated about the office, when I entered; something about the hang of my lower jaw must have attracted Wilson's attention for he said: "What is the matter with you?" I asked him if he believed in dreams. He answered, "By gad, I do." Well, I said, I dreamed last night that you paid my bill. He had to join in the laugh that followed and, of course, he gave me a check.

That same evening while on my way home, Wilson dropped in the seat by my side and said, "I want to tell you how you came to get that dream idea over on me so easily this morning. Some years ago I was at the head of a telephone company down in Ohio, and in running the lines I only had trouble with one man. He was one of those people who describe a circle with an offset, or, in other words, a crank. He had a fine row of trees in front of his place and a few of the twigs on some of the outer branches interfered with our wires, but be ever so nice, and do what I might, I could not get permission to trim those twigs. But one day I had an idea. After everyone had left the office at the close of the day, I lingered until the old negro janitor entered, when I asked him if he believed in dreams. Of course he did. Then I said: 'You know how I have tried to get permission to trim those trees of Donewell's? Well, I dreamed that I placed a five dollar gold piece on the sliding shelf of my desk, so, and shoved in the shelf. Then when I came downtown in the morning, I looked up at those trees through force of habit and was surprised to see that those twigs were nicely trimmed. I came into the office and on drawing out the desk shelf I was more surprised to see that the five dollar gold piece was gone. Now what do you think of that for a dream?' He scratched his head and said not a word, but in the morning, the twigs were trimmed and the gold piece was missing."

BRAMLEYKITE.

AUTHORS AIDED by Criticism and Advice as to Publication. Research work, typewriting correctly done for literary and dramatic work. MSS. placed. Special assignments filled. Reference books for writers. Progress Literary Bureau, C. A. Huling (formerly editor of The Bookseller), Director, 30 North Dearborn Street, Chicago.

WHAT CAN YOU SUGGEST TO IMPROVE YOUR CLUB PAPER—"THE SCOOP?"—ED.

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Look Out for These Men

They Are Wanted to Join the
Press Club



LIVINGSTON, CHARLES A., reformed newspaper man and traction expert. Full grown. May be found around office of the Manufacturers' News. Lives at 805 Buckingham Place.

CLARK, BILL, head of copy desk on American. Hangs about Austin when not working. Sign on sight.

WOODRUFF, HARVEY T., sporting editor Tribune. Believed accomplice of Joseph Garibaldi Davis in hold-out plot. Has race track record.

CHAPLIN, LOUIS BRAGG—Admiral of the Army and Navy Club; prohibitionist; put Fred Blocki into politics and Fred Gansbergen out of it. Writes politics on Chicago American for amusement; advises Carter H. Harrison and Col. Bill Stuart for living. Shackles necessary for capture.

WELLS, IVERSON C.—Editor of Brick. Hard-headed author, playwright and automobile fiend. Raid on Kenfield Leach & Co. might result in getting him. If not, station a squad outside Wilson avenue station to watch trains between 5:30 and 6:30 p. m. Needed to write playlets for annual performance.

YOUNG, "JIM"—Friend of President Taft, but is trying to outlive it. Writer on American. Needed with Jim Bicket and Hec Elwell to make up Press Club group of "the three graces." Can be found on most any golf grounds.

SCHRAULDENBACH, "HARRY"—News editor, Examiner. Former baseball player; and as such put Northwestern University on the athletic map. Needed to assist Walter Washburne's heavyweight membership brigade.

JENNINGS, RAYMOND—Poet and writer of advertising on the merits of sleepy railroads; satellite of Joe Finn, lately captured. Badly wanted to perfect ladies' luncheons. Suggest search of Karpen Building to get him.

CLARK, "BEEFY"—Apollolike-built assistant managing editor of The Journal. Wanted for ballast for Ollie Moody and John Fay's round table sessions. Promise of a specially made chair might tempt him.

FORMAN, "BILLY"—Sporting editor Post. Fond of St. Louis and California. Desired to put ginger in the ale assemblies. Lasso him with care.

WHY?

To J. U. H.:

"What would you do," John, if I should employ you as my press agent *all* the time. "Why" you whim wham and boost me into popular favor on my stuff that has been doubtfully passed by Scoop censors, exaggerates the wen already large on my bald spot. Come around and see some of the screeds I thought full of "nift" and "biff" which they returned marked "bally rot." Maybe you can weave some of it into one of your moral lectures.

J. G. D.

APHORISMS.

Hospitality is a virtue possessed in common by pagan and Christian, barbarian and civilized man, but its quintessence is oftener found in the patched tent of the Arab and the lowly hut of the peasant than in the gilded palaces of the noble and the rich.

The simple offering of bread and salt by the uncouth moujik of Russia bears a better earmark of true hospitality than the grandiloquent offer of the Don: "Mia casa es a usted."

Congeniality established on the basis of a cocktail, and apparently cemented by two, is often made ephemeral by three or more.

SIGMUND KRAUSZ.

Poems of the South

A Beautiful Christmas Gift

By Col. Wm. Lightfoot Visscher.

For Sale at Press Club, \$1.25.

BUT YOU TOLD ME NOT TO SMOKE!

G. FRANK LYDSTON.

Trubble is jes' lak an ole snake in a log;

"Smoke him out," sez nigger Joe.

Dar's plenty good things in de hide ob he hog;

"Smoke 'em out," sez nigger Joe.

When your thoughts do not come, however you try!
Smoke 'em out, say I.

Monthly Stag

Press Club of Chicago

Sat. Night, Dec. 7th, 11 P. M.

As Stags Go—This Will Be a "Scoop"

Mr. Wilton Lackaye

(From "Fine Feathers Co."—Court Theatre)

Will be installed as Super-President at 11:30 o'clock.

SPECIAL GUESTS

Thos. Q. Seabrook.

Chas. J. King and Lida Rhodes; Stars of the "Little Millionaire" Company, Cohan's Opera House.

John Baxter, The Man Behind the Voice.

Harry Newman.

Edna Whistler.

Frederick Irving.

Miss D. Knapp.

Miss Jane Barber

Henry Thies, by special request, accompanied by Charlie Johnson.
Mr. Kuhn.

Emma Carus, by courtesy of Harry W. Spingold.

It's a Secret

What these people are individually famous for—Keep it dark if you are there!

Tickets and Eats, 75c.

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume I. No. 61.

Chicago, Saturday, December 7, 1912.

Price 5c.

OBITER DICTUM.

By CLEM YORE.

Show me a spot where the men are many,
And straight lines pierce the sky,
And I'll find villainy, larceny, tympany,
And we'll watch humanity die.

Show me a tangle of ferns and flowers,
Where lines are never straight,
And I'll find bowers and towers and showers
And nothing insensate.

Place me on pavements scraped by the feet
Of wives and women who fall,
And I will greet, unmeet and sweet,
And learn to hate them all.

Give me a sniff of the gladdened air
That breathes of a summer morn,
For a roue there will do and dare,
No matter how forlorn.

Give me the horizon round as a ring,
Hemmed with a matchless sky,
Where wild birds sing and echoes ring,
And all is harmony.

Don't set me to look down a narrow street,
Where two lines meet afar,
Where walls defeat, and cramp and beat
The best of the things that are.

Just place me where the maidenhair fern,
And the shy blue violets grow,
And I will yearn for the power to learn,
Of the good things here below.

But set me before a bottle of wine,
And a pair of dark brown eyes,
And I'll not whine, but opine I'll shine
As well as any you guys.

I most certainly love the countryside,
And the things in the land beyond,
But my pride is wide and it will abide
A few thoughts vagabond.

MORE BOOSTERS.

The Illinois Woman's Press Club are doing some fine boosting for the SCOOP which is greatly appreciated. Also they have sent in twelve subscriptions, which is a greatly and goodly start.

MONTHLY MEETING.

Illinois Woman's Press Club.

The society editor of the SCOOP enjoyed the privilege of attending the December monthly meeting of the Illinois Woman's Press Club, held in the large banquet hall of the Press Club last Thursday night.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Mary Eleanor O'Donnell, and, after

routine business was transacted, turned over to Mary De Lany Holden as chairman for the evening's program.

Miss Rose Kane, a Chicago girl, graduate of the Imperial School of Russian Dancing, was the brilliant feature of the evening, and with several changes of costume gave a series of rarely beautiful dances. The technique, grace and charm of Miss Kane's dancing are



MISS ROSE KANE.

of a high standard and thoroughly charmed all present.

The next meeting will be the first Thursday night in January.

The following numbers comprised the complete program:

Danse a la Russe.....Rose Kane
Original Sketch.....Mrs. W. A. Evans
Songs, byHarriet Steele
Talk on "Anti-Xmas Gifts"...Dr. Effie Lobdell
Group of Plantation Ditties..Mrs. W. A. Evans
Accompanied by Mrs. L. R. Pennington.
Campaigning with the Progressives....

.....Mrs. Eloise Wynne
Butterfly DanceRose Kane
Wit in the Advertising Field...J. R. Hamilton
The Working Girl.....Dr. Helen Kellogg

ONE OF JOHN J. INGALLS' STORIES.

Former United States Senator James Pugh, of Alabama, who died a few years ago, was one of the best raconteurs about the national capital. He served in the last Federal Congress before the civil war, left the House when Jefferson Davis and other Southern leaders voluntarily retired to establish the Confederacy, served as a member of the lower House in the Confederate Congress, and later returned to Washington as a United States Senator, in which body he was for years chairman of the judiciary committee.

After his retirement from public life it was his custom almost every afternoon, weather permitting, to spend an hour or two in Shoemaker's emporium on "newspaper row," and the stories there told, if collected and published, would make an invaluable contribution to the history of the country.

One afternoon, shortly before his death, when one of his friends had referred to the late John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, with whom he had served, Judge Pugh related this story:

"When Grover Cleveland was President, he appointed a colored man as recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia. The Senate refused to confirm the nomination, and Mr. Cleveland sent the name of another negro. While the Senate was considering the question of confirmation of the second appointment, Ingalls, who was the presiding officer, called me over to him and said:

"Do you know, Pugh, this proceeding makes me think of the colored preacher down South who was called upon to baptize a number of sinners who had come to repentance?"

"How so?" I asked, always glad to hear a story from Ingalls.

"It was in the winter, and the river where the baptism was to take place was frozen over. A hole was cut through the ice and the first candidate for immersion went forth. As the preacher thrust him under the water his grasp gave way and the fellow disappeared under the ice and was drowned. Turning to the members of his flock, who stood horrified upon the bank of the river, he exhorted:

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Brethren, fetch on another nigger."

HAL. P. DENTON.

DRIFT'S NEW COVER DESIGN.

Mr. Charles Lederer, the cartoonist, has designed a new and attractive cover for DRIFT, a monthly magazine devoted to civic pride and the home. DRIFT was founded in 1896 by Richard J. Murphy, one of the Press Club's old guard. It has a large circulation among members of local improvement organizations, in view of which the new cover design by Mr. Lederer is especially neat and appropriate.

A SCOOP.

By J. G. DAVIS.

Once upon a time it became highly necessary for me to explain diplomatically to my wife the cause of my absence from home to a late hour in the evening.

You see, the boys had summoned me to a special session of the Investigators, where we discussed such questions as "Does curiosity always lead to improvement?" or "Can knowledge of improvement after the draw bring peace of mind or wealth?"

As I already was traveling on velvet from the last controversy with this same bunch, my soul yearned to convince them further of the wisdom and necessity of lying low, and keeping away from the center until things came my way.

So my explanation to the other half of my soul, and the emphatic statement that the meeting would lack a quorum without me, went all right, all right, and after dinner I hastened away.

The boys guessed right the very first time so frequently, that my theories upon the subject in hand were frazzled, while the clock had meandered along to a couple of inches past twelve before I could cash in within a mile of my original capital.

I started home, however, refusing seductive offers from fly-by-night cabbies (nay, nay! not when loser), and napped it along with other moral derelicts in the owl car.

I imagine the milkmen were about hitching up the horses in the barns when I got out my night key, and, conscious that my shoes had solid heels, floated up the steps.

Now, barring a couple of high-balls early in the evening, I wish it to percolate clearly through your mind that I was beautifully and good-naturedly sober, for nobody but a chump drinks much on an occasion of this kind, it having a tendency to obfuscate one's opinion of values, and exaggerate one's powers of perception.

The night-key glided into the slot without a murmur, and in the vestibule I was so dainty and discreet in my movements in slowly opening the inner door without a click, that I did not even awaken my betes noir, the dog and the parrot.

From sad and regretful former experience, I had learned the location of every creaking board on the stairs; so I mapped out my ghostly way to the upper hall unheralded, softly removed my shoes, and laid them down without breaking an egg beside the top step.

It was so still that one could hear one's self think. And as dark as the hinges of sheol. I breathed myself to the door of the bedroom, where the blue tip of the night light made the darkness visible; then my heart pulse gushed in my ears as I heard the muffled thump of a dog's tail on the carpet, and a ruffle of feathers from

the parrot's cage gave me a sickening, sinking feeling, for fear that he might scream "Ah, there!" as he frequently did.

But no. The droning murmur from the bed told me that my wife was rowing up stream in deep slumber; and, with steady nerves, I stepped out with cushioned feet, intending to reach a further room, slide into an unoccupied bed, and, when time was called as to the hour of my arrival, I could sweetly cuckoo for twelve o'clock or a little past.

But—biff!—in the center of the room both shins came in sudden contact with an open clothes-basket, which I instantly knew was the fresh laundry that had been brought up that evening, too late to put away.

At once I found that my momentum was so great that I was balancing too far over to recover, so I stooped with outstretched hands, intending to make an arch of myself over the basket to the floor, and wriggle around it, when, as I went further forward, my spreading right hand, with the full weight of my body, fell on the front edge of a willow sewing-chair (one of that kind with a filigree, florescent back), which I am willing to swear just then rocked up in the dark to meet me (being a friend of my wife's).

Well! holy smoke! The back of that chair gave me an upper cut in the burr of my ear that doubled me up like a cut angle-worm. I got a half-nelson clutch with my left hand on the outer rim of the clothes-basket, and went over, kicking spasmodically with both hind-legs. A spurt of laundry went into the chandelier, while my right leg went through the trellis work of that infernal chair to my knee. As I struck the floor with my frontal bone, I gave a whoop that was "Hark from the tombs," which touched the button for a "Rise up, brethren and sisters," that would have made Gabriel lay down his trumpet.

The dog barked, the parrot screamed, and my wife sung high soprano in the trio. There I sprawled in a sea of dimity and tangles of ruffles, trying to kick that fiendish chair off from my leg; but, with every punt that I made, it would paw at my ears and the back of my head with both rockers.

Finally I got it by the throat and flung it violently from me, slam into the parrot cage, turning over the table it was standing on; the bottom of the cage came off, and the parrot flew bumping around the room as a beetle does in June.

My wife, having heard her hubby's voice during the melee, lost her first scare and turned up the night light.

There I sat, with a ruffle of some cheese-cloth material round my neck, and the room looked like a Chinese laundry on Saturday night.

I was bruised, and ninety-seven per cent mad. "Great Scott!" she exclaimed. "What's the matter, and what time is it?"

"What t'ell difference does it make now?" I exclaimed. "Woman, you set a trap for me!"

She looked at me with a Minerva frown, at the dangling laundry from the gas fixtures, at that demoniac chair which grinned at me with diabolic leer, and then, as the parrot gave a rusty-hinge screech from behind the dresser, she began to shake with laughter.

I arose in wounded dignity and stalked into the other room, a train of ruffle following me.

At breakfast, she said, with twinkling eyes, "How many highballs, did you say?"

"Two only, 'pon honor."

"Well, dear, how many stories high were those two?"

AMBITION.

BY ELBOG YOREL.

A moment since we saw the golden sun,
With cloud-army in coats of brilliant shades,
March grandly o'er our small world's very edge,
Leaving to us these weird starlighted glades.
Now as we wander through the quiet woods,
And listen to the murmuring 'mong the trees,
The thrill of far-off night bird to her mate
In timid tones, sweet trembles through the leaves.

This scarce discerned way we wander down
Is narrowed by the crowding banks of fern
Which force us near to one another till,
To keep within the path, you partly turn,
Clasping your hands about my arm,
And with sweet gracefulness, dear maid,
Cling close, your lithe form touching mine, the while
Your cheek is oft against my shoulder laid.

Peacefully happy 'neath the star-strewn sky,
We wander close, and closely link our dreams,
About us many gentle sounds of night
Within our minds light of great thoughts whose
beams
Illumine myriad pictures of the deeds
Which we so deeply, fondly long to bring
Into our lives that ever they may grow
Fairer than those of which the poets sing.

But ever, from the hugest of my thoughts,
Turn I with pleasure to your own sweet self,
Nor feel, in people's praise or grandest view
Of farthest, misty hills, or hope of pelf,
Or joy of 'complishment in any sphere,
A soulful pleasure or a pride to reach
The deep, deep happiness that ever comes,
Learning the sacred love thy eyes do teach.

WHAT CAN YOU SUGGEST TO IMPROVE
YOUR CLUB PAPER—"THE SCOOP?"—ED.

COMING EVENTS.

Press Club of Chicago.

Dec. 7, Saturday Night—Stag (1st Saturday night each month).

Dec. 8th, Sunday, 4. P. M.—Regular Monthly Meeting Press Club of Chicago.

Dec. 10th, Tuesday night—Microscopical Exhibition, Ladies' Night.

Dec. 14th, Saturday, 8 P. M.—Musical, Ladies' Night.

THE SCOOP

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CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

The publication date of the Scoop Christmas Annual will be Dec. 21. All "copy" should be in not later than the 14th.

Contributing Editors Active.

The success of the Christmas number of the Scoop is assured by the high character of contributions thus far received. In proof of this we are pleased to submit the names of some, not all, we hope, who will aid in making Christmas Scoop a real edition:

Opie Read.
Richard Henry Little.
William Lightfoot Visscher.
Stanley Waterloo.
Dr. G. Frank Lydston.
Dr. Geo. F. Butler.
Sigmund Krausz.
Frank Comerford.
John McGovern.
Douglas Malloch.
John U. Higinbotham.
H. Bedford Jones.
Paul Crissey.
F. O. (Ted) Phillips.
Frank R. E. Woodward.
W. U. Franey.

And a score of others.

Twelve stories have been received to date in the prize competition.

Copies Will Be Scarce.

Be sure you are a subscriber to THE SCOOP if you want a copy of the CHRISTMAS number and place orders now if you want *extra copies for your friends*.

Prize for Short Story.

The best story of about 2,000 words will entitle the author, if a resident of Cook county, to \$10 in cash or credit for one quarter's dues in the Press Club of Chicago; if a non-resident of Cook county, \$10 cash or one year's dues. The award will be made by three judges to be appointed by President Wheeler and announced later.

Stories not winning shall become property of THE SCOOP unless their return is requested.

OUR BIG ANNUAL SHOW. "THE SCOOP."

At the Board of Directors' meeting last Monday evening a half hour was given to general discussion relative to our big annual SHOW at the Auditorium.

The discussion was full of enthusiasm and resulted in the assured support and co-operation of every member of the Board.

Prize of \$100.

It was decided to offer a prize of \$100, and conditions of competition for this prize will be formally announced later. The SCOOP understands this prize will be awarded for the best book submitted and specially written for production at this show.

Ideas Wanted.

Every member of the club is urged to agitate the creative corner of their cranium and endeavor to produce original and clever ideas which may be used to make THE ANNUAL SCOOP SHOW the greatest success of the kind ever undertaken.

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

W. J. Avery, Gary, Ind., guest of Victor Eubank.

H. G. Jones, Gary, Ind., guest of Victor Eubank.

F. D. Blythe, New York, guest of W. H. Wood.
Gordon Nye, Chicago, guest of W. H. Wood.
W. M. Young, Chicago, guest of W. H. Wood.
A. D. Bell, New York, guest of W. J. Cochran.
Blinn Yates, New York Press Club, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

A. V. Villars, New York, guest of John L. Weber.

John Foord, New York, guest of J. Williamson.

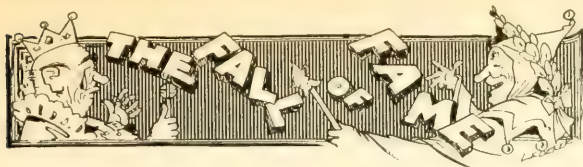
E. H. Witcroft, Pittsburgh Press Club, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

N. W. Barnes, De Pauw University, guest of Jerome Power.

Eldie Troxell, De Pauw University, guest of Jerome Power.

DECEMBER MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held Sunday, the 8th, at 4 p. m.



John McGovern sez he did not say that Frank Comerford will always be known as a great lawyer among poets. "Of course, it's true," comments John, "but I didn't say it."

Vic Eubank is among the prominent entries at the stock show.

Whose Waterly Stanloo now?

The Press Club is represented, unofficially, this week at the Rivers and Harbors Convention in Washington, D. C., by Henry W. Lee and A. Milo Bennett, who are appointees of Governor Deneen.

H. Van Denberg, Milwaukee member, was lounging in "poets' row" for a couple of days this week. He's staunch for the Club and a Scoop booster.

Fred Pellham's return to the Club this week, after an absence of about three months, caused great rejoicing among his many friends who gave him a most hearty welcome.

Charles W. Collins has returned to the Inter-Ocean as dramatic critic. With Eric De Lamar as music critic the Ocean sure has some high-stepping team.

T. N. Jamieson will soon trek out to California. Doc says "Pasadena is good enough for him, thank you, in winter time." You're welcome, Doc—but hurry back when the ground hog peeps.

Harry Irving Greene sez Maclay Hoyne is the greatest state's attorney in Cook County.

Franc Woodward with a smash of the gavel rules that discussions relating to Col. Roosevelt should be classed as non-political.

Dr. Harry Manning was greeted cordially by many members a few days ago. He was a daily habitue of the club for a dozen years or more in the old locations on Clark street and Madison street and was in for almost any sort of game or sport. Some eight years ago he dropped out and treked to Michigan, wasted some time trying to raise chickens, and then became telegraph editor of a Kalamazoo daily. The Doctor has changed almost not at all and is as cheery as always was his wont. Next spring he will move to Portland, Ore., to engage in business.

The jolly jests, the rare bits of wit and the large bites of sarcasm, the sallies and merries of quip, the clever pipe smoking (and dreaming) of "Uncle" By Williams will be missed on the fourth floor for a fortnight. By has gone to his estate in the north woods to garner a prolific herd of stumps.

Lorin J. Howard writes in from New Britain, Conn., sending best wishes to his friends. Hurry back, old top.

O. R. Young, publisher and non-resident member from New York, spent the week in Chi looking after business.

Jas. Boyd, non-resident from New Orleans, is up nawth looking for a snowstorm and frosty weather. We sent him over to progressive headquarters.

John Bacon sez "I've quit buying cigars in barber shops." We're glad of that, and if he has really changed the brand will give John one more chance to be nice to the B. M. and Me.—Ed.

Dick Little started to shave at six o'clock last Tuesday night just below the left ear on the eighth floor and shaved clear up to seven o'clock without cutting anything under 6 feet high and with only one stop—"That's All."

Dr. Aristide Pille, A. M., Noon and P. M., writes exclusively for The Scoop.

Jeff offers the suggestion to the House Committee to equip some of the chairs in Rye Beach with stirrups.

Bill Cochran, who is an old-time circuit rider, sez handle-bars would be better.

Famous Warriors.

Mars,
Maher.

Karl McVitty has sent in several "picters" post cards recently from Kingston, Panama and other parts of the U. S. A., with greetings to "the bunch." Karl states he has obtained a parrot for our B. M., which talks just like Joe Henderson.

Robert Edeson, of "Fine Feathers," who was elected "super president" at the October stag, has a grouch. With merry Xmas engagements all perfected for the opening in New York, with Mrs. Edeson East buying decorations for the tree, word came that, owing to the new playhouse being delayed in its completion, the New York opening has been changed to February.

THE "SCOOP SHOW."

I sat me down in the big arm-chair

That faces the clock on the fourth floor—no,
Not the "Fourth Floor Back," you must be aware,

That Robertson gave us a while ago,
But the Fourth Floor Mid, as one might say,
Where the Press Club lights—some grave, some gay—
Play rummy, and checkers, and dally with booze,
And stand at the desk to pay their dues,
And sometimes hover, in a gladsome group,
To subscribe for the W. G. W., The Scoop.

Yes, that's where I sat, and I pondered about
The coming annual Scoop, no doubt
To be the veritable Scoop de Luxe,
To which we'll invite our Sallies and Sukes,
And ever thereafter set it down
As the very best ever that startled the town.

And, as I sat, a familiar face
Came close to mine, and whispered to me,
"I say, my boy, we'll set the pace
In the coming Scoop, as you shall see."
But whose the face I could not tell,
To save my troubled soul from—well,
From any fate, however dire,
To succeed the lurid funeral pyre.
He told me about what was going to be,
And I listened long, with an inward glee,
As I pondered with a Press Club pride,
What the tongue in the face there prophesied.

He said that a trio would appear
And give "The Three Little Maids from School,"
Consisting of one whom we love and revere,
Our own Richard Henry Little, who'll
Be certain to make a sweet Yum Yum,
While gay Frank Wetherbee's Pitti Sing
Can surely be counted on as some,
And Helgon Jones as Peep Bo—well,
The trio will surely call for a yell.

And Dick—well, Dick has another stunt,
For he hasn't appeared since the Minstrel night
On Madison street, and we'd have to hunt
A good long time ere we found a light
In literature or mimicry who
Could do the things that he can do.
George Louis will join Dick Little here,
And the Long and the Short Man will present;
And never a "hold-up" of a past year
Could equal that which will go unshriven
And long by the staid be unforgiven,
When Dick and George "hold up" the throng
With a dance to follow their merry song.

The wealth of the things this chap told me!
I cannot pretend to remember them all!
Then, "On, Stanley! on!" from over the sea
I heard the well-remembered call,
And out of the evening's maze and mist
There burst on my vision a figure of Twist,
Who was handling things in a masterful way,
And certainly making them go *au fait*.

Our own Colonel Kellogg, who soon, never fear,
Will be brevetted a Brigadier,
I was told, would conduct, in the coming Scoop,
A Whispering Gallery, which the Loop
Had never the like of it seen or heard
For years and years, it is averred.

Colonel Visscher—what would the Press Club be
In its stunts without his quip and glee,
Connecting the times of his youthful days
With those of now, when the well-won bays
Adorn his brow, as seventy years young,
He stands, the Press Club's members among.

And John McGovern and Opie Read—
To their dear presence we all give heed,
And hand as well in brotherly grip,
Or in applause, when they take a dip
From Helicon's stream, the spray from which
Makes all the atmosphere sweet and rich;
Frank Comerford, too, whose talk and smile
A possible hour is sure to beguile;
And Dr. Butler and Harry Greene
Appear as well on the misty scene;
And J. U. H. and "Uncle By"—
So merry both, and that's no lie;
And Colonel Davis and his "rebel yell,"
And Stanley Waterloo, too—well, well!
John Brown with his song that we sing with a roar,
And Clem with his poems of now, but of Yore,
They all should appear in the Scoop to be
To fire the hall in a merry glee.

Just then, somehow, the face of the man
Who had been telling me of the plan,
Seemed fading out and growing dim
And a creeping darkness "dowed his glim,"
When I realized, as Byron said,
I had had "a dream which was not all
A dream," which my wandering thoughts had led
Astray, as I thought of the Scoop and its call
To the possibilities lying around
Within the Press Club's holy ground.
EARL MARBLE.

THE COWBOY.

By William Lightfoot Visscher.
A scene that is set in the white silhouette
Of the lofty, snowy mountains;
On the swart, gray plains, where silence reigns
Far from the music of fountains.
Here, the loughorns graze, through the changeless
days—
Brown herds that wander, straying,
Through all of the light and into the night,
Where the coyote's cubs are playing.

Brown as a statue of bronze is he;
Manly and strong, jolly and free;
The foothills echo the song he sings;
His saddle's a throne that is better than kings',
And the cowboy has no tears or fears
As he rides the range and herds the steers,
With a laugh that ripples and rings,
And a "Whoop, who-ee, who-ee."

He rose from a feast and came out of the East,
With life in his pulsing veins;
And scorning a track, on his broncho's back,
He flings to his beast the reins.
Gay, careless and free, in the saddle, is he,
A king in a realm his own.
And the lessons he learned in school he has turned
To trimmings for his throne.

He is wild, you are told, but your honor and gold
Are safe where he is on guard;
He flouts the cheap ranks, and he needs no banks,
Steel-riveted, bolted and barred;
To a brotherly call he will render all
That reason, or more, could entreat;
He is open and square, and his heart is as bare
As the hoofs of his broncho's feet.

A copy of "The Scoop" containing Col. Visscher's picture was given as a favor at Galli's Saturday night to each survivor of the joint attack of ravioli and red ink.

SPECIAL RATE FOR "THE SCOOP"—FOR
BALANCE OF 1912 AND ALL OF 1913—\$1.00.

CHRONICLES OF THE DAMPLYRE CLUB.

III.*

Oh Bob Warde was with us then—poor Bob! How many of us look back with regret to our last meeting with him!—and many a pleasant evening we spent in Angels' Roost with those of our fellowship. Will Comfort, our then president, read at our third meeting a paper on "The Effete Society Novel; An Enquiry Into the Causes of Robert W. Chambers." Opie then assumed the chair for the resultant discussion.

"When I was a lad," affirmed Cooley, "I served a term as apprentice boy in a big book firm; but although we wanted our stock to sell, we left such rot to be sold in—"

"Well," broke in J. U. H., "when I was a war correspondent in China, we used to say that the East might be effete, but that the Chinese women had only a foot between them."

All gazed reverently on the great humorist, until George Louis cleared his throat.

"Society, gentlemen, is only a myth, a delusion of hyper-innocence. Let me tell you a little story. I was in Paris last week—no, Stanley, Paris, Ill.—and to my surprise met our friend Goble, who was lecturing there before the Sorosis Club on the 'Polychronicon.' He introduced me into society, and I saw nothing there to shock me. On the contrary, I saw much to give me pleasure and delight."

"George, you are a married man," reproved Buck sadly. Louis stared in mild perplexity until Opie orated.

"The question of the society novel is of terrific import, gentlemen, nor can we dismiss it thus lightly. I affirm that it is unmoral, unethical, and a damned nuisance. The discussion is closed. Where, may I ask, is Mr. Henderson, our bibliophile?"

"I regret, sir, that Mr. Henderson was playing with the Club kittens this morning," said Dug Malloch. "He sustained several scratches, and is now suffering from catalepsy."

"A fellow of infinite variety," murmured Twist. Whereat we presented ourselves with a last loving cup and adjourned.

—Q. H. FLACCUS.

*Papers I and II were unfortunately detained by the postoffice authorities.—Ed.

DAILY NEWSPAPER FOR SALE.

For sale at a bargain, my daily newspaper in town of 9,000. Frankly, I have made so much out of this plan I can now afford at middle age to take a rest and want to do so. I would like to see some good live fellow newspaper man, a likeable fellow and worthy, get in on this. It is not going to cost very much and I would be satisfied with a small part of it down. I can quickly show you from the books where, if you have a little laid by, you can take the business and pay for it from the profits. I do not care to give away the location except to thoroughly interested people. So please address my representative, J. F. M., 1321 Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago. Do not call or telephone. Write.

"THE SCOOP" WILL BE SENT FOR THE BALANCE OF 1912 AND ALL OF 1913 FOR \$1.

CLARKSON'S BOOK BARGAINS

In fiction, standard sets and miscellaneous books of all kinds.

FICTION

SAMPLE PRICES—Their Yesterdays, 90c. Winning of Barbara Worth, 90c. Calling of Dan Matthews, 35c. Shepherd of the Hills, 35c. That Printer of Udell's, 35c. Hundreds of others at 35 cents and up.

125 different sets of the works of the standard authors in de luxe three-quarters morocco bindings at a fourth of the publishers' prices.

SAMPLE PRICES—Dickens, 20 vol., \$90; my price, \$17.85. Shakespeare, 20 vol., \$60; my price, \$14.40. Emerson, 6 vol., \$25; my price, \$5.25. Kipling, \$45; my price, \$7.80, etc.

Also nearly 200 different sets of standard works in fine cloth bindings at similar bargains.

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Press Club of Chicago Microscopical Exhibition December 10—8 P. M.—Ladies' Night

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Projecting Microscope, Balopticon and Other
Instruments Furnished Through the Cour-
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24 High Power Electrical Microscopes Will Be
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Series of Specimens.

LIST OF EXHIBITS AND EXHIBITORS:

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| Inst. No. | "a" shown from 8:00 to 9:00 p. m. "b" shown from 9:00 to 10:00 p. m. |
|--------------|---|
1. N. S. Amstutz—
I, a. Half-tone Dots of Three-Color Printing.
b. Half-tone Dots of Daily Paper.
 2. II, a. Cross-section of Diseased Melon Root.
b. Silver Particles in Photographic Negative.
 3. C. H. De Witt—
I, a. Carcinoma of Stomach.
b. Cross-section of Human Skin.
 4. II, a. Tubercle Bacilli, 1,200 diameters.
b. Diphtheria Bacilli, 1,200 diameters.
 5. Dr. Marshall D. Ewell—
a. Stage Micrometer ruled through silver film
on glass, by Dr. Ewell.
b. Rulings in Realgar, 10,000 lines per inch, by
H. J. Grayson, Melbourne, Australia.
 6. H. F. Fuller, using Polarized Light—
a. Cross-section of Human Corn.
b. Longitudinal Section of Toe of Mouse.
 7. Dr. A. Gehrman—
I, a. Stained Specimens of Bacteria.
 8. II, a. Stained Specimens of Bacteria.
 9. III, a. Stained Specimens of Bacteria.
 10. Dr. S. S. Graves—
Living Bacteria.
 11. Francis T. Harmon, Micro-photographs—
I, a. Declaration of Independence, actual size, 1 1/4
x 2 mm.
b. Entire Front Page of "Chicago American,"
actual size, head of pin.
 12. II, A series of twenty copies of Paintings, etc.
 13. Walter F. Herzberg, Using Polarized Light—
I, a. Crystallization of Radium Salts.
b. Cross-section of Mat Grass.
 14. II, Using Dark Ground Illumination—Arranged
Diatoms, by W. F. Herzberg.
 15. Burton U. Hills—
I, a. Stellate Hairs of Plants.
b. Oil Globules of Petals.
 16. II, a. Pollen of Sunflower.
b. Barbed Hairs of Parasite.
 17. W. E. Jones, using Polarized Light—
I, a. Crystals of Menthol.
b. Crystals of Copper Sulphate.
 18. II, Using Transmitted Light—
a. Rudder Leg of Water Bug.
b. Foot of Spider.
 19. Albert H. McCalla—
 20. Frank I. Packard—
a. Stamens and Pollen of Abutilon.
b. Siliceous Hairs on Leaf of Mentzelia.
 21. H. D. Skelton, using Balopticon, showing slides and
colorless color mixing.
 22. T. W. Smith—
To be announced.
 23. W. F. Willis, using a Projection Microscope, will
show upon a screen the Process of Cry-
stallization of various chemicals.
 24. David L. Zook—
I. Pond Life.
 25. II. Multiple Images seen through the Eye of an
Insect.

During the evening Miss Fanny S. Amstutz, of Valpa-
raiso, Ind., will render several selections on the piano.

SPECIAL RATE FOR "THE SCOOP"—FOR
BALANCE OF 1912 AND ALL OF 1913—\$1.00.

AUTUMN.

Now Nature holds her breath, hearing upon
The cloth of gold and crimson she hath spread,
The footfall of her royal guest. Alone
She comes where forest aisles are carpeted
With russet and rich sunshine; o'er the hills
Glides like a lonely splendor; by the stream
Pauses entranced; while her proud bosom thrills
At her own image—lovely as a dream.

And yet her brow is sad, and in her cheek
Mantles the flush of pain, and her bright eye
Melts with the brimming thoughts she longs to speak,
And tender tears fall with her whispered sigh,
So beautiful, so radiant; and art
Thou sad, O goddess, seeking Summer's heart?
—George F. Butler.

December Dance Press Club of Chicago December 21st, 9 P. M.

ADMISSION TICKETS 50c EACH
For Members and Guests

Poems of the South

A Beautiful Christmas Gift
By Col. Wm. Lightfoot Visscher.
For Sale at Press Club, \$1.25.

Monthly Stag Press Club of Chicago Sat. Night, Dec. 7th, 11 P. M.

As Stags Go—This Will Be a "Scoop"

Mr. Wilton Lackaye

(From "Fine Feathers Co."—Court Theatre)
Will be installed as Super-President at 11:30 o'clock.

SPECIAL GUESTS

Thos. Q. Seabrook.
Chas. J. King and Lida Rhodes, Stars of the "Little Millionaire"
Company, Cohan's Opera House.
John Baxter, The Man Behind the Voice.
Harry Newman,
Edna Whistler.
Frederick Irving.
Miss D. Knapp.
Miss Jane Barber.
Henry Thies, by special request, accompanied by Charlie Johnson.
Mr. Kuhn.
Emma Carus, by courtesy of Harry W. Spingold.

It's a Secret

What these people are individually famous for—Keep it dark if
you are there!

Tickets and Eats, 75c.

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume I. No. 62.

Chicago, Saturday, December 14, 1912.

Price 5c.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

One of the old land marks in the lumber district of Chicago, Ill., is "Bennets Planing Mill." It was built 75 years ago which is a long time when speaking of Chicago. The mill had never been painted up to the time that old man "Bennet" sold out and retired. One day I met Mr. Bennet when he said: "Jimmy, they have spoiled the mill." "How so?" I asked. "They have painted it," he replied.

That was an idea, how many things lose their individuality by the same process? A face, an act or deed or the name of a place. I have just written a sea story which centers in and about "Holmes Hole" on the back incline of the heel of Cape Cod. There is evidence that "Holmes Hole" was used as a harbor of refuge by the Norse men, and we know that it has been used as such since 1621.

The name was changed at the suggestion of a New England spinster, whose stockings would have made good casings for bologna sausage. She was acting as chaperone to a young scion of English nobility at the time while cruising o'er Marthas Vineyard shoals.

In changing the name to Vineyard Haven, all the romance, tragedy, comedy and sentiment connected with the place was cremated. "Vineyard Haven" suggests a placid body of water bathed in sunshine, which is foreign to the locality.

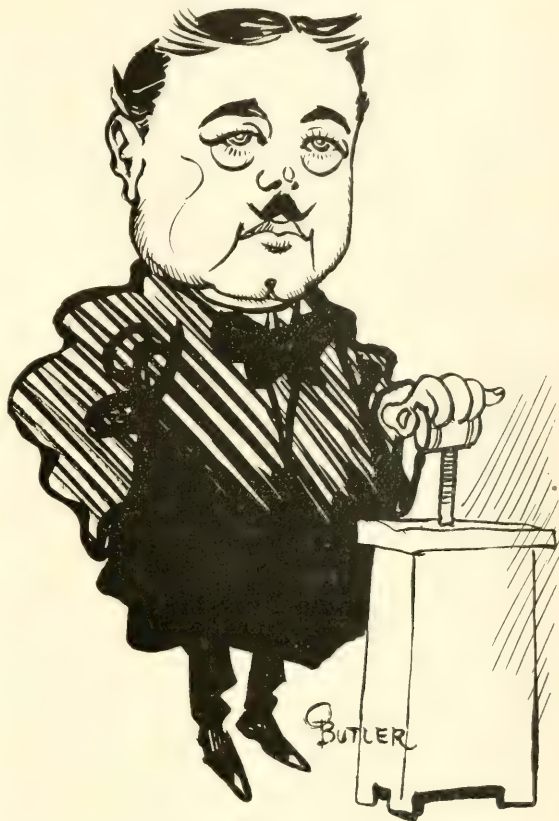
The name given to a man or place, by the natives, are pat and to the point, and are, as a rule, very interesting.

Should a person be on a C. P. R. train, look out of the window and see a sign on a depot reading, "Rat Portage," he would sit up and take notice, he would not be satisfied until he had obtained all the information pertaining to the why and wherefore of "Rat Portage," he would pass the history on to others, they would do likewise, and the town be benefited thereby.

On the other hand, under like conditions, if he saw the new name, "Kenora," he would not give it a thought; although "Kenora" is the name of three hamlets in one, the "ra" is all that remains of the "rat" part of the Portage, they might have left the "t" for a tail. On the same railroad are "Medicine Hat," "Moose Jaw," "Swift Current," together with many other cities and towns with original names which are valuable assets, inasmuch as they attract attention.

At one time I was inside roof inspector for private official cars on the C. R. I. & P. R. R.

(Continued on page 301.)



WILTON LACKEY, SUPER-PRESIDENT.

PRESS CLUB STAGS SCORED ANOTHER SUCCESS LAST SATURDAY NIGHT.

Wilton Lackaye was the particular shining light, being installed as super-President. Harry Ridings, of the Grand Opera House, and Chas. Gebest, musical director for George M. Cohan, were given the cap of super-vice-presidents.

Rudolph Berliner, chairman of the entertainment committee, surpassed all previous efforts, in the presentation of talent.

Emma Carus, Edna Whistler, Henry Theis, Olive Morgan, Harry Newman, Miss Knapp, Miss Jane Barber, John Baxter and—say, it is an awful job listing all who contributed joy to the evening.

Edna Whistler, always the club favorite, will



EDNA WHISTLER.

go en tour next week, so it will be some time before this ever-welcome guest returns to charm us with her voice. Miss Knapp and Miss Barber proved hits. Emma Carus, the jolly girl, had everyone roaring with delight.

All in all, it was some night. The main dining hall was packed to overflowing, and the program voted a success.

We are for Rudy Berliner first, last and all the time. The ayes have it.

SACRIFICE.

Sometimes I wonder if you really know
How much I care for you—
How my affection for you still does grow,
And every day more true.
I could not tell you all the different ways—
One will do, I suppose—
I did without my beer for two whole days
To buy you this one rose.

R. A. Halley.

"CASEY AT THE LUNCH."

DeWolf Hopper, whose fame does not rest on his recital of "Casey at the Bat," will be the guest of the club at luncheon Thursday noon. Our Thursday luncheons have always proved very popular. Keep the good work and club enthusiasm up by being present and breaking bread with as good a fellow, and as real a man, as DeWolf Hopper.



EMMA CARUS.

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

Nox McCain, Philadelphia, guest of Jay Cairns.

Joseph Cahill, Columbus, guest of W. C. Howey.

F. L. Nelson, New York, guest of J. G. Davis.

W. F. Rietz, Oak Park, guest of Bank Winter.

D. Byrne, Melbourne, guest of G. Cooke Adams.

Joseph Byrne, Melbourne, guest of G. Cooke Adams.

A. W. Mann, Elgin, guest of Dr. A. L. Mann.

Henry B. B. Yergason, Cincinnati, guest of S. R. Lewis.

Harry W. Spingold, Chicago, guest of R. Berliner.

George F. Paul, Peoria, guest of Edward White.

C. F. Kerrigan, Brooklyn, guest of John E. Fay.

John Small, Little Rock, guest of Rutledge Rutherford.



MARK WATSON.

HE BRINGS 'EM IN.

The subject of this sketch was born in New England, somewhere and some time in the early 80's. He earned his first real distinction late in 1912, by realizing his responsibilities as a member of the membership committee of the Press Club. His proselyting work has brought many into the club fold from the Tribune, where he otherwise fritters away his time. Chairman Washburne says he is proud of Mark.

WHAT IS LIFE?

I asked my Heart what life might be.
Its secret thought to prove,
And with a sigh it answered me,
"Oh, Life is Love!"

I questioned Sense the truth to find,
Long sought, but sought in vain;
And with a tearful smile it said,
"Life is but Joy and Pain."

I turned to Reason, in despair—
"Oh, say! what meaneth Life?"
The Mind made answer, "Life is Power,
And Endless Strife."

I plunged into the depth of Thought,
And asked what Life might be.
The inner Spirit, answering soft,
Said, "Life is Mystery."

—George F. Butler

**SPECIAL RATE FOR "THE SCOOP"—FOR
BALANCE OF 1912 AND ALL OF 1913—\$1.00.**

(Continued from first page.)

On one trip we sidetracked at "Des Moines," Iowa. I interviewed about every one I met in order to ascertain the meaning of the name "Des Moines," while many thought they knew, they did not and no two agreed, the governor had not even given it a thought, and the nearest I came to finding out was from an old darky who said: "Good Lord man do you think I know that much."

On one of the trips I have mentioned, over the "Rock Island," we were in car 300, which was the private car of the General Manager W. J. Allen. He had been with the road many years, in fact he built that part through Colorado.

One day Mr. Allen pointed out of the window to a mound and said: "When we were building the road we called the gang that placed the rails, 'the hobo gang,' among whom was a slick looking young fellow who kept to himself, had nothing to say to any one, did his work well, and seemed anxious for more. He impressed me with the idea that he was carrying a load of anguish. At all events he took what we used to call 'camp fever' and died. We buried him at that spot I pointed out, there is a good theme for you," which I wrote up as below:

The Hobo Grave.

On the right-of-way of the C. R. I. & P. R. R.,
Near Flagler, Colo.

Sleeping stranger, awake and tell
How you by the wayside fell;
What thy name, and how thy age?
Why did'st thou leave the parent cage?
Was it sire's stern command,
Or was it knowledge of the land?
That started thee on thy career,
Which ended in thy burial here?

A voice in fancy then I heard,
Saying, "I was here interred
By men whose brawny hands of toil
Opened up the virgin soil;
Laying rails from east to west,
From lowland to the mountain crest;
My youth, my manhood are concealed,
Death drew the curtain; pray thou shield.
Seek no more, but wend thy way,
And for the wayward ever pray.—Bramley Kite.

Bramley Kite Roost, Phillipston, Mass.

DECEMBER MONTHLY MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the Press Club of Chicago was held at 4 p. m., Sunday, Dec. 8th.

No special business was taken up and after election of new members, transaction of routine business and reading of reports of officers, the meeting adjourned. The following is an extract from the financial secretary's report for the month of November.

| | Nov. 1911. | Nov. 1912. |
|---|---------------|---------------|
| Net profit cafe and cigar dept. | \$37.20 | \$233.84 |
| Net profit billiard dept. | 54.50 | 63.70 |
| Net profit dormitory dept. | 88.00 | 128.60 |

THE SCOOP

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B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

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CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

The publication date of the Scoop Christmas Annual will be Dec. 21. Rush your copy in to-day—this is the last call—so if you have a story, a poem, a sketch, news items or personals, rush them in.

Copies Will Be Scarce.

Be sure you are a subscriber to THE SCOOP if you want a copy of the CHRISTMAS number and place orders now if you want *extra copies for your friends*.

OUR BOOSTERS.

The following list represents those who have given special and very material support to our efforts in making our first "Christmas Annual" a very gratifying success:

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Will L. Sargent, non-residenter, of Fort Worth, Tex., never gets so far away that he forgets the club and regularly sends in a good word of cheer to ye ed.

Bill's story for the "Annual Competition" won't get by, though—it's not bad enough. Of the bad ones we print only the worst rotten.

"Tempus Fidgets" by Onyx (D. F. C.), submitted for the prize contest, is rejected by the Contest Committee, the editor, the B. M. and the entire Board of Directors. Really, Old Cock or Mr. D. F. C. (whoever that is), we cawn't print anything of that sort—we won't be let.

Karl McVitty, one of our grandest little Panamanians, will return next week from a visit to the West Indies, where he renewed acquaintances.

Bill Pruitt, the "Cowboy Caruso," sends a greeting to the club:

"I am home from my visit, so happy and well,
With many a bright, pleasant story to tell
Of the true-hearted kindness you gave without
measure,

And your courtesy sweet I ever shall treasure.
A right royal welcome, it goes without stating,
In our homes and our hearts you will always find
waiting."

Some poem, Bill.

Frank Comerford insists he is going to write a poem for the Christmas "Scoop." John McGovern sez, speaking of Frank's genius as a poet, that he is a great orator.

Later bulletin: John sez he didn't say it, but everyone admits he is.

Wilton Lackaye was voted a regular fellow, the Sunday morning following the stag. The landing of Columbus was a tame affair compared to the exclusive little party which witnessed the rising of that post-stag sun.

John Fay covered the landing of Columbus, and he ought to know.

Which reminds us that "a trainload of books" goes with each sunrise—of that kind.

"Here's to Hide-al-barg, so gude, so 'rue, dear ol' Hide-al-barg."

Gentlemen, be seated. Col. Davis, our famous Heidelberg student and pessimistic veteran.

"So gude, so troo, dear ol' Hide-al-barg."

Ding, dong! Reed L. (Red) Parker is said to hear wedding bells in the distance. Ding, dong!

Dr. William Frederick Nutt has placed his large and valuable collection of old and rare books, antique paintings and etchings, on sale at The Curiosity Shop, 2652 N. Clark St. We trusteth that Doc. doth raise a goodly sum.

Geo. T. Propper, the greatest Press Club booster in the northwest, came in from Minneapolis this week to look the regulars over. We're strong for George.

The SCOOP is regularly on sale at the Morris Book Shop.

The Morris Book Shop sells the SCOOF regularly.

George Fitch, one of our non-resident members, was a chair warmer this week. George is one of the new Progressive members of the legislature.

Eugene Skinkle is back from the Southwest.

Famous Mixers:

Jeff.

Dave Clarkson.

Elmer R. Jones, the genial R. H. news bureau man, has been requested by the Chicago Telephone Company to keep his calls off the wire during rush hours. Coises!

Clarence Snyder, Jr., was appointed as the Record-Herald member of the Membership Committee because he was regarded as a live one. He is. He went out and brought in fourteen—more or less—applications from the R. H. staff, thereby showing up J. Cairns, Lowder et al.

Bert H. Yarwood of the R. H. staff is having all sorts of trouble these days trying to persuade people that he is not the original "Jimmie" Durkin. Bert looks like Jimmie—a little.

Don't ask Dick Lee of the Record-Herald about the blighted romance with the ship captain's daughter. It makes him sore.

Eddie Doherty, one of Mr. Speed's bright young men, says he is going to learn to play rum. From the looks of Eddie's fur-lined top blouse he ought to be rich pickings.



W. G. N. MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE BANQUET.

Washburne Presented with Star.

Photo by E. F. Weigle.

Walter Washburne, chairman of the membership committee and "dairy watchman" of the House Committee, has that star. He is now a full-fledged "detecatif."

The presentation was made at a 2 a. m. "dinner" last week, which was attended by "leading lights," and some of the "candles" of the World's Greatest Newspaper, from which Walter draws the wherewithal to replenish the larder in his flat and cover the ribs of his dog.

Hon. "Red" Parker, famed as an orator while "yell leader" of Wisconsin, and incidentally by having honored Indiana as his native state, was the spokesman of the donors. "Cotton Mather," "Ted" Philips, "Fat" Neumann and Mark Watson, who furnished discord from the choir loft, jarred the continuity of Red's thoughts to such an extent that he digressed from his set speech long enough to muddy the atmosphere with a few inimitable comments. Otherwise, his effort might have been printed in full in the War Cry.

Space forbids us to quote at length from Red's "expurgated remarks"; suffice to say that he finally managed to slip Walter the badge of authority and a flash lantern with which to find new members. "Handsome Jack" Lawson was toastmaster of the morning, and ran Red a close

second in passing out the compliments. Hon. James Durkin led the Ha Ha brigade.

Mose McCreery—Jeff furnished the family name—added color to the banquet picture, armed with the piece de resistance from the Parker family farm. The hot bird, minus the cold bottle, quickly disappeared, along with real baked "Murphies," and Georgia sweet 'taters. The quartet, between portions, fractured Mr. Harmony with selections from the Orient and the Joliet penitentiary. The warden's little ditty was the big hit.

Eddie Fullerton got in too late for the flash light, but lost no time in catching up with the courses. For a little fellow, Eddie has some digestive and "Rhummy" capacity.

"Wash" assumed all the dignity of a "harness bull" after the operation. The star shown resplendent under the electric light, and even the feet were up to copper's size. Now that the "officer" is on duty, we are assured of the early capture of the thief who stole the hot air in the club the other night.

Among the peaceful ones present were W. C. Harvey, Robert J. Longmore, Herman Reiwitch, Harvey T. Woodruff, E. F. Weigle, Dan Sullivan, Paul Williams, Edward Brandt, Frank Smith, E. B. Fullerton (brother of Hugh), Charles N. Wheeler, John L. Lovett, W. J. Cochran, Howard M. Briceland and John Alcock.

CONSOLATION.

BY G. FRANK LYDSTON.

Oh, brother of the lamp and pen—
 Thou who canst not say of fame, " 'Tis won!"
 True happiness is ever thine, and when
 Thy work before thee lies—well done,
 What more, thou faithful one, couldst ask the world
 To do for thee, than leave to read thine own?
 Thy creations to thine eye unfurled
 Are fair, tho' hard and cold as heartless stone
 The critic—with lip all sneering curled
 In proud and calm disdain of thee, O slave.
 He'll hear thee not, till thou art in thy grave!
 So, brother, read thine own with laugh and joke
 And veil ambition in the fragrant smoke.

CHRONICLES OF THE DAMPLYRE CLUB.

IV.

I remember that a highly interesting discussion followed, at our fourth meeting, the reading by S. R. Lewis of his paper on "The Fourth Dimension as Elucidated by the 18th Dynasty Tomb-paintings." Opie having been called away to lecture on behalf of 'Gene Chafin, Tom O'Neil was in the chair.

"By one of my autographed copies of the Book of the Dead," announced Mase Warner, "I see that the perephrastical—"

"Hold!" broke in J. E. Buck. "Mr. Chairman, I arise to a point of disorder. The province of the Sphinx is, I claim, my conjugal affinity. Here, I affirm, lies the 4th Dimension."

"Yer contention is upheld," ruled the Chairman. "Mr. Twist has the floor."

"Gentlemen, as you will see by the superb production of the Selig—" began Stanly.

"Out of or-r-dure!" roared the Chairman. "Sit down!"

"Allow me to make a few remarks," said B. A. Johnson with diffidence. "I would like to ask, for my own information, What is the Dimension in question?"

" 'Tis not so wide as a church door," murmured Cairns, "but 'twill serve."

"Let me elucidate," and with dignity rose Dr. Rubinkam. "As every child knows, the diatonic resumption in the allegro movement of the immortal Seventh Symphony is an illustration in point."

"Don't you mean counterpoint?" queried Rudy. "Following the precedent of Massenet—"

At this juncture Dug Malloch entered with a new candidate, Mr. R. H. Little. Following the custom of the club, the discussion was dropped for purposes of initiation. Blindfolded, the candidate was seated. J. E. Buck laid a hand upon his arm, with the time-honored question:

"May I," he inquired softly, "see you after the meeting?"

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Mrs. William P. Todd..... Soprano
Miss Josephine Lydston..... Dramatic Soprano
Mrs. J. Rawson Pennington Pianist
Miss Ethel Marley..... Accompanist

1. (a) Awakening by Mrs. A. O. Mason
(b) Joy of the Morning by Harriett Ware
MRS. WILLIAM P. TODD

2. Monologue

MRS. W. A. EVANS

3. (a) Jai Pleure en Reve by Hill
(b) Fams Toi by D'Hardelot
(c) Hai Luli by Coquard

MISS JOSEPHINE LYDSTON

4. Monologue

MRS. W. A. EVANS

5. (a) A Dutch Garden by Loomis
(b) Cry of Rachel by Salter
(c) Lift Thine Eyes by Logan

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6. Piano Ensemble

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WANDERLUST.

A tramp, did you say? A Bo?
Well, who was it made me so?
I was born with love of nature in my veins.
I can't stand the city life,
With its noise and rush and strife,
But long for the fragrant country when it rains.

Some were born to delve and work,
Some pretend, but only shirk,
While I'm honest in my love of dales and hills.
I can watch the flowers bloom,
And enjoy the brilliant moon,
When far away from the city and its ills.

Oh, this rush! this money greed!
Just for clothes and drink and feed.
I prefer the sound of nature when it calls.
I would listen to that voice,
And I'd follow it from choice,
Never caring for the market when it falls.

When the sun is shining bright,
And my heart's within me light,
By some cooling spring I stop and take a drink.
And sir, when I do cash in,
Will it be an awful sin,
If I'm found so close to nature, do you think?

Press Club of Chicago

NEW YEAR'S EVE DINNER

6:30 Until Were Through

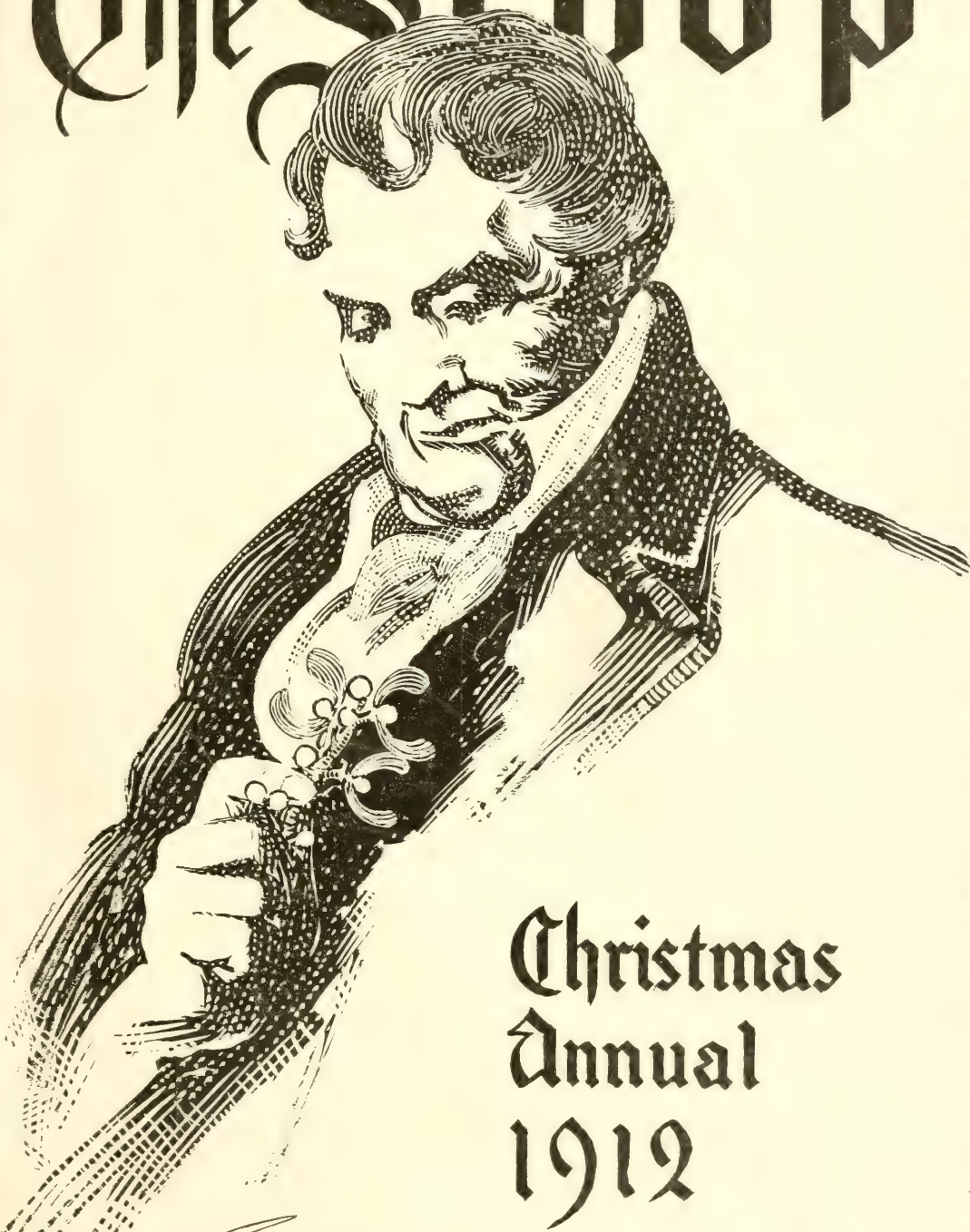
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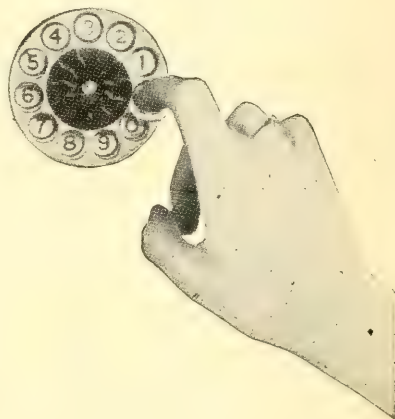
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THE SCOOP

Christmas Annual, December, 1912

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The Scoop

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY,
DECEMBER 21, 1912.

THE SCOOP

JAY CAIRNS, Editor

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B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

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Roy
Van Nice
1912

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| | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
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SANTA AND SCOOP.

It is with pleasure we announce the joint appearance of these famous characters in their revival of fellowship and treasured club traditions.

SCOOP thanks all who have assisted in contributing to its success, either by a spoken encouragement, a written article or that very material affair called a subscription.

To Earl Marble the SCOOP is under great obligations for his unfailing efforts in aiding the presentation of the articles submitted. To Mr. Osborne and Theodore R. Van Ashcroft fell the burden of financing this first Christmas SCOOP. How well they have labored will be disclosed later. From an informal estimate, we judge SCOOP's contribution to the club Christmas box will cause all to heartily rejoice.

President Charles N. Wheeler and the members of the board of directors, as well as many club members, extended at all times the necessary encouragement. The result is here shown. We hope Christmas SCOOP meets with the approval of the members, for it is the Press Club's publication, run for members, by members.

THE EDITOR.

THEY WILL MAKE GOOD MEMBERS.

An exchange of points between the daily newspaper and the weekly religious press was a feature at a dinner of editors the evening of December 7 at the City Club. There were nineteen religious papers represented, most of the editors present being delegates to the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which was in session at the LaSalle Hotel.

Mr. J. G. Anderson, of the Congregationalist of Boston, advocated a meeting of the religious editors in connection with the representatives of the daily and weekly secular press at the newspaper conference to be held next July in Madison, Wis., his point being that the religious editors needed a little "gingering" and the daily newspaper men needed a little "sobering." The undersigned, as the sole representative of both the religious and the "irreligious" press, acted as a go-between and emphasized some of the good points on each side. Of course the alert Washburne, of the Tribune, when he heard of the meeting, said: "Get them all to join the Press Club." His appeal may be heeded by at least a few.

William Bernard Norton.

Dr. Norton was director of press publicity of the meeting of the Federal Council of Churches and covered the religious press of the country as well as the Chicago dailies. The doctor always stands for the "best" in the club, and we hope to bring in more of his clan.—Ed.

SCOOP has over \$3,000 in the bank from advertising and will loosen the purse strings for the purpose of refurbishing the library.

Press Club of Chicago NEW YEAR'S EVE DINNER

6:30 Until W're Through

Make Reservations Early

Sing Out the Old,
Sing In the New!

\$1.00 PER PERSON FOR DINNER

Dancing and Entertainment Free

YULETIDE AND THE PRESS CLUB.

"What wealth it is to have such friends that we cannot think of them without elevation."

In no station of life and in no associations with men have I found this sentiment of Thoreau so abiding day by day as in our Press Club.

I exult with a paean of chastened joy as I approach the mingling of the two spirits of the week—the spirit of the Press Club's yesterdays and todays and the spirit of Yuletide.

It seems that out of the panorama of our immortals should step Field to sit again by our congenial board and pit his kindly philosophy against Read's wit and humor and noble epigrams.

That splendid troupe of intellectuals who, a quarter of a century ago, laid the foundation of the Club and reared an enduring edifice of inspiring memories, seem to be gathering in again and renewing the fervor of the Press Club spirit.

The anadem of mistletoe and holly encircles the world today. The nations of earth—for this one week—turn from idolatry and become a Christian people—humble of spirit, contrite of heart, and with a blanket pardon for the delinquencies of all our kind.

Today we know not hate, nor envy, nor littleness.

We hear the sound of the church bell and the peal of the organ and the voices of those we have loved and do love singing with radiant faces—

Peace on Earth; Good Will to Men.

In the air are white flakes, and on the green of the gift trees little wax candles are sputtering. The faces of children are upturned, expectant, enraptured, thankful.

From mother comes a crumpled box and in it she has placed a trinket—and her heart.

Angels are in the highways that lead to the places where stand our hovels—where other mothers huddle around the phantom tree and press tight to their frayed garments the accidental waifs. They are placing a box at each of these ugly doorsteps—the remembrance of the Good Fellow.

Today the nations are by the manger of Bethlehem, the Lake of Galilee and the River Jordan, thrilled with their illusions.

Meantime, in the place we call our club home, the world spirit of Yuletide embraces the spirit of truth, candor, courage and understanding of it all, unhampered by prudery, sycophancy and ostentation.

The world applauds the Good Fellow today; in the Press Club we have no other kind. The world has him for one week; we have him for fifty-two.

What a wonderful spirit it is—the Press Club spirit!

What a wonderful memory it is—the memory of those who have left their ineffaceable imprint here, leavening and encouraging so long as the world shall retain a language!

What a blessing it is that, above the turmoil of this life, we cannot think of the Press Club men, dead and living, without elevation!

My Christmas toast to the Press Club men is borrowed from Emerson. It is a toast to Friendship—that sacred relation which is a kind of absolute, and which leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer, and nothing so much divine.

CHARLES N. WHEELER.

PRESS AND PRESIDENT

By WILLIAM H. TAFT

The press is essential to our civilization and plays an unofficial but vital role in the affairs of government. The discipline of a fear of publicity, the restraining and correcting influence of the prospect of fearless criticism are of much value in securing a proper administration of public affairs.

The exercise of power without danger of criticism produces an irresponsibility in a public officer which, even if his motives are pure, tends to negligence in some cases and arbitrary action in others.

Speaking from a Washington standpoint, the standard of newspaper correspondents at the national capital, representing all the great papers and all the great press associations, is on the whole a high one.

Such men, when they have established the right to have it, as most have done, share the confidence of senators, of the cabinet, of the leaders of Congress, and even of the President. And these newspaper men are most careful to observe the lines which are laid down in these confidences, restraining the extent of their publication.

The amount of information that newspaper correspondents have which they do not give to the public world would surprise most men not familiar with affairs in the nation's capital. The truth is, that the partisan character of dispatches that are seen in some newspapers is determined rather by instructions from headquarters than by any disposition of the newspaper men themselves to give a colored account of the facts.

I need not try to tell the Press Club of Chicago about newspaper men, but this greeting is for the perusal of those who do not know this mystifying profession as I do.

THE WORLD OF LITTLE CHANCE

(An Ode To Good Fellows)

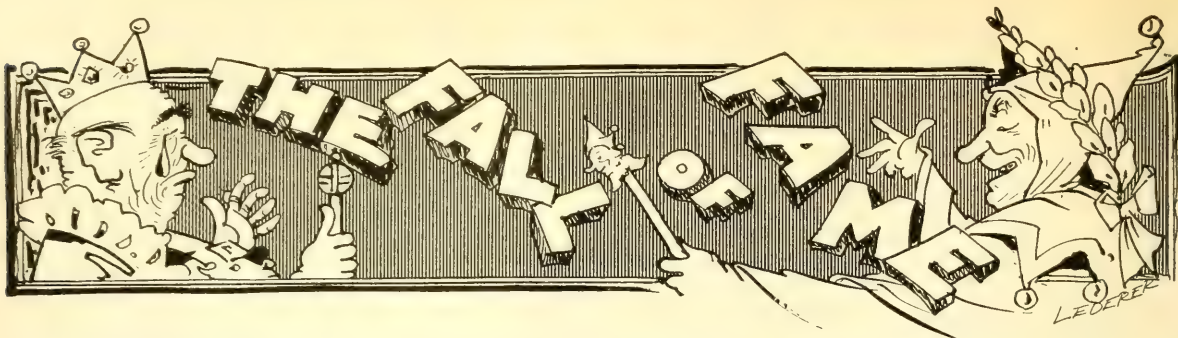
By FRANK S. HOWE

Let's take a trip on Charity's ship,
To the World of Little Chance;
Where bows the head, and hope is dead.
Where there's naught but blighted romance.

Let's guide the craft abeam and abaft,
To the World of Little Hope;
Where misery lurks and poverty smirks,
Where souls are hanging by a slender rope.

Let's gladden their hearts with our golden harps,
With Heavenly tunes that cheer;
Ere we return with an empty urn,
To sail the voyage another year.

Live and let live; Give and Thou Shalt receive,
The emblem we bear o'er the lea;
On our merciful trip in Charity's ship,
Lo! Let's anchor at Humanity.



A new face on the R. H. local copy desk is that of Grover Sexton, who may be seen around the C. P. C. one of these days flashing a member's card of the Milwaukee Press Club. Prosit, Grover.

M. C. Cubbon has been intrusted with the job of weeding out the wit and humor in the night A. P. report for the Record-Herald.

Old Doc Speed is perfecting a shift to reinforce the right cross and straight left he learned from Jake Kilrain.

Old King Brady is another of the new bullies on the R. H. local desk. It is going to be hard sledding for some ree-porter persons if they keep putting tough ones on that desk.

Dan Sullivan, the Silver King, has discovered an author named Macauley, who wrote a lot of history or something like that. It takes one's mind off the boredom of reading copy, Dan says.

Cotton Mather, the only living all-at-once heart grabber, cueist and chessist, will hibernate this year in the Tribune telegraph room, after a long, arduous summer's work on the local desk.

The Examiner still is permitting Edward Roberts to find refuge among the gargoyles from the Press Club man hunters.

The Membership Committee has started in with the purpose of making the Chicago newspaper man who is not a member of the club a most lonesome and pitiable exception.

Rex Lardner of the Associated Press, who is an applicant for membership, is a brother of R. W. Lardner, Hearst's baseball expert. What's the matter with R. W.?

Cast up by the sea. Perley H. Boone and Floyd P. Gibbons of the late World have washed ashore on the Tribune.

Some "inside" changes in the Record-Herald office have landed Frank Marney in the tele-

graph editor's chair, A. H. Kirkland as night city editor and John L. Spellman on the day desk.

Clarence L. Speed, who is city editor of the Record-Herald, is on the list of membership applicants.

Also, don't forget Dwight Logan Loughborough of the Associated Press is among us.

Chairman W. A. Washburne of the Membership Committee might now sit back complacently. But he doesn't.

J. S. Meyer, editor of the Deaconess Advocate, is on the waiting list. On the authority of the Rev. Dr. W. B. Norton the Advocate has a circulation of 30,000.

Manager Charles S. Washburne of the Tribune's photograph news bureau has joined with Charles Gotthart on the trail of Joseph Garibaldi Davis, hold-out.

The "Editor and Publisher" (N. Y.) says everything about the SCOOP is first class except the mailing notice.

Frank Comerford's new garden book, "How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers," will soon be dragged from the press.

Numerous friends of Kennett Harris will be glad to learn of his improved health since journeying abroad. Earl Marble is in receipt of this cheering news.

Ol' By Williams has taken to the woods. He will spend the winter in Marquette, bounded on the north by the borealis and on the south, east and west by hay-fever victims.

When navigation opens we'll all go up and see Ol' By.

Joe Henderson, for many years the club librarian, has returned from a trip abroad. Joe navigated almost to State and Madison. Frightened by the customs of an alien people, he is again safe within our portals.

Henry W. Lee, who, despite his residence in far away Calumet, maintains an active membership, has returned from Washington. Outside of Calumet, Henry is reckoned the town's first citizen.

Edward Maher has declined the portfolio of attorney general of the proposed federation of Central American states.

Jimmy Durkin rises to remark that wedding bells and liberty bells are not synonymous.

Jimmy didn't say synonymous, but what he did say is synonymous.

We take pleasure in announcing that the Christmas Scoop next year, 1913, will contain a poem by Frank Comerford and a playlet by Richard Henry Little.

No, the Little Theatre is not named after Dick.

Neither are "the days of yore" named after Clem.

Clem Yore, it appears, has given up oratory and taken to wooing the muse. Facile est descensus Avernii.

That tank club story appears to be like the empty box—nothing in it. Anyhow, the third floor is no place for the heavyweights to swim. Walter Howey should look over the basement for his waterways brigade.

Is Ray Leek, of the Record-Herald, off his onion, or has he forgotten the whereabouts of this temple of toleration? The plaintive wail of the postmidnight sitter is heard for his company.

The ex-city editor of the ex-World denies that he is molting in sorrow at the fate that overcame the sheet that was to save the universe. He rises to announce with emphasis that he merely shampooed that Paul Kruger hirsute appendage which serves to make his friends ask how old he is.

Our eminent baritone, Cotton Mather, Esq., protests that his voice will not permit indulgence in the New Year's festivities here. His pals say they don't want the voice and don't care who knows how pleased they'll be to finish it. Reed Parker please write.

Old Bill Cochran, the condor of the Ozarks, is, his friends allege, too rapidly becoming the Chauncey Depew of the club. They center their hopes for redemption on the possibility that his

dining out capacity will ruin so many dress suits he'll have to stop as a matter of economy.

Has any one here seen Phunny Phair, phactor of phoolishness, who has phailed to phrequent phertile fields phor phacile phacetiousness in this very club for some days?

Also, who stole Bob Lee?

Hal P. Denton, who has been neglecting the Club since his recent marriage, gave us a little attention this week and also some good stories of political life in Washington.

Frank Graham sends a Christmas letter with "Greetings and good wishes to my comrades and fellow members and a long life to Scoop." Same to you, Frank.

Jno. T. Bramhall blew in from California last Thursday and received a warm welcome from his many friends.

TRUMBULL WHITE ON A VISIT.

Trumbull White, a former active member of the Press Club, and member of the directory during the old days over on Madison street, when he was the editor of the Red Book, was in town the first of the week, looking up his old acquaintances, as well as handling some editorial business which brought him away from his present surroundings in New York City. He is at present editor-in-chief of Everybody's, and—well, if you read that periodical, there is little need of telling you anything more about him. The Club has no two men more kindly or more esteemed than Trumbull White and Harry Sheldon White, his brother.

Banks Winter, Press Club member, theatrical man, minstrel and man-about-town generally, looked into the club again the first of the week, after having spent a week or more at Atlanta, Georgia, in the home of his youth and early manhood, before he began to charm enthusiastic audiences with "White Wings" and other popular songs of his own composition, which he sang with Thatcher, West, Primrose and other old-time minstrels. He declares he has been having a good time—and he looked as well as said it.

Karl McVitty didn't lose that smile of his while he was away. He brought it back with him. Glad of it.

WE MISS HIM.

Enclosed please find money order for eleven dollars to cover non-resident dues and one year's subscription to "The Scoop," which I enjoy very much, and it helps to keep tabs on the boys.

Merry Xmas to all.

Sincerely,

Hotel Longacre, New York.

D. C. HERNDON.

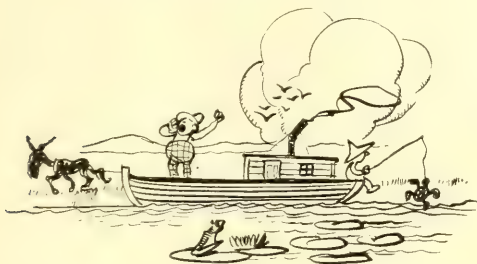
MOSSES FROM A ROLLING STONE

By HENRY W. LEE

Franc Woodward was telling me about it at the old club rooms. He has been a little bit of everything at one time or another, and always the most delightful companion imaginable for an afternoon's chat. Franc was rambling along in one of those rare yarns of his that have neither beginning, nor end, nor continuity. His exploits—exploits is the word; Franc is an exploiter par excellence—run all the way from Canalport, Ohio, to Luzon in the Philippines, with side stops at Madagascar, Japan and Newfoundland. He has promoted everything, from a Sunday school scholar to a South American revolution.

We were lunching in the ingle nook at the old club. It was in the middle of winter and there was a cheery blaze in the big fireplace.

Franc had been telling me something of his early life. He was born on a canal boat. This was about half a century ago, before railroads had starved canals out of existence. Franc cares little about questions of absolute fact. He is a born newspaper man. He can fairly smell out a story where to all the rest of the world there exists naught but cobblestone pavements and slabsided stores much in need of paint.



Franc Was Raised on an Erie Canal Boat.

Through all the vicissitudes of country journalism Franc picked his way with an assurance born of adaptability. His last stand as a country editor was in the town of his birth. He had been promoted successively from delivery boy to printers' devil and city editor. There were no other intermediate steps.

Franc's salary as city editor was a dollar a day. He left his position and Canalport because of a difference of opinion with the proprietor as to whether there were six or seven days in a week. It was a sort of semi-annual pay day, and deductions for goods traded out at stores left Franc with a cash credit of 80 cents.

Thus it is that at the age of twenty-three we find him in the position of advance agent for the Sylvester-McGuffy opera troupe at the salary of nothing a year.

"I had had no theatrical experience," continued Franc, "except as a part of the audience to half a dozen medicine shows and a couple of bankrupt, one-lung circuses or circi, as we used to say in the Canalport Clarion. However, McGuffy told me to go ahead and make good, and go ahead I did.

"I was sore at the old man, so I started out at the next town and got 2,000 complimentary tickets printed. I gave the printer four of the tickets to pay for the job, and started out fully equipped for my duties. I paid for board, clothes, 'props'—everything was secured with tickets, comps as we call them.

"I had been informed that the repertoire of the Sylvester-McGuffy opera troupe consisted of three great works, 'Chimes of Normandy,' 'East Lynne,' and a sort of a beast of a thing that we played whenever neither one of the other two would fit the paper—the lithographs, you know."

"What paper, Franc? You didn't tell me about that," I interjected.

"Well, you see," he smiled, "we didn't have any bills or lithographs of our own to put up, so we played only in towns that were already billed for some other show. I would have some 'snippers' printed—date lines for three or four days ahead of the date billed, and with these I would cover up the posted dates and the name of the company, and sometimes the name of the



Advance Agent for the Sylvester-McDuffy Opera Troupe.

play. Then the Sylvester-McGuffy Grand Opera & Classic Drama Stock Company would be duly billed and posted to play 'Rip Van Winkle,' 'Spartacus,' 'The Bandits of Corsica' or 'Pinafore,' or whatever the piece might be.

"And they always made good, although they would never know what show they were going to play until they hit the town, and even then they wouldn't know sometimes. If by the most violent stretch of the imagination neither 'Chimes of Normandy' nor 'East Lynne' would fit the lithograph pictures, old McGuffey would put on the beast, which was a sort of non-descript comedy-drama light opera, thrown together with a pitchfork, and which was sort of variable like—the beast could be made to fit most any litho that was ever posted.

"Sometimes there wouldn't be any piano in the opera house, or in the town, and we wouldn't have time to get an organ. We carried one with us once, but a horse stepped on the bellows and busted it. Well, if the town was billed for opera we would have to give 'Chimes of Normandy.' Sometimes the show would catch up with me, and then I would have to help and be the orchestra. Old McGuffey offered to double my salary if I would double as advance agent and orchestra, but I couldn't spare the time.

"The way we provided the accompaniment when there was no piano was to stand in the wings and lilt. Lots of people don't know how



Few People Know What It Is to Stand Back of the Scenes and "Lilt."

to lilt. You do it like this—'Um, la, la; um, la, la,' in time with the singer. It sounds kind o' like a harp.

"Well, I stuck with the Sylvester-McGuffey troupe for three seasons. We played up and down the Erie canal twice and once part way down the Ohio river. The company lived in a houseboat. A grocer attached the boat near Syracuse and we were up against it for a while. It was cheaper to let him have it. So we moved over gradually to Pittsburgh. We didn't do very well there. We were not used to playing more than one day in a place and the business of handling baggage at railroad stations was an absolutely new experience for old McGuffey.

"But Mac was always equal to the occasion. He came to me in great excitement one day. 'Got

any snippers, Franc?' says he. 'Sure,' says I; 'how many do you want and what for?'

"'Never mind, young man,' says McGuffey. 'I'm the manager of this troupe.' And he walks off with a lofty air and the snippers.

"It seems that the boarding house lady and a constable had been seen secretly whispering together, and McGuffey scented trouble. So he takes the snippers and goes down to the railroad station, where a lot of traveling men's baggage was stacked up on some trucks. Nobody was paying any attention around there, so old McGuffey pastes the Sylvester-McGuffey Grand Opera & Classic Drama Stock Company snippers on all this baggage and walks off unconcerned like.



Snipping Our Labels on the Drummers' Baggage, Which the Sheriff Attached.

"They attached the traveling men's baggage, and we lit out and rented another houseboat for another trip on the Ohio. Here was where I quit McGuffey. Miss Sylvester wanted me to stay and took my side. She said that I was the best advance man and lilter the company had ever had, and that I was a great man to pick out easy jumps—between shows, you know. You see, McGuffey had promised to double my salary if I doubled as orchestra. I had done this for two weeks before reaching Pittsburgh and nothing stirrin'.

"'Why, you ain't got no salary, young man. You are supposed to make your own way, which you have done for two years. How in 'ell can you get twice nothing? You're discharged. Next thing you will want to play leads.'

"We had some dispute about whether I was discharged or had resigned, but, come to think of it, it didn't make much difference. The trouble was I had sort o' gotten out of the habit of using money. I had 80 cents when I started with McGuffey, and I had only 15 cents left of it when I was discharged—I mean resigned. Comps had been my legal tender for two years.

"But I had lots of newspaper experience, and I wanted a change, anyway. So I answered a want ad in the *Pittsburgh Press* for a traveling companion, European guide and interpreter.

"I didn't know any French or German except 'draw two,' but this was the best way I knew to get over to the old country. And I always was a great hand to travel."

Just then Franc made as if to leave the table. He pleaded an engagement or a duty. I threatened gently but firmly that I would kill him if he did not finish the yarn, then and there. We compromised the matter by Franc finishing the yarn.

"I managed to talk my party out of fifty bucks in advance," he resumed, "and I kept very much aloof on board the steamer. When we got near shore I made a bluff about arranging for the baggage and cabs and hotels, etc. I read up a guide book and got away with the interpreter stuff in London. As guide, philosopher and friend, but mostly as interpreter, I fell down a little in Berlin. Somehow or other I got separated from my party and again found myself jobless. Then I fell in with a British syndicate that was starting an amusement park in Berlin. I shipped with them for \$100 a week as publicity agent, with a promise of promotion to be general manager. But they didn't seem to fully appreciate me.

"Five important streets converged near our 'Luna Park,' and there was a little public square there on which was a good sized building with a blind side facing the principal avenue. I explained to the commissioners the value of illumination there and told them I thought maybe I could get the amusement syndicate to put some lights there free of cost. Well, the upshot of it was that I got the use of the whole side of the building for a year for the consideration of a dollar. It was the proudest publicity stunt of my life. Fifty thousand people passed the place daily, and our big electric sign, with a hand pointing to Luna Park, flashing 'intermittently——'"

Franc, like every other true publicity man, would almost sell his soul to pull off a great advertising stunt like this, and I know just how elated he must have felt.

"I described the transaction at much length to the board of directors, who were headed by a typical mutton-chop, side-whiskered English blockhead," resumed Franc. "'I beg pawdon,' said the chairman. 'How la-a-ge did you say the sign would be?' 'Fifteen feet high and thirty feet long. Fifty thousand people a day pass it, on foot, in street cars and other vehicles.'

"'How many lamps will this require?'"

"'I should think about twelve or thirteen hundred 8-candlepower,' said I, still smiling proudly.

"The pompous Englishman sat up and straightened his vest and tie. He glanced at the directors, and then, in even tones, thus:

"'Ah, yes. That is very interesting, but won't it be frightfully conspicuous?'"

There are griefs too deep for tears. For the first and only time in his life Franc Woodward was nonplussed

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND THE MORNING AFTER.

'Tis the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Is cluttered a lot of junk, trinkets, "Heraus Mit 'em all," I would say, if only I dare,
But the kids seem to like it, so why should I care?

The perennial female cigars will be mine
From some one or other, I quick will consign
To Muldoon, the policeman, and Grandmamma's mits,
That she knit with such care and she fit with such fits,
I'll wear as she made them—here's more silly patter—
I will wear them nit, and that's what's the matter.

Over there by the window is a smoker's set,
And a silver corkscrew—I ne'er smoke nor drank, yet—
I can see through their wrappings, and a fountain pen
To deluge with ink vest and shirt and more. Then
In the corner is standing a patent umbrella
That no one can open or shut save the fellow
Who sold it. Match scratchers and book-marks a lot,
More book-marks by far now than books have I got.

And dear old Aunt Margaret, the best of old souls,
Will give me one more pair of slippers with holes
Loosely bounded by yarn she has somehow attached
To their thin paper soles, never known to be matched.

A volume of papers intended for shaving
Will sure be forthcoming to answer my craving,
Parti-colored, silk sewn, with a cover of leather
To hold all their valuable leaves close together.
I never knew one who e'er used this contraption
Or a hundred others of similar adaption.

Waste baskets glued, sewed, pinned or folded to hold them
Will come from the girls. No real store ever sold them.
And so the list grows in my vision distorted—
Trinkets, thingmebobs, domestic or imported—
Home-grown or else bought with the best of intentions
That will test to its utmost my poor home's dimensions.

A home-made necktie with a flower decorated
Has never been missed and but once been belated.
Not for hire would I wear it—'twould make the heart sick—
But I've found a use for it—this crocheted lamp-wick.

Now if all this comes true and is not a nightmare
I'll swear off swearing off; instead, ON will I swear.

Than the night before Christmas, no subject for laughter,
A sore head far worse I'll have the morning after.

L. W. HENRY.

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DREAMERS AND DOERS

By STANLEY WATERLOO

Once—not ages ago, by any means—alarmed, more or less, by a specter of Hunger, which the publisher said he would exorcise, I wrote a chapter, for which, true to his word, he gave me money. To accomplish this, I imagined a lot of intelligent people imprisoned in a snow-bound railroad train at Christmas time. To relieve the monotony, each in the parlor car was compelled, under a rule whimsically adopted, to tell a story or otherwise do something kindly. Among the group were one who on the trans-continental journey had become known as the Poet, and another as the Stranger. What follows is what they contributed.

But there is something else to say. "The Dreamers of Dreams" had already been written, very late one night, when we of the Press Club, in our own way, had abandoned ourselves as harmlessly as the clouds do. We—that is, a group of us—were trying to improvise a

"Press Club Song" at the piano. Most of the genius, I imagine, was in the brilliant personality at the keys. It was one of our "forgetful" nights—forgotten, also, it may be, in the morning. But, somehow, I retained on the back of an envelope my own foolish words on that occasion, and afterward induced the late lovable old Scotch composer, James Gill, to set them to music.

And I've no excuse to make for the words. We of the Press Club *are* the "dreamers of dreams." Who, save such dreamers, ever accomplish anything worth while in certain fields? Out of our thirteen hundred or so, what dreams have not been turned, by more than a few, into mightily telling realities! We are, in bald fact, a lot of dreamers of dreams, and—being the grade of men we are—that we are the doers of things, some of which have been great ones, is a blessed sequence. S. W.

THE SNOWBOUND.

There had been a period of aimless talk in the rear car after the Miner had concluded, but this resolved itself finally into a lively discussion regarding the probable quality of the hidden country roundabout. Some declared that there existed only the abomination of desolation, while others spoke of the amazing wealth concealed beneath the surface of the earth, and asserted that neither the Land of Ophir nor Pennsylvania could endure comparison with the region in which they were marooned on this annoying Christmas Day.

"Is this place in the midst of the ore-producing or the coal region?" someone asked, "or is it in neither? How about it, Mr. Miner?"

"I don't know," responded the Miner. "I only know that if it's coal, it's better than metal. When you find coal, you've got something. When you find silver or gold, you don't know how hard it may be to extract it from its rock, or how soon the find will peter out. Even bonanzas peter out. When you find gold or silver, you're just flirtin'. When you strike a coal-bed, you've got married."

There was a laugh at the Miner's simile, and then a reflection from another seeker after information, Mrs. Livingston this time.

"I wonder which is the older, the ore or the coal? It would be interesting to know."

"I imagine, madam," said the Professor, as he was only known, "that the ore deposits, formed by volcanic upheavals, far antedate those of coal,

originating from vegetable deposits, great forests, fern-like forests it may be, which had their being long after earth had become productive. Besides, as I understand, a toad has been taken from a coal mine; and the toad, thus discovered, belongs to a modern order of batrachians."

"Was the toad alive?" was asked.

"So I understand," said the Professor. "It was in a comatose condition, but revived when brought into the air and light."

There was much comment among the party, and then an idea came suddenly to the Young Lady, who was by no means lacking in sentiment or fancy.

"I wonder," she mused, "what that toad was thinking of during all the centuries of his dark imprisonment? Mr. Poet," she broke out, "you are to retire to the end of the car, and, for one hour at least, no word may you utter. I will find you paper and pencil now, and you may not speak again until you have written a poem telling of the sensations of that toad when he was restored to light and air once more."

The Poet was gallant.

"One cannot always do well under duress," was his response; "but one should certainly make an effort, under the circumstances. I'll do my best, at least."

And so, amid the laughter of the passengers, he was hustled off to a corner, and left to his fancies and his struggle. The conversation went on, and the sufferer in the corner was almost forgotten, save, of course, by the Young Lady. It was a little after the hour's end, when

he emerged, exhibiting a rather graceful diffidence. And this is what he read:

THE TOAD FROM THE MINES.

I am a toad,
Squat and grimy, and rough and brown.
I come from a queer abode,
From down, down, down,
Where for centuries no light
Had fallen on my sight,
Until, with sudden shock,
Parted the rock,
Yielded the stony clamps,
And blazed in my dim eyes the miners' lamps!
What view is now unfurled!
It is another world
From that I left
Centuries ago, to which they've brought me
Since the black rock was cleft
Where thus they caught me.
Centuries ago, one day,
I was upon a river bank, at play.
Nature was very fair;
I fed on buzzing insects of the air,
Beneath tall palms that grew beside the stream
In which huge monsters bathed. It did not seem
A world like this at all. It was more grand.
The mighty waters washed a teeming land,
And life was great and fervid. Suddenly
Upheaved the land, upheaved the awful sea;
The earth was riven; toppling forests bent,
To sink and disappear in that vast rent!
Down, down, down.
The landscape plunged from light and life away;
And now again, to me alone, 'tis day.
How odd it all appears!
Encysted in the rock ten thousand years,
I am a stranger here; I cannot praise
Those who released me; mine are not your ways.
In this new life I have no enterprise;
The sunshine in my eyes
But gives me pain.
Put me in some niche of the rock again,
It is the only fit abode
For me—a prehistoric toad.

There was a buzz of applause as the Poet concluded. Then up rose Colonel Livingston.

"The Toad's experience has made me sentimental and dreamy of mood. Personally, I'd like to have my savage breast soothed by some music. Has anybody a piano? No? Well, we can get along without one. Will not someone sing? Who can sing? Mr. Stranger"—and he addressed himself to a recent and as yet unrecognized addition to the party—"you seem to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and to enjoy our fancies indulged here in this our preposterously direful strait on this astonishing Christmas. Will you sing for us?"

And, to the amazement of all, the Stranger did not hesitate a moment.

"Certainly," said he. "I believe in fancies."
And this is what he sang:

THE DREAMERS OF DREAMS.

We are the Dreamers of Dreams;
We are creatures of fancies;
We are—whatever it seems—
The owners of reason that dances—
We are the Dreamers of Dreams.

We tread in the paths that are vagrant,
And we do the deeds that are flagrant;
But ever, without any goad,
We find our way back to the road.
We are the Dreamers of Dreams.

For we are the Dreamers of Dreams;
We are the creatures of fancies;
We are—whatever it seems—
The owners of reason that dances.
We are the Dreamers of Dreams.

We are the Dreamers of Dreams,
Yet we have the grip that's reliant;
We are the Dreamers of Dreams;
And the Dream—ah, the Dream, it's prescient!
We are the Dreamers of Dreams.

1. We are the Dreamers of Dreams, We're the cre-a-tors of
2. We tread the paths that are vagrant, And we do the deeds that are
3. For we are the Dreamers of Dreams, etc.

fan-cies; . . . We are what-ev-er it seems, . . . The
fla-grant, . . . But ev-er, with-out an-y goad, . . . We

Molto rit. Coda after 3rd verse.
owners of reason that dances. We are the Dreamers of Dreams.
find our way back to the road. We are the Dreamers of Dreams.

PRIZE STORY

C Z A R

By J. G. DAVIS

AWARDED PRIZE IN THE "SCOOP ANNUAL" CONTEST

After the titanic struggle between the armies of the North and South during the spring and summer of 1863, the Confederate cavalry sorely needed more horses. Quite a large Southern force were in camp just south of the Yazoo River. We were gathering mounts from every direction—no questions asked about how or where they were procured.

A bunch said to be good ones had been brought in one afternoon by the sergeant of Company E, and I strolled out to look them over.

Covered with sandburs and unsightly mud splashes, jaded and dejected, they were a ragged, unkempt lot.

As all animals constantly stand on guard with strangers, any sudden movement startling and antagonizing them, I walked slowly down the line, and as slowly raised a hand here and there to gently stroke a muzzle or pick a sandbur from a tangled forelock, when suddenly one of them just opposite me raised a tousled head with a shrill, challenging neigh, and I looked steadily into a pair of wine-colored eyes that glowed with carbuncle tints for a moment. In that moment we knew each other.

The sensitive nostrils inflated and collapsed with the tremor of a sigh; he nodded his head; his ears rotated slowly as on a pivot, then he gave a short, quick stamp of a fore hoof against the wet clay. All horses and dogs are mind readers. We had approved of each other.

Calling Sam, my black factotum and roustabout, who knew horses and talked with them in their own language, I pointed to those eagerly questioning eyes. As Sam came gradually toward him with a soft chuckling murmur and laid a caressing hand on the moist nose, again the prehensile muzzle expanded and contracted, the pivoting ears waved a welcome forward, the impatient hoof gave a quick stamp. Sam looked at me, grinned and nodded. I looked at Sam and motioned my head toward my quarters. The negro immediately broke into a crooning melody which I had often heard the black mammies sing their pickaninnies to bed with, as he smoothed down the rough jaws of the horse with both hands. The tousled head came lower and lower, until he snuffed the negro's hat; then a shuddering shake went through the tired animal, throwing his tangled mane over Sam's head. The black imp laughed gleefully.

"Sam!"

"Yes, sah!"

"Bring him to me to-morrow after you have fed and cleaned him—as you know how."

Chuckling to himself, and cooing to the horse, Sam lined him out of the bunch while they both seemed to bow to me. The boy slouching off, the end of the grass halter in his hand, the hand in his pocket, while the horse's head curved toward me the ears waved toward him. As I turned away I saw his head swaying over Sam's shoulder, with a black hand smoothing down his jaw.

The next day the black groom touched his hat where the rim ought to have been and said:

"The Emperor of Rew-shay is ready, sah!"

"Who?"

"Dat ridgeline stallion you done picked outer de bunch yistady."

"Oh! Is that his name?"

"Don't know, sah; leastwise dats what I calls him 'count o' his tempers."

"What do you know about the temper of the Emperor of Russia?"

"Well, I spec's he's kinder high-mighty like and feerd o' nothin' when he feels hisself, like dis hoss is. He warn't nothin' but tired and hungry yistady, den he gits ovah dat and gits clean! Fore God, you oughter see dat hoss ater he git smoooved up! He git dat stuck on hisself he prance up, look at me and say jus as plain as talk, 'Niggah, tend to me! I don't mind you 'less you b'have yerseff! Dat's why I calls him Emperor Rew-shay, and he knows it."

When Sam came down the sward before my quarters, he was leading by a long lariat, yet not leading, controlling yet not seeming to control, a superb animal whom I could scarcely credit was the dejected creature I had selected last evening. Sam had wrought a miracle in twenty hours, but the greatest mystery was how an evidently well-trained thoroughbred came into that bunch of yesterday, certainly picked up anywhere and everywhere. I determined not to ask the sergeant who knew. He was mine. That was enough.

The grinning negro, with an exultant chuckle, waved the lariat toward me, and the intelligent beast stopped with a toss of the head, a ruffling snort, and impatient stamp of the forefoot that spoke as evident a morning greeting as any ever uttered. A striking picture of equine beauty he made as the morning sun touched his profile into a glimmer of light and shone in flashes of satin sheen along his rounded body, while he altered his statuesque poses into graceful curvetings at the wave of the swinging lariat.

"Sam, he is the Emperor of all the Russias, with Arabia, too! His name shall be 'Czar!'"

"Whar fo?"

"That's the Emperor of Russia's pet name."

"Zah, suttinly, suttinly. I'll soon larn him dat name."

By this time I stood close to him, and we communed together; I gloated over him and he knew it.

Nearly sixteen hands, about four years old, his gentlemanly manner proved that he had been well broken and carefully handled, clean-limbed, deep-chested, withers of a woman's curves and beauty, the ridgeling neck broad and muscular, mane like the crested foam of a seventh wave, color a raw copper with gold high lights, the corded veins under the skin throwing out silk splashes of amber sheen in movement, proud eyes that talked, soft and deep as a fallow deer's at rest, blazing carbuncles of flame when checked, temper as you willed, a volcano or a quiet pool of depth; motionless, he was the embodiment of action, energy, anticipation. In movement a poem of pride and grace. His ears were instant indication of his intentions and were continually asking questions. That he had the attributes of a royal Emperor, the steadiness of a soul without fear, the gentle courtesy of a born thoroughbred, was evident.

"Have you ridden him, Sam?"

"Arter you, sah, not befo, but course he knows de saddle; done told me so, when I showed him youahs."

"Bring him saddled, this afternoon."

That was the beginning of our love and friendship. For two short months, while we lay in camp, Czar and I were practically inseparable; we ate together, sometimes slept together, growing to love each other with the rare affection of understanding. I talked to him more than I talked to men, and he knew, yes, he knew. Sharing my meals, he became fond of such unhorsey diet as battercake, pie and crullers, would nibble at anything I ate, being especially partial to fried eggs.

He was as fleet and powerful in stride as a bull elk; enjoyed the long rambles we took together as much as I. It delighted him to be turned loose and have me watch him from behind a tree or rock while he chased furiously out of sight, pausing away off to neigh repeatedly for me to whistle him back again, when he would come charging by my location, pretending to see me not—proof of the same sense of humor possessed by the dog.

Suddenly came orders for an extensive raid, and broken to gun and powder smell from several minor skirmishes, he fell into line as though clothed in housings of cloth of gold and I in full armor dressed.

The Negroes, who knew all of our movements, betrayed us. We were defeated by annihilating force and scattered in squads of twos and fives, threes and tens, like thistle down before the wind—forty miles inside the enemy's line, the order out before, behind, and on each flank of

our separated and flying forces, not to allow escape nor permit us to form again.

Czar and I had a restful sleep the night before in a deep secluded ravine, plenty to eat, dead leaves for bedding, and a strip of clear cold water near by. We had not been pushed hard all morning, and at noon we caught a hasty snack, with more water, with which I filled my canteen, gave Czar's head and mouth a bath then straightened out, rejuvenated, twenty odd strong down a clay bank road at swinging gait. Thirty minutes later we plunged into a hornet's nest of a full company. Czar and I, with two others following, dashed over a low fence through an orchard into a cow path lane, accompanied by the singing whizz and spit of a hundred bullets, with the tramp and yells of a score of excited pursuers.

I caught a glimpse of four empty saddles as we plunged into a ravine that led down into a small creek, shouts and scattering shots telling us they intended to head us off where the upper road crossed the stream. Beckoning the other two to follow, I charged directly across the steep bank opposite, flung myself off Czar, gave a sharp whistle through my teeth and clambered up the bank. He followed like a cat as soon as relieved of my weight; the second man following my lead, successfully made a like ascent, but the third lost his head, attempted to ride his horse up, and both tumbled backward into the creek, he being killed at the first fire from the road while struggling with his mount. As we disappeared into the thicket on the bank, the bullets cut the twigs and small limbs all around us, but so far not a crease on horse or man. Laying flat on neck and shoulder, we made open ground in five minutes, and Czar whinnied as I straightened up and spoke to him. The bony, rangy gray of the corporal's mount alongside was almost as speedy as Czar, yet as we clattered over the crest of the hill and struck the road again, I saw a string of half a dozen behind us who took a few pot shots at us as we hove in view; but we were going as birds that fly, soon striking the forks of the road, I shouting:

"Bear to the left; if we make the Yazoo branch by sundown we are safe!"

"No, not that road!" he yelled, "the main force is over there."

In vain I waved my cap and pulled Czar almost to a standstill. Down the road to the right he plunged. I never saw him again.

Knowing the lay of the land to the Yazoo branch the long reaching leaps of Czar were taking me toward its murky water. On, on to the Yazoo branch!

He was breathing deep now, and the yellow road rolled beneath me like the unwinding of a swift reel. Then I turned a sharp bend almost going slap into three troopers, who certainly thought I was one of their men as they heard me

coming up, or I would have been done for. To knock one out of the saddle before he could raise a hand, dash by the other two, Czar giving a squeal as I yelled his name, then 200 yards away with trees between us, thank heaven, before I heard a shot, but the quick clup of hoofs on the hard clay told me they were coming with a rush.

Czar was eating the ground up now, and gradually the cluck, cluck of the beats behind grew fainter and fainter; still I urged him on in a wild panic of curses, shouts, words of endearment and pet calls, until the quick bellows movement of his sides and the whistling rush of his laboring breath brought me some reason. We gradually slowed down while I tore out the front of my shirt, poured on water from the canteen, reached down and bathed his flaming and distended nostrils and mouth. He was plainly distressed, with heaving sides that throbbed spasmodically; but he "nickered" gratefully when the wet cloth struck his nose and then settled down into a long swinging lope.

The sun was on the wane now to the right—I was going straight south, so I began to look for the chocolate streak of the Yazoo branch ahead, beyond which was safety.

As we were going silently over a stretch of wire grass, I was startled by hearing a shot off to the right, then the flap slap of the echo; again behind me two more, sharp and distinct, followed by a crash as of a volley. I had pulled up short at the first shot and Czar snorted, but as the salvo behind slapped into my ears, a wild panic again seized me, and leaning over I shouted to Czar, "Save me, old boy—Save me! Now for the Yazoo branch!" His corded neck, straight in line, the wonder equine machine made way in steady lunging leaps.

What maggot of fear urged me on now to cruelty to the thing I loved? Does ingrate man "always kill the thing he loves?" No! No! I had proven myself under fire scores of times. What possessed me now to flee in wild flutter at the distant crash of arms?

I am no cruel coward, Czar. You could love no craven soul, brave boy. But—we must make the Yazoo branch! So! a little more, dear heart. Ah!—great bellowing lungs, do not shout at me so hoarsely.

Another mile or two—there! Thank God, through the trees I see the copper streak of the branch; it is caught by the glance of the dying sun that glows now like a murderous red eye bedded in a flare of yellowish green, while the clouds around it appear as smears of clotted blood!

Once more, grand Czar. Oh! just a little way. Alas! The breath came in sobs and hiccoughs now, the mouth was wide agape, the lips were curled back over the cream white teeth, wads and fluffs of frothy pinkish foam flew out and caught upon my knees.

There! Slow down, my imperial Savior. We are nearly there!

Yea, he had slowed down, staggering now, his bronze head going lower and lower, until he stopped with a shuddering tremble that went all through him. He swayed—took a few steps to steady himself—and again that fearful crouching shudder. I sprang off to his head, then his eyes, those topaz talking eyes, looked at me filled with the unutterable love of his great soul, and dim with fatigue and unshed tears, his breath coming and going like the sound of minor bass chords in a cello.

He slowly stretched his nose into my face with a murmuring snuffle, then closing his eyes as another mighty shudder rended his body, he swayed forward, doubled up and went down in a heap at my feet, a cataract of bright blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils, a huge quavering sigh bursting out as he struck the ground. God of justice and mercy! I had broken his heart!

If I was crazed with panic before, I was insane with regret now. I tore my clothes, I beat my face with clenched fists, I called on my friend the Devil in Hell to witness that I wished myself back again in the first melee where Czar and I, brave, unselfish Czar, could plunge in the flame of fight together and at least die bravely, while now, he was alone, the brave soul! and I, a miserable, cowardly cur, insensate, selfish and dastardly, had bought his noble life for my worthless own. Snatching the canteen and kneeling in the road, I took his head in my lap and bathed his eyes with the small quantity of water left. I kissed his ears, stroked his head, cursed and upbraided myself while talking endearments to him; still conscious, for his eye would open occasionally and his lips ruffle as if he would whinny, though no sound came except that heart rending breath murmur that was like the rumbling tremolo of an organ I shall hear in my inner consciousness as long as life lasts.

Finally he threw up his head a trifle, the curled up limbs stiffened out, a gasping sough suddenly stilled and the reincarnated soul of Bucephalus went out—over there.

I dropped my head upon his with a dry sob, the sun went down in a slate purple cloud, the crickets and swamp frogs began to chirp stinging into the dead air. I had killed the thing I loved.

RECENT RECOLLECTIONS

By J. U. H.

Two thousand words of reminiscence from a member who dates his entrance into the Press Club from 1906! There is a problem in condensation! The man with the 2x3 camera snapshotting the Grand Canyon is a paragon of modesty in comparison. Forty-three words used already and nothing said!

In 1906 we were mere tenants over on Madison street. We had the top floor above Mussey's and bought our refreshments from the man who owned the building—for he owned a brewery also. There it was that Colonel Kellogg had his fall from the balcony which daunted his courageous soul so slightly that he did it again the same evening. Dr. Fisher was playing cards when the first catastrophe occurred. He rushed to render first aid—which was *not* lemon-ade—and returned to his game. Pretty soon our lone bell-boy, barkeep and billiard marker all in one rushed up to the card table.

"Doctah Fishah, cain't ye come quick? De Cunnel has fell out'n de balcony."

"Oh, go away Jim. I fixed him up all right. Just let him lie still for an hour and he'll be O. K."

"Yas, sah, I know you fixed him oncet, but he dun fell agin."

Which he had and today if you ask the Colonel why he did the high dive twice, he says with a twinkle of his eye, "Well, you see, a lot of the boys didn't see me the first time."

And then there is—and I hope for years still will be—Colonel Visscher. Vissch rather prides himself on his homeliness. As a matter of fact the man who thinks Vissch other than attractive after five minutes in his company confesses himself deficient in attributes much more essential than good looks. But Colonel Bill jokes his looks even more than he looks his jokes. Consequently when a lady met him in the elevator and said, "Colonel Visscher, I believe you are getting better looking," here was his come-back: "Well, madam, if I changed at all, it would have to be in that direction."

Stanley Waterloo misses John Ritchie sorely. Somehow or other there is not a foeman worthy of Stanley's steel since John went west. The story of their wordy conflicts needs the atmosphere of the Press Club and a readjustment of the postal laws to render them properly—perhaps literally would be a better adverb.

It was Stanley who closed his good eye and slumbered peacefully while Charles Eugene Banks recited poetry to the other one, wide open and glittering, and noted with an author's ap-

preciation the sheen of what seemed like a tear on its crystalline surface.

It was also Stanley who broke the ice of two years' congelation in the case of a certain member who for twenty-four months after he became a member to the Club, daily placed a book in front of him and read, solitary and alone, as he sipped his soup. After seven hundred and some odd of these silent sittings, broken only by the gurgle of the soup, Stanley in entering the dining room collided with the Quiet One. For the first time since joining he opened his lips in the Club for any other purpose than stoking.

"I beg your pardon!" he said.

"My God, it can talk!" said the startled Stanley.

What is the use of a scribe with a two thousand word limit starting in on our many-sided Opie Read? The world loses several pages of good stuff every time that Opie settles back in his chair and unbosoms himself of wit, humor, wisdom and philosophy on any live topic that may be broached. I would want no other joy in life than to Boswell around Opie, who comes nearest to being a Samuel Johnson brought up to date and humanized than any man I know. He does not need Johnson's tyranny of manner to command a hearing. The gabbiest of raconteurs gladly quits when Opie open his mouth. And please, dear reader, do not think that nigger stories or Arkansaw dialect, delightful as these are, mark the boundaries of this big man's conversational achievements. Hearken awhile and if his audience warrants it, you will hear classic lore and quotations from authorities of every land drop carelessly from this unsounded depth.

Of course, I have left out a lot of names—but I am writing an article, not a catalogue.

I recall a few luncheons.

I remember Jim Hart's bully jab at Comiskey at the luncheon given the latter when Hart said that to Comiskey more than to any other man in organized baseball was due the credit for our present reformed coaching rules; "not that he made the rules, but he made them necessary."

Henry Lee was the "umpire" on that occasion and Cap Anson had almost used up his allotted time in speaking. "How about it, Mr. Umpire," he roared, "Time up?" "Two strikes and three balls" was the instantaneous reply, indicating that Cap had one more swing. Still Cap knew the rules well enough to foul off a few before he sent one clear to the fence with a story of his around-the-world trip.

Most of us remember with mingled joy and regret the farewell dinner to John Flinn. Dur-

ing his several terms as president, Mr. Flinn had proved that the Press Club could be conducted along lines of the most cordial good fellowship and maintain an atmosphere of absolute decency. Not that he tried to do anything of the sort. Had he tried he would have failed. He simply made us feel how much better and more permanent are the good things of life by living his high ideals in the sight of all of us.

The boys always warm up more to a sermon they can see than to one they can hear.

So we met to say farewell to John Flinn with hearts chastened and heads bowed. One speaker voiced our depression in such tremulous tones that at the conclusion of his remarks President Richard Henry Little announced that "an opportunity will now be given the friends to take a last look at the remains." That, of course, melted the ice.

It was at the Flinn dinner that Dick Little heaped on me the undeserved honor of being the author of "those immortal lines, Uneeda Biscuit." The next day an English member of the Club said, "By the way, what was it that President Little said about your requiring a biscuit?"

Fact!

Few of us will ever forget the dinner to Elbert Hubbard when that same Dick Little in introducing speakers gravely removed a long-haired wig from his head and passed it to the speaker, who with equal gravity donned it before beginning his speech. Toastmaster and speakers wore soft collars and long black flowing ties.

It was at this dinner that John A. Campbell proved that he could be humorous and grammatical by reading a mock letter of acceptance purporting to have been written by Fra Elbertus.

If Mr. Hubbard ever publishes the autograph album circulated for him by Gene Skinkle it will prove the most brilliant and popular work ever issued by the Roycrofters.

Ed Pritchard's gem went something like this: "I doff my hat to the man who has made a commercial success of altruism."

At Walter Wellman's luncheon, Quin O'Brien pushed the Hibernian reputation for wit and eloquence up several notches, and Henry Barrett Chamberlin released some of the fun that must needs now be hidden beneath the solemn exterior of an editor-in-chief of the Record-Herald.

Then there was the lunch to General Booth of the Salvation Army at which Louis Post suggested a slogan for the Army "Back to Christ" and the old General with mild force recommend-

ed that the Club members put "On to Christ" on their banners. The Amundsen banquet was the one where I made my *débris*. At Arnold Bennett's party, Darlington and Mason Warner hit off the literary style of our guest to perfection.

I missed Sir Gilbert Parkers' lunch and many of the festivities graced by public men like Dr. Abbott, Hoke Smith, et al., were too prolonged for a lay member who cannot either lay or lie around the Club two or three hours in the middle of the day.

Just a word regarding one of those whose memory alone is with us, but by whom the Club was brightened and battered. John McGovern is giving us from time to time in *The Scoop* from his rich store of anecdotes of those who antedate my membership and clothing his stories in a wealth of English undefiled that marks him as that commander of his mother tongue who can marshal the best and largest vocabulary of any present day newspaper writer. And, to continue the metaphor, John can put his army of words through a fancy drill or plunge them at the defences of opposition with the superb generalship of a veteran.

I want to mention only one of those who have gone on before us and that is Milton Bucklin. There is no question of the greatness of his promise. As a writer his work was marked by clean thought, dressed in exact language. Words and ideas were twinborn with Milton Bucklin. Neither had to be trimmed or cramped to fit the other. But it was as an orator, an after dinner speaker, that he stood supreme. Some have surpassed him in wit, others may have manifested deeper erudition, a third group may have displayed more fervid oratory, but it would have been necessary to select the wittiest, the most learned and the most eloquent from each group to have equaled him in all branches of the art and then he would not have been surpassed. And he passed from us just at the formative stage, just when his flower was hardening into fruit. Ye gods, what a man he was and what a greater man he would have been!

Every reader will select some member of the Club, living or dead, and say "Why was he not mentioned? What's the matter with Malloch, Comerford, John Zimmerman, Roderus, Rubinkam, Briggs, the father of Skin-nay, etc.?"

Bless you, there is so little the matter with them that they need no boost from my humble pen to make them prominent. And whist! a secret! Neither did the others.

My ephemeral joy consists in standing for a moment beside these brighter lights in the hope that some of the glow may be attributed to me.

THE DAHOMEY VOO-DOO

By JOHN McGOVERN

On the Midway Plaisance, in 1893, out west of the Ferris Wheel, was the Dahomey Village. Our Col. Aymé, in the Press Club, had been a former comrade of Capt. Pené, the concessionnaire of Dahomey. We heard that, when the King of Dahomey sold the company of real, up-to-date negroes to the Captain, the black men were lined up and instructed by the King to obey the Captain as they would obey their monarch. To impress upon them the importance of these royal instructions, the King chose one of the company and cut off his head by way of showing the others what would happen to them if they did not pay heed. So, considerably more interest attached to Dahomey in the Club than was given to the Village by the general public. At Jackson Park, that summer, the men of Dahomey carried the reclining Captain around the Fair on a canopied litter suspended from the heads of four bearers.

There was, with these Dahomey villagers, a Voo-doo giant who looked like Mr. Mantell's tall hangman in "Louis XI." This medicine-man could perform feats of barbarism never seen in Chicago before, and we learned from our own colored boys at the Press Club that he possessed the "evil eye," a matter of high interest in devil-worship and African theology.

Col. Aymé and Jo McHugh persuaded Capt. Pené to send a delegation from Dahomey, including the Voo-doo man, to a Press Club "stag," and thereupon "Whit" set out to alarm Russell (for many years the Press Club's colored night-man).

But Russell was alert, and, unexpectedly to us, revealed a knowledge of the entire subject of M. A. M., and "evil eye." "No, sir," Russell averred; "dar don't live no black man dat can put no evil eye onto me. I know all about *him*. I won't *be* dar. No, sir! I won't *be* dar."

Upon further inquiry we found that the "evil eye" could only be adequately "placed" when the Voo-doo man was looking straight into the optic of his victim. Russell intended to avert his own gaze. "Whit," nevertheless, putatively as a friend and in the interest of Russell's health and luck, daily and urgently advised Russell not to be present at the forthcoming "stag."

"He'll get you sure!"

"No, sir," avowed Russell; "I'll be here, but dat sarpint man, he won't git me! No, sir; he won't git me!"

On the other hand, Jo McHugh was conferring with Capt. Pené. Could the Voo-doo man get Russell? Surely. "Well, you let him march anywhere past that nigger and he'll *get* him!" guaranteed the Captain—who knew.

So the great night came, and the Village of Dahomey (for Russell's especial benefit) marched up the Madison-street stairs to the Clark street rooms, pounding on hollow wood to onion-flute music—*rum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tumpty-tum-tum*. Russell, in the back office, was on the keen look-out, and most of the reporters were watching Russell.

Now, the Club also had Tommy (colored)—Doctor Tommy, afterward—round as an apple, jolly as Friar Tuck. Probably Tommy was a believer in the "evil eye" equally with the melancholy and kinky-haired Russell, but fate was besetting Tommy from quite another direction on that convivial evening.

The Club proudly owned a punch-bowl that I dare to say was a yard in its most exhilarating diameter, and gloriously deep. It was a real Red Sea of joy. But all its garnet depths had not defended it from going dry, and Tommy, having taken it below to refill, was now puffing his way up the last reach of richly-carpeted stairs that led from the café below to the parlor above. The bowl, in Tommy's stout arms, was again at high tide. Flotillas of lemon and bright orange disported like halcyons on its odorous waves. There were fathoms of fellowship. There were a thousand unpoured libations!

A row of windows, forming the back wall of the parlor, looked down this staircase and upon this approaching and billowy spectacle. As the windows were out for the time being and offered a point of vantage, a line of Club members were standing or sitting on the window-sill.

The rhythmic Dahomey procession was entering at the right of this line and going forward—*rumpty-tum-tum*. The giant, with a series of remarkable motions, was towering above all. On his entrance into the office in the rear, Russell had turned his face to the wall, but as the Voo-doo reached the doorway of the parlor, Russell had joined the crowd about six feet behind him. Russell was really inside a guard of honor, made up of the pirates who, with the devil's aid, were this night bent on his misfortune.

The head of the Voo-doo man continued to oscillate strangely; his teeth snapped rhythmically, like castanets; his arm was bare, and through it he thrust a wooden skewer; his tongue protruded; through it the skewer next would go. The sight was weird and horrible—that is, to the people who had never seen it before; but not to the boys who were busy "fixing" Russell. And chiefly interested, though only apparently looking on, was Arthur A——, who was standing, tip-toe, on the window-sill, with Doctor Tommy coming

up behind him from a lower level, bearing the whole Red Sea of Solace. The Voo-doo giant advanced about fifteen feet into the parlor; Russell, the devoted one, was about six feet in the rear; Arthur was watching Russell on tip-toe.

Suddenly—ping!—the Voo-doo man, his teeth making the extended and decisive sound of a rattlesnake, was looking straight into the eye of Russell—the giant had turned his head and face exactly 180 degrees without otherwise moving his body. It was his *pièce de resistance*.

Poor Russell fell backward almost unconscious into the care of the wicked reporters, and the overlooking Arthur threw up his arms with such a whoop of triumph as to move him off his balance on the window-sill. He fell backward and downward about five feet into that sweet, spicy and ingenious ocean that was coming up. Onward downstairs to the padded landing, along with the descending waterspout and crockery-crash, the elongated Arthur and the globular Tommy rolled, "in one red burial blent." Nobody was hurt at all, but, say! it sounded like John Milton's storm come rattling over the Caspian. Punch was never stirred up that way before—or merriment, either!

On the floor above, the fun, the barbaric medicine, the rumpy-tum-tum, never stopped. Russell was let out the back door, and Ikey Flem, told him he might be gone for a week. When the boy came back he said he didn't believe the Voo-doo man "had no evil eye, nohow." But he admitted to the Machiavellian "Whit," that it would have been wiser to have taken a true friend's advice, and kept out of sight entirely. "That is (as Russell put it) for an ordinary nigger that couldn't afford to lose a good night-job."

Imagine yourself the optimistic Tommy, carrying upstairs the biggest bowl of punch that ever was carried; and imagine a tall white man hurled over the battlements and dropping from on high into that splendid mid-ocean! Never did Tommy start to go up those festal stairs again—and, believe us, he made many subsequent journeys—without first carefully studying the current aspects of the Bohemian heavens.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Faith and Despair, alternate Joy and Pain,
Infuse into the heart so much of Care,
So much of Sorrow's lonely weight to bear,
That Life at times can hear no happier strain
Than the dull beating of its pulses, where
Is then one hour of rest in this vast throbbing main.

To lie upon a hillside, and forget
The world and all its hollow mockery,
To feel 'tis joy enough to think and be,
Disdaining this poor load of vain regret—
This were, forsooth, higher philosophy
Than with a thousand idle thoughts to fume and fret.
George F. Butler.

A CHRISTMASSE WYSSHE.

Though violette
Be under snowe,
Yette holly's greene
And backe-logges glowe;
For anciente booke
Records ye rule:
"Christmasse is heire
To joye of Yule."

Reverse ye texte!
(Forgive ye punne;)
I write ye wysshe
Not all in funne,
But with my jeste
In hearte's employe:
"That you'll be heire
To Christmasse joye."

JAMES E. MCDADE.

ON THE FINE ART OF CHRISTMAS.

If The Scoop used hand-me-down alleged wit, that title would do. As it is, some misguided brother is going to hand in an "essay" on Xmas gifts, over which "the wife has split her sides." Bet a dollar on it, Jay! But let us return to our turkeys.

Fine art is largely a matter of individual taste, plus the man behind the bar. I have had Xmas dinners of beans and sourdoughs, or of mushrooms under the half shell, and I prefer the former as being more Xmassy. Pity the poor restaurant Xmas diner! Seated before the glowing logs, my wife and the little ones clustered about my knee, the snow six feet deep around the shack, the wind howling down the shore—this is true content! Then I waken from my dream and end up at de Jhong's. There's the rub, brethren—the Xmas we enjoy the most is the one we do not have.

As children, we believe Xmas was the invention of Santa. A little older, we imagine it as the invention of shop-keepers. Then, touched with youth's cynicism, we take it as the invention of the devil. This stage past, we blame society and work furiously and grouchy to spite our fellows by making money on Xmas day. A year or two later we write Xmas stories, mixing up Bible facts shamelessly but guilelessly. (Vide any Xmas issue of any publication except this one.) Then, inevitably, we settle down in the conviction that Xmas is the real thing—the only thing untouched by the tariff—and with this we begin to enjoy ourselves and all the world.

As for the fine art of Xmas, there is no such thing. Settle back with Irving or Dickens, and you will get the real Xmas feeling, the spontaneous delight in all the world that is above art. Good will to men—why, that's the whole thing in a nutshell, and the only thing! Drink deep of it—and so a merry Christmas to you, brother!

H. BEDFORD-JONES.

SPECIAL RATE FOR "THE SCOOP"—FOR
BALANCE OF 1912 AND ALL OF 1913—\$1.00.

HEDGE FENCE

Tale of the Bramley Kite
Copyright by J. L. PILLING

At any family gathering at Yule-Tide you will notice a preoccupied expression on the face of one or more present.

They are thinking of some other Christmas, when someone else was nigh, and "I wonder where he—or she—is tonight" is a thought that will exist in every household this coming Xmas eve. It is of one of those absent that I shall speak tonight.

I was master of the brig "Earnest" from Pernambuco bound to Portland, Me., with a cargo of sugar which would go over the Grand Trunk to Montreal.

The day before Christmas we had made a good land fall on Long Island in clear weather, with the wind northwest, blowing a fresh gale.

We squared away from Montauk Point, shaping our course for the Sow and Pigs lightship, which is off Cuttyhunk Island at the entrance of both Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound.

We were soon rolling along by Tarpaulin Cove and on toward Holm's Hole. The glass indicated snow, and I was between two minds whether to go into Holm's Hole or continue on o'er the shoals and make Portland before the wind changed, which I felt I could do if there was not too much ice between the Hen and Chicken and Pollock Rip lightships. If we could get through I saw no reason why we could not have a part of Christmas Day at home, at least; at all events I would run the risk.

When we passed Holm's Hole I saw that the harbor was full of wind-bound craft and I realized that if we had gone in we would have had to anchor well outside, where we would have taken the brunt of the expected gale and sea.

When we were within seven or eight miles of the Handkerchief lightship the wind fell to a dead calm; soon the sky was overcast and a very fine snow began to fall. I went up aloft into the fore topmast crosstrees to see if there was any clear water ahead, but I could see only ice and a bark surrounded with the flow. The night was closing down very fast, so I put her about with the light breeze from the northeast, knowing that I would have to feel my way back to Holm's Hole as best I could, but the depth of water, together with a sample of the bottom brought up by the tallow in the bottom of the lead, would give us a pretty good idea of where we were, so I had no anxiety as to being able to reach my goal.

When I judged that we were at about the right spot we let go both anchors, giving her all the chain on each, furled the sails, set the an-

chor watch and turned in at four bells in the morning watch.

I was awakened by a bumping against the ship's side, and upon going on deck I was met by Captain Holmes, who had come off in his cat-rigged sloop. It was daylight and clear, with a good breeze from the northwest again; there was about a foot of snow on deck, and it was very cold. Captain Holmes pointed off to the northeast and asked me if I knew what vessel that was on Hedge Fence Reef. I saw at once that it was the bark I had seen ahead the night before, and so told him.

We brought our glasses to bear on the wreck when Holmes said, "That is the bark Shaumut; she passed down yesterday morning." He asked me to get out a couple of men and we would go and investigate, which was done and we were soon off.

While going we noted that her hull was under water; her sails were down, but not furled; and she was resting on her starboard bidge, which gave her a heavy list in the same direction.

As there was quite a sea running we had to give the wreck a wide berth. As her spars were the only part of her above water, no thought of anyone being alive on her entered our minds, but as we sailed across her bow, Captain Holmes pointed aloft and said, "There is a man in the belly of that upper top sail." There was a bunch in the sail mentioned that would warrant his remark.

Captain Holmes worked the sloop as near the starboard rigging as he dared, when I leaped the rest of the way and landed safely. I mounted up o'er the foretop and up onto the upper top-sail-yard, and gazed into the belly of the sail and saw what looked to me like a bundle of frozen blankets, with a man's hand protruding therefrom, which I grasped. The hand was covered with a frozen mitten, and in answer to my grasp the whole bundle vibrated; at the same time I caught a sidelong glance from eyes that looked like live coals. That was enough for me; I said nothing; I flew down the port rigging, and as low as the water would allow I cut the upper top-sail buntline. I hailed Holmes, telling him there was a live man up there; I proposed to lower him down the buntline, and asked him if he would risk his sloop by running across the ship's submerged deck so that I could drop the man into or onto the sloop, as the chance offered. He answered. "To hell with the sloop; you get the man down as you propose and I will give you a chance to drop him."

While I was going aloft again I saw Captain Holmes unship his mast and get the two men at the oars, while I took another oar which he would use as a sweep to steer her by, as the rudder would be useless in the game he was about to play.

I cut the buntline at the clinch on the foot of the sail and went down beside the man. I hacked and slashed at the frozen blankets that covered him until I got both arms free; then I placed a running bowline under his arms, went into the top and, after taking a turn around the sheerpole of the top-mast rigging I swayed on the buntline, and when I could get no more I made it fast. I then went up and cut a hole in the bight of the sail large enough to allow him to pass through. It was out of the question for me to hoist him from the sail with a single whip of which the buntline consisted. I then descended to the foretop and lowered away until I judged he was about ten feet above the water, as I did not want the sea to take him away from me.

I held fast and watched Holmes. He made several attempts to get under the suspended man. There was no need of words—Holmes could see and I knew—and as we were well acquainted with each other, words would have been out of place; it was watch, and watch well. The next time he came in I saw my chance and let go; at the same moment the sloop dropped, with the sea, the man struck the deck of the sloop and bounced overboard, but I still had him with the buntline. Holmes came in again, got hold of the buntline, cut it, and they had the man on board in a jiffy. Holmes resteped his mast, set his sail, and was off before I realized what he was up to. He yelled to me, saying, "I will be back after you when I have taken care of this man." "You old son of a gun," I said to myself; but he was right, that man needed attention, and that quickly. I had discarded my coat when I had made the leap. I had been very busy, had perspired freely, and I very soon began to feel the chill of the northwest blast.

For the first time I had leisure to think of the man. He was wrapped in four blankets; they must have got wet before he reached the top; the two outside ones were frozen solid. He had a full beard which looked as though it had been tarred and then frozen; his face was black, while his eyes were as red as they could be, and I thought what a good illustration he would have made for the "Frozen Pirate."

I should judge that two hours had passed before old man Holmes came back for me, and as the tide had fallen he could not get as near as he did before, so it was up to me to jump and swim to the sloop, which I did. Just as they were hauling me on board the sloop we were hailed by a boat, which proved to be a lifeboat from Falmouth. They said to Captain Holmes, "So you got him; we were after him." They

asked if we knew the name of the wrecked bark. Captain Holmes gave them the name. The captain of the lifeboat then said, "I suspected as much; our patrol on the middle morning watch picked up his brother-in-law on the beach, more dead than alive, but they say he will pull through. Of course his folks knew he was on the Shaumut. We saw the wreck at daylight, but, as her spars was all that there was above water, and as no one was in the rigging, and as we had two other wrecks to look after, we gave her no further thought until we were through with the other craft; then I cast my eye over here and saw a man in the foretop, and you have that for which we came."

Captain Holmes explained the circumstances to them. Of course it was myself they had seen in the top. I told the captain of the lifeboat that I could not understand how a man could drift four miles in that water and weather, and still live. "Oh," he said; "the flood tide runs north here like a mill race, and I'll bet that boy had not left this craft over an hour before we had him."

We were soon on board my vessel, and after I had changed my clothes and taken a good stiff nip, I had a look at the man and he was a sight to behold—they had clipped off his whiskers, that being the quickest way to get rid of the mess and ice. He could not move or speak, but he looked at one through his bloodshot eyes in an understanding manner.

His right hand was frozen badly, but the rest of his person seemed to be free from frost. Captain Holmes had bandaged the man's hand with palm oil and had given his body a vigorous massage with the same; they had gotten something warm into him and placed him in my berth. He fell asleep and did not awaken until 8 p. m. During that Christmas Eve he told us the following particulars about the wreck of the Shaumut: "I was mate of the Shaumut. We left Holm's Hole yesterday morning, thinking that we could get 'round the heel of the cape and into Boston for Christmas. When we got near Pollock Rip we knew that we would not be able to get through, and, as the wind changed to the eastward, together with the snow that had began to fall, we made up our minds to put back to Holm's Hole. Just as we went about, we saw a brig astern, that had been following us, do the same.

"Of course we knew that we would have to feel our way back, but we must have mistook the set of the tide, for the first thing we knew we fetched up all standing. We also were aware of the fact that we were on the Hedge Fence Reef—we must have struck the northeast side of the shoal, because we took on a very heavy list to starboard. We got the canvas off her, but did not undertake to furl any of it but commenced to send up rockets, with little hope of their doing any good in the prevailing snow

storm. We felt sure of the boat hanging at the stern, so our attention was given to the long boat that was upside down over the main hatch and securely lashed there, but a sea came along, smashed the boat and took three men. I noticed that she was settling by the stern, and it was not long before the other boat went. Then we congregated in the cabin, and, as the cabin stove had been torn from its fastening when she first struck, we wrapped ourselves in blankets to keep warm. We could feel her sliding and grinding down the incline of the Fence, and soon we saw the water bubbling into the cabin from the starboard staterooms. The captain went into his room for something, at which moment the vessel gave a lurch into deeper water and water sealed him in his room; no assistance could be given him and it was every man for himself. I happened to be the nearest to the companion-way ladder. I grasped the boy Renshaw and was on deck with him none too soon, as the port rail was the only part of her hull above water.

"Both the boy and I had the blankets with us, as we did not have time to cast them aside. I told the boy to follow me. I watched my chance and at last we made the fore rigging, up which we went into the foretop. I then went up to the upper foretop-sail yard, which was down on the cap. I called to the boy to come up to me, as we could weather out the night in the belly of the sail under a partial shelter. He handed up his blankets to me and said, 'As long as I have got to go, I might as well die in striving to live—so here goes!' With that he jumped into the sea.

"I got down into the belly of the sail and wrapped myself up in the blankets. By and by I began to feel sleepy, and I knew if I did fall asleep I would never awaken, so I got one hand outside the blankets, chewed tobacco and rubbed the juice into my eyes. I had no more inclination to sleep.

"The blankets were wet, and the outside ones froze so that I could not move my limbs, but I twitched my muscles to the best of my ability, which helped the circulation somewhat.

"I heard your remarks as you were sailing about the wreck, but I could not move or make an outcry to attract your attention, but the moment I felt the vibration caused by you jumping into the rigging and mounting aloft I knew that I was safe. If that boy had stuck by me he would have been saved, too. It was too bad. If it had been clear he could have seen the lights in his home; he lived in Falmouth."

Captain Holmes and I exchanged glances. Then Holmes told the man that the boy had been washed ashore near his home; that he was alive, with every chance of pulling through. He was then told what the captain of the lifeboat had told us. He was surprised and tearfully pleased.

"Well," he said, "Renshaw got home in time

for Christmas, anyhow," and his remark reminded us of the day it was. BRAMLEYKITE.

A BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS.

Ah! The merry days of the Christmas time,
The after glow and the sunset of the year,
When the young and the old of Christian line
Write their souls in heartfelt cheer.
Then merrily rings the Christmas' chime,
Dear hearts thy love to the full make known
No sun so bright or shines so clear
As this that the Christmas Day may own.

Then roll on the yule log, sound and prime,
Till the fairy fingers clasping adhere,
And gild with a glory the chimney grime
While it crackles as laughing a welcome sincere.
And the bells of the Christmas are ringing in rhyme,
Crystal dropping the strains as seed is sown;
The seeds of good will to all far and near,
A harvest that Christmas Day may own.

And the childhood joys, so sweet to the ear,
As Santa Claus' gifts to each other are shown,
And the smiling faces as they trooping appear
Is a harvest that Christmas Day may own.

J. E. GILMAN.

THE SNOW-STORM.

The steel-blue haze, the frosty rime,
The chill, cold days of winter time,
When snow is in the air;
When distant sounds seem strangely near
And louder press upon the ear
Than they are wont to bear.

The light grows dim, the sky is gray,
The struggling sun with watery ray
Shows feebly through the clouds;
Then rifted space of vapor breaks,
A transient glance of earth it takes,
And then the haze enshrouds.

But when like voice enclosed in walls
The sound is muffled as one calls,
And clouds are dark and gray,
The filmy flakes of snow appear
In eddying currents far and near,
Like thistledown at play.

The gusty wind begins to blow
And furious drives the falling snow,
Fantastic ridged in heaps;
And swift the snowflakes hurry past,
Borne on the wings of scurrying blast
That fast and faster sweeps.

Then beats the wind with furious might
And drives the snow the livelong night
Against the window pane;
Thick strews its fleece on pasture wide,
The sturdy wood and bleak hillside,
And fills each road and lane.

The morning sun shines clear and cold,
Its glistening light the crystals hold,
Like diamond sparks they show;
Blows keen the wind with sharpened edge,
Of newly fallen snow.
Fresh whelled on the gathered ledge

J. E. Gilman.

VELLEDA

A Sketch from the Days When Mistletoe and Oak Were Sacred
By LEROY TRUMAN GOBLE

All the countryside knew the story of Velleda, Priestess of the Druids, for, even to those early Britons, hardy and inured to danger and battle as they were, there was an appeal in the beautiful, and was not the story of Velleda a beautiful story?

Her mother, a handsome daughter of the North Country; dignified, stately and almost stern in life, had been carried to her last long home when the golden-haired baby had come to the age of ten years, already giving promise of great beauty, both of mind and body.

On the sombre morning of the mother's last day among them that bear burdens and have sorrows, she called her husband, Camos, the tribal chief, to her side, and talked happily with him of their few joyous years together.

They lived again the days of their courtship; again made the perilous journey from the mountains of the north to this beautiful forest-covered, sea-bordered land. They spoke of their studies together, of the beauty of their religion and of the certainty that they would be together in the other world. Their conversation continued throughout the long morning, each avoiding the one thought uppermost in their minds, that of their little daughter.

As the hours wore on, and the mother found it more difficult to breathe, she said, "Camos, my lover, my husband, my companion, the father of my child and the leader of this people—I soon begin a strange journey to an unknown country, over a path of which we have heard nothing. To you now, comes the training of the woman. It is my wish that Velleda learn much of our belief, not of the outward forms only, but of hidden secrets and the truths behind the symbols. Give her into the hands of the priests that she may know our innermost hopes, and learn to hold the sign as separate from the thought.

"Charge them that they make clear to her the fact that we worship not the oak tree as a god in itself, but as the emblem of our God, Hesus, our originator; that we worship not the mistletoe as a power, but as a token of man, who lives forever dependent upon Hesus, this power, this planner and provider.

"Take her to the great temples at Callerish and at Stemis, where the groves of oak are surrounded by rocks ranged in a great circle, which signifies the never-ending power of our Creator; where the gray-haired fathers of the people, wearing their white robes and ornaments of gold, celebrate mystic rites in the deep, dark depths of the groves. Say to them that they must point out to her the way that makes life wise, that

makes life joyous, that links us eternally to the all of the Universe and gives to us an abundance of all that we desire. And may Hesus, our God, and ourselves, be with you and my child." Ere the hour had sped, she kissed Camos and the child, and began her journey in the land just a breath beyond.

Camos gave the child into the care of her mother's faithful handmaiden, and until the age of twelve she lived the life of the other girls in



the tribe, except that she was treated with greater deference by both the children and their parents. Even then she had become known for her beauty, her wisdom, and her skill in the hunting and fighting games which were the chief amusements of that age. And now her father placed her under the tutorage of the priesthood, where for five years she was instructed in the hidden things of Druidism.

Her years as a novice completed, word passed from mouth to mouth in the community that she was about to take upon herself the mantle of the church. Soon the rumor was confirmed by messages from the High Priest to the leaders of the sect throughout the island.

On the day of the great annual festival and sacrifice she was consecrated to the service of Hesus.

The ceremony was performed before the hill-top altar, for there the sloping sides gave audience room to the vast crowds which had poured in from every direction for days past.

Among the interested throngs massed about the circle of boulders which enclosed the small

grove of oaks, was the youth Ito, gazing with intense interest at the lovely maiden, who by the most solemn vows was giving her life to the service of Hesus and the companionship of the white-bearded moral teachers of the people.

When the service was completed, and the procession was forming to move down through the multitude of people to the great sacred oaks at the bend of the river which skirted the hill's base, Ito crowded forward to the line of guards who were making clear a path through the assemblage. Here he waited until Velleda passed so closely that he could almost touch her face. So intently did he gaze upon her that when directly opposite him she turned her head and looked steadily at him with those most wonderful eyes, and he knew that another life was opening before him.

"Velleda, the Good," the old priests called her, while to Ito, who knew not her name, she was the "Beautiful!" In truth this name as it sang in his brain told all that he now knew of her. She was indeed fair to look upon. Tall and lithe, in her strong, graceful body there was suggested the stealthy movement of the timid faun, something of the hidden power of the lioness and something of the unrestrained abandon of the panther.

Her every movement told of her love of the open air. Her clear, gray eyes, her ruddy arms and hands, and tanned face spoke even more deeply of her kinship with all out-of-doors. The firelight was reflected in her long braid of hair which seemed to hold an echo of the flames upon the altars that claimed her daily service. The same dream of fire was in those large deep eyes of velvet, a misty morning gray, and Ito told himself that the same fire, the same warmth, must lie within the brain of this graceful priestess of an ancient people.

While Ito pondered the huge idea that from that day forth he was to be at war with the priests and their teachings, Velleda was saying to herself. "All this multitude, this honor, this position of power, this flattery of the crowd, is as nothing to the fire of that youth's eyes. I must see him again, ere long, for of truth he is pleasant to look upon."

II.

The chase had been long and hard. For hours Ito, the hunter, had ranged among the low hills that encompassed the great lake which we of today call the English Channel, and at last, as the sun was making its daily plunge into the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, he had come upon a small herd of red deer feeding in a low valley hidden from the sea by a narrow wooded ridge. The invisible "God of the Hunt" ever held a hand over Ito in token of his especial care, and as the gray dove dusk wrapped with brooding winds the sea and hills, a fine young buck fell pierced by the sure arrow of the young hunter.

Ito spent the night upon the low plateau overlooking the valley, and in the early morning threw the heavy deer across his broad shoulders,

and started west along the ride to his lodge some ten miles distant. He swung easily along the forest paths, and in an incredibly short time laid his burden at the foot of the old elm that cast its cool shadow upon a cup in the rocks from which^s bubbled a spring. He refreshed himself with^h



long draughts of the pure liquid, threw himself upon the grass beside this natural well, and was soon asleep dreaming of the priestess he had seen but a fortnight since.

The same kindly fate which had brought success to Ito in the chase now manifested its power in matters of romance, for no sooner had he hurried into the misty land of sleep than the creature of whom he dreamed appeared among the trees at the crest of the hill. She was carrying a large water jug upon her shoulder, for she had come from the temple to dip cold water from this sylvan spring.

As her eyes discovered the sleeping man an expression of wonder and pleasure overspread her face, and for a few moments she stood irresolute, then turned to haste away while the fur-clad man still slept. But an inner voice whispered, "Mayhap, if you leave him now, many days will pass ere you again gaze upon him. Now all is planned that you may know this hunting man, of whom you dream." The thought of waiting long to learn more of him was most unpleasant, while her timidity made it near impossible for her to stay. As a compromise between her desire to flee and her longing to remain, she told herself that she would lay a spray of mistletoe upon the sleeping form and fly back to the temple.

As she removed a spray of leaves from her girdle and laid it against his cheek, a slight movement as if he were awakening startled her, and as she leaped back her sandal entangled an exposed foot and with a slight cry she fell. In an instant Ito was awake and at her side. A few words explained the accident, and a moment's examination showed that her ankle was only slightly strained. After Ito had bathed it with the sparkling water from the spring Velleda declared she felt no further pain, adding that she must return to the temple.

Ito's heart throbbed as he offered his help. He was almost glad that the accident had come to pass, for it made it possible for him to know the strange maiden.

With his arm about her waist the two walked on up an ascending path in the gray beauty of the deep forest avenue. The way which led to the stone temple of the Druids on a cliff scowling down at the ocean, forever sending its legion of wavemen to war against the crags, which unseen, given no choice as to whether they would or would not battle, were forced ever to give passive resistance.

As they walked on, one of the ancient church men who was strolling unseen among the trees, saw them together and presuming it was a clandestine meeting rushed away to find others of the brotherhood, in order that they might bear witness of this sacrilege and assist in the capture of the interloper.

Near Ito's lodge the two stopped for a moment's rest, and here were surrounded by several of the brotherhood. Given no opportunity to explain their presence together, they were bound and carried to the temple, where Ito was placed in charge of the guards until the trial by Oracle, which took place the following day.

As was customary among the followers of Druidism, the scale of justice was left in the hands of the priests, who arranged the method of trial and interpreted the sayings of the Oracle in a way which best suited the cause of the Church. Because Velleda was necessary to their organization, and because Ito seemed a power against their wishes, he was found guilty of sacrilege and condemned to death as a human sacrifice at the next time of community worship, now four days distant.

A special guard was appointed to take the prisoner several miles through the forests to the Rock of Bondage. There he was led by the furl-clad soldiers, who after binding him to the stone sacrifice table with leather thongs, made themselves comfortable and to pass the hours of watching opened a small carnival of dicing and drinking.

Meantime Velleda sought her father, and from him secured the secret of making a magic sleeping potion and its antidote. The drink was fabled to be so potent that one who drank deeply of it would appear dead. She tried the harmless poi-

son and the reviving draught upon Lilos, one of her attendants, and was entirely pleased with the result. All this she did on the day after the trial. Being then content that she could effect Ito's escape, she decided to wait until the following night to carry her plans into action.

III.

There was silence in the abodes of men when Velleda and Lilos stole away to begin their league-long journey through the forest, to creep quietly along the cliff road to the camp of the soldiers, where they knew Ito to be bound with cruel thongs on the age-old slaughter table, which had been built of mammoth stones in days of which the old men knew only from their fathers.

In the forest there was much to frighten even the bravest of women, for wild beasts were abroad and the spirit of the storm was over all.

They clung closely together as they moved swiftly along the dew-damp forest path. In her bosom Velleda carried a shell filled with the magic liquid which was to serve as a charm against all danger, but Lilos insisted that she ever be ready to use the Golden Sickie, which Velleda always carried as a sign of her leadership as priestess of the Druids.

The screeching of the wind among the tortured branches, the deep shouts of the tempest in the depth of the forest, the pulse-like throbbing of the sea, with the occasional bark of some woods creature or whistle of a night-bird, served to make the hour fearful to the heroic girls. When Lilos would have turned back, Velleda almost encouraged her to do so, for was not the night too fearful for any but a lover bent on saving the life of the one she loved?

When she herself fell all a-tremble at a growl from the thick forest's undergrowth, the thought came to her that Ito, the stately, the kind, needed her, that without her aid when the morrow's night fell black and chill he would no longer exult in the glory of the forest; that unless she battled on and snatched him from the sorry fate, the forest, the sea, the fields, and the temple would be for her forever wrapped in darkness. To walk the oak-bordered path, to stand upon the cairn that overlooked the sea, to approach the clear pool where she had first met him, to see those places and know him as gone would be too great a pain.

With these thoughts in mind Velleda and Lilos pressed on through the blackness until the embers of the soldiers' fire warned them to be watchful. Fortunately the guards all slept soundly because of their carousal which had lasted from the previous night through most of the day just passed. Velleda and Lilos carefully drew near from the forest side of the opening about the camp. They crept softly up to Ito, to whom in whispered words they explained their scheme. He willingly drank the contents of the shell, and within a mo-

(Continued on page 356.)

THE GLIB PAROQUET.

BY HARRY IRVING GREENE.

This is the song that the diver man sung,
As reeking with salt and all sea-weeded hung,
Festooned by the fathoms, and fresh from the sea,
He hoisted his helmet and chanted to me:

"O, I am a diver, a diver most bold,
Who seeks the sea's treasures in green depths untold,
Who delves for lost ships in the deep Spanish Main,
Who prowls through their depths midst the soft,
crushing pain,
That curdles his life blood and crunches his bones.
Say, mate, have I told you—have I told you yet,
Of that pirate gang and their glib paroquet?

"'Twas off of the coast of the far Mozambique,
That the rotten ship, Rotterdam, springing a leak,
Went down in a million of fathoms of brine,
Her captain, her parrot, her rank crew of nine.

"And I was the diver, the diver most bold,
Who down through the depths and the shimmer and
cold,
Crawled in twixt her ribs, and with windlass and chain,
Brought forth to the daylight her treasures again,
And hauled through the breakers her iron-bound chest
And burst it asunder—alive and unwet,
Hopped forth with a cackle that glib paroquet.

"Then off he went flapping from tree unto tree,
With a croak and a leer and a wink back at me,
Shrieking his song to the wild parrot crew,
That circled about him, amazed, as he flew—

"Shiver their timbers, and douse out their glim,
Cut 'em down hearty boys, limb off of limb,
Keelhaul 'em, scuttle 'em—over the rails
We'll send them a-jump to our cat-o'-nine tails,
To the sharks and the crabs and the cuttles below.
Kicking and yelling, heavy as stones,
They'll sink to the locker of old Davy Jones.'

"And all the night long by that junglesome shore,
That parrot bird sat 'mongst his brothers of yore,
And taught them the songs that the pirates had sung,
Who, born to be drowned, had escaped being hung.

"Give them the grape-shot and cannister, too,
Boarders, make ready your cutlasses true,
Dive to the depths of their uttermost hold,
Drag forth their jewels, their silks and their gold;
Batten their hatches and nail the hold tight,
Turn them adrift without rudder or mast,
The oil sprinkled thick and the flames spreading
fast.'

"Next morn came a Spanish ship, hurricane sent,
On robbery, massacre, devilment bent.
Thought I was alone on that uncharted shore,
Came at me—that jungle broke into a roar:

"After 'em, bully boys. Eat up the swine,
Pickle their eyes in a mile deep of brine;
Cut off their fingers and chop off their toes,
Hang them alive by an ear and a nose.
Nail them face down to a plank turned adrift,
Batter 'em down to the depths of the sea,
Come along hearty, boys, close after me.'

"You'd have thought that a million of devils from hell
Were close on my back when those birds let that yell.
Them Spanishers, mate, they are hiking it yet
From that army of birds and my glib paroquet.

"Bite off their eyelids and saw them in two,
Boil 'em and roast 'em and fritter 'em, too,
Pull out their whiskers and file off their hair,
Give 'em a dance on a platform of air—
Say, mate, here's the bird on my shoulder right now,
He's yours for a fiver. What! Too much you think,
All right. Then he's yours for the price of a drink.'

CHRISTMAS EVE NIGHT.

'Twas a month before Christmas, and all through the
town
Not a buyer was stirring; the prices were down,
But plainly, it seemed, all the bargains would leave
And do all the shopping they planned, Christmas Eve.

The floorwalker wept as he stood at the door
And saw the few people who entered the store,
While up in the rest room, a little clerk lay,
And slept on a sofa, so dull was the day.

She slept and she dreamed it was Christmas Eve
Night—

Her eyes were red-rimmed from the strain of the light;
Her fingers were numb; every nerve held an ache;
Her knees shook and wobbled as though they would
break—

'Twas Christmas Eve Night, and 'twas always the
same—

You might drop exhausted, but still people came.

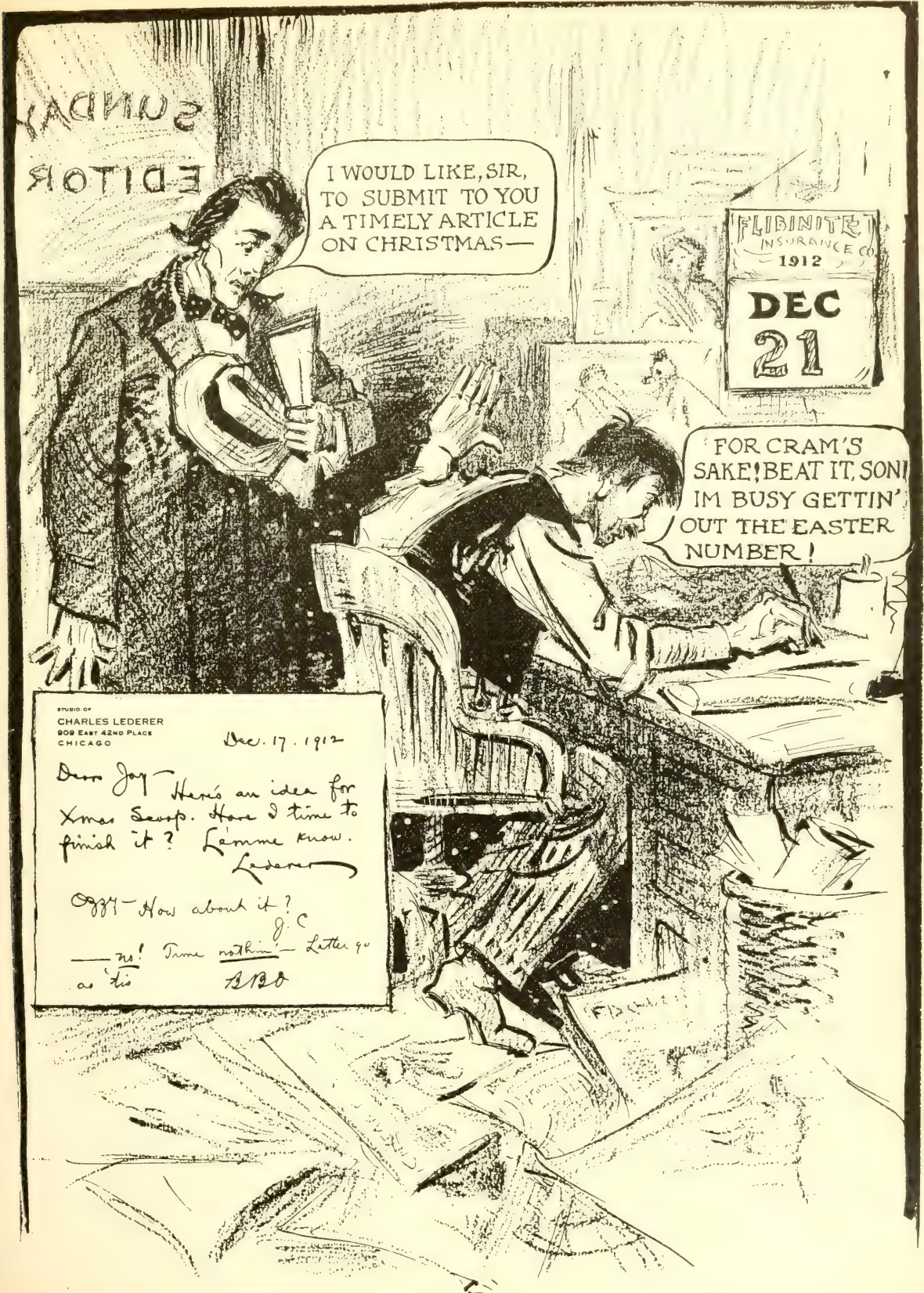
They'd put off their shopping as long as they could,
And worn, weary clerks, half-asleep as they stood
Mechanically handed them things they desired,
Nor made a suggestion, for they were too tired.
The crowds raved and struggled and fought for a
place,

And scrambled and wriggled, a scowl on each face;
They handled and fingered, rejected and priced
The gifts that should honor the birthday of Christ,
For Christmas was near; they were willing to fight—
To buy all their presents on Christmas Eve Night.

The little clerk waked—and she waked with a shriek;
Her hands were like ice and her knees were so weak
She scarcely could stand as she made for the stairs
To take up her everyday worries and cares,
For she well realized, though contraries be due,
This dream was a dream that was sure to come true.

HARRY L. MARRINER.

Member Dallas Press Club, Dallas, Texas.



I WOULD LIKE, SIR,
TO SUBMIT TO YOU
A TIMELY ARTICLE
ON CHRISTMAS—

FLIBINITE
INSURANCE CO.
1912
**DEC
21**

FOR CRAM'S
SAKE! BEAT IT, SON!
IM BUSY GETTIN'
OUT THE EASTER
NUMBER!

STUDIO OF
CHARLES LEDERER
909 EAST 42ND PLACE
CHICAGO

Dec. 17, 1912

Dear Jay— Here's an idea for
Xmas Scoop. Have I time to
finish it? Lemme know.
Lederer

Ogg— How about it?
J.C.

—no! Time nothin'— Letter go
as 'tis B.B.O.

The Press Club Rag

By AXEL CHRISTENSEN
CZAR OF RAGTIME

Moderato slow

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a tempo marking of 'Moderato slow'. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (Bb). The first system includes 'cresc' markings and hairpins. The second system includes accents (^) on the final chords. The third system includes a 'p-f' dynamic marking. The fourth system continues the melodic and harmonic development.

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First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble and eighth notes in the bass.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. The treble staff features more complex rhythmic patterns with beamed sixteenth notes. The bass staff continues with eighth notes.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff shows a change in key signature with the appearance of a flat. The bass staff continues with eighth notes and some rests.

Fourth system of musical notation, marked "Trio" on the left. The time signature changes to 2/4. The treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The bass staff continues with eighth notes. The system concludes with a forte (*fz*) dynamic marking and an accent (^) over the final note.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) and forte (*f*) dynamic marking, along with an accent (^) over the first note. The bass staff continues with eighth notes and some rests.

This page contains six systems of musical notation for piano. Each system consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The music is written in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various musical elements such as eighth and sixteenth notes, chords, and rests. Some notes are marked with accents (^). The piece concludes with a double bar line and two first endings, labeled '1' and '2', which lead to a final cadence.

THE HOME-COMING OF GRAYCE

By SIGMUND KRAUSZ

During the night a sharp, biting frost had covered nearly all the windows of the apartment with fantastic crystal flowers. They mellowed the garish light of a late December morning which tried to steal into the luxuriously furnished bedroom of Grayce.

Before opening her eyes, the occupant of the massive brass bed stretched her white rounded arms lazily above her head, and yawned. One of her hands buried itself in the wealth of bronze-colored hair, and the diaphanous, bluish lids slowly parted.

Once or twice Grayce blinked. Then she leisurely turned on her side and looked toward the window. Her eyes assumed an expression of wide-eyed astonishment.

"Real winter," she gasped. The eiderdown coverlet was thrown back, and the girl ran with small, quick steps to raise the half-drawn blinds. Being unable to see through the frosted pane, she held her lips near the glass, and repeatedly blew her warm breath against it until a small peep-hole permitted a clear view of the street. It was covered with a thin layer of snow, the first of the season.

Grayce shivered a little at the sight, and hastened back under her covers, where she fell to reminiscent musing.

She had come to the city, a poorly dressed, unsophisticated, but unusually attractive girl, with an honest desire to earn a living.

Like so many others in her condition, she failed of her purpose. False pride prevented a safe retreat to the farm, and in her struggles she fell by the wayside, and—but what's the use of going into details? The story is old, as old as the hills.

Grayce found friends with much money and little conscience, and by and by, she abandoned herself to the seductions of the underworld with utter recklessness. She had buried the original, honest "Grace" and tried to forget her former self by drowning its memories in the overbrimming goblet of pleasure.

But Grayce was not happy. At the bottom of the goblet ever appeared the picture of an old man, and, sometimes, this nebulous effigy was so clear that she saw large, heavy tears trickle into the grizzled beard.

It was to this old man, her father, that her thoughts now reverted. Mother she had none.

Once more she saw herself in the little farmhouse which had been her home for the first eighteen years of her young life. Her father, a kind but sternly religious parent, now appeared to her in a softer light as she mused over the cir-

cumstances which had led to her nocturnal departure.

A perspective of three years spent in the city made the harsh traits of the old man appear mellowed, and brought the nobler features of his character to a stronger outline. How lonely he must be. Without wife, without child. Perhaps he was dead. She had not heard of him since that eventful night.

Now she was longing for his embrace, for the touch of his gnarled fingers on her hair, for a kiss from his thin, withered lips.

With sudden determination she arose from her bed, and seated herself before a dainty mahogany desk. She was going to write her father a long letter. She could tell him a plausible story as to her reasons for leaving home, her struggles to obtain work, and her final success. She was longing for home now, and desired to spend the approaching Christmas holidays with him, perhaps stay indefinitely, if he could forgive.

There was only a short interval of three days to Christmas Eve, and she was not utterly disappointed when, after two days, no reply had come. She dismissed a gloomy apprehension which had crept on her for a moment, and wired her forthcoming arrival to the farm.

At an early hour next morning she was on a train bound for home. Cheerful and distressing thoughts changed kaleidoscopically in her mind as she sat in the parlor car and counted the hours and minutes. She was to arrive at her station toward evening.

Surely, father would be there waiting with his team. How good it will feel to nestle up close to him in the sleigh, while the horses kick up the snow in their flight to the old homestead. Frisky Bob and one-eyed Nell—would they still know her?

At noon Grayce went into the dining car. While waiting for her order, and contemplating the wintry landscape, she was vaguely conscious that someone was steadily observing her. She did not raise her eyes, however, and kept them fixed on her viands during the meal.

As she passed down the aisle after her luncheon, a gentleman rose from one of the tables and addressed her.

"Wonder you wouldn't notice a fellow, Grayce," he said in a familiar tone of voice.

She looked up with an exclamation of surprise, but there was a ring of uneasiness noticeable in her query: "Why, George, where are you bound for?"

"I'll answer the question," he laughed, "after

you've told me your destination. I saw you first."

She didn't answer, and they passed into the parlor car. He seated himself beside her, and repeated the question. She remained silent.

In fact, the appearance of this young man had perplexed her. She felt as before an approaching danger. In her state of mind she did not care to meet any man, least of all George Borden. He was a jolly, good fellow, kind and generous, but not endowed with the best moral principles.

He smiled at her, and after a prolonged pause remarked: "Now, Grayce, you needn't tell me where you're going to. I can fairly guess it. Graycie got a little tired of the continuous round of pleasures, and, with the approach of the holidays, was seized by an attack of virtue and homesickness. I'd be willing to bet a dinner at the Annex against a doughnut that you are on the way to papa and mamma. Have I hit it, Grayce?"

She blushed deeply, and looked out of the window to hide her confusion.

"Well, girlie," he continued after while, "I can dispense with your reply. I read it in your face."

Some minutes passed, during which she seemed to shake off her embarrassment. Then she looked straight at him, and burst into a laugh.

"Now, since you appear to know all about my trip, tell me something about yours, George. Where are you bound for?"

"Oh, nowhere in particular. South, to New Orleans, to Florida—to get warm. Do you know that I've never been able to warm up since—you know since when." He tried to look into her eyes with a smile, but she avoided his glance.

Again there was a silence of several minutes.

"Well, well," he chuckled mockingly, after a while. "So Graycie is going home to papa and mamma. I suppose it's just for a short stay. You couldn't bear it longer. The monotony of farm life, after three years in the city, would simply kill you. I'm sure you'd tire of it in a very few days, and run off again to the little wine suppers and the automobile parties in Chicago. But it would be different then. The cup would taste bitter for a long while. You'd better come with me."

He paused and awaited an answer. She had become serious again, and silently shook her head while looking past him.

He resumed his argument: "Such things are all right viewed from a distance, from a perspective. They are pleasant to think of. But let them be a memory, something to long for, as I remember a girl who, I thought, would make me happy. She is married now. I think of her sometimes, but I do not wish to see her. Come with me, Grayce, and enjoy the sunshine of the South."

A tear welled up in her eye, but she remained steadfast.

At intervals he still tried to shake her resolu-

tion; but, as the afternoon waned, she seemed to become more determined in her resistance.

At five o'clock the train reached her destination. George walked with her to the vestibule as the train slowed up. It stopped. She stood with one foot on the accommodation step, which the porter had placed on the ground, and looked searchingly about. No one was waiting for her.

"You see, there is no one here to greet you. They don't want you, Grayce," George whispered into her ear from behind. "Don't be foolish. Come with me."

Only a fraction of a minute longer she stood motionless. Then the silent tears flowed freely down her cheeks, and she allowed herself unresistingly to be helped again into the coach.

Quietly sobbing, she dropped back into her seat when the sound of sleigh-bells roused her from the stupor in which she was about to fall. There, around a curve behind the station building, a sleigh drove up in a sharp trot and in the gathering twilight Grayce recognized the driver.

With an exclamation of unrestricted joy she brushed past George and ran to the vestibule. The train was in motion, and the porter was in the act of closing the door. He tried to restrain her, but she pushed him aside and leaped from the high step. She fell backward and on her side.

George, who had followed her, quickly pulled the emergency line and the train again came to a standstill.

The crew and the loiterers at the station hurried to ascertain what had happened. They formed an excited group around the lifeless figure of the girl over whom a grizzled farmer bent his weatherbeaten face.

"It's my girl, my poor girl," he lamented. "someone hurry for a doctor—quick—quick!"

George hastened back into the coaches to find out whether, by chance, a physician was on board. His quest was in vain. When he approached the group again, he saw Grayce sitting on the ground, her arms around the old man's neck, and her head leaning on his shoulder.

Still somewhat dazed, she looked about, then she muttered assuringly: "I'm not hurt, father. It's the shock, I suppose." He kissed and assisted her gently to her feet.

The conductor asked several questions, and took some notes. Then crew and passengers—among them George, who had not intruded further on parent and daughter—mounted the train once more. It drew off as the grizzled farmer assisted Grayce into the sleigh.

The whip cracked, Bob and one-eyed Nell pulled, and "Grayce," reclaimed, nestled closely to the old man.

"It feels good to be home again, father," she whispered.

He looked at her affectionately and answered, "And tomorrow be Christmas, too."

CHRISTMAS REVERIES.

December is the month which should stimulate your faith in mankind. It is the month of melancholy days and of joyous hopes. It is the month of pitiless introspection and of noble resolutions. How keenly you remember the discords of your past life! But with the melody of the Christmas song harmony abides, and your soul responds to the sentiment,

"With malice toward none, with charity for all."

The year has nearly gone. Have you done your best? If not, it is useless to repine. Neither regrets nor remorse can undo the past. The old year has passed its feverish solstice, and you inhale the odor of the new. The frail bridge of time on which you trod has sunk into eternity. The harvest of the year has been gathered in and garnered.

The events of the past twelve months rush through your memory in great whirls of thought. You listen again with thirsty ear to the delicious melody of a voice that is no more; and as you look at the frozen earth, that lies so heavily on that tender heart you loved so well, there comes to you the faint, echoing sob of a long good-by.

Despite the shining acts of benevolence and love credited to you, there are sorrowful recollections of unkind words, wrong deeds, and enmities unforgiven; and you turn with dim and shadowy eyes from the regrets of the past to the new year with a stronger heart, and a purer, clearer purpose. You resolve that hatred and malice shall be sacrificed upon the altar of love and charity.

The music of children's voices, coming from the depths of mistletoe and holly, sets your soul aflame with generous fire.

You know that throughout our land, in rural districts and city slums, in the abodes of poverty and of opulence, and in the sacred precincts of a thousand Christian churches, the sunlight of Christmas-tide shines with ennobling benevolence. And you know full well that it is this philanthropic ardor which comes to bless the evil and the good, the rich and the poor, that stimulates our faith in the goodness of mankind, and vindicates our inherent capacity for the higher, more unselfish motives that redeem life's sombre history.

So tonight, though the clouds may hang darkly against a despondent sky, if you will look upward steadily, hopefully, you will see the light of the everlasting stars that will brighten the New Year, and lead you on into the full radiance of everlasting day. And, if you will listen, you will hear, blending with the rhythm of the Christmas bells, the grand refrain, echoing in reverberant joy down two thousand years—

"Peace on earth, good-will toward men."
George F. Butler.

THE SHIP ELEANOR.

The day before Christmas the ship Eleanor,
Dismantled, was drifting toward a bleak shore;
The gale in its fury, the sea in its wrath,
Combined in their strength on that hulk in their path.
The sea-gulls were soaring, no movement of wing,
They darted with swiftness of stone from a sling;
They screamed with the tempest—a dolorous ban,
A part of the mighty, tempestuous plan—
The rain and the sleet and the dark leaden sky,
A flurry of snow and the spray dashing high,
E'en tiny storm petrel the ship's wake assailed,
An octave of fury, no discord prevailed,
But what of that hulk on that dread raving sea,
Dismasted and helpless with death on the lee,
Heaving and surging with each chashing wave,
On toward that rocky bound coast of La Have?
The crew, though undaunted, too well knew their fate,
No cowards' alarms, but a recognized state.
No orders were issued, as none would avail;
All lashed to the lee of the staven-in rail.
The ship in her labor mid sea mountain high,
First pointed her stern, then her bow, to the sky,
Then into the abyss, a plunge and a surge,
The groan of her timbers sounded a dirge.
The day in its blending with night settled down
To darkness astounding and veiled nature's frown.
No word was there spoken by captain or crew,
As none could be heard as the hurricane blew;
Enshrouded by tempest, each man stood alone,
While thoughts of the past for the present enthroned,
The night before Christmas, most sacred of year,
The mind of each man sped away to those dear
Loved ones at home on that hallowed night,
Gathered 'round yule-tide log fire and light,
While they think of the absent and offer a prayer
That God would protect them and grant them his care.
Those fond recollections were quickly dispelled,
From the crest of a sea the rocks they beheld,
More dense than the darkness the land could be seen,
Breakers to starboard, to port, and between
Those walls of destruction the ship wallowed through,
Swifter than gull on the wing ever flew,
On to her doom while the crew to a man
Felt, without seeing, the speed that she ran.
From top of a black, solid, gigantic sea
She swerved on her heel as though Helm-a-lee;
A lull in the gale, but a deafening roar
From the wrath of the breakers lashing the shore.
Then, all became tranquil, and placid the wave,
As ship glided into the Cove of La Have.
A grating of keel on a clean shelving strand,
A quivering hulk in a cradle of sand,
Safe from the fury of sea, surf, and gale,
The night before Christmas. Thus endeth the tale.

BRAMLEY KITE.

Tale of The Bramley Kite.

THE ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB
REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2; 8 P. M., AT PRESS CLUB.

THE CELESTIAL BOOMERANG

By JEROME W. POWER

The Newspaper Man died, and went to Heaven.

Two days before, while said Newspaper Man was straining to leave this vale of tears like a county fair balloon after the poles have fallen, the tail end of a festive tornado was wrapping monkey-like around a three-story brick which sheltered a session of the Northwest Methodist Conference of Kansas.

Up in Heaven, St. Peter (same old boy) sat nodding with his pedal extremities cocked up on his desk, taking his regular afternoon saturation of hay. Now the salvation promotors, with all due respect to them, were running no chances. They soared Heavenward from the ruins like sky-rockets, one and all haunted by a simultaneous rustling and slamming sound, together with a most lascivious insistence of sachet powder. When the gates of pearl confronted them they charged head down in tandem formation. St. Peter, taken unawares, came back from beulahland just in time to see the last pair of black coat-tails vanish around a corner down the golden street. He brought his feet down with a crash, tried to yell, swallowed crooked, said something under his breath, and then with a grand flourish of his elbow upset a bottle of indelible all over one of his day books.

Two days later the Newspaper Man came hoofing up the golden stair. St. Peter disconnected himself from a quantity of Sweet Burley Dark with some dispatch and took a quick squint into the book where the pencil pusher's record should have been. He was greeted by a most inexpressive ink blot. He remembered, and in such a case, with the dust swirling knee-deep around second, the decision was bound to be in favor of the runner.

Hence he threw wide the gates of pearl and rushed down the golden stair with one glad mit extended toward the Newspaper Man, and white robes, wings and whiskers streaming out behind.

"Welcome," bawled St. Peter, "to our beautiful city! You may feel a little out of place after having lived in Chicago for so long. Unfortunately we have few people here from Chicago. (Buzz! Buzz!) You may miss the pounding of the L trains and the aroma of the river, but we have some nice people here from Cloverdale, Indiana, who will be more than glad to entertain you. Of course, if you don't like this place you know the alternative. Ha! Ha!"

The Newspaper Man was wheezing somewhat after his long climb, owing to an endurance spiritual rather than physical, but he returned the

greeting in kind, and passed into the abode of the blessed, not without some misgivings.

Arm in arm with St. Peter he walked down the golden street, meeting a number of angels on the way, all of whom St. Peter greeted in a most familiar and cordial manner.

"Top o' the morning, George! Still holding that cherry tree mark against you. Never been cleared up to my satisfaction. Thanks! I'll smoke this after while. Ah, there, Diogenes, you gay dog, still totin' the lantern, I see! Hello, Guy Fawkes! How's the heel, Achilles? Hi, Socrates, hemlock's down three cents on 'change this morning. Too many bears in the market, forcing prominent holders to unload at a loss. Confucius, Dido, Robert E. Lee, one and all, good-morning!"

St. Peter ended his garrulous promenade by leading the Newspaper Man into a temple fronted with Athenian capitals of solid gold, where he introduced him to an individual with rat-like features and a most penetrating eye, who reminded him strongly of a city editor he had known in Pittsburgh, who later was assassinated by a cub whom he hounded to the deed.

"This gentleman, who is one of our most efficient arch-angels, will now take you in charge," said St. Peter, and with these words he applied a lighted lucifer to his calabash and glided away, leaving a trail of celestial incense behind, while the arch-angel of the rodent personality, with arms akimbo, took the measure of our hero.

"First," he croaked in a dubious voice, "a shower and a quick change!"

When the Newspaper Man issued from the shower, all shining, the arch-angel threw a white, gauze-like substance around his shivering form and fitted him out with a pair of ready-made flippers, which felt uncomfortable on his shoulder blades and were of no real assistance in cleaving space.

"Do you play the harp?" inquired the arch-angel, fixing his gimlet eye on the pounder of brass.

"No, but I used to do an occasional turn on the trombone," was the meek comeback.

"Well, you must learn to play the harp. It's the fashion up here, and we'll have no drones. Besides, I've got to make a showing in this department."

"But I tell you I don't know how to play a harp and have no desire—"

The arch-angel held up a hand and a know-something-you-don't smile flickered around the corners of his lips.

"You know the alternative if you don't like

this place. I tell you all angels must learn to play the harp; that's the whole idea of heaven: *to sit around forever in bowers of beauty, making music and singing songs of praise, with nothing to do until tomorrow, and tomorrow never comes.*"

"Don't step on my toes and breathe in my face that way, please! I'll accept your bally harp, and I'll venture you'll be glad enough to call a halt after you hear a sample of my work."

The Newspaper Man, with some show of temper, snatched the massive golden harp which his exhorter was crowding upon him.

"That's right," gurgled the arch-angel, with a smirk of satisfaction. "Just brush your fingers across the strings like you see the others doing."

He watched the Newspaper Man struggle with the instrument for a few minutes, and then, growing confidential, whispered in his ear:

"It don't matter so much whether you make music or not, but be sure to keep up the motion. It's the showing we've got to make!"

The Newspaper Man shambled down the golden street, keeping up the motion according to instructions. He was sick. The golden cobbles bruised his bare heels, and he longed for Chicago and a big Manhattan with a luscious red cherry nestling in the bottom.

"X-try! X-try! Press Club Scoop! Eddie Fox admitted to the bar! Crack of Doom to come in 1920! Lord refuses to give particulars."

The Newspaper Man grabbed the boy.

"Is there anything about the rest of the White Sox?" he hissed.

He remembered that he had no real money, so in desperation he picked a gold filling out of one of his teeth, and exchanged the same for a copy.

With all the dope at the end of his nose, he read everything, even the editorials and ads, and then sighed.

Down the golden street arose a commotion. Looking up, the Newspaper Man saw a giant angel with a heavy red face and beetling brow, who was going among the others with a notebook and pencil.

"Are you happy?" he would ask.

The interrogated one would nod without enthusiasm and continue to strum his harp. The giant angel would then make a check in his notebook and pass on to the next.

He approached the Newspaper Man.

"Are you happy?"

"No."

The giant angel, who had started to make a mark in his notebook in anticipation of a positive answer, paused in some confusion, and regarded the Newspaper Man with an incredulous smile.

"Of course," he said in even tones, "if you don't like this place you know the alternative. However, you had best come with me to headquarters."

The Newspaper Man accordingly allowed himself to be conducted to a towering palace of gold

and porterhouse steak, with coffee bean decorations.

He was led inside, and after a short wait, hailed before a smooth individual, who sat behind a flat desk covered with papers, and had the general appearance of a confidential secretary, together with the personal front of Raymond Hitchcock and the suaveness of a La Salle Street grain shark.

"I understand," began the secretary, "that you are not happy here."

"Correct," said the Newspaper Man recklessly, "I feel out of my element."

"I take it, then, that you have a hankering for the other place," was the smiling response. "Of course, if you don't like this place you know the alternative."

The Newspaper Man sprang to his feet in anger.

"Ever since I came here people have talked to me like they had all four aces and the joker, while I carried nothing higher than deuces. What's the good thing? Why do you, like the rest, tell me with a sneaking smile that if I don't like this place I know the alternative? Shoot!"

"Why," said the secretary in soothing tones, "the alternative is that if you don't like this place you can go back to earth and live your life over again, changed, of course, according to all the laws of heredity and environment."

The Newspaper Man leaned forward in his chair.

"Nothing would please me better! Could I see the Lord at once and make arrangements?"

"*The Lord never sees newspaper men,*" interposed the secretary with a supercilious smile, "however, I can attend to all the necessary details for you. Just pardon me a moment."

The secretary vanished without noise behind a stained glass door marked "PRIVATE" in heavy letters. From within came sounds of conversation, rising in gentle terraces to a crescendo. Finally the conversation was all on one side, with resounding thumps for punctuation. Then the sounds died down to a diminishing rumble, like a spring shower in Indiana, and the secretary emerged.

He consulted a massive book for a moment, and then sat down to the telephone.

"Captain Charon, Elysian Fields!—Hello, Charon! This is Heaven. Look at your record book. You'll find a soul to enter the world through the medium of a male child to be born in Loomis street, Chicago, shortly before midnight tonight. —You have the place? Well, shoo that soul back from the shore for about eighty years? Was to grow up to be a corrupt smoke inspector, kind to his old mother and all that. Well, change to this. We're going to ring in a newspaper man—has been on earth once, died and says he's not happy here. Get me? Oh, give him a regular newspaper man's career. Yes, good education. Early struggles and all that

bunk. Bright future, sure. Then forty years of hard labor advancing civilization, with poverty in old age and a wind-up in the potter's field. No bungling, now, Charon!"

The Newspaper Man became suddenly aware that some great force was approaching him from behind, and, to stick a finger into the paraffine covering of Jar 46703, "he felt himself sinking, and knew no more."

Thirty years later, one night, into the library of the Chicago Press Club walked a tall man, with the care of the day's grind lingering on his face. He meandered over to the fireplace, puffed a heavy looking cigar a few times, and sat down in an easy chair with a book in his hand.

He tried to read, but could not concentrate. He started suddenly. He had *nearly remembered* something; come in a moment, gone in a moment—we have all spent hours in chasing such elusive fissures in the curtain which separates our present psychic cycle from something that has gone before.

"Colonel," said the Newspaper Man pensively, after a few minutes of introspection. "Do you know that sometimes I think the Press Club here is just about as near to Heaven as I ever care to get?"

A DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT.

A large and appreciative audience of members, their wives and friends, was given a rare treat at our "ladies" night program on the evening of Saturday, December 14th.

The vocal numbers by Mrs. William P. Todd were delightful, and the "piano ensemble" number, in which she and Mrs. J. Rawson Pennington worked two pianos, quite brought the audience to its feet.

The virility and rich southern flavor of the readings by Mrs. W. A. Evans won hearty admiration and applause.

Miss Josephine Lydston takes such evident pleasure in her vocal contributions as to increase one's enjoyment of her artistic and finished work.

Dr. Clarence Strouse was introduced as the gentleman from Virginia, a good place to be from, and he gave us an enjoyable bit of eloquence and inimitable story.

G. Charles Griffith acted as chairman of the evening.

Ideas Wanted.

Every member of the club is urged to agitate the creative corner of his cranium and endeavor to produce original and clever ideas which may be used to make THE ANNUAL SCOOP SHOW the greatest success of the kind ever undertaken.

WHEN THE BILLS COME IN.

In the merry Christmas season when the heart is full of glee,

And the Sunday school increaseth at the talk of Christmas tree;

When the streets are crowded daily with the happy womankind

Spending all the men folks' money for the pretty things they find;

When expert show-window artists lure the dollars from your hand

By their dextrous arrangement of the goods at their command;

When within the great emporium you are deafened with the din—

Then you dream not of that future when the bills come in.

As you pass along you notice what you noticed not before:

Hosts of friends will stop and greet you, you will meet them by the score;

People whom you thought had "shook" you take your hand in friendly grasp,

And they show a lively interest as your digits they will clasp.

When they're gone you take your pencil—one more name upon the list—

Surely such a friend as this is one that really can't be missed;

In the stores you stretch your credit when you've parted with your tin;

And you dream not of repentance till the bills come in.

And I sometimes sit and wonder if there isn't many a man

Who might spend his Christmas money on a better, wiser plan;

Wonder if he knows some neighbor on the happy Christmas Day

Goes without a Christmas dinner, having not the price to pay;

Wonder if he knows the children on the nearest corner weep

Just because no good Kris Kringle came to see, them in their sleep.

If you never thought of these things, 'tis a good time to begin—

And your heart will be the lighter when the bills come in.

R. A. HALLEY.

A CHRISTMAS SECRET.

It takes but little to make the poor bairns happy—

A spinning top, a china set of blue;

A bright new scarf, a doll of sunny hue;

A painted sled, a pretty coral ring;

A bat, a ball—most any trifling thing—

If laughter unrestrained is there with romp and play,
And love and kisses sweet to close the day.

It takes but little to make all poor hearts happy—

A fragrant flower, a word of gladsome cheer;

An outstretched hand, a soft bejeweled tear;

Old age remembered, shy merit praised full well;

A fond good-by—and more than we can tell—

If friendship pure is there and true the words we say,
And God's approving smile to close the day.

WILLIAM BERNARD NORTON.

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Can You Use That \$100—?

BOOST THE SCOOP

A CHRISTMAS SCOOP

By EARL MARBLE

"I'm sorry, Harold, but I'm afraid you and Eleanor will have to wait a while," said Banker Whitehead, looking not unkindly on the young man who stood before him. "She is very young yet, you know—and so are you—and two or three years from now I shall be very likely to give you a different answer—after you have made a name for yourself—and some money. Of course the question of money is not so important, except as fixing your status, and putting you on something more of a financial level, as you are, my boy, now, in the way of character," he added, almost deferentially, rather as a second thought.

Neither of them saw that there was a third person present. She entered silently, and stood as if waiting for a chance to make herself seen and heard.

"Papa, how much money did you have when you run away with mamma?" she asked.

"Eleanor, how dare you talk to your father that way?"

"Papa, how dare you talk to my future husband that way?"

"By the way, Harold," the banker said, changing the subject; "what was it you said about a scoop? and what is a scoop?"

"Why, a scoop is where a reporter gets an exclusive bit of news on some important subject ahead of everybody else, and lets the other paper print it next day—if the editor cares to do so."

"And your editor has?"

"Has promised to raise the salary of any one of us who makes a scoop for Christmas."

"Well, if you make the scoop, I may look at the matter of you and Eleanor more favorably."

"Thank you, sir. I will do my best."

This ended the conversation, as far as the three were concerned, and Harold took his departure.

A little later, Harold met Eleanor down near the church, whither she was going.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" he asked.

"To help decorate the church, kind sir," she said.

"I'm not going to ask if I may go with you," he continued, "but am going to ask you to go with me."

"Where?"

"Down in Indiana."

"When?"

"Now. Train in fifteen minutes."

"What for?"

"I've been sent down there to get a bit of news, and may be it will be a scoop."

There was some other conversation—demur on her part, coaxing on his, with the result that she went.

Late that evening, the couple returned to the city, and went to a near-by hotel, where the young man left the young woman, and went to the office to report.

"Here's the scoop," he said, handing the city editor the following notice:

"Married, at Crown Point, Indiana, Harold Conway and Eleanor Whitehead, by the Reverend Henry Higgins, December 24, 1911."

"Yes, that's very good," said the city editor—"good news and a good scoop. I congratulate you. You've got a treasure—if you've got her. But what about that case of the assistant cashier I sent you out to look up?"

"Must you have that?" asked the young man. "It might be looked upon as reflecting on Mr. Whitehead, and I"—

"What's that to do with you? You were to get the news."

"All right, if I must."

"Is it written up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, where are you going?" asked the city editor, as Harold turned to go.

"To the hotel, to meet my wife."

"But she is not there," said the city editor, scanning the report while he talked.

"How do you know?"

"A messenger came a few moments ago, and blurted it out instead of seeing you."

"Where is she?"

"Gone home. She is probably being forgiven by her father by this time."

"And what about me?"

"Possibly that's another story. Hadn't you better call up the house, and see?"

He did so.

"Hello!"—after he had got the connection.

"Hello!"

"Is Mr. Whitehead there?"

"On the wire."

"This is Harold."

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Please, sir, let me have my wife?"

"So that's your idea of a joke, is it? Work up that scoop idea on me, and then scoop me by marrying my daughter, and telling me that is the scoop?"

"Well, I didn't know that I should use the facts I found out about your assistant cashier, and"—

"Was that your scoop?"

"Sure!"

"Did my daughter freely consent to marry you?"

"She certainly did."

"What did she say when you asked her?"

"That it would be giving papa a dose of his own medicine."

Harold heard what seemed to him to be a merry, familiar laugh come over the wire with the last remark.

"Do you think you have been fair to me, after what I told you?"

"Everything is fair in love and war, you know."

"Love and war? Then is it to be war between us?"

"What's the answer?"

"What do you say?"

"You've got a scoop on that information at that end of the wire, haven't you?"

"Well, your scoop goes, since you carried it through as you did, and your wife is waiting for you."

"When you get through with your talk," broke in the city editor, "I have to inform you that your salary is raised to"—

"What's that?" interrupted the young man, as the banker continued.

"I guess you are a pretty good reporter, but think I can do better by you. You will be appointed assistant cashier at the bank when the directors meet in the morning. Report for duty as soon as the paper will let you off."

"What's that you were about to say?" asked Harold of the city editor.

"Your salary is raised to"—

"May I resign my position here?"

"Why?"

"I am to be appointed assistant cashier at the bank in the morning."

"O hell!" said the city editor. "Damn these scoops, anyhow!"

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

BY WM. URBAN FRANEY.

A Maiden, sad, lonely and weary,
Unheeded passed along;

A spray of mistletoe touched her brow:
Her heart burst into song.

An Old Man, unkempt, bent and broken,
Muttering, passed this way:

A branch of holly was given him:
His heart was young that day.

A Woman, whose life badge was scarlet,
Paused on the river's brink,
When the words of a Christmas carol
Into her heart did sink.

A Man, whose horizon was bounded
By four grim walls of pain,
Was given a card of Christmas cheer:
The world was his again.

A Mother, starving; a crying child;
A scene of deepest gloom:
A "good fellow," bearing Christmas gifts,
Brought Hope into that room.

A CHANT OF CHRISTMAS.

(In The Balkans.)

Over the hill
Under the dawning,
Slipping and sliding—
"Halt and unlimber!"
Quiver and thrill
Through black muzzles yawning,
Hid in mist-dripping
Cover of timber.

"Crack!" And a flash
Outspits beneath us.
Swift on the warning
Splutter and spatter
Sweep to a crash—
Slow mists enwreath us
While the shots shatter
Night into morning.

"Quiet, men!" Low
Commands run behind us.
"Too high—keep her steady!"
These Maxims will held them."
Close are the foe
Though dawn-mists enfold them;
"Cease talking there—ready!"
No need to remind us!

"Fire!" From the mist
Leap shadows upspringing.
Eager we greet them,
Shatter them, shake them,
Leave them death-kissed
In the song of our singing;
Sunder them—sleet them—
Halt them—and break them!

Forth our voice spits
Over blood-streaming
Hillside and hollow;
Faster and faster
Now the mist splits,
Rent with disaster—
Victors! Still screaming
Death beckons—we follow
Faster and faster—
Hail! Hail to our Master!

—H. B. J.

VELLEDA.

(Continued from page 341.)

ment sunk into an apparent death and the girls crept away into the night.

The morning's sun discovered to the priests their victim beyond the power of mortal justice. Balked of their life sacrifice, they ordered the soldiers to place the body on the cliffs where the vultures would find the remains.

Knowing the custom which the priests at all times followed in case of the death of criminals, Velleda and Lilos went early to the "Hill of the Birds of Prey," which they found deserted by all save the presumably dead Ito. By the aid of sea winds and reviving potion they freed Ito from the effects of the poison, and two forest children, lovers of the great out-of-doors, joined in a long journey to the North Country, the land in whose barbaric dangers lay their only safety.



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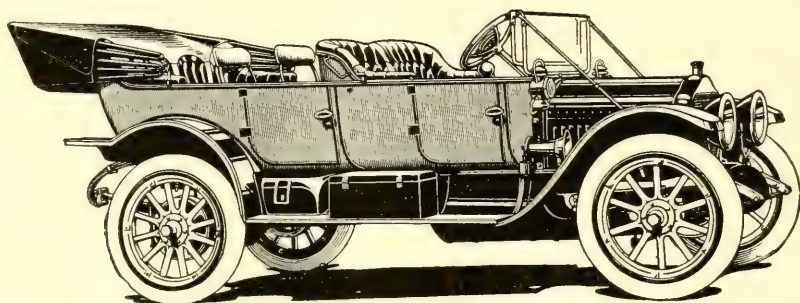
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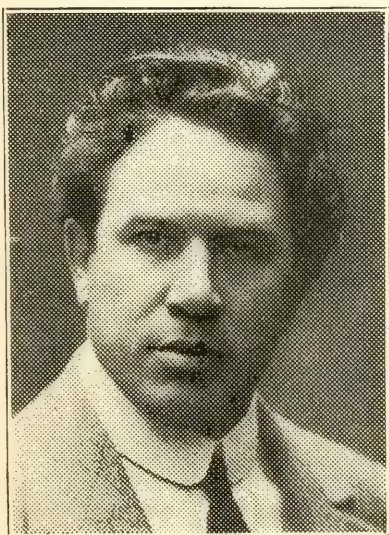
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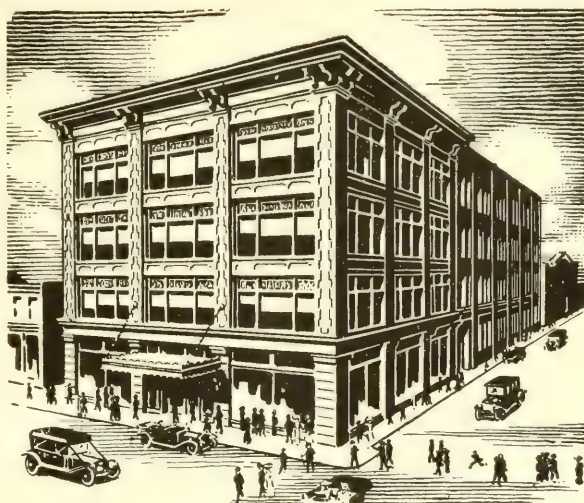
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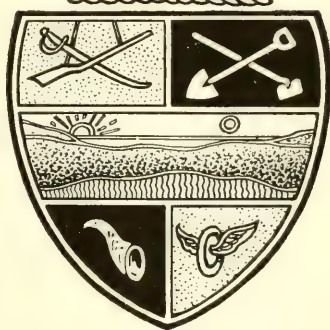
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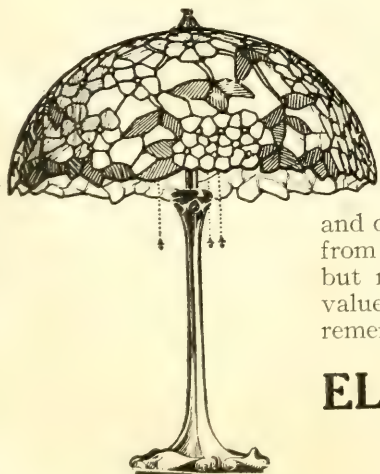
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Volume II. No. 1.

Chicago, Saturday, January 4, 1913.

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A HEAVEN-THWARTED MARTYRDOM.

Being the Horrendous Experience in Devotion to Science of James Argyle Matheson, M. D., as Related by Himself and Translated Into the Words of the Laity.

BY PAUL E. NEUMANN.

I cannot ridicule arguments about the pituitary body that have been reported through the press at great length during the past years. There are those who have seriously asserted that this tiny portion of brain, occupying the very hub of man's cerebral matter, and surrounded by innumerable convolutions and nerve centers, is the seat of the soul, and they declare that treating this portion of the brain would result in developing man into the perfect physical, mental and moral specimen that his Maker intended him to be.

This may sound a little fantastical to a healthy-minded man or woman. But as I sit here in my study, and write these words, with my wedding anniversary only a few days away, and my wife just across the table from me, I cannot keep from shuddering as I think of the awful night on which I was intended to be the object of a practical demonstration on the gland. How near I came to missing all these happy evenings before the home fire! And all for this one-time enthusiasm in the quest for light on the pituitary body.

I am a surgeon. Before my marriage, research had ever been my aim in life; and it can well be imagined by my colleagues with what feeling of intense interest I always had regarded this mystery of mysteries.

In the days of my university career, I remember distinctly the ill-concealed sneer that spread over the face of my fellow-students in the physiology class when Prof. Rogers, most eminent of physiologists of his day, seriously asserted his conviction that the pituitary body was the seat of the soul, and stated, in addition, that this opinion had come down from Galen, first of anatomists.

The remarkable progress of research in later years had redoubled my interest in the matter, and it could not have been surprising to my friends to have seen me zealous in attendance at the lectures delivered by the eminent foreigner, Von Bucholz.

It was on the night of the last of his series of lectures that Von Bucholz was killed by a stroke of lightning in the country home he had rented in one of our fashionable suburbs, and it was on

that night, too, that I escaped what probably was the worst fate that could have befallen any man. If not instant death, it might have been life-long mania, or imbecility. And all this on the eve of marriage with the dearest woman in the world, makes it a matter not to be contemplated with equanimity.

In the fearsome days that came to me shortly after that never-to-be-forgotten experience, I could often see Von Bucholz towering over me, impressing upon me the necessity of a sacrifice for the human good—that sacrifice, myself. The effects of the shock did not leave me for many a day.

On the night in question he had hardly ended his lecture when I stepped upon the platform to interrogate him on a point regarding the theory he so often had propounded—that agitation of the pituitary body in certain directions could force or stunt the growth by a species of nerve induction which could stimulate to greater activity the bone and muscle making cells, which, beginning in our embryonic periods, ultimately produce the perfect body.

We were discussing the researches of William Rutherford, the brilliant Scotchman, who had claimed, by direct electrolysis of the pituitary body, to have made an ape so man-like that he succeeded in teaching the animal the English language, and, but for the superhuman curiosity which he had failed to conquer in his treatment, might have taken its place indeed as a man. This curiosity, however, caused the brute to drink a bottle of ammonia by mistake which brought on its untimely death. Rutherford himself died before he was able to get another ape to take its place.

Von Bucholz up to that time had always impressed me as a man of immense mental power, but that he was not above flattery was indicated clearly by the expression of pleasure that was mirrored in his face when I told him how interested the world was in his work; and he replied, no less directly, that it was the support of men like myself—young men in the world of medicine, yet, I may say without blushing, already famous in their own centers—who had given him the greatest encouragement.

As we stepped from the lecture hall, the storm which had been raging all evening seemed to double in its fury. I was about to take shelter in the Central Hotel to await its passing, and then find my way home on the modest "elevated." Continuing our discussion, Von Bucholz asked if I were interested in a posthumous series of lectures upon the pituitary body, written by

Rutherford himself, which he declared proved without doubt that by treating that gland the intellectual and muscular development of the human being could be augmented to such an extent that the subject thus treated would be a very giant in thought and stature compared to his fellows. I replied that I was interested, but doubted it could be demonstrated. Then he asked me if I would care to accompany him to his country home for the evening, where we could study the work of the great psychologist together. Carried away by enthusiasm, I did not for one moment question his motives; and, when he pointed the way into his limousine, I entered with alacrity.

On the way to Von Bucholz's home, we spoke of the great scientist and the work that was lost to the world with his death. I did not notice then, but afterward remembered, how intensely nervous and stern Von Bucholz appeared. He smoked cigarettes continuously, and during the hour's ride repeatedly gazed out of the window as if in anxiety that we were being pursued. On reaching the country house he dismissed the chauffeur, and told him his services would not be needed until the next day. I afterward learned that his garage was more than a mile from the house, and subsequent events showed me the reason.

We entered through a large hall, and in a moment were ensconced in a library, the like of which I probably shall never see again. Through an open door I noticed a telephone, and then it occurred to me that I had arranged to go to the theater that night and even then had the tickets in my pocket. I was chagrined at the thought of having forgotten the engagement, and asked my host if I might use his telephone to appraise my fiancé where I was. With a look of annoyance he walked over to close the offending door, remarking that the instrument was out of order.

In my interest in my surroundings, I dismissed this peculiar conduct, although the reason for it came to me later. Anatomical specimens, teased and dissected as perfectly as if the hand of the anatomist had possessed the minute skill of a Chinese melon-seed carver, were lying on tables most convenient of access, while here and there were bones in various stages of development, and pathological specimens too numerous to describe.

But the thing that arrested my attention most was his immense collection of written manuscripts, most of which I afterward learned were his own work.

Motioning me to a huge leather-backed chair, Von Bucholz offered me a cigar, and seated himself opposite me, but close to the wall. I had lighted the cigar, and dropped my hands to the arms of the chair. He turned to press a button, and suddenly I was held as in a vise by a series of steel bands lined with rubber, evidently to prevent me from injur-

ing myself in any attempt to escape. These he quickly fastened still tighter by locking them at the rear of my chair, where he also held my head back with a smaller band similarly rubber lined at the top.

"I suppose you are surprised," he remarked, looking at me out of his deep sunken eyes, "but you are the man whom I have needed for years. All theories of development of the human being by direct treatment of the pituitary body are elementary compared to what I believe is my knowledge.

"But to prove the accuracy of my research, it is necessary for me to use my efforts upon a man of extraordinary mental development and strength, both of which you possess. I have tried in vain for the past four years to find some one who would suit my needs. It is out of you that I propose to make the actual superman—the mental and physical—the man who shall be developed to power and heroic size undreamed of when his Maker first placed him upon earth.

"I have unfortunately had to use underhanded methods to get you to the position you now occupy, but you can easily see, had you been informed in advance of my purpose, you would never have consented (which was very true) to undergo what I must now force you to in the interests of humanity, or perhaps, shall I say, to the defiance of God."

And he laughed sardonically.

"To be brief," he went on, "you are now in a house which on every side has at least one acre of ground. This room, as you will notice, is so well blanketed with rugs and tapestries that the loudest of outcries could not be heard beyond its walls, and there is no one nearer than the outer wall of the garden, 200 yards away to hear you, even should you cry out.

"In order that my experiments might take place with every possible chance of success, I cannot give you an anesthetic, and it is necessary for me to trephine a sufficient portion of your skull to enable me to open a channel through which I can reach the pituitary body through the lodges of the brain, a part of which I must also remove."

He paused and turned to a case of gleaming scalpels, and laid them out on the table.

"I may say for your benefit," he continued, "that you need fear no evil results as the consequence of my removing a part of your brain. I will assure you that my experiments in the pituitary body will render you physically so perfect that I can graft it on again."

I turned cold with horror. I was tongue-tied. Fear held me spellbound; and, try as I could, I could not utter a sound. No way to tell my future wife of my fate. And indeed, on looking around, I realized the futility of making any disturbance.

As I gazed terror-stricken, he continued;

"It is my purpose to accomplish this experiment with as little suffering to you as possible. But while I am going to produce external anesthesia, I cannot, as you, a scientist, appreciate, adopt local anesthesia to the center lobes of the brain which will be necessary for me to separate in order to reach the pituitary body.

"You will be well taken care of by me while under my care, and I realize that as soon as the preliminary operations are over, I will be able to arrest chemical destruction of tissue within you and all natural processes except those that I particularly wish to continue in order to develop you in the space of say six months into the superman I think I can make you."

I realized then that he had gone mad from too much learning. No reasonable student of this pituitary development had as yet been able to declare that development of the man could be enlarged upon by direct or indirect treatment of the gland in less than two years.

But my thoughts on this matter were interrupted as he approached me. He had with him a razor and it was evidently his intention to adopt the surgical precaution of shaving my scalp before making an incision.

The storm without was worse than it had been any time during the night. I could hear the crashes of thunder, despite the thicknesses of tapestries and carpets, and I noticed the lightning every now and again through a crack in the thick curtains covering the windows.

As he approached me I attempted to shriek, but the result was merely, as I remember it now, a hoarse gurgle. I could feel the wet brush as he lathered my scalp.

A terrific crash of lightning caused him to pause for a minute.

"I fear there is too much electricity of the atmosphere to be entirely successful, at this moment," he said coolly; "however, I cannot delay."

He proceeded to insulate me by placing my feet on a rubber cushion and separating me from contact with the chair with a rubber sheet.

Then he proceeded to shave around a circle. I saw him pick up his trephine to place it upon the middle of my head. On my breast he placed two electrodes from a small hand battery which was also placed on a rubber cushion. There was a prayer on my lips. This then was the end. I was far past the stage where I was angry with myself for having come. I remember I suddenly became quite calm.

An awful crash, accompanied with blinding flash forced the senses from my body.

When I awoke, I was shivering with cold.

Through the riven side of the house I could see the rising sun paint the eastern sky red with the approaching day.

Then I remembered. Looking about me, as I sat on the floor rubbing my head and finding it intact, I saw that the chair was split open from

top to bottom with the bolt that had torn a gaping hole in the side of the house.

Not far away lay the body of Von Bucholz, face downward.

The precaution which he had taken in placing the rubber around his steel bands to protect his intended victim had insulated me completely, and kept me unassailed from the lightning, which must have struck him just as he lifted his trephine to my head.

An hour later I was telling the authorities of the death of Von Bucholz.

* * *

In the interest of science I deemed it of moment that the real cause should not be revealed until now. But I have since that time given up my studies of pituitary development of the human, convinced that the form now carried and the mental development now reached by the human being is that which his Maker intended, and that attempts as in all the ages past, to invade the realm that by right is His, will ever meet with similar result.

And my wife agrees with me.

THE TWO DOLLAR GIRAFFE.

By Will Eaton.

Jack McGee comes up from Florida with an account of what happened when the circus train went bump in the woods down there and the Old Man offered the surrounding niggers a dollar each for bringing the animal specimens back. The price was not good enough for one gigantic and gorilla-made speculator, who wanted it doubled for a giraffe he said he had hived back-a-ways. The Old Man hadn't missed any giraffe, but he was willing to find out about it. He asked the gorilla if he was sure he knew what he was talking about. He was.

"Yassuh, Ah is. 'n it's a mighty savage giraffe, too. Done bit me twice in de laig. Ah ain' fetchin' no giraffe in fo' no dollah. Swuff two."

The Old Man gave him a dollar down and promised another on delivery of the goods. He took it and went away.

Next morning he came in, looking as though someone had been cleaning fish on him—lacerated, bloody and lame. In one hand he carried a club the size of your leg. In the other, over his shoulder, was one end of a rope. At the other end of the rope, battered, half hairless, limp and utterly dejected, dragged a ten-foot royal, man-eating Bengal tiger.

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JAY CAIRNS, Editor

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BOOST THE SCOOP.

Aurora, Ill., Dec. 30, 1912.

Financial Secretary.

Dear Sir: I take pleasure in sending herewith draft for \$11, being intended as payment of my non-resident dues in the Club for 1913, as well as a year's subscription to "The Scoop."

While I have been a member of the Press Club for a dozen years or so, I do not enjoy an acquaintance with Mr. Jay Cairns, who appears as the editor of the publication aforesaid. Will you not kindly tell him for me that I consider the Christmas number alone well worth the entire amount I am sending you.

With my very best wishes for the further success of the Club, I am,

Yours very truly, L. B. FRAZIER.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1913.

Financial Secretary.

Dear Sir:

There are those who like to loop-the-loop, But I would much rather read "The Scoop." It brings to mind the Press Club of Chicago, And very pleasant days of years ago. Enclosed you will find my check for one dollar— If I don't get "The Scoop" you'll hear me "holler;" To show you where the receipt ought to go Just look for the address of GEORGE H. ROWE.

(Mr. Rowe is an ex-president of the New York Press Club.)

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Joseph R. Taylor, Indianola, Miss., guest of Robert W. Millar.

L. E. Mueller, Chicago, guest of W. J. Cochran.

Hank Johnson, Pink Lady Co., guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

Harry Beresford, Green Room Club, New York, guest of John L. Lawson.

CANDIDATES FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership, from the following, have been approved by the membership committee, and will be voted on at the regular monthly meeting, Jan. 12, at 4 p. m.

Life.

R. M. Eastman, by Frank M. Morris.

Active.

Harry Arney, former member, by George Weymouth.

Geo. C. Bastian, Record Herald, by Clarence Snyder, Jr.

W. J. Birch, Record Herald, by Clarence Snyder, Jr.

W. E. Brown, Inter Ocean, by Hal P. Denton.

Wm. L. Bush, correspondent, by B. Beecher Osborne.

A. C. Cantley, Inter Ocean, by Robt. R. Jones.

Will J. Cleary, Tribune, by E. B. Fullerton.

M. E. Cubbon, Record Herald, by Clarence Snyder, Jr.

Edw. J. Doherty, Record Herald, by Clarence Snyder, Jr.

Adrian M. Doolin, writer, by J. J. Zmrhal.

W. D. Eaton, former member, by W. M. Knox.

Floyd Phillips Gibbons, Tribune, by Perley H. Boone.

C. E. Gifford, Daily News, by D. B. A. Richardson.

Michael Gudbrandsen, editor American Contractor, by W. A. Washburne.

W. H. Haselwood, Record-Herald, by Clarence Snyder, Jr.

Willard C. Howe, former member, by Albert Cone.

Elmer R. Jones, Record Herald, by H. G. Fisher.

Ben Kendall, Tribune, by Mark S. Watson.

Rex Lardner, Associated Press, by W. A. Washburne.

Dwight Logan Loughborough, Associated Press, by W. A. Washburne.

J. P. McElvoy, Record Herald, by Clarence Snyder, Jr.

William Mack, Inter Ocean, by W. A. Washburne.

Robert M. Maxwell, Inter Ocean, by Chas. N. Wheeler.

J. S. Meyer, publisher, by W. A. Washburne.

N. S. Morrison, writer, by Paul A. Williams.

E. G. Nichols, Examiner, by John L. Lawson.

Arthur James Pegler, American, by John L. Lawson.

Allen C. Rankin, Record Herald, Clarence Snyder, Jr.

Edw. W. Smith, Evening American, by W. A. Washburne.

Clarence L. Speed, Record Herald, by Clarence Snyder, Jr.

Harry Sundby-Hansen, Tribune, by W. A. Washburne.

Earle Ward, Record Herald, by Clarence Snyder, Jr.

Hugh C. Weir, writer, by P. C. Holland.

Josef T. Kramer, by J. J. Zmrhal.

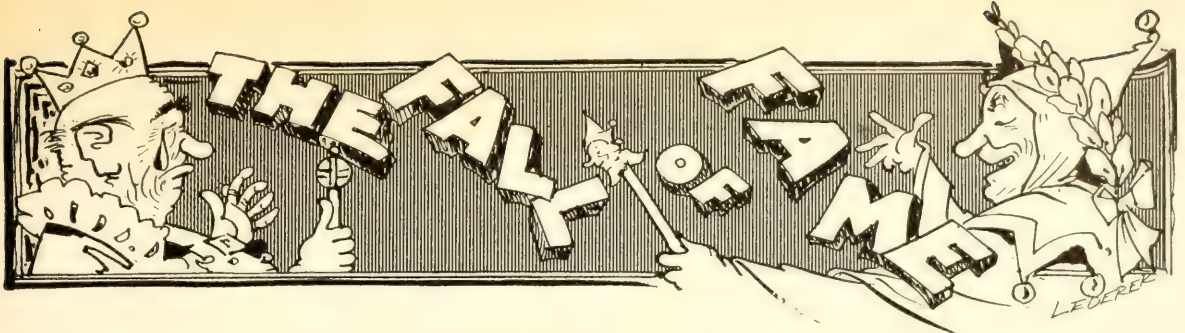
Archie G. Wallace, by W. A. Washburne.

Non-Resident.

Charles Boeschstein, publisher, by Chas. N. Wheeler.

W. K. Maxwell, editor, by Douglas Mallock.

Harry Beresford, by O. A. Mather.



Arthur R. Wolfe, his friends in the Press Club will be pleased to learn, has been elected Worshipful Master of Berwyn Lodge, No. 839, of the Masonic order, and will be installed January 6, 1913.

Frank Wetherbee is booked for California before the first month of 1913 has passed. But such a winter as we have been having for two or three weeks ought to satisfy any one without his going to California, and finding none any better. But, of course, we are not guaranteeing that such weather will last—in other words, what will the Wetherbee? Don't shoot!

John T. (Jaunty) Bramhall, in a post card to Earl Marble, from Chatham, N. Y., under date of December 29, says: "Happy New Year, old boy—and to the other old boys. I was very sorry that I could not get back to shake hands with you all. I missed Pritch, and Dick, and Forrest—and others. Say what you like of me, but say that I am as optimistic as ever, and that I have developed some good 'prospects' in California. Also that California is the Paradise of the United States, and should be reserved to the white race. Leave New York January 15 on S.S. Panama for the Isthmus, and remain there a week, thence to San Francisco by Pacific Mail steamer."

One of the Tribune young men Thursdayed in Dubuque, Ia., recently.

There is a small young man from Louisville on the Tribune staff who went on a slumming expedition recently. While he was quietly disposing of a short beer a plug-ugly stepped up and slammed him in the eye.

"I never saw the man before and he had no provocation," said the victim to his city editor afterward.

"Maybe he didn't like your looks," was suggested.

"It couldn't have been that," said the black-eyed person solemnly. "He hadn't seen my face."

Floyd Gibbons of the Tribune, whose application is pending, drifted into the I. O. office and assisted William Mack in filing his application for membership. Mack might have asked Harry Daniel or C. N. Wheeler.

There is a strong suspicion that Joseph Gribaldi Davis is holding out in order to get publicity—or notoriety. Maybe we'll try the silence treatment. Eh, Joe?

"Mose" (Mr. McCreery) has diagnosed that "tick-tick-tick" in the elevator as an acute attack of spinal-elevate-ortitis. Mose says he doesn't know what is best for a sick elevator.

Col. Kellogg, Col. Visscher and Doc Butler were discussing politics. Frank Comerford looked down on their three shining pates and remarked: "What a perfect carom." Which reminds us that Frank Comerford is writing a poem. Opie told him the other night that history fails to record lawyers or politicians. That those most remembered are men of letters. Hence Frank's poetic fervor.

We will help Frank. If he fills in the last word in the following jingle we will print his poem for nothing; otherwise, at one dollar per line, next to reading matter:

There was once a young lady from Keno
Who created a terrible scene—o

On two harmless sours
In less than two hours,
And from the cafe she _____.

Dues for first quarter of 1913 are now due. Come on across.

Monthly meeting Sunday, January 12, 4 p. m. This is the day for suspending and dropping members that are not paid up. Dig old top, dig.

For the first time in over two years our barber shop is up to the best standard and should be patronized by all members. The present proprietor is from the Brevoort hotel, where he worked for several years.



THE R. H. NEW YEAR'S DINNER.

Local room, business office and sporting department of the Record-Herald met New Year's afternoon in the greatest sporting event of modern times. The tournament was between the aforementioned and roast suckling pig, cocktails, et al. The edibles and liquid food finished a pretty poor second. Twenty-one hungry morning newspaper men made what in yellow novels is called "short shift"—of the infant porker and its colleagues in misery and gravy et cetera.

The stunt was staged at Mangler's. The piece de resistance was a New Year's donation of Morris & Company—the first piece of mail delivered by parcels post.

Jay Casey Cairns, the pride of the local staff—famous for his wardrobe and after dinner vocabulary, was unanimously elected toastmaster—and promptly refused permission to toast. C. L. Speed, city editor; Dan Sullivan, white dope (that gets by the desk) of the copy reading persons, and Ray H. Leck were among those who furnished the scintillating unit of the party. 'Twas a h— r— of a time. We'll have another soon.

THE CUB'S LAMENT.

I'm just a cub reporter, and it's tough;
The city "eds" keep cutting down my stuff;
When I write a story fine,
They condense it to one line—
Can you blame me when I say I'm treated rough?

When I've nothing else to do, there's red "obits"
Or a story 'bout some tabby having fits,
Or a tale about some gink
Who has drowned himself in drink,
But they somehow always miss me with the hits.

Howard Chambers hasn't anything on me,
Though his name in magazines you often see.
He's a guy that has a pull
And 'can shoot that spreading bull,
While my name is shrouded deep in mystery.

They forget to top my stories with a head,
And they give me just a single line instead,
But I know that it's a cinch
They'll some day give me an inch,
Though 'twill only be to say that I am dead.

THE CUB.

Monthly Meeting, Sunday the 12th, 4 P. M.
January Dance, Saturday the 18th

Our Big Annual Show THE SCOOP

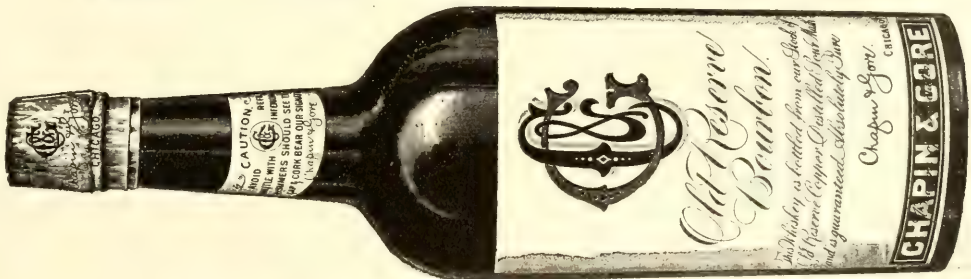
To be given at the Auditorium Theatre in April
\$100 CASH PRIZE

For the best "Book" written for this production.

If you have a bright idea which you think will add to the success of this our greatest enterprise submit it to President Wheeler promptly.

Can You Use That \$100—?
BOOST THE SCOOP

What'll it be? **C. & G.** for me.



CHAPIN & GORE That is all you need to know about whiskey.

HOW WE MADE 1913.

The big affair at the Club New Year's Eve shows what can be done with home-made products. With a few exceptions the program was filled with the names of club members. And the exceptions were noted and notable. Our Walter Perkins, the musical director, brought his talented wife, Gertrude Grosscup-Perkins—not that she had to be brought, understand—who acted as accompanist for charming Mrs. R. L. Cairncross, the wonderful soprano, and for Mr. Edwin Golbeck, the famous basso, who, as usual was in splendid form. Another exception was Miss Rose Kane, whose gypsy dances, in costume, were more entrancing than ever.

Mrs. J. Edgar Wynne added greatly to the entertainment with her delightfully humorous relation of incidents connected with the late Progressive campaign—of which she was a second Jane Addams.

The other exceptions were due to the courtesy of A. Milo Bennett, through whom three of the big hits of the evening were secured. These consisted of Mr. Frank Bertrand, the unsurpassed English comedian, who rendered some refined vocal sketches, the kind with which he has convulsed the leading London music halls; Mr. H. L. Richardson, the inimitable and original Jolly Bachelor, and Mr. Ed. Niner, the never tired and never tiresome impromptu singer, who was formerly the star in the "Runaway Girl," Augustin Daly's big success. These were the outsiders, but they became 33 degree insiders before the shank of the evening arrived.

The rest of the program was made of club folk and members of their families. There was Miss Marguerite Ray, whose voice is as sweet and pleasing as her own personality, and that's saying some. Colonel, or to be exact, Major M. E. Dickson, delivered a masterly New Year's address. Colonel Visscher diverted the audience with well chosen verse—his own—and some interesting reminiscences.

George L. Louis rendered selections on the piano from his own compositions—just the overtures, don't you know. Frank (etc.) Woodward reeled off a few yards of "Bill's" troubles with bills and other trifles. Frank was trimmed up to the queen's taste, even to the white gloves. He was billed to wear a wig—special for the occasion—but John Weber renegged. Anyway Frank's stories were fresh and frivolous.

Leroy T. Goble recited a few Kipling things with true Kipling fervor. Mr. Goble has a voice that thrills and carries.

READ THE SCOOP.
WRITE FOR THE SCOOP.
SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SCOOP.

Sigmund Krausz, the author of "The Cameo of the Empress," told an original New Year's story, which came to an untimely end at midnight, owing to the unavoidable entrance of Father Time (John L. Weber) with his following in full costume. These consisted of Mrs. Charles Lederer as the Fairy Spirit of 1913. Few recognized her in flowing yellow curls and her flimsy white skirts and hand-painted gold slippers (done by C. L. by special command); Uncle Sam, by W. H. Wood; The Cowboy, by Will L. Visscher (gun and all); Lo the Poor Indian, by G. Charles Griffiths. Also the Poor but Proud Spaniard, by Frank I. Wetherbee; John Chinaman, by Mr. Levy; Our Colored Brother, by J. A. Pegler, Jr., and the Mexican in Full Revolution, by Charles Lederer.

"ADVENTURE CLUB" MEETS.

The Adventure Club, composed of Press Club members and others who have traveled, explored and fought in foreign lands, will be organized at a meeting in the club tonight.

W. Robert Foran, late captain in the British African service, is the moving spirit in the Chicago Chapter—New York City has the pioneer organization. There will be no officers, no dues, no obligations. Just a vehicle for a closer fellowship among those of the "Wanderlust."

Those who will be at the dinner tonight are: Captain Foran, John McCutcheon, Richard Henry Little, Jay Cairns, H. Bedford-Jones, Frane E. R. Woodward, Clement Yore, Harry Irving Greene, Geo. A. Dorsey, Carl Akeley and Sigmund Krausz.

With Apologies to the "Sultan" and the "Harem."

It was New Year's in the Press Club,
Sour and sickly was the day.
The night before was a big one,
Many heads were now same way.
Said suave Ozzie as he sauntered
Down the carpeted halls:
"What'll you have to eat, 'boys?'"
The hangers answered, "Nothing, sir; we are not
a bit hungry."

Bell



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"The Thief of Time"

Procrastination is a human frailty against which every American Business Man must set his face.

Every out-of-town transaction involves some delay. A certain interval *must* elapse, but each unnecessary moment must be saved habitually, or the morale of the entire force will suffer. Every letter means putting off something till to-morrow at least, and perhaps till next week.

A prompt man seizes upon his long distance telephone and checks the habit of delay.

Chicago Telephone Company
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THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II. No. 2.

Chicago, Saturday, January 11, 1913.

Price 5c.

SOMETHING TO TELL HER.

By Opie Read.

Old Sam was called a mendicant philosopher: I don't know why, for surely in his deductions there was no poverty of thought, and I have never known him to "touch" for financial evil, not me, at least, but for this restraint his cause may have been well grounded. The pedant who called him "mendicant" may have got the friars of that order confused with the school of peripatetic philosophy which though trampish may not be broke; for I never saw old Sam when he failed to have on deposit a coin subject to the quick call of distress. Sometimes, looking at him I have mused, "there goes a great character, passing away;" and I know that his type will not be reproduced, for civilization prides herself upon renewing only the dull, the stale and—the profitable. Civilization flatters mediocrity and then sinks into decay.

The other day I met old Sam at the King Edward Hotel in Toronto. He was in a glee to show to me an old book which he had just found in a habitat's cabin, a boarded treasure whose meaning was as alert from my ignorance as an epistle clay-gouged in Aztec, but Sam said that it was as clear to him as a city ordinance, and perhaps it was.

"But books be blowed," said Sam. "What now comes up for review is a table-de-hote dinner that poets rave about but don't get. Fortunately we have not been branded into that herd. We'll eat."

Just at that moment there came toward us an old man, carrying in his hand a small harvest of shoe strings. His clothes were threadbare but neatly brushed, his hat napless but clean and his home-mended shoes bright with polish. His trained eye no doubt saw in Sam a benevolent purchaser, and he had approached within a few feet of us, when up stepped a braided flunkey and took him by the arm to lead him to the door.

"Hold on there," said Sam. "You are leading my guest away. I have invited this gentleman to dinner, and he is here by appointment."

The flunkey stepped back and touched his gold-bound cap. "I beg pardon, sir."

"All right, but you should be more careful."

"Yes, sir; I thank you, sir."

Sam now addressed the old man: "Our dinner is ready, Colonel. Come!" and taking his arm, led him into the dining room. Our guest was a philosopher of the adroit school, for with a skillful shift he concealed his shoe strings. The head waiter shot him with a size-up glance, but a look from Sam conquered in even this imperious quarter, and the czar of "vidults" bowed humbly. Then we sat down. Our guest, the Colonel, caught up his napkin and with careless grace drew it across his lap. He spoke of King Edward, for whom the hotel was named, commended his genial democracy, lamented his death and forespoke a prosperous reign for his son. Sam sounded him on books. His acquaintance with them was vague but he made it polite, remembered Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Trollop; but in their company he was not at ease, and Sam permitted him to choose his own associates. And he talked well, of the things that he had seen, of the deplorable changes in our mode of life. He took his soup in well ordered silence, with never a blubbing gulp, though from his eyes he could not expel the hollow look of hunger. The viands came on, and how deliberate he was, pausing to make a pleasant remark, saying no word to dispel the play, old Sam's whimsic drama. The end came, the cigar, and his talk flowed into a dreamier channel. His old eyes, no longer hungry, saw pictures, but never did he obtrude them or make allusion to his hard luck in life. Nor did he upon rising embarrass old Sam with professions of gratitude—he took our host by the hand and spoke low of tone: "At home I have a little grand-daughter. Tonight I shall have something to tell her. Good-bye."

FER OL' BILL.

Fer ol' Bill's sake I'll do this,
Nuthin' else 'ud give me nerve.
I'm not like them other rhymsters
Waitin' roun' fer chance to serve.
I'm some rhymster tho, but modest,
As you see by way I swerve
From the thot to save the rhymin'
And to keep the words a chimin'.

But when Bill calls it is different
How kin I turn down ol' Bill?
How kin I desert ol' faithful
When he has this space to fill?
Now four lines to all you poets
Who on reg'lar days shine here,
Give us rhymin's like big Clem does
An' you'll see your stuff appear.

THE SCOOP

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JAY CAIRNS, Editor

B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

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W. J. COCHRAN.

Edition Editor for Jan. 11.

Beginning with this issue, each edition of THE SCOOP will be edited by a different member of the Press Club—to be known as Edition Editor.

Edition Editor for Jan. 18, Jerome Power.
Edition Editor for Jan. 25, Leroy T. Goble.

FUTURE ENTERTAINMENTS.

Chairman Rudy Berliner of the Entertainment Committee, whose versatility has earned him the commendation of his committee associates and the entire club membership, has some big plans for future stags and other entertainments.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors Rudy had his war paint on, and justly so. He said some things to members of the committee who have been laying down on the job. Everybody promised to wake up, roll up sleeves and work together for the success of future affairs. The ladies are not to be overlooked, either. While the stags will continue, there will be other entertainments for the wives, daughters and sweethearts of the members.

It has been decided, on the authority of the Board of Directors, not to permit women above the library floor on stag night. The only exception will be those performers invited to participate in the show by the Entertainment Committee. It was thought necessary to enforce this rule because of the limited gallery space.

Authority also was given the Entertainment Committee to make up all future menus on entertainment nights, including the stag. A beef-steak dinner, served from "the wagon," a la College Inn, is contemplated for the next event.

PRESS CLUB DAY AT CEMENT SHOW.

Wednesday, January 15th, will be Press Club Day at the Cement Show. Procure tickets at Press Club office. No charge.

BOOST THE SCOOP.

The "Scoop," the club's big entertainment feature of the year, will be given at the Auditorium in April. It behooves the members to hustle to beat the effort of last year. If every body shows an interest this can be done, hard as the task may seem.

As an incentive to effort, the club offers a cash prize of \$100 for the best "book" submitted to President Wheeler. This is a chance for embryo playwrights, as well as some of the seasoned ones, to pick up a bit of pin money.

Get a brain duster from Jeff and give us a specimen of your talent. No one is barred. It is an open contest, and if you don't win, you may at least have the pleasure of seeing the creation of your gray matter produced.

"BOOST THE SCOOP!"

Make this the club slogan from now until April.

"RED" MAKES THE LEAP.

R. L. Parker, Tribune Automobile Editor, Induces Indiana Girl to Say "Yes."

Reed L. (Red) Parker, hero of many Glidden tours, Beau Brummel of Automobile row and the noisiest yell leader Wisconsin University ever owned, has gone and done it. "Red" is going to be married. The young lady is Miss Geraldine Tarbell, daughter of Mrs. J. B. Birdsell, of South Bend, Ind., Red's native heath.

The engagement has been announced, "Red" is beginning to save his pennies and is training himself for a life of blissful domesticity. And the marvel of it is that he is succeeding beyond the wildest dreams of his old cronies. "Red" has begun to plan the nest to which he will bring his bride, and has already informed "Jack" Lawson, his particular pal, that whenever he calls at the dinner hour he will have to take "pot luck."

"Red" announces that his bachelor dinner will be given in the near future. Speak respectfully of the bridegroom if you would seek an invite.

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

Harry B. Thearle, New York, guest of Edward Maher.

Albert Morrison, Oak Park, guest of Wm. Jossey.

Theo. Dreiser, Chicago, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

Ben P. Warren, Girard, Kan., guest of Geo. Weymouth.

Crawford Kent, London, guest of Dr. G. Cooke Adams.

Charles S. Wharton, Chicago, guest of Victor Eubank.

A. R. Porter, Chicago, guest of Theo. Van R. Ashcroft.

Capt. W. A. Duke, New Orleans, guest of Edward White.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

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| | |
|----------------------------|---|
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I. W. P. A. NOTES.

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

The I. W. P. A. is to have this space each week. The editor of *THE SCOOP* has placed it at our disposal. For the courtesy we tender thanks. It means a great deal to be able to express ourselves officially and at the same time have no trouble concerning the first cost. All we have to do is to try our best to help in every way we can Mr. Cairns, the editor of *THE SCOOP*, and the rest of the management to make the paper the brightest and most interesting sheet in the country. We can do that in two ways.

First, every member of our organization who is not a subscriber should be soon. No need of elucidation of the theme. It is simple fair play with the Press Club. There should be the closest understanding and sympathy between us. About the only profession where women get their deserts without any argument or lowering of either prices or self-respect is that of journalism.

The Press Club stands for the men journalists of Chicago.

The I. W. P. A. is the only standard organization of women writers in the city. Most of them are actively employed by various publications.

By the grant of this space to us, the Press Club has again demonstrated its kindly feeling toward us.

Send in your subscription.

But there is something bigger to be done. Let each member of the I. W. P. A. constitute herself a committee of one for the purpose of news gath-

ering. Any items concerning members which you think will be interesting, kindly send in by Wednesday morning of each week. It may be a little bother, but it will go a long way toward keeping us in touch with each other.

Besides, this something bigger includes a different proposition. We want to demonstrate that we are capable of fine things in the literary and artistic sense. The benefit will be practical, too. This little paper finds a place on the desk of about every editor in the country. Moreover, it is *read*. There are dozens of women in the I. W. P. A. who are capable of fine things in literature. In fact, it may be suspected that all of them are.

Whatever your field—verse, short stories, sketches, essays, reviews—please send us in something dear to you. The more variety the better. Nothing can be too original for this page. It will be a labor of love, but one which, I am sure, will be repaid in the same coin.

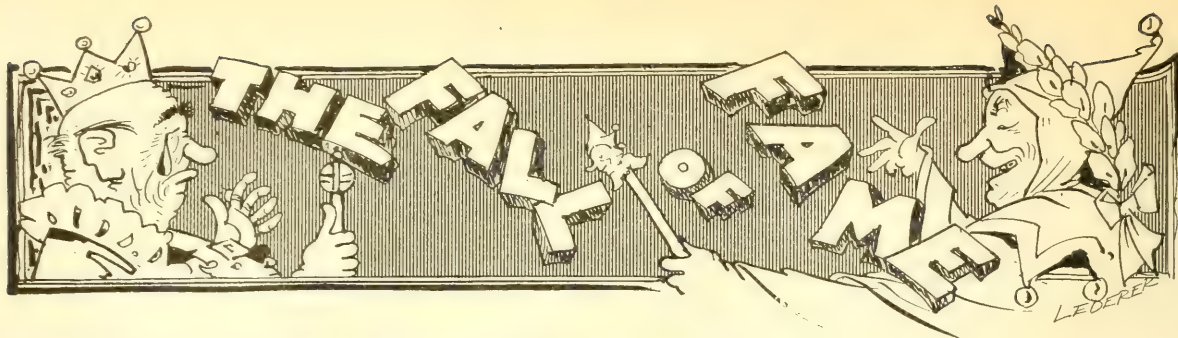
Ethel Colson of the Record-Herald contributes this story of the program meeting. She has promised us some verses soon. Incidentally, it may be mentioned during the past year she has earned some hundreds of dollars by verse alone. Yet there are those who declare that verse does not pay.

Jean Comerford

The regular monthly meeting of the Illinois Woman's Press Association was held at the Press Club on Thursday evening, January 2, at eight o'clock. The evening being in charge of the Editor's Section, the president, Miss Mary Eleanor O'Donnell gracefully introduced Mrs. Mary O'Connor Newell, chairman of the section and Woman's Editor of the Chicago Record-Herald, who had prepared the programme. Mrs. Newell, with charming tact and simplicity, presented the various participants.

The first number consisted of three original song-readings, "Mammy's Lullaby," "To a Little Old-Fashioned Girl" and "Lucindy," by Mrs. William Bates Price, who made her professional debut on a 1912 I. W. P. A. programme. For encore, Mrs. Price told a Southern dialect story.

Miss Alice Henry, editor of "Life and Labor," interestingly related certain experiences and adventures in relation to "Editing the First Woman's Labor Magazine," providing food for both thought and laughter. Sara Anthony followed with a graceful interpretative dance, "Little Boy Blue," and was enthusiastically applauded. Then Sheppard Butler, Sunday Editor of the Chicago Record-Herald, with witty seriousness considered "Is the Sunday Newspaper Necessary?" Another group of song-readings, "The Patchwork Quilt," "Molly Molloy" and "The Old Clock," with the inimitable and irresistible "Sassy Ann Sophia" for recall number, completed the programme, being given by Mrs. Price.



The following political scribes compose the Chicago legislative squad at Springfield:

Charles N. Wheeler (our own president) of the Inter Ocean.

Edward O. (Ted) Phillips of The Tribune.

Arthur Crawford of The Record-Herald.

William (Pessimistic Bill) Culver of The Examiner.

Frank Armstrong of The Daily News.

W. O. Chapman of The Evening Post.

Bert (Sprint) St. Clair and Harry Hatton of The Associated Press.

George Louis, our Atlasian composer, is at work on a new score. He calls it "The Rhum Score." It has a jingle of silver motif—either duet or quartet.

No sun was ever accorded a prettier greeting than the smiling orb which bathed the dawn of Jan. 1. To the heroic songs of Kirk Towne, the sun arose. A solemn party greeted it—solemn for an instant. What party could be solemn or even dignified at such a moment? That's what they all thought—they who made it not solemn.

Dan Sullivan shone as the J. Ham Lewis of the Record-Herald staff at its New Year's dinner. Ray Leek was chef.

Ed. Maher has returned from a leave of absence and is once more on duty at the war council.

Jeff reports a big wine sale the last week. Who gave the party we were not in on?

Famous Lees:

Henry W.

Robt. E.

O'Neill Browne.

Clement Yore, who has recently been visiting Harry Irving Greene, is once more about the club.

Brig. Genl. Ed. Kittlesen, commanding the Third Brigade, Illinois National Guard, joined the rocking chair war squadron this week.

G. Frank Lydston, who has been touring the East, has returned home. Welcome to the trough.

Franc E. R. Woodward has received many enconiums because of the new style he has created—white kid gloves and tan shoes with his dinner jacket. Franc does things Ward McAllister would never introduce.

The Fur Collar Cadets:

| | |
|------------------|-----------|
| Franc Woodward | } Tenors. |
| Rudolph Berliner | |
| Karl McVitty | |
| Harry Daniel | } Bassos. |
| Frank Comerford | |
| Hal Lytle | |

Joe Henderson's new book of travel, "Roams in Rome," will soon be on sale. This latest effort by Mr. Henderson is intended as a sequel to his first book, "Grapes and Garlic," a vivid pen picture of life in Sicily. Grapes and garlic can be had at all grocers.

Bill Wathey is doin' the prodigal son act on last month's profits. Some profits, too. Bill bought a new overcoat, roll collar et cetry, and now he's showing the folks out in Montana just how a real Windy City sport looks.

Birch and Rankin, of the R. H. sport staff, constant matadors to Wathey's Bull, say they're wretched. Nobody to bait. They ought to join the Press Club.

Clare Snyder (himself), R. H. re-write wage earner, was assigned to wrench a story from two chorus girls. Said it only cost thirty cents. Snyder didn't attend the last stag.

Illness has caused so many temporary changes among make-up men and city editors at the Record-Herald that the office boy allows as how "You can't tell who to call a liar. He may be the boss tomorrow."

Jimmy Cruisinberry (Sam Weller) of the Trib has bet himself \$300 that he won't take a drink this year. Jim always did like sure things.

Luke Grant, dean of the labor sharks, now is doing city hall for the Record-Herald. The somnambulists now will have to wake up.

Paul Williams of the Trib is the champion sleeper of the club. After his Dubuque nap, he started to work one day last week, and when he woke up was passing Fullerton avenue en route home on a North Side "L."

Dan Sullivan must have a rubber spine. He turned a flip-flop down a pair of marble steps, lit on his back, bounded up and said, "It never touched me."

There's an application coming from Palmer of the Examiner photography staff.

Bill Moore, city editor of the Inter Ocean, is a regular in the library. Bill doesn't make much noise, but he's a real-club booster.

"Pop" Pegler of the Examiner has followed his son's example and joined the club. Hurray for the kid.

Riley Martin, as quiet as the north shore suburb he covers for the R. H., gave a real un-Evanston-like shout at the stag the other night when Elizabeth Murray sang "My Turkish Opal." Who wouldn't?

"Doc" Norton, the Tribune's religious editor, brought his son around a few nights ago, just to show him that newspaper men, after all, are not such bad fellows.

Bro. Ormes, since resigning from his berth as religious editor of the Helva Press, has become "quite the lion" at the dances.

Mason Warner's "Miss Perkins" articles in the Trib "Line" have proved so popular that J. U. H. and Dr. Lydston are exhibiting fine little bunches of professional jealousy.

Phil. Sawyer is a regular club member since his return from down state. He is perfectly strong again and acts no more like a cripple than H. B.-J. Their beards are fearfully and wonderfully alike.

"Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of information. Do Paul Woodruff, Mark Hayne, Harry Hyman and Newly-wed Barnes still belong to this club?"

At last here is a modest parent. Write his name in caps—W. E. Ray. And he has a real reason for boasting, too. Those who heard his daughter Marguerite sing New Year's Eve say both are wonders.

Harry Beresford has put in an application for non-resident membership. This ought to bring Joe Davis to time.

Long John Holme, who when in a certain nameless condition can be induced to sing the "Battle Cry of Iceland," 'lows that Greek brandy is the finest liquor which ever soothed his belly. And he has been hounding our Jeff to lay in a stock of the same. Some day when John has looked upon this here stuff, get him to trace his family back to Chief Ooky Wootch, who ruled Iceland in 1500 and could throw a walrus jaw farther than any living man.

Any time any member of this club finds himself steeped in gloom, let him purchase a bottle of acquivitte—that terrible drink with which the Vikings slaked their fiery thirsts—and invite Sundby Hansen and Brother Holme to partake thereof. One treatment is guaranteed to cure the most malignant case of blues—not that any member ever gets 'em.

John "God" Lovett, who grew to six feet, and half that in width, despite the sunflowers and hot winds of Kansas, had a "run in" down at Ald. Tearney's dram shop the other night. It seems that the alderman took advantage of the fact that he is a city father, and has been keeping open long after all the other inns were closed. Little Johnny escorted a Trib photographer to Thirty-fifth street and Calumet avenue, where a couple of flashlight pics were taken of rows of autos waiting to carry home the revelers.

At the second flash the Ald. headed his band of trusty shuffers and made for our boys. Well, sir, it must have been a pretty sight, for from various sources, it has been learned that John forcibly struck four of his assailants and they connected with the asphalt. An honorable retreat to a taxicab was made, during which a couple of more oilskins wallered in the mire. As the machine was driving off a mean shuffer drove in front and blocked the way. Myriads of fists shot through the open windows of the taxi. One of these clenched a pair of pliers which knocked a few chips from the pearls with which John grips his cigar. Another caught him on the eye, still another on the nose. "Our Hero" returned these blows with interest, and was holding his own in a style that would make Old Man Lovett, down in the Jayhawker country, feel proud of his offspring, when a copper arrived and the peace of the village was restored.

Ralph Ellis, who thinks more of his famblly than of the P. C. and therefore is a holdout, has transferred his affections from the "World's Tightest Newspaper" to that Wretched Herald.



"EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT."

Carter De Haven and Company Live Up to the Name at the Monthly Stag—Old Bill Jossey Umpires the "Race."

Not even New Year headaches could keep the members away from the monthly stag last Saturday night. Through the courtesy of A. H. Woods and his rotund Chicago manager, Lou Housman, the entire "Exceeding the Speed Limit" troupe, the big hit at Cohan's Grand, was the attraction.

Carter De Haven, who looks like a college plebe, but who confesses to being two times a father; Flora Parker, his pretty, winsome little wife, and Elizabeth Murray, who occupies her own spotlight, were the guests of honor.

Every other member of the company aided the three principals in making the stag a success. At the start the absence of President "Charley" Wheeler and "Rudy" Berliner, the versatile chairman of the Entertainment Committee, threw a scare into their timid aids, but "Old Bill" Jossey arrived at the psychological moment and "put over" the program without a break.

Just to show the guests what we carry in stock, Kirk Towne, Frank Comerford, Leroy T. Goble and Prof. Charles Griffith contributed.

It is easy to understand why Mr. De Haven and his company are packing the Grand nightly. The company is made up of talented artists, as clever off the stage as on, and "good fellows," every mother's son and daughter.

There are few better entertainers than Carter De Haven. As a dancer he reminds one of George Primrose, when the great minstrel was at his best. Carter also has some voice, and as a comedian is just as "swift" as Georgie Cohan himself.

Only a few women on the stage rank with the inimitable Elizabeth Murray. She is a combination of Maggie Cline and Blanche Ring, with something added, and gets her character songs over in a manner that creates an appetite for more.

Then there was Marion Bell, just as "cute" as when she played here in "Officer 666"; Fred Bond, the gentleman who has the nightly scrap over his seat coupon; Clara Palmer, Albert Parker, John L. Kearney, who tells a rattling good story for a "reformer"; Jay Wilson, Abner Symmons, Daniel A. Anderson, A. E. Walsh, Ed Coman, Lola Hoffman, Mary Hastings, who likes her name so much she likes to sing about it; Lillian Ormonde, Betty Best, Ethel Seeley, Alice Palmer, Betti Berry, May Allen, Ann Hoffman and Arthur H. Gutman, the composer of the musical numbers, who presided at the piano.

The evening—rather the morning—closed with a dance in which the girls were kept busy granting the requests of eager partners. There wasn't a wall flower in the troupe, not even Elizabeth Murray, who, although chaperone for the younger crowd, didn't miss a waltz or two-step.

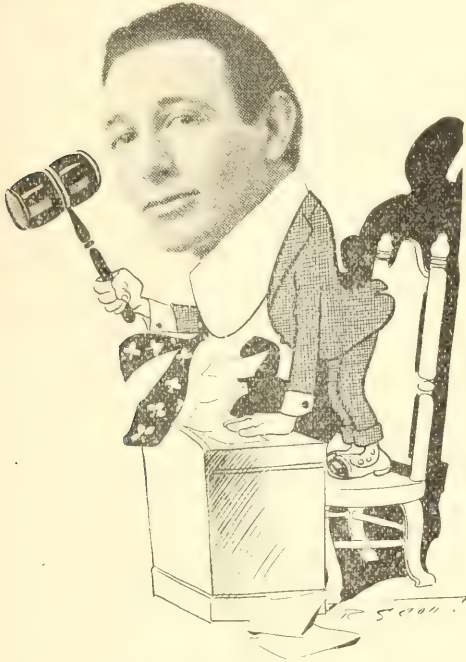
We bow to "Al" Woods' judgment. His play is well named and the company fits.

OUR GALLERY OF GREAT AND SMALL

Barratt O'Hara.

Out in St. Louis (honest, it's on the map) some years ago there was a kid sporting editor on the now defunct Chronicle. His mania then was Cocked Hat. Now his particular idiosyncrasy is wearing an uncropped mane.

In his search for greater fields to conquer he came to Chicago. He kidded the Hearst chiefs into giving him a job. Ultimately he be-



came a real bug—Sunday editor of the Examiner.

Then he awoke to the realization that in politics there (sometimes) is wealth. He started a sheet of his own, and, with malice aforethought, set out to hoodwink the voters of Illinois.

P. T. Barnum was right. The people do like to be fooled. They elected Barratt O'Hara Lieutenant Governor.

Next Tuesday, January 13, 1913, he will push John Oglesby out of the presiding officer's chair in the Senate and take a firm hold on the gavel. He will need to.

Barratt, like President-elect Wilson, scorns the "13" hoodoo. His dreamy eyes—and they are some eyes, girls—indicate a determination to grab the governor's salary some day. All power to him.

He is a wise youngster—not more than thirty—and may be expected to rap any gay legislator on the "bean" who, in a misguided moment, should imagine there is a mollicoddle in the chair.

Go to it, Barratt; the club is pulling for you. But, for Mike's sake, cut that hair. The campaign is over.

A PLEA FOR VERSE.

By "UNCLE BILL" JOSSEY.

While seated in the Club last week, I heard Billy Knox speak unto old Joseph Henderson (the prohibition fox), "Why should THE SCOOP each week contain those yards of senile verse, which drives its readers straight to drink, or Kelly pool, or worse? Why not more good old prosy prose, of interest or not? Why not excerpts from Boswell or from Walter Scott, the Scot? Why must we all be pestered with those sentimental rhymes, recalling ancient pastimes in vogue in ancient times? If we must deal in memories of long-forgotten youth, why not read Swift or Smollett, the great Deans of Naked Truth? Why should they be allowed to sing of buccaneers and yells; of pirates' sunken treasures and of modern diving bells? of parroquets and Spanish mains, and maids, and all the rest of all the valiant sixteen who sat on a dead man's chest? Why songs of spring? Ain't no such thing! The seasons are the same. Why songs of sea, and mother's knee, and Love's eternal game? Why not X plus X equals X , or trigonometry, instead of mushy, slushy verse that's miscalled poesy?"

Then up spoke the meek and humble one, who, waiting for the hearse, submits unto Ye Editor each year the season's verse (and each year just as seasonably is kicked into the street), for dactylic compositions written in iambic feet:

"Why not let ambitious ones pour out their souls in English, sweeter when it's writ and scanned in verse that is alcaic in its metre? Why should obituary notices bear imprint that's archaic, when they might be writ in verses that are sweetly elegiac? Shall we banish carol, sonnet, or the tuneful roundelay, because mankind disremembers that December isn't May? Let us sing of pirates, war, and smoke, and lovers that must part, and keep alive the romance that is born in every heart. Let us sing of mother love, and let us keep tradition true, for Shakspeare wrote the father love existing in the Jew. The birds sing all their song in verse, the trees and flowers grow in rhyme, and songs of hope hide all habiliments of woe. And I hope that old Walt Mason will forgive this theft, and see that I get a line inscribed in measure, foot, or dipsody."

READ THE SCOOP.

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Monthly Meeting, Sunday the 12th, 4 P. M. January Dance, Saturday the 18th

THE MASKED MODEL.

By O. SHAW.

Scene—The Art Institute, of a snowy afternoon. A large room discloses a black curtain, behind which the voices of embryonic sculptors are heard. Enter Vic Eubank, on press agent duty bound, and Mither Mulligan, head of the sculpting class.

Eubank—(Gazes suspiciously at the curtain which divides the sculpturing class from public view)—I'm glad, Mr. Mulligan, that you're going to bring your entire class down to the cement show. Do I understand that they will model in clay?

Mulligan—Yes. I intend to have the students do their work at the Coliseum, instead of the Institute.

Eubank—Great! I suppose you will have your own model?

Mulligan—Yes, we're working now on a statue of Venus. And I will say that we haven't had as pretty a model in years. She's somewhat of a mystery, too. She always wears a mask when posing.

Eubank—Do you think she'll consent to pose for us at the Coliseum?

Mulligan—Just step behind this curtain with me, and we'll ask her.

Eubank—(Somewhat embarrassed)—Is—is— is she posing right now?

Mulligan—Certainly.

Eubank—(Hangs back)—But—but is it all right for me to interview her now?

Mulligan—Certainly. She'll think you're a sculptor. Come on.

(Mulligan pulls the curtain back and enters, followed timidly by Eubank, who has his hat in his hand and is evidently ill at ease. The students give the master sculptor and his companion a glance and continue with their work. Eubank stands in awe before the model, who is garbed in—a black mask. She looks at Mulligan and the press agent and smiles.)

Mulligan—This is Mr. Eubank, who is arranging for some sculpture work at the Cement Show. Will you pose for us down there?

The Model—Do you think there is any danger of people finding out who I am?

Mulligan—I hardly think so. You will go masked, of course?

The Model—Of course; I wouldn't have any-

body know who I am for anything.

Eubank—(Blushing furiously)—We'll arrange that all right.

The Model—Then I'll come.

Mulligan—Then that's settled. (Turns to leave, followed by Eubank. The latter is perspiring freely. He almost breaks into a run when he gets to the door. When they are outside, he turns to the sculptor.)

Eubank—(Excitedly)—Say, Mr. Mulligan, for heaven's sake be reasonable. Isn't that girl going to wear more than a mask at the Coliseum?

Mulligan—Yes, I suppose we'll have to drape her somewhat.

Eubank—Well, if you don't, Arthur Burrage Farwell will have me shot at sunrise.

(Curtain.)

OBITUARY.

JOSEPH WRIGHT.—Funeral services for Joseph Wright, lawyer, clubman, resident Chicagoan and for many years a director of the Illinois Humane Society, who died Jan. 6 at his home, 225 East Thirtieth street, at the age of 73 years, was held last Wednesday. Pneumonia, which developed from a cold contracted last Friday, was the cause. Mr. Wright settled in Chicago in May, 1869, and practiced law here continuously until he was stricken last Friday. He leaves the widow and a brother, Thomas A. Wright, a Chicago real estate dealer. He was a member of the Chicago Club, the Press Club, the Chicago Bar Association and the Canadian Club.

Dr. G. Cooke Adams and A. Stanford White were pallbearers from the Press Club.

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Volume II. No. 3.

Chicago, Saturday, January 18, 1913.

Price 5c.

THE RESURRECTION OF BILL.

By JEROME W. POWER.



TWO weeks after I invented the dope which would bring dead men back to life I landed in Stratford-on-Avon, England, for the purpose of resurrecting William Shakespeare, the well-known dramatist, since that act, to my notion, would be the greatest possible boon to the world. The necessary arrangements were made with the authorities and great secrecy was preserved, a precaution which I considered wise for a number of reasons.

The dope worked beyond my fondest expectations; the scattered bones knitted themselves with the dust and shreds of clothes remaining in the tomb, and in a few minutes William Shakespeare, the genuine, issued forth, blinking and yawning, into the light of day.

"Prithee," said he, "we'll have one more round, my hearties, and then hie from this tavern hence, to another tavern. Nay, hold one and all! My eyes do tell me that the new-born sun shines e'en so soon upon the purple cliffs of Dover. I'll home."

My heart leaped as I heard this immortal passage fall from the lips of the great bard, who apparently thought he had but fallen asleep at one of the tables in the ale-house where he met his demise. But much work was to be done, and I immediately took my charge in hand and explained everything. He was nearly a week in comprehending, but he displayed remarkable intelligence, as was to be expected, and at the end of that time was ready to accompany me to Chicago. My plan was to spring him on the public by putting him to work on one of the great newspapers in that city, and then when he should have taken the whole country by the ears, so to speak, introduce him some night at a select dinner held at the Congress or St. Regis, together with a formal announcement of my great discovery.

Well, we got to Chicago. Bill had been morose all the way over, spending hours at a time in the contemplation of space with his great languid brown eyes, and he displayed little more interest when I conducted him into the city room of The Chicago Bugle. The city editor, whom I had long known and who was under deep obligations to me, made us welcome, although he looked with some apprehension at the great bard, to whom, of course, I gave a pseudonym. I must confess

that in spite of all I could do for his personal appearance, which included a neat black suit, regulation black shoes, a broad felt hat and an East Aurora tie, he looked "funny," and just a little weird. His reddish brown curls and beard I allowed to remain.

I assured the city editor, Mr. Tabasco by name, that our friend was a great journalistic star whom I had picked up on the continent, and whom I desired to be given an immediate position on his staff. He consented, declaring that



"Read this!" roared Mr. Tabasco.

he had long needed a good man and that he would give Bill an immediate assignment. I hovered around the office to watch results.

Mr. Tabasco suddenly became all business. He cleared his throat and darted one in the direction of our friend. Bill was stroking his beard and dreaming out of a window over the expanse of the lake. He never budged. Mr. Tabasco turned red in the face.

"Here! You!" he bawled, "run over to the Desplaines street police station and relieve the man there. Cut your stuff short, and be sure to call me up if anything big breaks."

Bill sauntered out the door, and I spent three anxious hours. At the end of this period he sauntered back and deposited a single piece of copy paper, covered with a series of sprawls, on the desk in front of his chief.

Mr. Tabasco pounced upon the offering and studied it for a minute with knitted brows. He first became red, then purple. Turning to Bill he cut loose.

"Sir," he said in a feline voice, "since when do you imagine we began to pay poets \$20 per week? (Puff, puff, puff, like a cobra.) What do you mean by turning in such ballyrot as this? You're fired! No, wait, you're not fired. You

must have wanted me to fire you, hatching up such infernal, everlasting bunk as this, and I'll not accede to your wish to the extent of firing you. Here, Dr. Barrel, read this, from the pen of the man you touted to me as such a whale."

I read:

The night lay dark and danksome o'er the town,
With blinking lights that did their sheen,
Self-photograph within the saffron stream,
Save where the bridges spanned;
'Twas thus and so when our good burgher, Joe Wocynski,

Freighted well, did homeward weave his weary way,
Until at Lake and Halsted streets,
Two bold banditti did him sore beset.
He fought most stoutly, for when one is stayed with booze,

His courage does not so quickly ooze,
But he fought in vain, and to the sergeant later told
How he had been relieved of jewels and gold.
And this I say: What profits one to fight?
Of jewels and gold we know there's always more
But a punctured skin, i' faith, is difficult to restore.

Mr. Tabasco looked at the author of this gem with speculative eyes, such as he might have turned on the office cat had she chanced to give birth to a litter of pups.

"You must think you're Bill Shakespeare himself," he railed, "and where do you get 'banditti'? Plain 'bandits' is the word on this sheet. Here, cub, call up the Desplaines street station and scare up about five sticks of live stuff. If they won't come across use your imagination. What kind of a front page would we have if you—over by the window there—had police courts every day? Hey? But I'll give you another chance. Down to the cashier with you and get transportation to Kenosha! Give us a thousand words on the McFarland-Murphy fight up there tonight. Go into details a little; we'll get the main facts over the wire. Jump! You've got just an hour to catch the Northwestern excursion."

Bill may, or may not, have noted the sarcasm in these last words. At any rate he sauntered out into the night, and I went to my hotel for a little rest. Five hours later, on my return to the office, I was met by a grinning boy in buttons.

"He's down there in the bar, drunk as a lord, recitin' poetry to a bunch of bums. You better go in an' see Mr. Tabasco. *I'm stayin' out here!*"

With a heavy heart I entered the city room.

"Read this!" roared Mr. Tabasco.

I read: :

The smoke of similar black cigars,
Hung the raftered ceiling under,
Like an ominous battle cloud,
From which came battle thunder;
While grouped around the roped pen,
Ten thousand wavering faces hem.
Now forth step two stout bullies, loudly hailed;
Bare to the loins, with padded mits
They lay on long and staunchly,
While the multitude shouts and cheers,
Until one upon the other one,

Such a fearful clout doth land,
That one might think of good Queen Bess.
The stricken bully falls; the crowd doth shout,
While our brave referee counts him out.
And this I say: If again I'm asked to sing,
Give me a prettier subject than the ring.

"How's that?" shrieked Mr. Tabasco, with a mad light in his eyes, as I sadly, but reverently placed the sacred piece of copy back on the desk.

"Pretty position you've placed us in, Dr. Barrel," he continued. "Here every other paper in town is out with a full account of the fight, while we have nothing, or only this, which is worse than nothing."

Certain familiar, shrill cries arose from the canyon of the street, as if to reinforce the fact, and rub the odium into the city editor's sensitive hide.

"Damnable," cried Mr. Tabasco, as his ears caught the sounds. "I don't suppose, Dr. Barrel, that you will have the presumption to ask me to



"In time to help disentangle Bill from an ash can."

retain this man on my staff after such a caper as this?"

"Mr. Tabasco," I faltered, "I shall ask you to give him one more trial. Perhaps the assignments you gave him were not to his liking, and he wrote what he did in the hope that you would give him something more congenial."

"Very well," he decided, after some hesitation, "I'll try him on society. When he's sober, bring him up, and I'll give him an assignment. But remember," he added, as I was leaving the office, "this will be his last chance!"

I took Bill home in a taxicab that night. Next morning I routed him bright and early, dolled him for the gods, and conducted him into the editorial presence.

Mr. Tabasco informed him in vigorous fashion
(Continued on page 24.)

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

A SONG FOR IRELAND.

By Florence Kiper.

Why do you call me so, mother, mother?
Why do you call me so over the sea?
O I am weary, my son, and forsaken.
The voice of my loneliness calls unto thee.

Why are you lonely, mother, mother?
Why are you lonely over the sea?
My beautiful fields have they taken, taken;
They have taken my beautiful fields from me.

Why do you want me, mother, mother?
Why do you want me over the sea?
The sons of my love must arise and redeem me.
I have bled for them, they shall bleed for me.

See, I am coming, mother, mother!
See, I am coming over the sea!
A precious and bitter boon will I give thee—
The gift of death for the love of me.

A nice man said the other day he doesn't believe in both kinds of suffrage because he is afraid it would turn out a serious sort of *de-womanizer*.

There are people who agree with him. They have a right to their opinions. We told him so.

But—he said we could not possibly ever, ever be capable of sitting in legislative bodies. The insinuation was that as a sex we are so mightily capricious and uncertain that we would spend all our time arguing about matters far removed from the main issues.

He may be right. Verily, he may be right.

Which reminds us that up to date it is some deadlock in the Illinois legislature. A few of our Progressive Party and Democratic members get together occasionally in sweet amiability and discuss it.

But he is a nice man and verily he may be right.
JEAN COMERFORD.

When De Lany Holden did not get down to the American office on Monday everyone knew some great trouble had come to her. To one or two of us she had mentioned the fear that had followed her for months. Those who missed her knew the thing had come to pass.

Her wonderful little dark-eyed mother had gone into the last and sweetest sleep.

The end came Sunday morning. The evening before Mrs. De Lany had attended the cement show at the Coliseum. At 10 o'clock she went to bed happy and well. A little after 2 in the morning she was seized with an attack of heart failure. The two children, De Lany Holden and Jack De Lany, were there alone. The mother fell asleep gently and surely.

In another room the husband and father has lain helpless from paralysis for more than a year. Monday morning a priest told him. He did not speak for a moment. Then he said:

"She was my good old side partner. I'm glad she is at rest. Now, I'm ready."

The full name of the little mother was Julia M. De La Vie De Lany. The funeral Wednesday was private and was from the home at 917 Airdrie place. It is thought that Mr. De Lany will not long survive his wife.

De Lany Holden's pen name in the Evening American is Madame De La Vie, which is thus seen to be her mother's maiden name.

Business meeting today at the John Crerar Library. Let's all try to go. If we do we will know just what is happening and how. There will be less knocking, and a quickened understanding of I. W. P. A. affairs.

Florence Holbrooke, who is the principal of the Forrestville School, is a member proposed. She has written rather extensively herself, and besides she knows how to develop the poetic instinct in her pupils. There have been some beautiful bits of verse written by her young pupils. She will tell us about it soon.

Mary O'Connor Newell is trying not to be lonely. She at last sent her sturdy son Bob, aged seven, to a traveling boarding school.

Has anyone counted up the work that President Mary Eleanor O'Donnell manages to turn out? It is worth while following the trail for a week just to see what one woman can do—and well!

Harriet Monroe writes art on the Tribune and edits POETRY with equal facility. The December number of this brilliant little magazine is the best yet. Most of us agree that Miss Monroe possesses a fine discrimination in the verse she publishes. The rhythmic chant of the Bengalese Tagore set beside the three fine bits by Alice Corbin argues a generosity in her consideration of form that leads one to prophesy a large future for the magazine.

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JEROME W. POWER,

Edition Editor for Jan. 18, '13.

SCHEDULE OF EDITION EDITORS FOR FUTURE ISSUES.

Jan. 25thLeroy T. Goble
Feb. 1stClarence Snyder, Jr.
Feb. 8thTheo. Van R. Ashcroft
Feb. 15th.....Paul E. Neumann
Feb. 22dEarl Marble

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

Rev. Norman B. Barr, Chicago, guest of B. A. Ulrich.

C. W. Graves, Grand Forks, N. D., guest of Willis Melville.

W. R. Foran, Chicago, guest of H. Bedford Jones.

J. Henderson, Lambs' Club, New York, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

C. G. Alexander, Chicago, guest of Edward White.

Roy H. Randel, Chicago, guest of W. G. Clifford.

M. H. Levy, Chicago, guest of J. A. Pegler, Jr.

E. H. Stanford, Chicago, guest of W. N. Burkhardt.

SCHOOLS FOR JOURNALISM.

The American Conference of Teachers of Journalism was organized in Chicago at a meeting in the Rose Room of the Sherman House, Dec. 6. Fourteen colleges and universities were represented. The officers of the new organization are: President, Willard G. Bleyer, University of Wisconsin; vice-president, James Melvin Lee, New York University; secretary-treasurer, H. T. Harrington, Ohio State University. The next meeting will be held at the University of Wisconsin, Nov. 28 and 29.

A Strong Ally.

Chicago, January 13, 1913.

Charles N. Wheeler, Esq.,
President, Press Club,
26 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

My Dear Mr. Wheeler: In accordance with the terms of the contract existing between the Press Club and The Chicago Tribune, by which The Tribune is entitled to three free memberships each year for members of its staff, and exercising that right, I herewith name the following members of The Tribune staff as the men chosen by The Tribune for such free memberships for the year 1913:

John Ensink.
James A. Durkin.
Ben Kendall.

Mr. Kendall's application for membership I understand is pending, while Messrs. Durkin and Ensink are not members.

It might be interesting to the members of the Press Club to know that these men were selected by ballot among the employees of The Tribune who are members of the club.

Yours faithfully,

J. KEELEY,
General Manager.

The above letter speaks for itself. It is one of the many evidences recently coming to the surface of the cordial relations existing between the Tribune and the Press Club, owing largely to the choice of such a commanding figure as Mr. Wheeler for the presidency of the Club, and such a live and up-to-date list of associate officers and board of directors. Last year the number of Tribune employes who belonged to the Club was less than half a dozen. Today seventy employes of that big and influential paper are enrolled as members of the most distinctive Press Club in the United States. Mr. Keeley deserves and certainly has the thanks and good will of all our members for the decidedly friendly attitude he has taken toward the Club.

WE'RE VERY SORRY.

To the Editor of THE SCOOP.

In last week's Scoop paragraphs were printed in the "Fall of Fame" column, purporting to be humorous reference to John Holme and Sunby Hansen, of The Tribune. While it was doubtless not the intention of the author of these "witticisms" to offend the gentlemen mentioned, still exception has been taken, and I think justly so. While I was announced as "edition editor" of the issue in which the offending items appeared, I did not see them until after publication. I have learned since that they were "picked up" with other left-over matter standing in type from the week previous. Had I seen these proofs, I would have "killed" both items. Inasmuch, however, as the items were printed in an edition bearing my name, I feel it incumbent upon me to offer the apologies of THE SCOOP to both Mr. Holme and Mr. Hansen. I think it is coming to them.

W. T. COCHRAN.

Note: So do I.—Ed.

Frank W. Smith for several years treasurer of the Press Club, was recently elected secretary of the Corn Exchange Bank. Frank is one of the highly honored "old Guard" of this Club, and his promotion from cashier to secretary of this great bank is evidence that he is highly honored among his business associates.

OTHER PRESS CLUBS

THE PITTSBURGH PRESS CLUB played good fellow Christmas Eve to a host of "kids" gathered from the slums and poorer homes of that city. The little guests, many of whom had never heard of Santa Claus, were welcomed by the children of members. Turkey was in abundance, while a huge Christmas tree, the largest that could be procured, was properly trimmed by settlement workers and set up in the center of the room where the dinner was in progress. Clothes, toys and candy were distributed. Good stunt.

THE SALT LAKE PRESS CLUB presented a play Oct. 31, entitled, "The Political Follies of 1912," which was a great success from both a dramatic and box office viewpoint. The first scene showed a garden and the exterior of a well-known Utah politician's home; the second a saw-mill in a rocky chasm, and the third, scene, a newspaper office on election night.

THE MILWAUKEE PRESS CLUB held its annual benefit Nov. 11, with Otis Skinner playing in "Kismet," at the Davidson Theater, as the main attraction. The house was crowded with members and supporters of the club. Each patron of the show was handed a copy of "Once A Year," the annual of the club, of which George C. Nuesse is editor. The club elected officers Jan. 8.

THE SEATTLE PRESS CLUB offers \$100 in regular money to the member who writes the best play for the fourth annual "Wuxtra," which is the term given to the club's dramatic blow-out each fall. The club recently gave a benefit smoker for "Deacon" Stearns, a popular local newspaper man, who has been under the weather. Boxing, wrestling and vaudeville were features. The entire cast of "The Red Rose," playing at a local theatre, made merry with members of the club on the evening of Nov. 27. The program included "snappy entertainments" and a dance. Last fall's production of "Wuxtra" made such a noise along the coast that the club will be compelled to hump to keep up the reputation for dramatic inspiration which has attached to the members. "Pink Dominoes" was the play given on the nights of Oct. 29 and 30, followed by "In the Cow Country" on the night of the 31st. Tickets were sent to all members by the committee, at a charge of \$1.00 each. Correct. West of the Mississippi they take it for granted that everybody has the spirit.

THE SAN ANTONIO PRESS CLUB installed officers Oct. 13 in the "dungeon" of a local hotel. Ladies were present in numbers, and nobody went away complaining of either hunger or thirst. Madame Nordica appeared at Beethoven Hall on the evening of Dec. 3 under the auspices of the club.

THE HOUSTON PRESS CLUB is the liveliest bunch in the country and seems to have the newspapers of that city under complete dominance. The conductor of this page has several times cleared his desk of clippings relating to the performances of members of this club, but here's one that caught in a crack and escaped the waste basket: Colonel W. F. Cody, the famous Indian fighter, was a guest of honor Sept. 29. The club threw a house-warming Nov. 14, which was featured by spaghetti and beer and attended by the city officials and most of the actors in town. The members of "The Pink Lady" company, playing at a local theater, were guests at a ballyhoo Dec. 11. Ballyhoo sounds good.

Novel means were taken to increase the club library by inaugurating a book shower Nov. 24. Each member, before being admitted, was compelled to give the name of a book he would present to the library. The only requirement was that the book be "readable." Three large book-cases were filled. Plans are on foot, and on horse-back, to suppress the club pianola, which owls have been operating at unseemly hours of the night and morning. The best suggestion thus far is that the vibration producer be turned into a 25-cent slot machine. The club received a large gas stove from a local dealer as a Christmas present, with the hollow statement that they could use it to heat coffee for themselves late at night. Members of the club attended an oyster roast and barbecue tendered Dec. 1 by the Seabrook Hunting and Fishing Club. The club gave a banquet Dec. 13 to Joseph Fels, a single taxer of national renown. The Houston bunch has likewise caught the proper spirit by setting aside a certain night each month for the ladies. Good bunch. Bang!

THE TRI-CITY PRESS CLUB, which takes its members from the newspaper men of Rock Island and Moline, Ill., and Davenport, Ia., will widen its scope by admitting to membership the newspaper men of Clinton, Muscatine, Galesburg and Monmouth, according to a decision reached Oct. 15 at a meeting in Rock Island.

THE PRESS CLUB OF NORTHERN KENTUCKY, which makes its home in Covington, across the river from Cincinnati, gave a reception and dance Jan. 1. More than 500 persons, including the officials of the two cities, visited the club rooms during the course of the entertainment, and the merry-making and dancing continued from late to early.

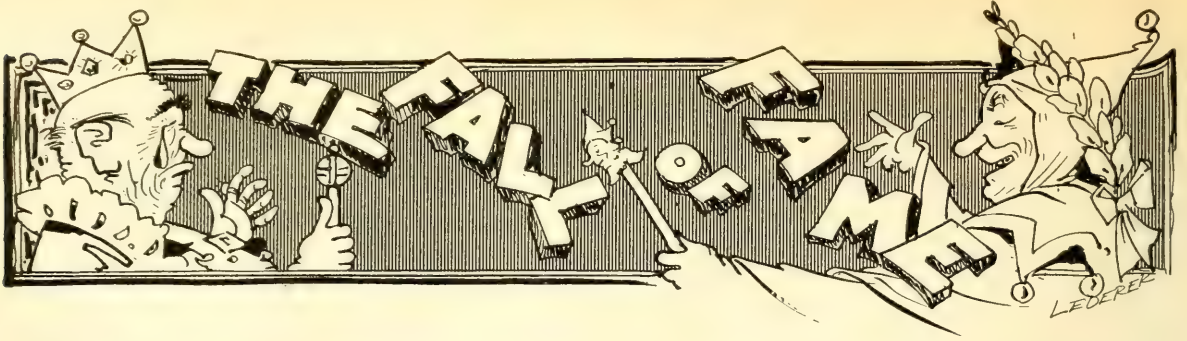
THE BIRMINGHAM PRESS CLUB threw a smoker and 'possum dinner Nov. 23 to local friends who assisted in entertaining the Alabama Press Association, which convened in Birmingham last June.

THE DALLAS PRESS CLUB, in response to the invitation of a superstitious manager, initiated the Adolphus, which is the name of the new \$1,500,000 hotel of that city, by making the place headquarters for a monthly meeting and dinner Oct. 7, prior to the admission of regular guests. The club alternates its sessions among the hotels of the city.

THE DAYTON PRESS CLUB is the name of a brand new one formed in Dayton, O., on Dec. 13. Thirteen men attended the initial meeting, thus continuing the hoodoo. The club plans to meet monthly, with an annual blow-out, and membership will be limited to editorial workers. A dinner was given Saturday night, Jan. 4, in honor of George F. Burba, who resigned from editorship of the Daily News to become secretary to Gov.-elect J. M. Cox.

THE NATIONAL PRESS CLUB, Washington, D. C., on the evening of Dec. 12 was the scene of a stormy debate on the international question: "Resolved, That Bow-legs Are a Greater Menace to Navigation Than Knock-knees." Affirmative: William Sulzer, Governor-elect of New York; James M. Cox, Governor-elect of Ohio. Negative: Boise Penrose, Senator from Pennsylvania; Thomas P. Gore, Senator from Oklahoma. Referee, John Hays Hammond. Much erudition was displayed by both teams, but at last reports the question was still unsettled, and will probably be referred to The Hague. Whisper: What was the referee for? Answer: To keep 'em from hitting in the clinches.

THE WILKES-BARRE PRESS CLUB elected officers Nov. 23, and arranged a social program for the winter months.



Charles Kingsbury Miller, life member of the Press Club and Union League Club, Chicago, has been enrolled as a member of the Union League Club, New York.

Hal P. Denton made a flying trip east last week and stopped off for a day's visit at the Pittsburgh Press Club, of which he is an ex-vice-president.

Dr. A. L. Mann of Elgin takes a keen interest in the Club and always looks in when in town. The Doctor was accompanied by Mrs. Mann when attending a recent meeting of the State Microscopical Society held at the Press Club.

Burt C. Bean has just published another book on business, "How to Persuade and Convince." Beaney makes no claim to originality for the ideas in this book. He states frankly that he gleaned them from the methods of acquaintances who "left their roll at home in another suit," and want a dollar or so until "tomorrow." When Bean edited a dictionary he purposely omitted the word "tomorrow," for, he says, "Tomorrow never comes—they ain't no sech thing."

Some people are hard to please. To appear in the Hall of Fame should be enough for the most ambitious, but some will kick. J. U. H., Dr. Lydston and Mason Warner resent our hooking them up together, but if anybody deserves the hook they do. Both J. U. H. and Dr. Lydston say that their idea of something not to be jealous of is Mason Warner's stuff. Dr. Lydston says that he can't afford to be mentioned in connection with an incurable case like J. U. H.'s humor. J. U. H. says Dr. Lydston never cured anything except the trough's optimism. Mason Warner says that he advertises Blue Pills for Purple People and is too ethical to associate with an ordinary doctor. Nice mix up, isn't it?

Dwight Logan Loughborough of the Associated Press has been added to the membership committee. His latest recruit is Jack Royle, who is the Pacific Coast wire editor. Loughborough vouches for him as a *Royle* fellow.

It is "Colonel" Perley H. Boone now. The Colonel's neat beard and the fact he originated in Texas won him a commission with a big seal and signed by W. C. Howey, James A. Durkin and others on Gen. Howey's staff.

Which reminds us that W. J. Cochran also is a Tribune colonel. His commission is signed by Gov. Folk of Missouri, but he keeps it hidden.

Harry Beresford of the Green Room Club, New York, has enlisted in the campaign against Joseph Garibaldi Davis, the holdout. Mr. Beresford, who is a subscriber to the SCOOP and was a recent visitor to the club, went out through the middle west on a tour. From every stopping place there came to Mr. Davis—one of the actor's closest friends—a postal card bearing the legend "Why don't you join the club?" or something of that nature. The postal cards tickled the Tribune men and Mr. Davis was kept blushing. Imagine Joseph Garibaldi blushing.

G. J. Kavanaugh, publicity expert for the Moffett Line of Denver, stopped over in Chicago on the way to his ranch at Monrovia, Cal. Mr. Kavanaugh invited the club to be his guests on a trip over the Moffett Line next summer. He says it would bankrupt the English language to describe the beauties of the road.

The local newspapers, in spite of the number of beats registered against them by Scoop, were strong in praise of our Christmas issue, and scores of papers throughout the country devoted valuable divorce case space (don't pi that, Mr. Make-up Man) to quoting President Taft's message and describing other features.

Colonel Visscher told stories at a meeting of the Chicago Fire Insurance Club Dec. 17.

Eugene O'Rourke never fails to get a hand on the funny stories he throws overboard on the occasion of our stags.

TWO WELCOME ADDITIONS.

Paul Cowles and Chris Haggerty, "A. P." Top-notchers, Join the Club.

Dwight S. Loughborough, the hustling member of the membership committee in the Associated Press central headquarters, has landed two live ones in Paul Cowles, superintendent of the central division, and Chris Haggerty, who recently came back to become city editor of the Chicago office. Both served the A. P. in the Russian-Japanese campaign, and have had other experiences that would make hair stand on the heads of even members of the Adventurers' Club. Their applications were voted on at Sunday's meeting, and of course the welcome was unanimous.

Chris used to tell a good story about his trip to the Far East, accompanied by Dick Little and Tom Millard, who now runs a chain of American newspapers in the new Chinese Republic. Tom had been to Peking to cover the Boxer uprising. Dick and Chris were making their maiden trip. When they stopped at Honolulu the three piled into a cab to see the sights.

Chris and Dick were enraptured. Tom had been there several times before, and had lost his enthusiasm.

"God must have made this place and then the rest of the world," declared Chris. Dick agreed. Millard sat huddled up in a corner of the cab, exasperatingly unconcerned. Suddenly he straightened up as he sighted a building evidently just completed.

"What do you think of that? They have built a new ice house since I was here last," he said.

Haggerty, who is six foot ten, or thereabouts, and almost as broad, unceremoniously pitched Millard, who is about 5 feet nothing, out of the cab window.

"Think of a fellow talking about ice houses in the garden of Eden," he remarked, in supreme disgust.

Harry Irving Greene took occasion to make a remark the other night which should not reverberate into history without being noted in this organ.

P. F. Lowder was engaged in playing pool. One of the official club cats, cavorting around a corner pocket, was having the time of her life pretending that the balls were mice diving into holes.

Mr. Greene said: "Lowder can't play in any game where there isn't a kitty."

The Press Club barber has announced that he will cut Leroy Goble's hirsute appendage without remuneration, for the sheer pleasure he would take in the work.

A True Story.

Over in Jefferson street the other day I was standing in the shop of a taxidermist who is a friend of mine, when I noticed a fellow member peering intently into one of the front windows, which contained a rare assortment of stuffed owls, ducks, dogs, crocodiles, lynxes, and among other things the mortal remains of a large, handsome black cat. Fearing that the fellow member might want to borrow a five spot I excused myself for a moment and hid behind a bale of goods. The fellow member trained his deadlights on the cat in a most uncanny manner. Suddenly he started, brushed one hand across his face and then dashed into the shop.

"Tell me the truth," he cried, grabbing the taxidermist by the arm, "is that black cat in the window dead and stuffed like the rest of those varmints or is he alive—"

I reached out from behind the bale and prodded the taxidermist.

"Why, of course he's a live cat," he replied, slapping our friend heartily on the back, "and what's more he has a habit of winking his great yellow eyes at people who look into the window. Pretty clever ad, hey? Could I interest you—"

"You're sure he's alive?"

"Sure. Go over and pet him."

"No, thanks; that's all I wished to know."

And looking sideways at the stately feline mummy in the window our fellow member hurried from the place, and as the door slammed behind him my eye caught a crimson flash headed toward the gutter, and to my ear came a merry tinkle, mingled with something which sounded very much like "Never again!"

SOME NOISES IN THE LIFE OF A NEWSPAPER MAN.

"Bah!"

"When I grow up I'm goin' to be a cowboy and go west and kill Injuns, an' if ma won't let me do that I'm goin' to be a pirate."

"I don't see anything wrong in holding hands."

"Rah, rah, rah!"

"I'm experienced on my home paper and on my college paper and while I am willing to start as a reporter I am quite competent right now to hold down the managing editor's desk in a pinch."

"Hey, Bill, how many 1s in 'tranquillity?'"

"Bah!"

**READ THE SCOOP.
WRITE FOR THE SCOOP.
SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SCOOP.**

January Dance, Saturday the 18th

THE RESURRECTION OF BILL.

(Continued from page 18.)

ion that he was to cover a widely advertised party in a mansion on the Lake Shore Drive. I feared the worst, and to dispell my nervousness, spent the intervening hours at my club, playing billiards.

I arrived in the city room at the psychological moment. Proofreaders, reporters, office boys, temperance workers and all other habitual inhabitants were running around in a circle, buzzing like bees, and filling the air with pieces of torn copy paper. From the center of the circle dashed Mr. Tabasco.

"Read this," he yelled.

I read:

How blithe the music and how sweet the flowers,
Out-sweeted only by the ladies fair,
Damsels and mesdames one and all,
Who trip the measure at the year's best ball;
Silk is queen—pink, mauve, violet and pearl gray,
Doth rustle gently as they dance the night away.
But, prithee, not too much of silk doth show,
For the gowns are cut becoming low.
And what with potted ferns and alcoves all around,
And minstrels making lusty sound,
Full many a whispered love vow must have passed,
And many a tremulous question asked,
While older heads do strut and fret,
And play at being paroquet.
A charming scene, but vague and vain,
As pussy-willows on the wane.
And this I say: Of all Chicago's joy,
The free lunch wins with this old boy.

"Boy!" barked Mr. Tabasco, addressing the buttons, "take that blithering idiot over by the window, the one that's stroking his beard, down to the cashier and see that he gets a week's salary. Then throw him out. Don't let him walk out, do you understand? *Throw him out!*"

"Man!" I cried, "that's Shake—"

"Exactly, Dr. Barrel," interrupted Mr. Tabasco. "Shaky nerves, caused by drink or drugs. But shaky nerves is putting it too mild. The man's plain daffy. He would put any paper in the world out of business in a week. It will take us six months to explain some of his capers, and get our office machinery in smooth working order again. I hope, Dr. Barrel, that if I have ever been under obligations to you, I am in that position no longer."

From the direction of the cashier's department, which fronted on the street, I heard a great hullabaloo. I rushed down in time to help disentangle Bill from an ash can on the edge of the sidewalk. He was for getting a drink without delay, and I humored him far enough to let

him get inside a saloon, where I forced him into a corner and applied the antidote. Into a convenient suitcase I placed the bones and rags and dust. One month later they again reposed in the sepulcher at Stratford-on-Avon.

I may spring my marvelous invention on the world some day, and then again I may not. I am going to do some tall thinking first.

COLUMBUS PRESS CLUB GIVES SMOKER TO GOV. COX.

BY HUGH C. WEIR.

Columbus, O., Jan. —.

A newspaper man is the new governor of Ohio. When "Jimmie" Cox took the oath of office as the forty-sixth chief executive of the Buckeye state, the long list of editors who have stepped from the realm of scissors and copy to public life received a substantial addition. Governor Cox is the publisher of two of the most profitable newspapers in Ohio, the Dayton News and Springfield News. Twenty years ago, a young man of twenty-three, he bought the all-but-defunct News of Dayton on his nerve. Today it is a publishing property worth several hundred thousand dollars.

It was fitting that the newspaper men of Columbus and Ohio should take an unique part in the induction of a fellow craftsman into such a distinguished position—and the finale of the day's solemnity and festivity was marked by the Columbus Press Club's smoker and home-made and home-produced vaudeville show at the Great Southern Hotel, at which the newly made governor, the members of his staff, and a lengthy list of state officials were guests of honor. It was no idle flattery that came from Governor Cox when, at the close of the program, he made the emphatic statement that even the Gridiron Club of Washington never produced a more clever or more clean-cut political caricature than that engineered by the Columbus newspaper men.

A miniature stage represented the office of the Dayton News, the governor's paper, with a private telephone wire connecting the city editor's desk with the "boss's" state house sanctum. Here came a stream of visitors, among the imaginative list being the new preacher-representative of Cincinnati, Rev. Herbert Bigelow, Newton Baker of Cleveland, Congressman Burton, and other famous and infamous figures in Buckeye politics, the various characters taken by well known newspaper men. The thread of the sketch was a sharp-etched dialogue, sparing no one in its good-natured railleury. The present ferment of Ohio politics afforded an excellent chance for the jokesmith, and the "lines" of the playlet kept the audience in a constant uproar. The author of the sketch, as well as the "star" performer, was Beriah Williamson, secretary of the Ohio Tax Commission, and a former veteran newspaper man.

Five hundred guests were entertained at the smoker. A tempting luncheon was, of course, one of the features of the evening. As an example of what the newspaper men of Ohio can do in the direction of hospitality and entertainment, the affair was thoroughly convincing.

HUGH C. WEIR.

The Scoop



Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1913

VOLUME II, No. 4.

PRICE 5 CENTS

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4 Perfect Stories

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Harry Irving Greene—Bedford Jones—Earl Marble—
W. L. Visscher—Stanley Waterloo—Dr. G. F. Butler
—Dr. G. F. Lydston—Prof. Cole

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Wetherbee and Van Nice, Campbell and Sawyer

CLAY MODELS by Clyde A. Gardner of Field Museum

Roy
Van Nice
1912

THE SCOOP

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JAY CAIRNS, Editor

B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

LEROY TRUMAN GOBLE.

Edition Editor for Jan. 25, 1913.

SCHEDULE OF EDITION EDITORS FOR FUTURE ISSUES.

Feb. 1st Clarence Snyder, Jr.
Feb. 8th Theo. Van R. Ashcroft
Feb. 15th Paul E. Neumann
Feb. 22d Earl Marble

The "Edition Editor" has agreed to take entire responsibility for even the inane things in this number. This refers especially to the autobiographical department, as a number of the celebrities refused to act without recourse.

Jesting aside, the issue represents only a small number of the men who make the club worth while, and when the applause of the gratified readers of this number has subsided the writer will gladly be inveigled into exploiting another group from among our thirteen hundred members.

A WORD FOR THE (PRESENT) EDITOR.

The bars are down. After months of disgust we, Q. H. Flaccus, find the true dawn at last bursting in the east. Our heart thrills. Mon Dieu! We palpitate!

Long ago we took up the historic Line o' Pipe and carried it to the zenith; for a space it plunged downward under the ministrations of et al., then we switched on the power from Helngon once more until it quivered to extinction under—well, no matter; you know anyhow. So our ambitions were squelched, without a cherry to sweeten the squelching.

We revived. We bore aloft the banner of de Musset and Horace and Ronsard. We gave to the world the chronicles of the Damplyre Club. Applause rained upon us; drinks rained into us; and then came the crash. Jealousy crushed the Damplyre Club; first our name was omitted from its immortal chronicles, then the I. C. themselves were omitted from our name. We were écrasé, we were tout bouleversé.

Then—ah, then came the Editor of all! We brighten, we shine, we scintillate! We buy him drinks.* (Metaphorically speaking) we, Q. H. Flaccus, hail him! He is our Maecenas, whom we delight to honor! United we stand, e pluribus duum!

(There, damn you, Goble, print this if you dare!)

H. BEDFORD-JONES.

*The wet storm, with which the writer of the above has deluged the present staff, has proven so effective that the Damplyre article will be resumed in future numbers.

FICTION—Prof. Pepoon's various botanical textbooks took place among the six best sellers. Dave Clarkson's advertising copy is no longer treated under this heading. See *Archaic Forms*.

ART—Several curiosities in this field have been added to the club's collection—notably a photograph a la Gross of Axel Christenson and new wall paper in the fifth floor dining rooms.

A PRESS CLUB MAN FOR THE CABINET.

ANOTHER CABINET POSSIBILITY.

From Chicago Tribune, Jan. 17, 1913.

It is rumored that John M. Stahl is being considered by the president elect for secretary of agriculture. A better appointment could not be made. Mr. Stahl does not seek the limelight, but agriculture and the American farmer have no better friend. A quiet man, careful, just, and thoughtful in speech, few who meet him would realize that he has been called, with justice, "the father of rural free delivery." It was he who, in 1879, first proposed the r. f. d., and in the years of hard fighting for this institution was foremost in the field. Hardly less important was his work for the parcel post.

Mr. Stahl is editor of two influential farmers' journals, the Farmers' Call and Illinois Farmer; he is the "committee of one on legislation" of the influential Farmers' National Congress and a member of the executive committee of the National Civic Federation, the Agricultural Press League, and the American Publishers' Association. He is a practical farmer and a widely informed student of agriculture here and abroad.

Mr. Stahl is cabinet timber. He has education, information, wide acquaintance, and, best of all, tact, good sense, and disinterested public spirit.

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

Sidney S. Peixotto, San Francisco, guest of Fred Pelham.

Frederic Blair Jaekel, Philadelphia, guest of Jay Cairns.

Harry H. Cowan, Boise, Idaho, guest of H. Irving Ross.

Robt. E. Dowdell, Artesian, S. D., guest of Charles Lederer.

H. E. Start, Des Moines, guest of Joe L. Long.

T. H. Christian, Chicago, guest of J. A. Pegler, Jr.

H. F. Carbough, Chicago, guest of J. A. Pegler, Jr.

H. B. MacAlpine, New York, guest of Wesley A. Stanger.

John R. Garden, Winnipeg, guest of Dr. G. Cooke-Adams.

Clarke McCue, Kansas City, guest of Victor Eubank.

W. F. Street, St. Louis, guest of Edward White.

J. F. Bartley, Peoria, guest of Edward White.

Lieut. Paul Funcke, Germany, guest of P. H. Hansen.

THE REBUTTAL.

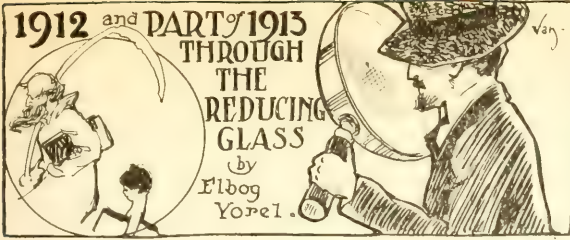
Chicago, Jan. 20, 1913.

To the Editor of The Scoop: While I appreciate the apology offered Mr. John Holme and myself jointly by Mr. W. J. Cochran and yourself in last week's issue of The Scoop, I desire to say that, so far as I was concerned, there was nothing in the alleged offensive paragraphs that called for an apology. Permit me, however, to assure you and Mr. Cochran that I appreciate to the fullest extent the spirit in which it was given.

If I were to find fault with anything in the paragraphs in question, it would not be with the personal references (speaking only for myself), but with the sad display of the lack of historical knowledge as well as with the misspelling of such classical words as A-q-u-a V-i-t-e. May I be pardoned for reminding you that the great Saga island of the North, Iceland, in the sixteenth century, was not blessed with savage warrior chiefs bearing Indian names; on the contrary, the island was settled in A. D. 864 by a highly civilized race of people, which established an aristocratic republic and developed a literature such as few countries have produced. I leave further elucidation of this theme to Mr. Holme.

Again assuring you of my appreciation of the apology and with best wishes for the success of The Scoop and The Press Club, I am, Sincerely yours,

H. SUNDLEY HANSEN.



Profound Parade of Practical Progress in Every Field.

FAILURES—Jerome Power failed to make a financial, literary or artistic success of "The Scoop" and was forced to avoid fiscal and intellectual bankruptcy proceedings by turning it over to new management, which hopes to save the title from the wreck and at least liquidate the concern honorably.—Leroy T. Goble, Editor Scoop No. 4.—Adv.

SUCCESES—Paul Woodruff, the great little Izzy Waltonite, took the 1912 gold why-is-a-member medal for knowing fewer club boys and being known by fewer than any two men in the organization. This in spite of his handicap as editor-in-chief of three live journals.

POLITICAL—A. Frank Comerford traded a fine bunch of votes to Barratt O'Hara for assistance in writing a poem. Barratt now claims he didn't need the votes and refuses to assist. The universe seems pleased. Bull Moose party was invented by Milo Bennett and supported by Doc Lydston. That's all.

VIOLENT DEATHS—On Dec. 31 Old Year was set upon by several thousand stalwarts who dragged him about for some hours—blowing horns at him and ducking the helpless old man in fountains of nectar. Finally at midnight he was ignominiously held under a perfect flood of sound and suds until he stammeringly expired.

CLUB IMPROVEMENTS—New Year's decorations

have been removed. (This should have been done in December.) "Fall of Fame Heading" has been reduced from double to single column. Jay Cairns has traded sombrero for Nile green lid. George Louis has stopped drinking. Fred Pelham and Phil Sawyer have been released from custody. Duncan Smith, By. Williams, Frank Wetherbee and Bedford Jones have become non-resident members.

HOLDUPS—A stranger sat in a rhum game with Ray, Johnson, and Lederer. Dave Clarkson robbed himself of a good reputation by being seen often with Jay Cairns during the year. Dr. Nutt's notoriety as Club Beau Brummel was taken by Harry Daniels. Doc made a heroic defense but was drugged and shipped to some lone spot on the north side.

MEDICINE—The field has been materially improved in spots. The spots where Dr. Wurme does not appear.

THEATRICALS—Karl MacVitty and Billy Jossy—but then they have nothing to do with the subject.

MATRIMONIAL—Eddie Fox, after a year's absence from home on Press Club Entertainment Committee work, is again living with his family.

SCIENCE—The club's Original Research Contingent—Opie Read, Col. Visscher and Frank Comerford—report progress in their philosophical studies trending toward The Discovery of the Non-Existent.

SPORT—Shows a slump, especially baseball, since Harry Daniels has stopped writing in order to make money in the advertising world.

SCANDAL—Gene Skinkle's book of confessions entitled "Truth; Its Relation to Conversation," created a furore at the time of its publication. Gene's intimacy with truth came as a positive revelation to his friends.

FRAUDS—"Posies from a Posing Poet," a brochure by H. Bedford Jones, attained phenomenal sale among his many friends because it was supposed to be a collection of his own work. It proved to be only a compilation of a little trash from the pen of one de Musset.

INVENTIONS—Eddie Fox perfected a self-leading band, a most deaftly arranged little thing, which has caused him to be bandied about a great deal.

Ladies' Night—Press Club, Chicago

Jan. 25 — Saturday Evening — Jan. 25

AT 8:15

MR. NOX McCAIN

PRESENTS ONE OF HIS MID-WINTER COURSE OF

Travel Lectures De Luxe

The Balkan States

With the aid of exquisite photographs in color and fascinating motion films Mr. McCain conducts you on a comprehensive tour of these belligerent little countries, commencing at Vienna, their principal gateway. He journeys down the Danube to Buda-Pesth; thence to Belgrade; to Nisch, the mobilization ground of Serbia's army, and to Czaribrod, making repeated excursions into the Balkan Mountains to picture, in comparison to that in the cities, the life in the outlying districts; then to Sofia, that strange, cosmopolitan capital of Bulgaria. Last but not least, he introduces you to Montenegro, the most piteously sterile kingdom in Europe.

Visit the "POWDER BOX OF EUROPE"

Free to Members and Guests

Remember, Saturday Evening, January 25, 1913

THE MYSTERIOUS MISSIVE

A Drama of Intrigue:—Play- tonic but Not Too-tonic.—(Not Endorsed by the Drama' League—but Endorsed, Without Recourse, by the S. P. C. Audiences)

IN IV ACTS

Plot Kidnapped and Mutilated by J. U. H.

OUCH!

Act I—The Cafe Noir, Paris.

Act II—Office of l'Hotel de Trop, also Paris.

Act III—Atelier of Dafton Moddles, rue de Morn-ingafter.

Act IV—On board the Cestic, five days and a half the audience out.

Costumes by _____.*

Wigs by _____.*

*These spaces for sale.

CAST-OFF CHARACTERS.

E. Z. Munney, an American traveler.

Dafton Moodles, an artist, his friend.

Captain Rareleigh Onbridge, of the Cestic.

The Countess Kortsuchakoff, the Lady of Mystery.

Mlle. Colette, manageress of hotel.

Garcon at the Café Noir.

Cab drivers, police, news-venders, grisettes and boulevardiers (off stage or painted on back drop) and audience chained to seats. Audience by American Wall Paper Company.

ACT I. CAFE NOIR.

(Several small tables with chairs. Small bouquet on each table. Garcon places glass of wine in front of Countess Kortsuchakoff.)



Countess—Thank you, my lord.

Garcon—My Lord! Not so loud, woman. You will betray everything.

Countess—I've got you, Etienne. How's the dynamite market?

Garcon—S-s-st! It has broken four points since the labor troubles in America were patched up.

Countess—But are they patched up?

Garcon—Those that were not blown up, ha, ha.

Countess—Not so loud, fool. Even the police have ears. You are not in Chicago now. Will the American come today?

Garcon—I am sure he will.

Countess—How can you be sure he will?

Garcon—I sent him a marked copy of the Paris edition of the New York Herald, stating that this was the most indecent cafe in Paris.

Countess—Good. He will be here. I have the note ready.

Garcon—Silence. A motor is approaching. I can hear the taximeter.

(Toot, toot, outside and sounds of altercation. Enter Munney.)

Munney—I don't mind buying your car, but I object to being charged extra for the lamps. (To Garcon); Hi, Johnnie, bring me a carte du jour!

Garcon—Oui, m'sieu. Voila!

Munney—I'm not very hungry. Let's see. Wish they had a glossary with this libretto. How's your coffee, son?

Garcon—Excellent café, m'sieu.

Munney—Very well, a cup of coffee and some bread—you know, bread—dough—buns—biscuit, you ivory dome.

Garcon—Certainly, m'sieu. I comprehend. Would you wish to see a journal?

Munney—I can't read French and I don't suppose you have an English paper.

Garcon—No, m'sieu, it is to be regretted—but the illustrations help to make clear—

Munney—(Looking at paper.) Yes, you can glean the bare facts—um—m—m—

(As he reads the lady arises, makes a detour of the room to pass his table and drops note. He does not see it until she has left the room. Business of picking it up, staring at it puzzled and shaking head.) French! drat it, and not even illustrated.

Curtain.

ACT II.

HOTEL OFFICE, SAME DAY.

(Hotel office—small desk—young woman clerk eating lunch behind it—register about the size of a grocery store day book, etc. Enter Munney.)

Munney—Here, young woman, maybe you can help me out.

Colette—Pardong, m'sieu. I var mooch prefaire zat you remain. It ees zat ze chambre ces non-satisfactoire, not?

Munney—No, you nixferstay me. The room is bully.

Colette—Bien, m'sieu. What zen ees eet?

Munney—A lady dropped this note at my feet—

Colette—Oh, la, la, m'sieu. A rendezvous. It is not right zat you tell her secret.

Munney—It's a secret, all right. I don't know whether it is a confession of attachment or a cold cream ad. I want you to read it to me with both fingers in your ears.

Colette—You Americans are so—what you say—un-even. Show it to me. (Takes note.) (Colette reads note slowly, starts, looks at Munney in a frightened



way and says): Alas, m'sieu. Why did you to be show zees? It makes it for me to summon zee gensdarme.

Munney—Quit your kiddin', girlie. You can't railroad me. I am a citizen under the flag that George M. Cohan made famous.

Colette—At least, m'sieu, you must quit zees 'otel tout de suite.

Munney—Oh, I'll do that without any mandamus. Get me a taxi.

Curtain.

ACT III.

ATELIER OF DAFTON MODDLES.

(Usual Oriental rugs, chafing dishes and unframed pictures. Moddles at easel. Velvet jacket, short pipe and all that Trilby stuff.)

Moddles—Gosh, if I don't sell a picture pretty soon, I'll have to take one of these rugs and beat it. (Enter Munney.)

Munney—Daffy, old pard, I'm up against it.

Moddles—Cut the pathetic, boyhood chum, I'm working this side of the street myself.

Munney—That's a good, strong line. If it hadn't been it would have been worn out long ago. But to return to the plot—it is not money that I need, but advice.

Moddles—I can see where we mesh like a broker around a margin. Elucidate.

Munney—Here's a note that a Nihilist looking lady dropped at my feet this noon and I can't read it—

Moddles—You mean you can't tell which is page two?

Munney—Stow the giggles. We've only got one page for this whole plot.

Moddles—Then can the "got." That'll condense



some. Give me the pipers! (Munney hands him the note. Moddles reads and blows a long whistle.) Gee, this is tough.

Munney—What is it?

Moddles—Don't you know?

Munney—No, the loidy clerk wouldn't tell me.

Moddles—Great heavens, man, have you been wandering around Paris with this, this, in your pocket all day? Thank goodness, you have not shown it to anyone else.

Munney—What does it say? What does it mean?

Moddles—I can't tell you what it says, but I can tell you what it means. It means you to the boulevard now and out of France—or, better still—clear off the continent as fast as trains and steamships can take you.

Munney—Can't I stay here tonight?

Moddles—You can't stay here another minute. You have innocently jeopardized me by coming here. Tear that blamed piece of paper up and get away.

Munney—Away? Yes, but tear it up—never—not until someone has told me what it says.

Curtain.

ACT IV.

ON BOARD THE CESIC.

(Promenade deck of T. S. S. Cesic. Captain Onbridge and Munney at rail.)

Munney—Of course, it's old stuff, captain, but what is nicer than a ship's rail when approached gradually?

Onbridge—If that's a conundrum, I give it up.

Munney—This is the place to give things up.

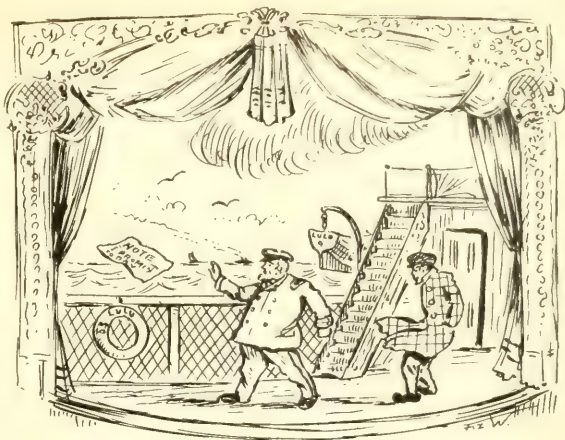
Onbridge—Munney, your air of forced gayety does not deceive me. You are troubled.

Munney—I am the victim of the greatest mystery or else the most elaborately worked out hoax of the century.

Onbridge—You mean the Russian lady and the note?

Munney—Yes. I feel like a fool who has run away from his shadow. But I mean to learn French and decipher that cursed epistle myself. Do you read French, captain?

Onbridge—Like a native—of Dublin. I fancy that my billet doux vocabulary is almost as complete as that of a matinee idol.



Munney—Will you read this note?

Onbridge—Gladly, but I will not be responsible for the results.

Munney—Hang the results. You may clap me into irons and hold me in bond at the dock providing you will only tell me what it says.

Onbridge—I will gladly tell you all. Farther I cannot promise.

Munney—More, I do not ask. Here it is. Almost worn out by handling, but not a fragment missing. (Onbridge takes note, unfolds it, spreads it on the rail and reaches in his pocket for his eye-glasses. A gust of wind blows the paper overboard.)

Both—Great heavens, it has gone into the ocean!

Curtain.

ART NOTE.

We, the editor, present in connection with Mr. H's finished drama an answer to the time honored Sphinx puzzle, "Why is an illustrator?"

The four masters whose decorative schemes embellish the printed production, worked from the same manuscript, the same models, the same ink bottle, and the same verbal instructions at the same time. The answer evolved from joint results—An illustrator is to suppress realism in literature.

MEMORIES.

BY GENE T. SKINKLE.

I sat in my den, at midnight,

When the others had gone to bed,
And the smoke from my pipe was curling
And floating above my head;

I thought of the friends all looking
From their frames on the pictured wall,
And my mind was engaged in booking
Kind words from them, one and all,
I thought of many a meeting

Where the chairs were in circle drawn:
And good fellows giving greeting

While the night slid away to the dawn.
I thought of the books and the poems,

That the world knew as well as I—
Which friends in the pictures had written—
Living things, that will never die.

In the cases around me were records

Of the work of dear friends, passed away—
They were with me as clearly that midnight
As they were in the flesh yesterday.

They speak to me out of the silence
From the pages they wrote long ago,
Happy hours I pass with them often—

Are they living? well, I should say so!
They are living—and will live forever

As long as the sun lives to shine,
And I crave no more lasting memorial
Than was left by these old friends of mine.

HANGED AT MIDNIGHT.

By MASON WARNER.

Newspaper enterprise is not confined to metropolitan cities. Often a small town paper will print a bit of exclusive news that is a scoop of the first magnitude. In proof of which is submitted this story of a scoop in the early days of Dakota as told by a veteran reporter:

"Along in the late '80s there were two weekly papers printed in Deadwood. The first in the field was edited by Capt. Colwell. He established the Press ten years previous to the time I am telling about, and occupied the field without a rival until the Gazette was established by Samuel J. Stimson, a pushing, aggressive Yankee, trained to newspaper work in New York.

"Capt. Colwell was a typical Southerner—drawing in speech, slow and easy-going. He was not a hustler for news. He was content to fill his paper with political and personal paragraphs and such record of events as came within his knowledge without too much exertion in collecting the facts and information.

"Nevertheless the Captain printed a mighty interesting sheet. He had political power, and wielded it wisely. Every county and city official owed his election to the Captain, for without the support of the Press no politician ever had been successful.

"The Press was an eight-page paper, with patent inserts, published every Thursday, and as it carried all of the legal advertising for city and county and was well patronized by the local merchants, the Captain wrote only his first page and two or three columns of editorial each week. He had a style peculiarly his own and relied upon the quality, rather than the quantity of what he wrote to hold his readers.

"Samuel J. Stimson was a journalist of different type. He was first of all a news gatherer. When he established the Gazette, he chose Friday for his publication day, and this gave him the opportunity to go through the Captain's paper and cull every item of news that appeared in the Press. He was always on the go, hustling about from place to place, and assembled an astonishingly large number of news items every week.

"At first the Captain took a dignified attitude toward his competitor and ignored both Samuel J. Stimson and his paper. But, wherever you go, you will find that most people want to read the news and while they may admire one editor's personal character and ability, they are very apt to subscribe to the publication of another editor who will publish all the happenings in the community of which they are a part.

"There was a big gold strike up in the hills. This happened on Tuesday, and on Wednesday—contrary to precedent—what did that pushing, scrambling Samuel J. Stimson do but get out an extra edition of the Gazette and give the big story to the people of Deadwood, a full twenty-four hours in advance of the regular edition of the Press.

"This awakened the old Captain. He characterized Stimson's action as unethical, unnecessary and unseemly. From that day on, the Press never appeared without a column devoted to the Gazette's sensationalism and its tenderfoot editor's ignorance of the lofty aspect of journalism and his misguided efforts to interpret life in a mining camp.

"About this time the agitation for statehood for the Dakotas was well under way. Capt. Colwell was a leader in the fight, and an influential one, too. While he fondly remembered the free and easy ways of the frontier town, he was advising more law-abiding and sedate public manners. He wrote stinging rebukes for those playful chaps who rode into town occasionally and shot out the lights. He condemned brawling and drunkenness. He opposed lynching; particularly he opposed lynching of white men. Public sentiment was curiously divided, but the old Captain felt sure that

he had a majority with him who were endeavoring to fit themselves for the approaching dignity of statehood.

"Deadwood was becoming a quiet town. There were few fights; there hadn't been a killing for months. Suddenly, one Sunday night, two shots were heard in the Red Boot saloon. A crowd instantly gathered and the word passed from man to man that Keno Tom, one of the best known and most popular gamblers in the Northwest had been shot down from behind in cold blood by Snakey Jimson, a brawling, egotistical braggart who long had sought a reputation as a bad man. Keno Tom was admired by men and loved by women. He was generous and brave, fair and square. Snakey was a typical mining camp hanger-on—a sneak—a thief—a liar—dirty and frowsy—an insulter of women—in fact, a creature hated and despised on sight.

"Before the news had traveled half way down Main street, no less than half a dozen men had procured ropes. There was only one opinion, 'He should have been lynched before—on general principles.'



"If Capt. Colwell wasn't in the Red Boot when the shooting occurred, he beat every other man not inside at the time to the scene. The saloon was filled to overflowing with the surging, murmuring crowd of determined men, men with only one idea in mind—that of ridding the earth of Snakey Jimson.

"Keno Tom lay on the floor. He had fallen forward, but the body had been turned over so that he looked upward. On the cold face there was a look of surprise, and yet he seemed to be smiling. The doctor had said, 'Either shot killed instantly; one ball shattered the spine and the other pierced the heart.' Snakey Jimson cowered against the bar, two men on either side holding his arms tightly against his back.

"Capt. Colwell jumped up on the bar. Never have I heard such a speech. He didn't say much, but every word counted. He talked fast—he had to—but in less than a minute he had made a moving plea for the observance of law and order. He painted the possible effect of a report at Washington of another lynching in Dakota.

"'What are you going to do?' he said, 'Congress is being told that we of Dakota are not ready for statehood—that we are a lawless, bloodthirsty crowd of ne'er-do-wells. They say we do not deserve statehood. Are you going to plead guilty to these charges by

taking this man out and hanging him to a tree? Why not let the law take its course? Court convenes this week. He can be tried, found guilty, and pay the penalty of his dastardly crime in due accordance with the law. We will lose nothing. Keno Tom will be avenged. Snakey will not escape. And Deadwood will continue in its proud place as a civilized community. Our fair city will not be referred to as a wild and woolly mining camp.'

'Bill Duncan, the sheriff, was there. The Captain had elected him to office and he was looking forward now to higher honors in state politics. With four deputies appointed on the spot he took charge of Snakey and started for the jail. His action was quick and the four deputies had drawn their revolvers, so the crowd somehow made way for them and they were on their way to the jail with their prisoner in less time than it takes to tell it.

'Court convened the next day. There was not much of a trial, aside from affording Snakey an opportunity to get in the limelight, of which his egotism enabled him to make the most. He had the effrontery to plead not guilty, but the jury was out less than two minutes and returned with a verdict of guilty and no recommendation of mercy. The judge sentenced Snakey to be hanged the following Friday. The quick action of the court met with popular approval.

'On Tuesday the old Captain appeared at the Press office in a mighty thoughtful mood. It had suddenly dawned upon him that the general observance of Friday as hangman's day had given his hated rival a beautiful exclusive story. Legal advertisements had to be published on Thursday, so he could not delay his publication day. He certainly would not follow Stimson's method and get out a special extra edition, no matter what the temptation. He moped around the office moody and silent all day Tuesday and Wednesday.

'Late Wednesday afternoon he was seen in consultation with the sheriff. A little while later the sheriff announced that he had special business in Lead City and left for that town immediately.

'Along about midnight the Captain went to the jail. The gallows had been erected in an enclosure back of the jail. The jailer, a temporary appointee, took the Captain to Snakey's cell and a long, long argument ensued. The Captain had asked a favor of Snakey, and was arguing with him to bring him to his point of view. At first Snakey did not feel like granting the Captain's request, for the editor of the Press had asked him to consent to being hanged that night instead of waiting until Friday.

'The Captain had a bottle of whisky and also the strongest appeal ever made to a criminal's egotism. He had a proof sheet of the first page of the next issue of the Press, and across the top in glaring headlines—headlines which Captain had set in type himself—one could read in letters an inch high:

"SNAKEY JIMSON HANGED AT MIDNIGHT.

**"World's Most Noted Desperado Goes to His Death
Like a True Hero.**

**"The First Legal Hanging in Dakota Proves a Tremendous Success—The Reign of Lynch Law
Is Forever Passed.**

'Then followed the introduction of a story that made Snakey puff with pride. But the Captain went farther even than this. He promised Snakey a headstone in the most prominent part of the Deadwood cemetery.

'Well, the old Captain usually got what he went after, and between the whisky and the headlines and the headstone and Snakey's desire to attract public attention—and realizing that a few hours to live in jail wasn't much to be considering, anyhow—he finally agreed, after the Captain's many assurances that the program would be carried out and Snakey would be

the most talked of man in the territory. The jailer was ready to do his part. He had had previous experience as an able assistant to Judge Lynch. The drop was extra high, and Snakey's neck was broken. His last words were, 'Captain, if you only had a picture of me that sure would be a great number of the Press.'

'The next day the people came from far and near to attend the hanging, and were at first inclined to be indignant and protest against the Captain's high-handed proceedings, but the copies of the Press were sent broadcast up and down the streets, and the Captain's thrilling story of the first legal hanging in that county went far toward softening any anger they might have felt at missing such an interesting event as the execution of a murderer.

'Of course, the Gazette waxed indignant on Friday, but the Captain's personality and popularity carried the day. The people seemed to think that he was entitled to the scoop because of his enterprise."

TO JOHN CAMPBELL.

BY KENNETH HARRIS, GRASSE, FRANCE.

The following verses are taken from the body of a personal epistle to John, who has cheered Kenn by regular letters to him during this last trip to sunny France in search of health. Most of the boys know Harris is a real hero, a man who from his bed of pain sends naught but cheerful thoughts to his world of readers.—Ed.

When everything is on the blink,

When all my plans have gone askew,

I own I am a doleful gink,

I surely get infernal blue.

But Gawd be praised! I still can chew,

Three times a day I'm daily fed,

So damn the bill that's overdue!

I set my blessings down in red.

When in my pants no coin doth clink,

When checks are far between and few,

When writing things seems waste of ink,

I surely get infernal blue.

But then tomorrow's something new,

And with my board I have a bed,

I've clothes—last summer's garments—too,

I set my blessings down in red.

When I can't take a blooming drink,

Because of something it might do,

And when on ancient days I think

I surely get infernal blue.

But then, old socks, I write to you

And you write back. Now I'm ahead.

I have one friend who'll stick like glue,

I set my blessings down in red.

L'Envoi:

When things assume an azure hue,

Of course you get infernal blue.

But, after all, you're far from dead,

So set your blessings down in red.

45 SECONDS OF VERSE.

BY CLEM YORE.

I would love to spread upon canvas

The songs that sing in my heart.

I would like to bequeath my fancies

To a master of deathless art.

I would wish to mould my ideas

In a ruby of rarest shade;

Perhaps I'd even love to do

A gem from sunshine made.

But I reckon I'll forego it—

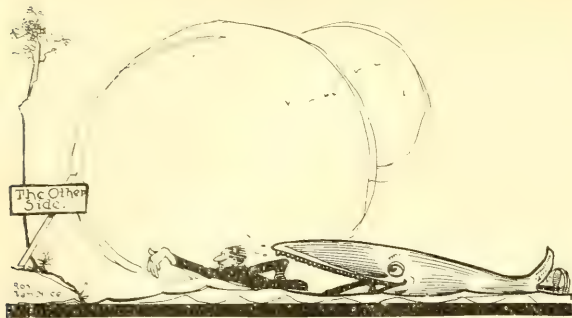
I'm not feeling well today.

So I'll opine I still will shine

In the same old silent way.

BIT BY A FISH.

BY HARRY IRVING GREENE.



A young lady friend of mine—she was fully eight years old—once submitted to me the following complete novel for criticism. I couldn't do it. I would like to see someone else try. Follows the novel:

CHAPTR I.

onct There wuz a butyful girl who wuz un love with a nice young man who kept a candy store. But the nice young man wuz so poor that he could not buy a lie since to marry her, and the villin who pursued her was offal jelous. So the villin laid a trap.

CHAPTR 2.

So the villin gave the nice poor young man a dollar and said Go and drink yourself to death, and the poor young man started for a saloon to do so. But as he wuz about to go in the Bad place he said out loud: No I will Not drink myself to death. Not for gold nor preshus stones. so he turned around and there on the sidewalk was a pocket book with a millyound dollars in it. Lo.

CHAPTR thre.

And when the villin saw that his plot was foiled he made a scream and sprang in the lake to swim acrost.



But when he was half ways acrost a shark sprang for him and he tried to come back. but Lo he found he could not come back and perished miserbul.

CHAPTRE 4.

So the poor, nice young man was now rich because he would not become a drunkard, and so he married the buytful young lady.

CHAPTR 5.

And the next day they had butyful twins.

PICK IT UP.

(Apologies to Minor Key).

When they slip the "buck" to you,

Pick it up.

Don't get mad or in a stew,

Pick it up.

Claim it as your very own,

A creation of your dome,

Even if your head's a bone,

Pick it up.

W. J. C.

OUR OWN PINK SHEET.

BY DAN HARRY.

(The Scoop has secured at great expense the services of Dan Harry, one of the world's greatest baseball prevaricators and author of "Posing for a Street Car Ad." We take pride in presenting him to our readers for the following reasons:

- (1) Nobody will believe what he writes.
- (2) There is nothing worth writing about now, anyhow.
- (3) We believe pay-as-you-enter heroes should be encouraged.
- (4) Readers of the Scoop have a right to know what it NOT going on in the world of sport.
- (5) He is a recognized authority on newsless news.

There are a number of other reasons, but we could not think of them up to the hour of going to press.)

There's only one man we know of who could do a worse monologue than Muggsy McGraw. That's Dummy Taylor.

Waivers have been asked on the Press Club Cat. Joe Henderson refuses to waive.

Bill Visscher has renewed his contract for another season in the Poet's League.

Conundrum proposed by Charley Murphy: What's the difference between raising oranges in California and handling lemons in N. Y.?

Alright, Chas., we'll bite. What IS the difference?

Speaking of Murphy, we beg to arise and exclaim in loud, strident tones that he is not nearly as black as he has been linotyped.

Red the Bat Boy has deserted the Cubs and applications are now being received. Among those who have applied for the job: Gyp the Blood, Clem Yore, Palmer Goble, John Bacon and Eggs, Lefty Louie, Sigmund Krauz, Skinnay, Trilby Thompson, J. E. Bangs and Old Doc Yak.

XXX TRIPLE EXTRA XXX—EARLE MARBLE KNOCKED A HOME RUN in a checker game yesterday.—Other sport pages please clip and paste.

Efforts are being made to sign H. Percy Millar as umpire in the National League. Percy says he never saw a ball game in his life and that is probably the reason they want him.

Dick Little has scheduled Bill Shakespeare for the minors. Dick says Bill has too much of a wind-up in getting his stuff over.

Hans Wagner is getting ready for his 116th successive season in fast company. Hans began short-stopping when Pittsburgh was only an asterisk on the railroad guides.

Col. Kellogg, the Edward Payson Weston of the Press Club, has issued a challenge to all comers for a coast-to-coast walking match; the heel-and-toe step to be used exclusively, and the contestants not to leave the billiard room.

Dug Malloch has gone into training to take off flesh for the season of 1913. He finds riding in the Press Club elevator good exercise.

We propose Christy Mathewson as an honorary member of the Press Club. Christy's reports from the Hot Stove League come straight across the plate.

Every line of copy for this department is written with pink ink. That should help some. Other sheets may be pinker, but where is one that's punker? Please use but one side of the paper in replying.

Well, we're almost rational again, so that will be about all for this time.

THE WOLF'S THIRTY.

By DWIGHT LOGAN LOUGHBOROUGH.

"Dick Burley is the fiercest city wolf I know," observed the night city editor, clapping his hands behind his head and leaning back in his swivel chair. "He positively has no heart. Ice water, instead of blood, runs through his veins."

The head copy-reader took off his green eye-shade, laid down his fat blue pencil, rolled a cigarette and hung it daintily on his under lip.

"He's sure a rough-neck," the copy-reader replied as he struck a match on his thumb nail, "but he delivers the goods."

"I know; but sometimes, Tom, I wish he didn't. I wish there were no 'rough-necks' in the business. It's a shame to browbeat folks to get a story—and Burley is the worst brow-beater in the game."

The night city editor picked up the story Burley had laid in front of him just a few minutes before. The big electric wall clock burred and buzzed and then a tinkling bell struck half past ten. Most of the copy-readers and all the reporters except the city hall man—who was writing his "lead-all council" at a far mill—had put on their overcoats and stumbled down the stairs, and across the alley for lunch. They said it was for lunch.

After he had read it the night city editor passed the story across the desk to the head copy-reader, and sat rubbing his chin.

"Let it run pretty freely, Tom. It's a corking yarn," he said after a moment.

"That trust company embezzlement story, eh? Good dope." After a pause. "How did Dick get hep to the woman stuff?"

"His usual process."

"Hounded the wife, mothers and sisters, eh? They knew."

"Yes—and grabbed off every picture in sight. We have the only lay-out on the story in town. And the real inside stuff. But—"

"I know," interrupted the copy-reader. "I reckon it'll mean ten years for the cashier."

"Easily." The city editor hoisted his feet to the top of the copy-desk and sat looking at the ceiling. "A city wolf. God!"

"What's the matter? Belly-ache? Liver out of order? Want a drink?"

The city editor continued to look at the ceiling.

"I wonder what makes Dick so relentless and utterly devoid of sentiment," he said, after a few minutes, more to himself than to the copy-reader. "He wasn't always that way—such a fiendish city wolf. As a cub he was a quiet, timid, unassuming kid. He never bulldozed anyone then."

"Nor did he get the dope, either."

"Well, the paper managed to live along somehow—without the rough stuff. Of course we didn't paint our pictures of life then in such bright yellow, with here and there a daub of red—the heart's blood of some poor devil."

"You're going to fall off the wagon before the night's over. Better beat it for home."

"But there came a day when Dick Burley no longer was meek-eyed and brimming over with sentiment. He changed with the paper, I reckon."

The city hall man laid his "lead-all council" in front of the city editor and went out.

Burley had been on the paper for nearly twenty years. He was one of the oldest police reporters in the country in point of years of service, and yet he was not forty years of age.

It was said of him that he would do anything but commit murder and arson to get a story to which he had been assigned. Particularly was he persistent and resourceful if the story was a crime mystery. There wasn't a better "gum-shoer" in town than Dick Burley. He was as faithful to his paper as a priest to his church. He lived for the paper. There was nothing apart from the paper in his life, so far as anyone knew. He had no known relatives and few friends. He lived alone in a third-floor-back room on the North Side, near the lake, along which he was wont to walk in the early mornings, after the paper was out and before other folks were out of bed.

It had been rumored, some dozen or so years before that Burley had married unhappily. There was some kind of a row or something. No one ever knew what it was.

To everyone on the local staff Burley was an enigma. No one attempted to read him. He was morose, taciturn, cynical, brutal—a "fiendish wolf" of the asphalted cañons. He had laid his fangs into the ermine of judges on the bench and torn their robes from their shoulders; he had leaped up savagely and growling at the throats of United States senators; he had torn the frocks of hypocritical clergymen to shreds; he had unmasked criminals in high financial circles. And—yes, he had struck his glistering city-wolfish teeth deep into the breasts of women. Women, somehow, were his especial prey.

It was a little after 11 o'clock when he returned from lunch. Although he was assigned generally to police stories, he spent little time at the police station and knew few police officers except casually. He had torn the stars from the breasts of a lot of "bulls," ranging

in rank all the way from chief to "harness bull" on a lonesome suburban beat. Naturally he did not co-operate with them on his stories.

"Burley!" called the city editor as he entered. The crack police man of the staff sauntered over to the local room tyrant's desk. The city editor watched him covertly from under his eye-shade. He was tall and lean, with a hungry look in his dark brown eyes. His brown, curly hair was flaked with gray. There was a sorry droop to either corner of his rather large mouth. He shuffled when he walked, like a man on snow-shoes. His chest was hollow and his shoulders stooped wearily. His long arms flapped by his sides. This was the "fiercest city wolf" the editor knew—and he knew a lot of them.

"We just received a bulletin from the Associated Press, Burley, that a millionaire mining man shot himself to death out in Idaho. As he was dying he told of having deserted a wife and child in Chicago several years ago. Looks like a good story. The woman lives on the West Side. Here's her address. Her name isn't in the directory. See if you can find her. Get the story and pictures. Don't forget the pictures!"

In less than forty minutes Burley was in a squalid two-room apartment in South Halsted street. On a dilapidated davenport on one side of the room lay a middle-aged woman clad in a pale blue kimono, with a shawl wrapped about her shoulders and across her flat chest. Her cheeks were sunken and in either one appeared a bright hectic flush. As Burley entered, the door having been opened by a thin-legged girl of twelve in a gingham apron, the woman coughed rackingly. Then she wiped her lips with a handkerchief. Burley noted that it was stained with blood.

The police reporter stood for several minutes in the middle of the room looking down at the pitiful picture before him. There came into his hungry eyes a look of bitterest hatred. The pupils became mere pin points. Then came a look of almost infinite pity. He went to the davenport and knelt beside it. He took one of the woman's thin hands in both his own and spoke to her.

"Grace!" he called softly. The woman lay with eyelids closed. She moaned weakly. "Grace!" he called again. The woman opened her eyes.

"Dick!" she managed to say, and coughed again, rackingly. "You—have—come."

"I—didn't know until a little while ago. Why didn't you—"

"There is—your—baby, Dick. Little—Grace." The woman moved her head very slightly and looked at the spindle-shanked girl standing behind the reporter and looking at them with wonderful, wondering, brown eyes.

The reporter raised himself on one knee and reached out his left hand. His arm encircled the girl and he drew her, slightly resisting, to him. He kissed her tenderly.

"Daddy's baby!" he murmured softly. The girl's cheek was wet when he turned from her to the woman. It was a tear. Her own eyes were dry and staring.

"You're not going to—die, Grace," Burley said to the woman. "I'll get you out of here—into the country—where the sun shines. You'll—"

A fit of coughing interrupted him. When it was past Burley wiped the woman's thin, bloodless lips with his handkerchief. It was stained a bright crimson.

"It's—too—late—Dick," she said after awhile.

"No!" It was like the shot of a pistol. He put his arms about the woman's shoulders and raised her up. She lay quietly on his breast and something like the shadow of a smile hovered about her lips. She closed her eyes and sighed, wearily, yet happily.

"Oh, Dick, tell me—do you—forgive—"

"Don't talk, sweetheart. Save your strength."

"Tell me," persisted the woman.

"With all my heart! It's all past. You were not to blame. I—I—shouldn't have left you so much alone. There always are hyenas prowling about, looking for lonely little women to prey upon. It's all over, dear. Now you must get well." He clutched her to him roughly. "By God, you must!"

Burley went to a telephone in a drug store on the corner in half an hour or so and called the night city editor. "The story's bunk," he said when the city editor answered the call. "He never had a wife—the son of a—"

Yes, you heard me! He was a hyena—that's all. There wasn't any wife—and no child. Yes, I found the place. Oh, by the way, I've quit. Quit! That's what I said. You can have the cashier send my check to Freeport. Got a little farm just outside of town. See me again? Well, some day, possibly. Good bye."

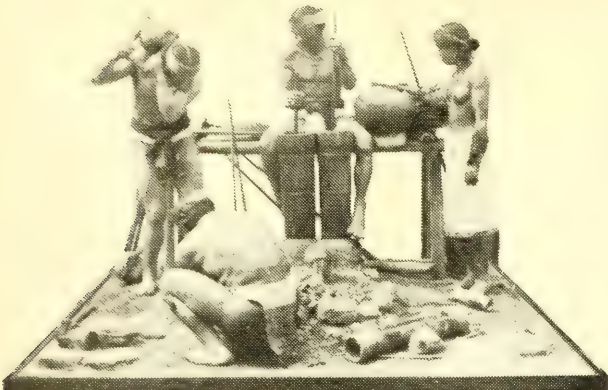
"The city wolf signs 'thirty' and hunts his hole," commented the night city editor to the head copy-reader. "We'll never find another man like him."

"Not such a rough-neck, maybe," observed the head copy-reader.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED MEN

To Attend Stag Saturday, Feb. 1, 1913. See Ad. on Back Cover.

TWO PRESS CLUB MEN AND A GREAT INSTITUTION.



Life size models made by Clyde Gardner from data furnished by Prof. Fay Cooper Cole. Original now at Field Museum.

In 1906 the trustees of the Field Museum, being desirous of getting me as far away from Chicago as possible, ordered me to sail at once for the Philippines, go as far into the interior as possible and stay as long as I could. Acting under these orders, Mrs. Cole and myself went to the Islands, staid two years and came back to Chicago town. After a few months the museum officials, for some obscure reason, suggested that we make another trip, if possible somewhat more extended. I shall not tire you with a detailed account of our wanderings and work further than to say that during our four years in that part of the world we visited nearly every section of the Philippine archipelago and in several districts made a detailed study of the language, laws, religion and culture of the wild people and then gathered and sent to Chicago collections which would illustrate that life.

The first natives with whom we worked were a pagan tribe known as Tinguian. Here we seemed to be more appreciated, for we were soon adopted by the tribe and were considered as their own. These people live in the rugged mountains of northwestern Luzon, where they build compact villages and terrace the mountain sides to make a place for their rice fields. In some ways they are quite advanced, but in others are not far removed from the savage state, for until recently head-hunting was their chief sport. Did a young man wish to win the hand of a fair maiden, did he wish to prove himself as a man of valor and of value to the tribe, he forthwith set out to secure the head of an enemy. The neighboring people had much the same ideas of bravery as the Tinguian, and, hence, there came to be built up a thriving exchange of heads, with resulting inconvenience to the owners of the same. Here comes in the story of the forge. To furnish the weapons needed for this sport some sort of device was needed to fashion metal into headaxes, spears and the like. Ages ago a Malayan Edison solved the problem, for by hollowing out two small logs he made a bellows through which air was forced, by means of feather plungers. He further learned that by forcing this air through a bed of charcoal he could not only melt iron, but could so furnish it with a carbon that this, combined with sudden chilling, would produce the finest steel. The new weapons found a ready market and the fame of this primitive Edison spread until all the neighboring tribes knew of the famous forge at Balbalasang. Generations passed and still the fame of the Tinguian iron workers spread and the products of their forges came to be distributed among all the neighboring tribes. Then came your correspondent with money, beads, brass wire and a firm determination to have that forge. But none of these availed and the smiths continued quietly at their

tasks. After days of fruitless bargaining I left and made the five day trip over the rugged mountains down to the coast. There I secured bar steel and placing one bar on the head of each of my carriers repeated the long journey to the interior. Beads, bells and brass wire had been unavailing, but the sight of the coveted steel was more than the owners could resist and after a deal of bargaining a trade was arranged. But more than the forge was desired, and after a liberal use of beads and the like, the people allowed themselves to be photographed and measured while at their tasks. This record, placed in the hands of Mr. Gardner, has resulted in the faithful reproduction of the smiths at work, shown in the life-sized group at the museum.

LIZ.

BY DE LYSLE FERREE CASS.

When I'm with Liz I feel it all
But don't know how to say it,
So wot t'ell 's a guy to do
To dodge the Frozen Mitt?
Liz, y' know, 's the kind of kid
Wot's got an education,
And me—why, I'm a common bloke,
As she says, "not her station."
Ten-Twenty-Three's are nix to her
And the Movies don't exist;
She won't spoon none out in the park—
Says she don't need bein' kissed.
Don't get from wot I'm sayin'
That she's th' high-falutin' kind,
'Cause she's no dame to put on airs
Just t' make you tag behind.
Liz is all there. It's me for her,
But when I tell her this,
She says: "I'll be a brother to y'
But I'll not be Missus Liz."

SOME STAMPS.

BY WM. LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.

A postage stamp and the stamp of a foot—
A pretty girl's foot, I mean—



And the stamp of approval, are different things.

That mean a whole lot, I wean.
The postage stamp—"if the d—n thing sticks"—
Will take your word a good way;
The stamp of the foot is given to show
She believes not a word that you say.
That is, your word, sincere thought it be,
Goes not at all—don't you know—
While the stamp of approval is often a guy
That means you are only "so-so."

The first I will save by handing you this; *
The second I'll save by kissing the miss;
The third please save for this bit of rot,
Or else you may can the whole bloomin' lot.



Clay model by Clyde Gardner.

DICKENS.

BY JOHN M. STAHL.

Dear, delightful Boz! Rare indeed such rich, riotous humor as in the Ladies' Societies, the Boarding House or the Parish. Yet this fun-maker, aged 22, and then, as always, the hater of sham and cant and hypocrisy and oppression, in due time saw deeper into the French Revolution and made mightier use of it for the betterment of mortals, than the surly dyspeptic of Craigen-puttoch. But one had toiled with blacking at six shillings a week and the other was a graduate of Edinburg. Poverty is the best maker of masterful men—masterful because they have felt and suffered much, and hate and love as a fir forest burns. And wit and humor and satire are the greatest weapons ever fashioned for the use of man.

Dickens was a very great novelist, a yet greater humorist, but greatest of all as Reformer. He never passed as such. Possibly his intent to reform was secondary—but his work of reform has first place. No other man of all those that have written English has done as much to bring food to the hungry, mercy to the weak, freedom to the bond, justice to the oppressed, smiles and love to little children and sad-eyed mothers. Merciless indeed his pen, pointed in the Marshalsea and Camden Town!—industrious as merciless, veracious as industrious, and reaching so many thousands and moving them so intensely that its work amended scores of things awry and put sweet smelling earth, green grass, and flowers where there had been slimy, festering, fetid wallows and pools that bred disease and death.

True, at times his pathos was overdone—but to cure ills he had need to reach the multitude, and the crowd will pass by the dull Corot to gaze and wonder at tulips by Gerome. True, he never drew a gentleman—because he never tried. What had he to do with gentlemen when the characters he did draw were living in the flesh and suffering or making others suffer? Let him be judged, as all men should be judged, by what he did for little children and good—and bad—women.

Dickens, it is said, is no longer popular. Not improbable. Certainly he must be unbearable to our vulgar nouveau riche—hardened and cruel as some of them are, and indifferent to the brutal ways of their money-getting, even these could not read Dickens. And therefore not popular with the aping, ultra vulgar near nouveau riche. Unpopular, unfashionable, because we, too, have ragged rats and monseigneurs, our law's delays, our saintly hypocrites, our unearned riches, drunkards—wife and child beaters—and, worst of all, a sensual, silly, smirking mass of sycophants and well-to-do make-believes, glad to take their opinions as they take their fashions and vices, from the over-rich.

If Dickens is not popular, the fault is not his, but ours.

ODE TO THE POTATO.

DEDICATED TO THE U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

BY H. S. PEPOON, M. D.

How well I recall in those days auld lang syne,
When the dinner cry came loud and clear through the air,

Dropping all at the sound, we would make a bee line
To the dining-room low and with gusto repair

To our seat at the table, grimly bear the short grace
Awaiting, impatient, the murphies and meat;

How these vanished forthwith, melting into our face,
Like snow before sun in a spring day's fierce heat:

How my father would call up his reverend joke—
"Will you have some solanum tuberosum today?"—

As I think of them now, bedimmed by the smoke

Of a half hundred years, what a motley array,

The first one I knew, was a "cowhorn" by name

Or "niggertoe" black with a curve like a hook,

From dryness remote, and from whiteness the same,

No matter what method pursued by the cook.

Then one came along full of knubs as a toad,

And wet as a rag soaked with dew for a week,

"Early Goodrich" it was and a full wagon load

Would furnish the water to run a small creek.

At length came a pair in such elegant style,

That the names that they bore full with meaning
forsooth

And whiteness and sweetness, just bursting for trial—
O "pink-eye" and peach blow of my halcyon youth!

**RONDEAU OF LOBSTER AND ROSES.**

BY STANLEY WATERLOO.

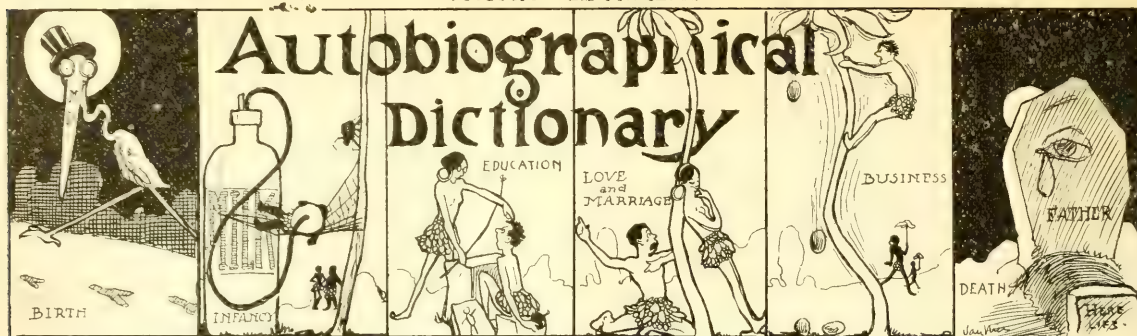
Lobster she ate with dainty zest
She wore white roses at her breast;
Of chili sauce a dab of red,
Dropped lightly on the roses, shed
Rich drops. I said in hopeful jest:

"At last, cold creature, I am blessed!
The love I've sought is all confessed!
At last for me your heart has bled!"

Lobster she ate.

And was her love so manifest?
Had I her hidden secret guessed?
Ah, no! My hope next moment fled,
I lost all heart—regained my head—
E'en while I thus myself expressed.
Lobster she ate!

FICTION DEPARTMENT



THE WHO'S WHO by the WHOM'S

Explanatory Note.—Portion of editor's letter to contributors: "I shall call my issue 'The Biographical Number,' and page 8 will contain an alphabetically arranged biographical dictionary of the contributors, both of literature (this means anything consisting of words) and of art (any alleged-to-be-original thing, not classified as literature)."

To aid my work on "The Memoirs" kindly answer the following questions truthfully if possible:

1. When—where born?
2. Where educated?
3. In what ways, if any, have you earned a living?
4. To what do you lay your eminent success?
5. If married, when and why?
6. How do you now gain a livelihood?
7. What is your favorite recreation?
8. What epitaph do you seriously hope to win?

The material which came to hand would have been ruined had it been editorially revised. It has, therefore, been printed as received and forms an excellent Bertillon guide to the characters of the individual authors.—Ed.

BRIGGS, Clare—(1) Reedsburg, Wis., pop. 1,176, Sauk Co., N. W. R. R., W. U. and P. T. Industries Woolen Mill, Staves and Lumber, Brewing (See "Men of Chicago"). (2) Went to University of Nebraska but educated at Stillson's. (3) Vaudeville and Kelly pool. (4) Killing the other fellow and putting my own ball in the corner pocket. (5) Married in 1900—for personal reasons. (6) Cartooning, but I gain nothing by it on account of the Demon Rhum. (7) I just love to draw pictures. Am also fond of skittles, long bowls, parchesi. (8) "When a Feller Needs a Friend."

BUTLER, George F., M. D.—(1) Some of my relatives claim that I was born in York State, while others say I was born in March, during the big panic. They are all wrong. I was born in poverty. (2) Some envious people say I was never educated. The principal of Groton (N. Y.) Academy tried to educate me, but went insane. The Academy is now used for cider mill. (3) I never have earned a living, although now and then I've got one somehow. My father was in the nursery business and he taught me early in life to bud and graft seedlings. I have grafted some since which, in one way, has helped me to get a living. (4) This question is too much for a man of my modesty to lift. I can't prove what my "eminent success" is due to, and I have too much veneration to guess at it. (5) My wife overtook me in 1882, when I was young, fully as attractive as I am now, but unsophisticated. Why married? My wife says it was because at that time I had plenty of fortune and groceries, a meek disposition on a cash income of approximately \$500 a year. (6) By never giving up a patient if I can help it until he is plumb dead, and because I am one of the few honest doctors. If every doctor were honest the supply would ruin the demand. (7) Writing words and trying to get them printed, and in leisure moments reading The Scoop. (8) Here lies a would-be physician and poet, who loved his fellows and lived according to his lights. But who cares? Yet God notes that which all the world ignores. If stone is large enough and family can raise the money to have it done, I would add—

To dream there is a purer life
Beyond the limits we attain
On earth, to know that grief and pain
And biting care and worldly strife
Must cease forever—oh, 'tis sweet
To dream of these and of a shore
Where grief and sorrow nevermore
Shall burn like ploughshares 'neath our feet.

CAMPBELL, John A.—(1) August 19. Iowa. (2) Night school. Police reporter. (3) Following advice of friends. (4) Hedging on above. (5) August 19th (day I was born). Wanted the girl (and was damn lucky to get her). (6) Helping others to make a living. (7) Reading in bed. (8) "He seen his duty and done it as best he could."

CAMPBELL, Robert.—(1) When all wise Providence was in the humor to play another joke upon humanity. In a Scotch family. (2) Everywhere and in every line except art. (3) By marrying money. (4) To breaking into the "Scoop." (5) When? Yet. Why? You must meet the reason in order to thoroughly understand. (6) By the interest on my dowry. (7) Shaking five sixes in one. (8) "Ars longa—vita brevis." "He knew it so he lived."

CASS, De Lysle Ferree—(1) Birth cards announcing me were mailed at Chicago eighteen hundred and eighty-seven years after Judean erratum of Pilatus, proving me to be five years junior of the "Boot and Shoe Recorder" and older than my first check (implying money!) from a publisher. (2) I owe it all to Amherst. There are those whose contention it is that I still owe some. (3) My living? Why, by using the Blue Pencil some and a type-writer more. As the Colonel says: "Who cares?" (4) "There is a sucker born every minute." Some of them actually do pay more than a cent per word. (5) Not yet! Am an unofficial member of that new Adventurers' Club—i. e., I'm looking for a LADY (note the italics) with money enough to support me in the style that mother used to make. (6) By doing the work of four men and a blonde girl on a salary that enables me to pay my house account. (7) Sometimes a brunette; sometimes a blonde. Then, too, there is a certain type of red-haired, brown-eyed beauty that often— (8) "He lies more in earth than he did upon it. Pax errata."

COLE, Fay Cooper—(1) August 8, 1881, Plainwell, Michigan. (2) University of Southern California Academy; Northwestern University. B. S. '03; Post-Graduate work, Chicago; Columbia; Berlin. (3) Working for a museum. Not as an exhibit, but chasing the slippery pygmy and agile Malay through the Philippine jungles. (4) Fleetness of foot and a stomach that can stand either an Igorot dog feast or a Press Club banquet. (5) October, 1906. Found the best girl in Illinois, so why not? (6) Continuing No. 3, and in addition telling gaping audiences how I did it. (7) Resting. (8) To have run well without running over.

GARDNER, Clyde Adon's—(1) Marcellus, Mich. Date unimportant, and wife fears people might guess her age if they knew mine. (2) By parental rigid discipline and Dowagiac High School. Art Institute of Chicago and at Academy Colorossi, Paris. (3) By living in such a way that I had little need to earn much. (4) Because the public know less about me than I about them. (5) Whew! Not soon enough. Why? To avoid eating in boarding houses throughout life. (6) By the sweat of my assistant's brow. (7) Eating at John Stahl's. (8) "Here lies Gardner, as a sculptor he was a good husband and father."

GOBLE, Lerov Truman—(1) At 2:15 a. m., in the parlor bedroom. (2) In America at an every evening school conducted by father who gave my seat of reason much attention. (3) Honestly—at times. (4) Modesty forbids an honest reply. (5) When? Immediately before she found me out. Why? Because of the Blindness of Virtue. (6) By continually developing new lines of credit. (7) Puzzles—as trying to find humor in Lederer's cartoons, civilization in Cairn's costumes, truth in Skinkle's conversation, or meaning in Bedford-Jones' rhythmic flights. (8) "His all too honest comments, fired a group, Who swore he had a head of solid bone: They got his goat that time he ran the Scoop. And chucked him safely underneath this stone."

GREENE, Harry Irving—(1) Was born of poor but dishonest parents in 1896. Place of birth destroyed by earthquake to commemorate event. (2) Received education under McGurn's handball court. Tutor, Harry Gilmore. (3) Have earned living by plagiarism, arson, perjury, assassination, robbery, etc. (4) Consider my eminent success due to early rising. (5) Was married in 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910 and 1911. Nothing doing 1912—Leap Year. Reason for marriage—desire for a life long help-me-eat.

HIGINBOTHAM, John U.—(1) I only commenced to live in 1901—when I became a member of the Press Club. Place of birth, 67 W. Madison street. (2) Same place—but process is still continuing. (3) I have received a salary for eighteen years from (name cut out by advertising department). I scorn to earn my living. (4) To carefully weighing the arguments pro and con of Rutherford & Fox (Fox furnishing the con) and disregarding both. (5) A look at my wife will answer both questions—the first one incorrectly, however. (6) By royalties from my highly successful books (balance also cut out by advertising department). (7) Searching for edible food in P. C. restaurant. (8) He was not as good as he would have liked to be but he had no desire to try again.

JONES, H. Bedford—(1) Canada, 1880-Feb. 29. (2) Educated? I was not, thank God! (3) By editing and publishing the Heington Star. (4) To inveterate honesty, determination, grasp of affairs, ability and my wife's money. (5) Married in 1911 M. Y. Arte. (6) By parting my name in the middle. (7) Posing and reposing. (8) "Here lies the Great 4 in 1—Flaccus, H. J. O'Brien, Julia Sanderson and H. B. J."

KRAUSZ, Sigmund—(1) On the shores of the blue Danube which happened to be a somber gray on that day. (2) In various European schools and academies, one of which was devoted to billiards. (3) By being a jack of many trades and master of some. (4) To my captivating personality. (5) In 1883 and out of a mixture of love and ennui. (6) By cajoling tenants into some flats I own. (7) I worship at the shrine of archaeology and numismatics. (8) He has tried to live honestly while he was alive and well; whether he has succeeded will be known either in heaven or in hell.

LEDERER, Charles (formerly had middle initial "A." which stood for Adolphus, Augustus Antoine or something of that sort)—(1) Goose Island, 1907. (2) Yale, Sing Sing, Harvard, post-graduate course in the School of Crime. Degrees: A. B., B. A., AAB., BBA. (3) Don't care to incriminate myself. (4) Yes. (5) I saw her first. (6) Same as No. 3. (7) Rummy and dishwashing. (8) "He has another think coming."

LYDSTON, G. Frank—(1) At place of my nativity. Yes. Tuolumne County, Cal. Persons who were there say it was on March 3, 1858. (But I'm still young enough to lick any special editor living.) (2) Never was "educated." Attempts made, but failed, thank God! With aid of misinformation gathered at club, have become so wise that education doesn't look good. (3) Never been compelled to earn living; I practice medicine. (4) Why, you damn-chump, I belong to the American Medical Association and was a charter member of the Whitechapel Club. Besides, am a friend of Opie Read. (5) Married 1883 to double circle of my admirers. Mutual admiration society still declaring dividends. (6) By writing for "Scoop" and teaching people how to select a good physician. (7) Playing tag with medical politicians, professional simps and scientific ivory kopfs. (8)—

Here lies a queer old boy, who never lied* before,
'Twas boneheads, mutts, not disease that made our good friend sore.
He blazed and smote and punched away 'til he was halt and blind,
But it's safe to bet he never soaked those duffers from behind.
And when he died he did not pray for a seat near the Great White Throne.
But asked the Lord to send him where there were no mutts or heads of bone.
The Almighty sighed: "I blame thee not, nor do I even wonder;
They're all up here and they tire me, so you'd better go down yonder."
And now you see how it is with me and know just where to find me;
O, thou spirits brave and spirits true, that I have left behind me.

*The chiography of the fellow hired to write this epitaph, is so punk that I'm not sure whether this word should be "lied" or "died."

MARBLE, Earl—(1) Toward middle of nineteenth century, in Buckeye State, though I seriously object to being called a horse-chestnut. (2) In little red school-house, in country printing office, and by private tutors—some of the tooters being tin horns on Fourth of July, and so forth. (3) Have made living by setting type, wielding pen and pencil, and latterly typewriters. As to earning it, some friends think that is another story. (4) "Eminent success" is good, I pass. (5) We return to nature sometimes. (6) Please don't work the third degree too strongly. (7) Chatting with an intelligent woman, and flirting with a foolish one. (8) Something like this:

Beneath this marble slab here lies
A Marble slab returned to dust,
Who stood among the Press Club guys
Until Death whispered, "Go you must."

LOUGHBOROUGH, Dwight Logan—(1) Weeping Water, Nebr. So long ago I can't remember. (2) I went to school in the Kansas Wesleyan University, and the University of

Nebraska. What education I may have I got in the newspaper game. (3) By working fifteen hours a day and "standing off" the trades' people. (4) I will tell you later. If ever I am a success it will be because I minded my own business. (5) June, 1858. Because the missus didn't know me very well. (6) By just plugging along. (7) Writing plays and songs which probably the world never will know about or hear. (8) "Whatever other faults he had, he never knocked."

MERRELL, F. L.—(1) In Arcadia, near the Land of Fancy. When? At the age of 14, when art first touched my life. Previously I had not lived. (2) By the public—which really makes a public school. (3) By refined condescendence games such as making cartoons for money. (4) To advertising in the world's greatest newspaper. (5) I am single, but don't let my wife see this chronicle. (6) Toting a cannon. (7) Getting two horses on Bob Campbell. (8) "He died without a permit from his enemies."

PEPOON, H. S., M. D.—(1) Born under equarius at time when blood ran like water, and so, am naturally a "sucker." (2) Largely by my antecedents in the dominant traits of character, later in Champaign (the city, not the liquor); penultimately under the banner of "Smilia similibus" and finally by my wife. (3) Mostly by my tongue: avoiding "sass" as a boy, using learned words as student, as a physician repeatedly assuring the sick and well I would soon fix them up (I did), as a teacher by fair speech to all, as a husband by muzzling the same. (4) To my large size, dark complexion, good humor and a good general smattering of useful information coupled with a XXXX memory. (5) One evening in March by the preacher; because the girl I asked said "yes." (6) By close acquaintance with such beauties as Campanula rotundifolia langsdorfiana, Ranunculus aquatilis capillatus and others and such agencies as Karyokinesis, Heterogamy and Photosynthesis. (7) Partaking of ice cream, after cashing my monthly check. (8) "In him the milk of human kindness never froze."

RANDALL, Roy O.—(1) At sunrise in a town hidden by a telegraph pole. (2) Knocks college. (3) Contributing to B. L. T.—and things like this. (4) Cultivating a touching style. (5) In an idle hour—I like housework. (6) By space alone. (7) Counting my cigar coupons. (8)

Through the broken clouds above I see,
The heavenly gates are op'd for me;
For me, for me, for me, for me,
For me, for me, for me.

SAWYER, Philip Ayer (or plain Phil)—(1) I am among the few great men who claim the Windy City instead of Indiana as a birthplace. (2) Where? the world over. When? the process is still active. (3) Hand outs, dishwashing, deck scrubbing and among other honorable ways. (4) Don't make me blush. (5) Am single and miserable. (6) By letting a good friend believe me a genius. (7) Horseback riding and club stags. (8)

'E's etched 'is larst,
'Iv old world's grand fight,
'An' now kind friends,
'E says "Good Night."

SKINKLE, Gene T.—(1) June 21, 1858, Chicago. Beginning of summer and longest day in year, which accounts for sunny disposition and habitual shortness, financially and otherwise. (2) Not guilty! I never was educated—am learning every day—have picked up some useful knowledge playing draw poker and reading signs. (3) By flirting with opportunity and taking advantage of her confiding nature. (4) To the fact that I've had a family to support, whose necessities prevented my devoting too much time to rest and recreation. (5) May 10, 1879. Because I desired to be wished into a family who stood well socially and who failed to appreciate my merits—it was a joke on them—besides which I really liked the girl. (6) By prudently living within the interest of my debts. (7) Slicing Doctor Lydston on Rutledge Rutherford. (8) He wasn't too darn green to burn.

SMITH, Duncan M.—(1) Born in Rockford. (2) Going to be educated somewhere when I get time. (3) By writing pieces for the papers. (4) To my wife. (5) Yes: once upon a time; because. (6) Same way. (7) Building air castles. (8) "Good by Dunk."

STAHL, John M.—(1) When I was quite young. Where? I am not sure; recollection of the event is rather indistinct. But I am sure that I participated. (2) In connection with a female seminary—at least, that is where it came fastest. (3) Not guilty. (4) Keeping my head cool, my feet warm and associating with the present editor. (5) Why? That I might not be compelled to nuke out for home at 11:59 p. m. four nights of the week. Also because I could get for a wife the sweetest, best, dearest girl I had ever known. When? The very earliest date I could persuade the girl aforesaid to fix. (6) No, you don't. Anyhow, we change the license number of our car every night. (7) Reducing the supply of gasoline and grape juice. (8) He was a worthy member of the Press Club of Chicago.

VAN NICE, Roy Blake—(1) 1887 in S. Greenfield, Old Misery. (2) Waukon, Iowa, Schools, Art Institute of Chicago and Chicago Tribune. (3) We who would be artists never really live. (4) Patience and hectic imagination. (5) Feb. 31, 1912. Because it is the only safe day on which to marry. (6) Making lay-outs for a small out-lay by the concern that is educating me. (7) Eating domestic fudge with the maker thereof. (8)

"Remember me is all I ask,
And, if remembrance be a task,
Forget me."

VISSCHER, Wm. Lightfoot—Was born a Colonel, in Kentucky; married a Colonel's daughter, thus became a Colonel by courtesy; was commissioned Colonel and thus became a Colonel with a frog-sticker. Went to school at a male seminary and learned to exterminate flies by sweetening the pages of his geography and shutting them up sudden—flies too. Graduated in law and learned not to be a lawyer, preferring to be a poet—am not a poet—none to hurt. Knew enough to know that I couldn't be both, and that's plenty to know all at once. Went to war and learned how sweet is home. Sailed the seas some and has often been half-seas-over—and under. Forty years a newspaper man and sometimes have sworn to a circulation—thus showing versatility. Rode herd and made cow-pony's back sore—also my own back, just below the back. Have played poker with kings—also queens and jacks. Am past seventy years and never have had rheumatism, a backache, a gray hair, or anything else much. Love wine, women and song—but they don't like me. In a general way I don't care a d— dog-gone. This is a confession.

WARNER, Mason—(1) In September. Within a mile of the old town hall. (2) At a printer's case. (3) In various ways—all difficult. (4) To losing my job as a reporter. (5) Yes. (6) By earning my salary. (7) Listening at the Knockers' table. (8) B. 1871-D. 1971.

WATERLOO, Stanley—(1) 1846. Michigan. Among the pioneers. (2) In childhood by the Indians; in youth at the University of Michigan. (3) I am the best ox driver in the United States. (4) Leave out the eminent. (5) Never mind. (6) By chance. (7) Studying nature. (8) The one thing of which I do not wish to think.

WETHERBEE, Frank Irving—(1) So embarrassing, latest 60's, Bean Town. (2) Didn't know I was. (3) I dislike to give the police tips. (4) Don't know what eminent means, never had no success. (5) May 8, 1912. Pair of dark eyes. N. B.—Not black. (6) See answer No. 3. (7) Watching a burlesque show. (8) He was roasted through life, may he now have a change.

YORE, Clement—(1) May 6, 1874. Kentucky. (2) Public schools, Virginia University, Washington University. (3) Law, newspapers and ad writing. (4) To the immutable law of necessity. (5) I refuse to answer. (6) I follow my hunches, to get my lunches. (7) Reading, rowing and rounding. (8) He smiled through life and died the same way.

APHORISMS

BY SIGMUND KRAUSZ.

Criticism, if just, should not impress the author and artist as a hailstorm which annihilates the harvest, but as a heavy shower which, after temporarily bending the stalk of grain, nourishes and invigorates it. Unsound or biased, it is only a puff of wind that does not strike the sail—worthless and negligible.

The vicious critic, who sees good in nothing, is, generally, a mental zero who has failed in his own ambition and now vents his spleen, with special delight, on those who are doing things. He is a human cockroach—not harmful, but noisome.



Miniature model of Filipino woman by Clyde Gardner.

The Master Sculptor.

BROWNING RHAPSODIZES.

Why, simple art! Eh? Cube, you say, and square—

What's this futurist rabble? What's his name
Who pictures moods and—bah! Where's old-
er game

Than when insanity, rank madness, dare
Don prophet's garb i' the night, call Earth to
prayer?

See, here's geometrician's worthiest aim:

Seek nth—raise woman to the nth of fame,
Hold in hand's hollow! Why, there's art, sir,
there!

Pish! What know you of suffrage? Suffer ye,

If so ye would be suffered! There's command,
There's promise for you—fools! Art's eye's to see

Th' impossible; hold woman in one's hand?
Show me the man can compass it! Poor clod—
Can earth-hand clutch the majesty of God?

—H. Bedford-Jones.

Dick Little's vented opinion of the man who invented the game of rummy is probably the most complete demonstration of the minatory possibilities of English speech that ever came out of a human face. Delivered freely on or without request.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED MEN

To Attend Stag Saturday, Feb. 1, 1913. See
Ad. on Back Cover.

JOHN M. STAHL, Pres.

A. O. ARNOLD, Gen. Mgr.

ADVERTISE

—IN THE—

Illinois Farmer

CHICAGO, ILL.

More than 70,000 subscribers that have paid their
own money for the paper.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Edited by Jean Comerford—Address Contributions to 812 Eastwood Avenue.

IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS THE I. W. P. A. HAS NOT MISSED A BUSINESS MEETING.

The time has come to mention a few specific details concerning our organization and its purposes.

We are a sisterhood of writers and those whose professions are akin to writing—artists, composers and publishers.

We are affiliated with the National Editorial Association, the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the Sarah Hackett Stevenson Memorial Home.

With the Illinois Federation we have more than passing interest, as may be seen in one of this week's items.

Our purpose is largely and quietly philanthropic. We have never seen fit to blazon our activities in the newspapers, although they would have made many a picturesque human interest story.

Those whom we help are those who have labored in some one of the fields covered by our organization.

Being a sisterhood, the reason for our silence is obvious.

WE ARE THE ONLY ORGANIZATION OF PAID WOMEN WRITERS IN CHICAGO.

It is a source of regret to us that there should arise a necessity for this explanation. As such necessity is palpable, the explanation is made.

There is in Chicago another organization of women which has in times past been confounded with us. It is much occupied in the giving of elaborate functions with distinguished guests of honor. These guests have invariably accepted invitations and attended the affairs solely because they understood the organization was one of actual women writers.

In the cases of one or two manifestly eager social climbers the situation was amusing.

In other cases it is not amusing. It is deceptive and absolutely misleading. The women journalists who were once members withdrew long since. Some of them objected strenuously to the use of their names by the "pseudo press" organization long after they ceased to attend meetings or pay dues.

The only thing we ask is that our reputation and organization shall stand for what they are.

The Chicago Press League is not an organization of paid and recognized women writers.

THE ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION IS.

We shall be glad to furnish further details to inquirers.

JEAN COMERFORD.

Come to think of it, many clubs are called. Few are chosen.

Maude Swalm Evans sends a notice of the business meeting last Saturday. Does the wondrous beauty editor of the Tribune desire to be known as Mrs. Alexander Moore or as her own magical self? Of course the affair will be at the Press Club. Equally, of course, all members will be invited.

The regular business meeting of the I. W. P. A. was held Saturday afternoon, January 18, in the committee room of the Crerar Library Building. The Directors met at 2:30, the Association at 3:00. Miss O'Donnell presided.

Mrs. Holden, of the Membership Committee has the names of ten new candidates, but owing to sickness in her family and the death of her mother she has had to defer presenting them until the February meeting.

Plans for a social afternoon with Mrs. Lillian Russell, who is one of our regular members, were consid-

ered. Mrs. Russell is to be in Chicago in February and has promised to talk before the Association.

MAUDE SWALM-EVANS.

Mrs. Evans, by the way, has been paid a signal honor by the Illinois Federation. She is associate editor of the soon to be issued Illinois Club Bulletin. This indicates somewhat our standing as a club.

But not all. The chairman of the committee, as well as the business manager, is our clever Mrs. Laura S. Raabb. Associated with these two are Mrs. Frederick A. Dow, editor; Mrs. John Harvey Brown, of Diver-non, down state editor, and Mrs. Andrew P. Coon, advertising manager. The first issue of the Bulletin will be on February 15.

Note.—The Bulletin and the Scoop are papers we should all subscribe for, read, praise honestly, and help to improve.

A fine, free giving, untrammelled gift for poesy has our Ethel Maude Colson. We offer you proof in the following, printed in Lippincott's Magazine:

THE WOMAN-HEART.

I am so proud it matters not

That he has gone away;

His pleasantness I have forgot—

That was of yesterday.

No pain or grief my spirit wrings,

Of coming joy my glad heart sings.

Why should I mourn a vanished swain

With likely lads in plenty,

Or strive one lost love to regain

When new loves number twenty?

Of truer friends I have no lack;

Yet—*God in Heaven, bring him back!*

—Ethel M. Colson, in Lippincott's Magazine.

Some one asked one of our members who Mary G. Murphy is.

"First," replied the member, "she is the *salt of the earth*. After that she is club editor of the Inter Ocean."

Incidentally, she is more. She is the Catholic Church end of the paper, a pretty large end it is, too, when one considers the Monday edition church news. Ergo, that church news is changed. Mr. Hinman often made declaration that Unitarians, Universalists and Christian Scientists are not real church members, so he gave them no representation in the columns of his paper.

All this is far from Mary Murphy, whom we all love. Lately she has been working under great nerve strain. Her father is ill, incurably bed-ridden. Of her faith or not, we all say a little loving prayer for her.

Rollicking fine story, "The Return of Bill." Several of us would like to see Mr. Power essay verse for itself. Of course he'll return with a story.

Bell



System

FOUR SIMPLE RULES

To prevent being given wrong numbers in the use of the telephone.

1. Look up the number in the latest telephone directory, noting well the prefix.
2. Speak directly and distinctly into the transmitter all the time.
3. Say "Oh" for naught, but "hundred" and "thousand" for repeated final ciphers.
4. Make two syllables of "thr-ee," "fo-ur," "fi-ve" and "seven," but cut the other digits short.

Chicago Telephone Company
Bell Telephone Building Main 294

BOOK NOTES.

Here you will read unbiased opinions. For some time the editors have felt that a department of book notes should be given space. Our purpose is twofold. It is agreed that the Scoop should (if possible) be representative of the best in local literature. The only factor to be considered as in direct opposition to this ideal will be our members themselves. If they are not willing to give us their best the editors are helpless—the general tone of the paper cannot improve. In short, the paper cannot become what, the management feels sure every true member of the club would like to see it become, a journal of novel intent and manifest brightness—a journal that claims reading attention from clever people every where.

To do this, the Scoop will be obliged to rise above the dead weight of mere localisms. These are jollily well liked in their place and lend zest to an issue, but there must be more—much more.

Dignity surely attaches to what is indubitably the greatest Press Club in the world. Let's take a few hours off now and then from our merry making, from our fellowship meetings, wonderful and rare though they be, and make a worthy effort to turn out something worth while for the club that gives such brotherhood existence.

The thing should not be hardship. In fact, it should be joy. Dozens of us cry out in the routine of our days that it is damnable to feel an obligation continually which forces us to write to live. Mercenarism blunts our talents, plucks out our souls, we confess to each other often and earnestly.

True, perhaps. At any rate, some of literature's finest fragments have been scrawled on crumpled paper in idle moments when life's actualities had drifted afar and dreams encompassed the producer.

All of us dream. Some of the dreams should be fine and worth while. The dreams of any one who writes are bound to be. Let us write for the Scoop. Let us write our best in order that the paper may attain its true place among ultra literary journals.

All this aside from books and yet properly, the writer thinks, part and parcel of the department. We shall be grateful here for any ideas you may have upon any recent publication. If you like a book, send us in a few words of praise. If you do not like it, go ahead and roast—in your choicest English and with a certain regard only for the usual proprieties. Club members can aid this department immeasurably by doing this. Hunt up the new books as they come in, read and render opinions.

Another reason for the inauguration of this department is our need of a large and well selected library of modern books. As you know, our book shelves contain some very good volumes, but they are for the most part of the vintage of a few years back.

We are going to get in touch with publishers. We are going to show them that the Scoop is a worth while paper. Heretofore donations of books have been pure good will on their part. Now we purpose giving them a department of honest comment that will in a measure be an extension of courtesy for courtesy.

To all publishers who have sent us books we tender sincere thanks.

Among such publishers none has been more faithful or kindly than the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis. Lately we have received from their hands the following works of fiction:

The Fortunes of the Landrays, by Vaughan Kester.
The Sign at Six, by Steward Edward White.
The Valiants of Virginia, by Hallie Erminie Rives.
The Place of Honey moons, by Harold McGrath.
The Midlanders, by Chas. Tenney Jackson.

By all odds the topmost place in a library sense should be given to The Fortunes of the Landrays, written by that too early taken off genius, Vaughan Kester. In this age of story telling pure and simple,

crude for the most part and melodramatically couched, a genuine novel like this grips one strangely. One instinctively wishes to take it out from among the stories of the year and set it beside a few of the older and well loved great novels.

Through the 480 pages of the novel the interest is unflagging. Dozens of characters come and go, logically and accurately drawn. The scenes shift from Benson to Salt Lake, the untrammelled plains, to frontier St. Louis, to pioneer Kansas, even to the field of Appomatox and the primitive city of Denver. It is a wonderful thing, the fortunes of almost any family—plebeian or aristocrat. To record it in all its variety and complicated ramifications, as Vaughn Kester did in this case, is work for an artist.

Hallie Erminie Rives writes fewer books than she used to before she journeyed to Tokyo and became wife to Post Wheeler, second Secretary of the American Embassy. It had been a romance of years' standing, ever since Mr. Wheeler was dramatic critic and stock poet on a New York daily. Hallie Rives came to town with a manuscript and, being of tender years and much acumen, began to pull the wires. In three months she had Sunday half pages in each paper. I dare say we have most of us forgotten that first effort of hers. A Furnace of Earth, or something like that, it was called, chiefly remarkable for its turgidity and exuberance of vocabulary.

Her last work is possibly her best. Mr. Wheeler, alas, no longer writes verse. He is now first secretary at St. Petersburg. His pride in his wife's achievements is unbounded. Therefore one is glad to record that the "Valiants of Virginia" pleases and interests and comes dangerously near greatness. John Valiant, the hero, is a Virginian of Virginians, his failings nil, his virtues manifold. Born New Yorker, by the trifling accident of a corporation's failure and his own quixotic behavior, he returns to the land of his fathers and there takes possession of the sole remnant of his fortune, a Virginia plantation. With the adventures that befell him there, the story is afterward concerned. It is rather good reading.

So is the "Sign at Six," by our friend of the north forests, Steward Edward White. Curious, though, that he should have deserted his first field, in which he had no peer, to evolve a good detective story of some scientific interest and told with directness and sprightliness.

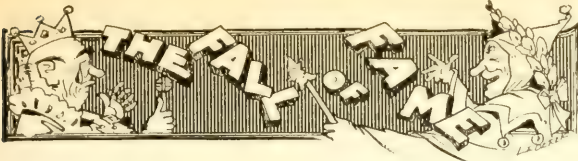
The book would have been more extraordinary had Jacques Futrelle, who went down on the Titanic, never written his thinking machine tales. In style Mr. White is, while perfectly familiar with his ground, not the charming writer he is in his tales of the woods and camps.

As for Harold McGrath, he who writes many books, also likely to be best sellers, in his last, the "Place of Honey moons," he is neither at his best nor at his worst; he is McGrath—a good teller of a story—without frills or furbelows. Indeed, I imagine that in these days of haste and eagerness, figures of speech have small place. The average reader would not recognize one when he saw it. Mr. McGrath writes not inelegant English and by its means tells the story of an Irish opera singer, born Nora Harrigan, child of a prize fighter, afterward Eleanora de Toscana—beauty and world-known opera singer. In her train amble valiantly a German crown prince, dukes numberless, and an artist or two—all in most femininely fascinating fashion. Herein lies the value of the book. Perhaps many women will read it, and many very young men. The rest of us of more mature judgment find it somewhat cloying; also decidedly impossible as to plot. Needless to state, the *mise en scene* is European.

The other books of this list I have not had time to read.

THE DEAN.

Address communications to Book Department, The Scoop.



FOREIGN NOTES.

Greetings from our members in far-off lands.

From Duncan Smith, Rockford, Ill.

Dear Men of Club: A year ago Dick Little said, "Welcome to Rockford, you have come to the right place.

"There were 492 factories in Rockford the last time I looked. But remember I have been away from headquarters for five minutes now and, of course, the number has increased, and I wish to say further that Rockford has the largest gas stove factory in the world, and also that it leads the world in the production of hosiery and, moreover, that the largest leather plant—pardon the repetition—in the world is located here, and I might add that this is the second city in the United States in the production of furniture."

I can only add that Rockford now has 100 per cent efficiency in literary production. I am here.

Yours,

DUNK.

After floundering around in the musical wilderness for many years, Karl McVitty has at last seen a great light. He declares now that he will soon be classed among the great artists. He has cast aside those tinnabulators of inconsequence such as Bock, Liz-it, Balms, Pushchinny and Theowsky and has become a pupil of the child wonder Christensen, who produces pianissimo effects with his fingers, toes and nose, wafting his harmonies to ears that are of necessity strained to catch their delicate nuances. McVitty, interviewed by a Scoop reporter, said: "Never have I heard so rare an interpretation of the subtle symphonies of Von Tilzer and Ted Snyder. These intricacies heretofore have evaded the masters, but Christensen has achieved art as delicate as an electric piano in a Halsted street saloon. I want to proclaim my discovery, for up to now the mossy stone modesty of this genius has denied him many encomiums and tons of storage eggs, the tokens of a discriminating public."

While in the village of Manhattan a few days ago, Arthur Glessner was apprehended by a minion of the law on what seems to have been an unforgivable offense. He had proceeded up B'way from 34th to 42nd street without accident, but when he neared the region of lobsters and lurid luminosity a white-gloved and ossified ossifier halted him.

"Back up," quoth he.

"Why so, cruel Celt?" responded our impeccable one.

The vast personage looked austerely at Arthur's feet. "Sir, you have come forth without your spats."

With an inarticulate cry of horror, Arthur gazed downward and saw that the beefy one spake the truth. He toppled toward the asphalt with a faint cry of "Taxi, taxi."

The representative of the finest was not so hard as he looked. Stopping a metered chariot he bundled in the limp form and Arthur managed to murmur: "The Plaza." For it was there that the terrible omission had occurred.

SCANDAL.

The reprehensible conduct of Arthur Ormes at the latest meeting of the Suffering-yets caused men to faint and brought strong women to tears. In fact,

the temerity of Arthur has not been surpassed in his history. While naturally of a bold and aggressive disposition, the recent outbreak is unparalleled in his career. While we dislike to divulge the terrible truth, we feel it is a public duty, but, out of consideration of the folks down in Bosting, we tell it in nonpareil: In the very midst of the solemn proceedings Arthur lit a cigarette and said "damme."

THE MORRIS ANNIVERSARY.

One of the most delightful brochures of the season is that composed of prose and poetical expressions of friendship for Frank M. Morris, and esteem for his old book-shop, the work being offered in honor of its twenty-five years' existence under his direction. Mr. Morris is a member of whom the Press Club is proud, and he has served us as a director and officer at different times. We submit three of the many contributions which Press Club members have made to his little volume of good things.

LITTLE PRATTLE or
Master FRANK's
GUIDE
 TO
VIRTUE & EASY MANNERS

Printed for Frank Morris who
 selleth other books of all description for old and
 young and who doth now celebrate the 25th anni-
 versary of Ye Olde Book Shop in East Adams
 Street where his host of friends do congregate

—Drawn by Clare Briggs.

WHEN MORRIS SMILES.

When Morris smiles, the world seems brighter,

A smile so typified of cheer;

When Morris smiles, life's woes seem lighter,

And heaven comes to earth anear.

We never ask, "Is life worth living?"

When we see Frank's dear smiling face:

The answer Nature speaks in giving

That glad smile in this world a place.

EARL MARBLE.

TO FRANK MORRIS.

It is to feel a thrill of life serene

Leap from the gladsome heart up to the brain.

And blossom there into a glad refrain,

When happy Morris comes upon the scene—

Morris, the bookman, of the trade a dean—

With whom good nature has perpetual reign.

Seeming forgetful of the god of Gain,

His human brotherhood so kindly keen.

All hail thou handler of the thoughts of those

Who move the world with products of the pen,

And guide men's thoughts in grander, higher ways,

Whether in dainty poesy or prose,

For thus in contact thou art happy when

Thou livest in such touch throughout thy days.

GEORGE BUTLER.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

G. FRANK LYDSTON, M. D.



Do the Lower Animals Ever Think?

This is to be a serious, brief presentation of a fascinating subject. Those who, on reading the title, expected to be regaled with a psychologic study of the peculiar noises and weird vocalics proceeding from the knockers' table at lunch time, are "doomed to disappointment." (D. T. D. from B. L. T.'s cannery, otherwise known as J. U. H.'s phrase book.)

If reason essentially consists in an adaptation of means to ends, the case should without argument be decided in favor of the lower animals. But the human animal being the unfortunate victim of egotism, creed, dogma, prejudice, unfairness and inability to observe, we must present a little evidence for the plaintiff—just a few "clinchers."

When a boy, I possessed an old cat who was a pretty clear reasoner. She was very fond of canary birds and chickens as lining for her department of the interior. The rational conclusion that by correctionary measures After making a few serious mistakes, she arrived at were due to her selection of the wrong birds. She thereafter confined her attention to the neighbor's chickens and canaries, which she would kill and triumphantly bring home to her kittens. My own chickens could play about her and my canary could light upon her back with impunity. When the neighbors complained of the old cat's depredations I could always prove her innocence by displaying my happy family.

The old cat formed a friendship for a little bantam pullet. The two were wont to lie side by side in the sunny spots in the yard. The little pullet adopted a half naked Shanghai chicken and endeavored to mother it. Finding the chicken too large to hover, she induced him to snuggle up to the cat. The little mother then nestled upon the exposed side of her foster child and spread one wing over him, thus completely shielding him from the inclement weather. The odd-looking trio chummed together until the Shanghai chicken went the way of all his kind—into the pot.

An authentic story is told of a cat which was wont to twang the wire of a gate bell, which ran over the garden wall. She would then jump down and calmly wait for someone to open the gate for her.

A French scientific society once made a series of extensive experiments to decide whether birds had a sense of color. Opinions have long varied on this point. Place with a fierce old hen who has had an hour or so to study her chicks, a chick of a color different than her own and see how quickly she will kill the intruder.

I am positive that fowls think, and have a language. The evidence cannot be presented here, there is too much of it.

If there is any evidence of thought in fowls, it shows that very little brain matter is sufficient for primitive ideation. That fowls have both color sense, memory

and a certain degree of judgment I am prepared to demonstrate by many substantial proofs.

Our immediate kin, the simiadae, even the lower orders, show psychic evidences that should not be denied. Some of my observations may be of interest. During one of my voyages in the tropics the sailors brought on board some recently captured monkeys. Among them was a large, black South American fellow, who was as mean as any of his human brothers could possibly be. His side partner was a timid little grey chap the sailors had picked up in Costa Rica. I gave a loaf of stale bread to the big fellow, which he proceeded to "hog." While his big brother was munching the loaf, the little fellow sat wistfully nearby and, by expression and chatter, plainly begged for some of the bread. From time to time the big fellow carefully picked a small bit of crust from the loaf, inspected it carefully to be sure that it was small and dry enough and grudgingly tossed it to his little brother, who accepted it with an air of "small favors thankfully, received," while the big fellow watched carefully to be sure that the little chap did not get too much comfort out of the crumbs.

But little brother had his inning later: The big monkey was tied by a small rope to a larger rope, which was fastened to the capstan at one end and at the other to the taffrail. The little fellow was tied to the taffrail just out of the big one's reach. The little fellow began to systematically tease his big brother and finally, with diabolic ingenuity, discovered that by swinging the big rope back and forth he could yank the big monkey about, all over the deck. This he proceeded to do, the victim of his pranks fairly frothing at the mouth and using language which, I verily believe, would have been unprintable if literally translated.

The large monkey finally became so infuriated that, in his efforts to seize his tormentor, he hung himself to the capstan. He was rapidly choking to death and was practically unconscious, when I ventured to release him. No sooner had he recovered his senses than the ugly brute sprang at me and bit a piece out of my leg. He thought I had strung him up, of course. Whenever I look at the scar on my leg, and recall the circumstances under which it was inflicted, I feel more firmly convinced than ever that monkeys think and are human in their gratitude as well as in some other things. That was not the only time I ever saved a life and got stung.

Brother knockers, don't say that that monk was a cannibal. I admit it, and with your simian fronts, prehensible habits and cheerful chatter I am prepared to prove it. Why did Prof. Garner go to Africa to study the language of our poor relations, anyhow?

Insulting? You miserable villians! You flatter me. I've been swapping abuse with you so long that my vocabulary is exhausted, and yet have I failed to score on your pachydermatous hides.

E. W. Wickey, Secy.

John M. Stahl, Pres.

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Drawn by Robert Campbell.

IN MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

By EARL MARBLE.

[Possibly the recital of how these verses came to be written will be of interest to the readers of The Scoop. Just before the occurrence of the Burns anniversary last year I went home one night very ill. Harry Greene aroused me from my seat in the big chair in front of the office, on the "fourth floor mid," and finally said that he or some one else was going to take me home if I did not go. So I went. I made a cup of coffee in my lonely flat, ate a mouthful or two, and then took a seat at my typewriter, feeling that I must write something for the coming celebration. It was past 12 o'clock when I finished the accompanying, after which I threw myself on the bed, where I remained for nearly two days. Then messengers came from the office where I was employed and I was taken to the hospital, willy nilly, and— Well, the verses did not reach the Press Club in time for the celebration last year. But here they are now.]

Your ancestor long years ago

In Scotia lived, a humble peasant,
While mine was king in weal and woe.

But things of earth are evanescent;

For you, the bonnie plowboy lad,

Of poetry became the king,

While I am proud the Stuart plaid

To wave for you, and humbly sing.

Reach down your spooky hand to me,

Which I will seize with astral fingers,

And we will shake in Scottish glee

As long as life in heart's blood lingers.

Yes, shake in honor of the land

Renowned for romance, poem, song,

The grandest of the truly grand,

That in the deathless ranks belong.

And we will dance on Highland plain,

Or down among the Lowland lassies,

And nectar drink—again! again!—

The while we clink our spirit glasses;

And Highland fling and Lowland reel

We'll dance as in the olden days.

With Scottish blood so true, so leal,

To airs of Bobby's deathless lays.

Come down in spirit, Robert Burns,
The while we fondly sing your praises!
With Highland heather, Lowland ferns,
Or e'en the humble meadow daisies,
We fain would decorate your brow,
Already laureled by the world,
Grand hero of plebeian plow,
With verse in rays of light imperaled.

Come down with us, and with us sing,
As we recount your song and story,
While bagpipes and the Highland fling
Shall aid in accenting your glory!
Come as in merry days of old,
And with congenial spirits mingle,
While songs are sung, and tales are told,
And gleesome glasses clink and jingle!

FOREIGN GRUB IN CHICAGO.

By JANE EETATON.

Greek Grease: Take one pound of hog fat, one-half pound of hair oil (straining off the hairs, of course), two ladelfuls of axle grease, flavor with goose oil. Mix well and serve en casserole while hot. Chase with red ink. Favorite dish of H. Bedstead Jones, the w. k. literotteur.

Italian Forgetti: Take one ball of white yarn (don't let them see you take it), cut in convenient lengths, mix with Black Hand gore, sprinkle with 1676 squirming cheese, bake until life is extinct. Franc R. E. Woodward knows where to get this.

Chicken Gimlets, French Style. These must be served alive. Much superior to baby lobster. Serve with hot brandy sauce. Very expensive. Ask Walter Wood.

English Nuffins: Take half inch slices of old automobile tire; fill center with concrete; grease with lubricating oil; heat with blowpipe, beat it with a monkey wrench and eat with aid of gravel crusher. Recipe used by all Chicago restaurants. Ask the arm chair short order brigade.

Turkish Paste: Supply has all been used in gluing Constantinople together since Bulgaria pasted the Sultan.

Chinese Slop Gooley: Formula—1 cat, 1 dog, 1 rat, left over onions and celery; chop and mix. Smear with doped gravy and eat with bum music on inlaid table. Get your hat without tipping Wu Sting Stung. Goble knows.

After further travel we will give you recipes for Hungarian Gooselash, Brussels Snouts, Flemish Oak, Circassian Walnuts, African Dips, Morocco Bindings, and German Stews.

R. O. R.

C. E. AFFELD, Jr.

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PRESS CLUB STAG

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY
1ST, 11:30 P. M.



Trixie Friganzi
of "The Passing Show of 1912"



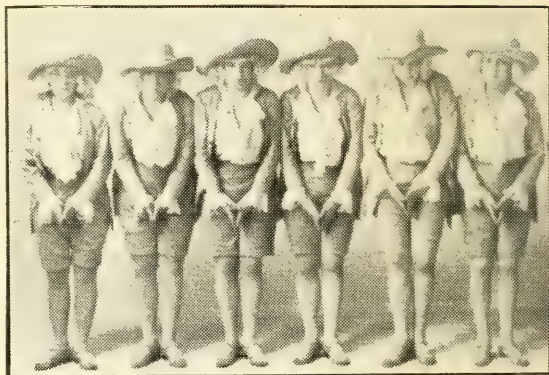
Adelaide and Hughes



Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth
of "The Sun Dodgers"



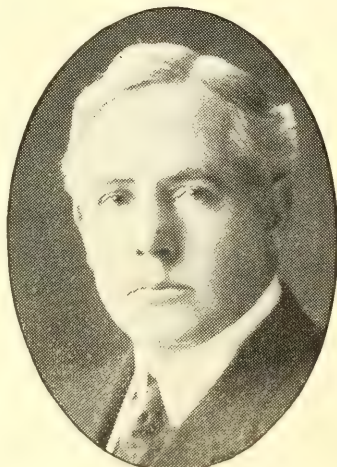
Nat Fields, Geo. W. Monroe, Harry E. Fisher
of "The Sun Dodgers"



The Quaker Ballet
of "The Passing Show of 1912"



Texas Guinan



Charles J. Ross



Louise Brunelle
of "The Passing Show of 1912"

"SHOWER OF STARS"
AT STAG OF FEBRUARY 1ST.

COME AT ELEVEN. MEET THESE REAL PEOPLE.
A BIG—BIG NIGHT!

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II. No. 5.

Chicago, Saturday, February 1, 1913.

Price 5c.

THE CHUTMUCK.

BY GEORGE F. BUTLER.

It had been a busy day for The Chutmuck. It was 8 o'clock in the evening, and he had yet one more call to make before going to The Chutmucks' banquet, where he was to respond to the toast, "The Bachelor and What He Has Missed." Driving rapidly into a poor district of the city, he stopped in front of a modest flat, and entered the building. A woman, pale, but beautiful, apparently about 33 years of age, admitted him into a meagerly furnished parlor, where another physician was waiting.

"How long has he been sick?" asked The Chutmuck.

"Three days," replied the attending physician.

"You are sure he has appendicitis?"

"Yes, quite sure."

"Well, let's look him over."

And they went back to a small bedroom at the end of the dimly lighted hall.

"How are you, George?" said The Chutmuck.

"Up against it, I reckon," replied George, as he extended his hand, which apparently was unnoticed by The Chutmuck, as at that moment he turned to speak to the attending physician.

After the examination, which disclosed the fact that the patient was suffering from appendicitis, the two doctors and the woman returned to the front room.

"You'd better have Henkins operate at once," said The Chutmuck.

"But I want you," said the woman.

Then The Chutmuck took her one side, and they talked earnestly for a few minutes. But the woman prevailed, and The Chutmuck requested the attending physician to have the patient removed to the hospital, and prepared for an operation at midnight.

* * *

It was The Chutmuck's night. For four days the brainiest men in the medical profession had met in serious discussion at the annual meeting of the American Medical Association. But this night The Chutmucks, as they called themselves—an organization of fifty or more convivial doctors—had assembled, as was their custom at each annual meeting of the American Medical Association, to forget for a while the tragedies of life in frivolity and fun.

"The Grand High Mufti" who acted as toast-master was at his best. He had introduced several of the speakers of the evening in his usual happy manner.

"I have the pleasure now," said he, "of calling upon a real live bachelor, Chutmuck, though he is old enough to be a bald-headed father. He is now passing through a critical epoch of his life," turning significantly to The Chutmuck, and continuing impressively, "Now, at this critical period of your life, let us hope that you have in their completeness all the qualities of The Chutmuck. And what are the essentials of the true, the real Chutmuck? Why, the four B's, of course. The first B, the brains, in good form, that direct him. The second B, the backbone, rigid, firm and unmovable, that controls him. The third B, the blood, in which the red-blood corpuscles, properly, largely exceed the white, full charged with rich, red hemoglobin. The fourth B, the beauty; not the beauty of face, form and figure, which 'cuts no ice,' and availeth little, but the beauty of character, which attracts friends, holds them, and loves to serve them.

"The true Chutmuck is a lover. Rarely do we find a bachelor Chutmuck. The average Chutmuck is a much-married man. Our bachelor member, it seems to me, must be shy on one or more of the four B's. He may never have experienced the perilous happiness of being in love. Speaking of the danger, the ecstasy, of love, let us all drink to this toast of 'Love,' before listening to our friend tell us what bets he's overlooked:

"Drink to thine eyes, brighter than stars,
Glowing with fire burning in Mars!
Drink to the lips of rare delight—
To the riant laughter that gladdens the night!
Drink to the tresses of burnished hair,
That float like mist on the slumberous air!
Drink to the arms that clasp you tight,
And thrill your being with sweet delight!
Then again to the lips sweet with nectar drink,
And lose your soul o'er the perilous brink!
Let the topaz and ruby blend in a flame,
And touch to your lips while you breathe one name!
Then steep your senses in the magic spell,
That makes Love's Paradise the crest of Hell."

"And now," continued the Grand High Mufti, "we will listen to our bachelor friend, who, like a truthful Chutmuck, will tell us what he has missed. I call on him this early in the game, for he assures me that he has an important operation to perform at midnight."

The Chutmuck rose, and was greeted with vociferous yells.

Puffing a huge volume of smoke into the liquor-laden air, he placed his cigar on the table, and soberly and seriously looked into the faces of that boisterous, laughing crowd of doctors. The hilarity quickly subsided, and the great hall

was as still as if he were about to discuss the most important medical topic of the day.

"Gentlemen," he said, "although I am a bachelor, I have not missed Love's Paradise, for I have stumbled and tottered on the crest of hell, and have been stifled and strangled with its sulphurous fumes until I have longed to pitch headlong into its black, unfathomable depths, if, by so doing, I could gain oblivion. Yes, I have tasted both paradise and hell. But what have I missed? I have missed a wife's kindly glance, and speech of loving encouragement that nerve and sustain the physician in his noble endeavor. I have missed her infinite comfort in moments of desperate encounter with fate, so that my early years of privation and study at times have seemed a thankless sacrifice, and ambition but an alluring delusion of irony. And, now that fortune and fame have smiled upon me, I have missed the joy of knowing that there is some one to be gladdened by my laurels, some one to share my pride and sweeten the consciousness of honorable achievement. But, had I failed, I could not have known when the steep had laboriously been climbed, and, in place of an enchanting landscape, only the desert of disappointment lay before my bewildering vision, when the blight of mediocrity had withered the fair flower of hope; I could not have known how tenderly precious it would be to feel that there was one to cross hand in hand and heart to heart with me that barren waste; to take courage with me at sight of the charming oasis that rose like a castle in the air, in unattainable mirage, and long with me to quench the thirst of years beneath its spreading palms. And when the mighty shadow of the unseen casts the penumbra of its dread eclipse upon the days that are departing, and I, who have watched many a fellow mortal pass within the solemn portals, must myself answer the summons of the recording angel's voice—I shall not enjoy the happy calm of an abiding affection, endeared by the most sacred earthly bonds, which shall be, as it were, my passport to heaven."

The Chutmuck's face was a study. His words were unmistakably extemporaneous. He came from Kentucky, where one can still detect in the fervid declamation of her gifted sons some resonances of Henry Clay and Tom Marshall. Pausing a moment, he again launched forth into an eloquent improvisation of marvelous volubility, that rose and fell with beautiful periods that held his listeners spellbound.

"Missed! Let me tell you. I have been denied the sweet privilege of whispering into the listening ears of a loving wife—ears that would not tire of listening, because it would be I who whispered—the vagaries and fancies, the glowing thoughts and ambitions, that come to me from time to time. I have missed a home, with a

sweet-faced creature by my side, there, because she would love to be there. I have missed the sweet prattle of loving children, and the tender touch of their soft, pink arms around my neck. I have missed being welcomed by a winsome creature who would call me 'papa,' and who would have eyes and hair and smiles so like her mother's.

"I sometimes think God's ban is on me, for—
"All blessings which enrich the lives of men

Dissolve from me like phantoms. Kith or kin,
Wife, child, nor anyone to love me when

I cry out from the coils of pain wherein
My breath is strangled, have I; no, nor then,

When the worst devils tempt me, can I win
One pitying gleam from the stern heavens, which fling
My prayer back to me as a leprous thing."

Then, looking at his watch, he added:

"I beg you to excuse me, gentlemen. I have barely time to reach the hospital. Good-night."

With these words the Chutmuck abruptly finished his speech and quickly left the room. It was raining heavily, but he distinctly heard the applause from the banquet hall as he was rapidly driven away.

* * *

It was just midnight when the Chutmuck stepped into the hospital.

The patient was being anesthetized in an adjoining room when he entered the operating room, but was soon wheeled into his presence, ready for the operation. A pug-nosed nurse remained at the head of the patient, giving the anesthetic.

Stepping to the patient's side, the Chutmuck turned to a nurse of uncertain age behind him, at the instrument table, saying curtly:

"Scalpel."

The knife was handed him, and by a swift, steady stroke it sank quickly through the skin over the abscess. The blood from a small artery spurted unheeded upon his arms. The interne seized the blood-vessel with a forceps. The Chutmuck then proceeded cautiously to divide the succeeding layers of muscle till he had almost reached the peritoneum. Here the tissues became soft and œdematous, and the surgeon's keen touch warned him that he was almost upon the abscess. He was dissecting his way carefully through the tissue, when the interne was startled by an almost imperceptible gasp from the Chutmuck, and, glancing quickly up, he saw his eyes fiercely fixed upon the patient's abdomen. His chest heaved with quick, deep breaths, and an expression came upon his face that caused the interne to start and nearly drop the forceps he was holding.

The Chutmuck grasped his knife with a firm grip, and, to the interne's intense astonishment, slashed through the tissues into the peritoneal cavity with a single stroke. A jet of putrid pus gushed through the opening. The Chutmuck

thrust his fingers into the abscess cavity, but at this instant he seemed suddenly to restrain himself, and stood motionless for a moment, his eyes staring, his jaws firmly set, and every muscle tense. It was only for a moment, but the Chutmuck lived a lifetime in those few seconds. He saw his patient dead and buried. He heard men say, "Poor George! he died of appendicitis. But, then, he's better dead than alive, perhaps. He was no good any way, and his wife will be better off without him."

Then other thoughts surged through his brain. He thought he was realizing what only an hour before he had told his medical friends he had missed. Now he was whispering into the listening ears of his loving wife his vagaries and fancies, his glowing thoughts and ambitions. He felt her breath grow warmer and warmer as her kisses fell upon his hair and eyes and lips. He felt the joy of living in a close, clinging embrace, to the full knowledge of bliss. He felt the soft arms of children about his neck. And then, suddenly, as if by a fearful effort, he violently jerked his hand from the wound, with such force as to hit and knock the retractor from the hand of the junior interne. The fall of the instrument seemed to startle him, and he blurted out—

"Damn it! a sponge."

He took the square of gauze, and added, in his usual calm voice:

"My face, please, nurse."

And the nurse of uncertain age gently wiped away the great drops of sweat from his brow.

After a few moments the appendix was found. It was lifted up into the wound, ligated, and cut off.

The cavity was sponged dry carefully, and all bleeding stopped. A few sutures were then put in, partially closing the wound, a small gauze drain being left in.

The assisting internes stood wonderingly by as the Chutmuck put on the dressings and applied the bandage himself—an unusual thing for him to do—felt the patient's pulse, observed his color and the character of the respirations, and then quietly said, as he left the room:

"He is in good shape. Put him to bed, and watch him carefully."

"The old man is cranky tonight," remarked the junior interne.

"He has these spells every now and then," said the senior interne.

"I've heard he was disappointed in love once," said the pug-nosed nurse.

"That's true, I guess," replied the nurse of uncertain age. "They say she married another man who wasn't much account."

* * *

As the Chutmuck entered the dimly lighted reception room on the ground floor of the hospital,

a woman from a remote corner of the room hastened to meet him.

She clasped both his hands, and they stood there several moments silently looking into each others' eyes. The storm raged furiously outside, the rain beating in torrents against the windows. The wind shrieked and moaned like the wail of a lost soul. The clang of the patrol and the clash of the wheels on the street-car tracks were heard for a moment above the roar of the tempest.

In a voice of suppressed emotion the woman asked:

"Was the operation successful?"

He felt a sudden spasm of her hands as he replied:

"Yes."

"Will he live?" she inquired.

"I think he will."

"O my God!" said the woman.

She sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

The Chutmuck stood still. Then a look of unutterable tenderness came into his eyes, and he went out into the night.

CRESCENDO AND DIMINAENDO.

Jim Bumpkins' rise to prominence was anything but slow;

Elected first he was as town assessor.

The seed once firmly planted, his nerve began to grow—

From that time on he was a fierce aggressor.

The "hand-me-down" was cast aside, he went to tailor-made;

Cynosure he became of all his neighbors.

Adroitly he started in, deep-seated plans were laid,
And good reward he got for all his labors.

Jim thought he owned the township; "The wold is mine," he said,

He straightway sought a place with little work.

The people gathered round him, they voted as he led,

And gave him a fat berth as county clerk.

A yearning came for statesmanship—unmitigated gall—

He told his friends what he proposed to do.

A seat looked good to him, he said, in legislative hall,

But in this they didn't seem to share his view.

They told him he was younger and could well afford to wait;

There were others, too; but Jim stood out undaunted.

When he found he was defeated it is needless here to state

That he went up in the air and fumed and ranted.

Poor man, he thought that every place to which he did aspire

Was his by merely holding out his arm.

The clerkship was his limit—he never got up higher—

Disgruntled now he's back upon the farm.

HAL P. DENTON.

THE SCOOP

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JAY CAIRNS, Editor

B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

CLARENCE SNYDER, JR.

Edition Editor for Feb. 1, '13.

SCHEDULE OF EDITION EDITORS FOR FUTURE ISSUES.

Feb. 8thTheo. Van R. Ashcroft
Feb. 15th.....Paul E. Neumann
Feb. 22dEarl Marble
March 1.....Victor Eubank

Col. Dan'l McCarthy, U. S. Army, Chicago, guest of Chris Hagerty.

Chas. Handcock, Saintes, France, guest of Sigmund Krausz.

Prince Lazarvich, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

H. R. Ludwig, Seattle, guest of B. H. Yarwood.

Wm. H. Morgens, St. Louis, guest of J. R. Purchase.

Fred Trowbridge, Chicago, guest of J. R. Purchase.

Lieut. F. R. Kennedy, U. S. A., guest of Jay Cairns.

F. A. Cotharin, Chicago, guest of J. A. Durkin.

Edward M. Watson, Columbia, Mo., guest of W. J. Cochran.

John J. Scannel, Chicago, guest of B. H. Yarwood.

Dr. A. D. Jacobson, Washington, D. C., guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

It is rumored that several of the working newspaper men who are members of the club are contemplating matrimony, and that the wedding bells of at least two will chime during the present month.

More news concerning the changes on the Inter Ocean has come to hand at the eleventh hour. Roy R. (Doc) Atkinson, who for several years has been New York correspondent of the I. O., will return to the Chicago office as night editor. Time was when Doc was one of the most valued resident members of our esteemed sister organization, the Milwaukee Press Club, and it is to Walter Washburne's credit that he has issued a "dead or alive" order for Doc's capture by our own membership committee.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO CONSTITUTION.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Press Club of Chicago, held January 12, 1913, Mr. Otto King offered an amendment to Article 8, Sections 1, 2 and 3, of the Constitution (relative to membership). The same has been posted on the Bulletin Board of the Club and will come up for action at the monthly meeting February 9, 4 p. m. This is an important matter and should have the consideration of the entire membership.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT,
Recording Secretary.

THE BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

BY R. A. HALLEY.

I was sitting alone in my bachelor den;
And my mind journeyed back to the past
Till it seemed I had grown to be twenty again
When the blood through the heart flowed fast;
When I stood at the threshold of life and scanned
Through the roseate glasses of youth
The world I believed it was mine to command,
Ere I learned from experience truth.

And I builded the fairy castle once more
Where I dwelt in my boyish dream,
And I peopled it well with the friends of yore,
Who have drifted away on life's stream.
All the women I knew, all the men I knew,
Were there in the radiance thrown
By the glamour of fancy that came not true;
I forgot that I dwelt alone.

And I saw one woman standing there
In the midst of the joyous throng,
Whose eyes of blue and whose yellow hair
Might waken the poet's sweet song.
For her words were life, as her smile was light,
And my heart beat quick and fast—
But the fond day-dreams of a future bright
With the golden day have passed.

Then a bell rang out in the far church tower,
And the vision had faded away;
The clock on my mantel was marking the hour
That severed the night from the day.
But I saw her face with the eyes of blue
As I looked out into the gloom,
And the halo of yellow hair; I knew
She was standing within the room.

But her lips moved not, though she breathed my name,
And my empty heart was filled
With the thought that she loved me just the same,
And my soul with a rapture thrilled
That never a woman on earth can wake,
For none are so much to me
As she has been; and for her dear sake
I'll wait till we both are free.

She is free as air in that heavenly land
Where she journeyed long ago,
While a prisoner I in the earthly band
Must stay, though I love her so.
But the jailer Death will come some day
And turn in the lock his key;
Then I shall go out through the portals gray,
Forever with her to be.

Paul Williams, who pursues the humble calling of a reporter as a side issue to the ownership of a North Dakota farm, has had as many travels as the late Mr. Gulliver.

I. W. P. A. NOTES.

The knocker is ever with us. Nine times out of ten she is the individual who does not attend the business meetings, consequently she by no manner of means knows the wherefore of her knocks. Hammering because of hearsay evidence is about as criminal as positive identification of a wrongdoer after one glimpse of him.

Yet there are people thoughtless enough to swear away life and liberty upon the fleeting evidence of their panic-stricken senses.

So there are those who find fault with honest workers when there is absolutely no reason for it.

Most of the complications that arise in the management of the I. W. P. A. are talked over in the business meetings. Sometimes they are thrashed out down to the smallest particles.

Why not attend the business meetings?

Then you will know everything that happens. You will know it at first hand.

If you have any hammering to do, call the person up on the telephone and get through with it as expeditiously as possible.

Or write it kindly in a letter.

Or state it concisely from the floor of the meeting.

But, first think it over.

I do not believe if we thought things over there would be any bickering.

To be sure, our organization is as free from it as is any club I know.

It should be more. There should be *no unkindly feeling between members*.

Above all, there should be no private criticism of those in office. The place for that is the business meetings.

If we have any fault to find, let's do it honestly and in the open.

And let us be quite sure that personal feeling does not make mean entrance.

Human nature is prone to self pity.

Some misguided ones name it sensitiveness. Others, wiser, denominate it one of the forms of the exaggerated ego. I have known some unusually well developed cases of self pity that became hysterical and styled themselves "temperamental."

In this class often are found those who are the continual victims of slights.

The plain truth is that such misguided ones are always thinking of themselves. They seldom reflect upon the good of the whole. Their condition is one of unhappiness to themselves and of annoyance to their friends.

Nothing but slang arises to the need of the situation.

Let's *cut out* the knocks.

Let's attend the business meetings.

Just consider. Then answer this question:

Who is to blame for the entire plan of the association? For the officers? For the social events? For any small part of it?

YOU ARE, dear member. And you, and you, and so on until the roll is called.

Begin now. Make up your mind to attend the next meeting. Find out who the next candidates for office are to be. It is already in the air. Read up on nominations.

Do not give your proxy for some one to vote for you when the next annual election comes around.

If you are not interested enough in the organization to vote yourself, you may just as well be counted among the absent. A proxy is a poor apology for your membership. The only real excuses for it are absence from the city and sickness.

The life of any organization is *personal interest*.

Kindly interest—sacrificial interest—Love, if you will.

The good of the group is the good of one.

On the other hand, the excellence of the group depends solely upon the worth of its individual membership.

These truths hold in the make up of any government—from that of the United States down to the smallest Sunday school class.

INDIFFERENT CITIZENSHIP BREEDS INDIFFERENT GOVERNMENT.

Vitally clean citizenship means compact, thorough-going and honest government.

Club membership is club citizenship. It is something much higher and bigger than personal aggrandizement.

Make up your mind now to attend the next business meeting.

All together let's make the I. W. P. A. stand for something definite in the literary life of Chicago.

JEAN COMERFORD.

The regular meeting of the Illinois Woman's Press Association will be held on Thursday evening, February 6, at 8 o'clock, at the Chicago Press Club, 26 N. Dearborn street. The Post's section, Ethel M. Colson chairman, will present the following program:

Solo on the bells.....Selected Group of Songs—

"Now Fleets the Crimson Petal".....Quiller

"My Lovely Celia".....Wilson

"Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark".....Bishop

Mrs. Hannah Butler. Mrs. Charles Orchard, accompanist.

"Poetry as the Publisher Sees It".....Joseph E. Bray (Head of publishing department, A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Solo on the bells.....Selected Harry J. Budinger.

Group of Songs—

"Reveillez-vous".....Godard

"Le Jour Depuis".....Charpentier

Mrs. Butler, accompanied by Mrs. Orchard.

"Why Poets Still Are Born and Not-Made".....

Mrs. Leland L. (Eve Brodlique) Summers.

Group of Songs—

"A! Love but a Day".....Beach

"Come, Sweet Morn"....."A. L."

"June".....Lula Jones Downing

I. W. P. A. Reception.

Mrs. Charles Sergel opened her beautiful home, 4578 Oakenwald avenue, to the Illinois Woman's Press Association on Saturday and dispensed her hospitalities with her usual grace and courtesy to all.

She wore a Frenchy black and white costume, chiffon and satin, en train. The parlors were filled with members of the club, who enjoyed the beautiful pictures, gathered in many trips abroad.

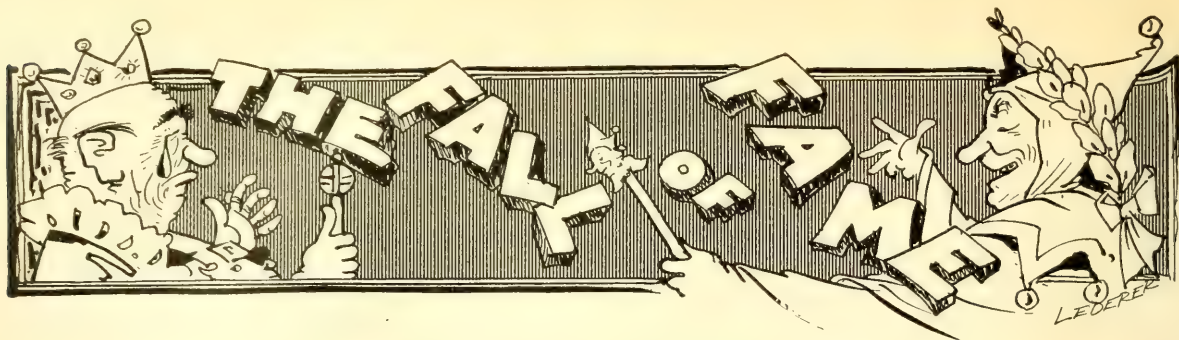
After instrumental music by Miss MacMahan, which was much appreciated, Mrs. Kay—formerly Florence Brooks—read from her diary a thrilling account of an experience on the ship Arcadia, stranded on a coral reef in the Caribbean sea.

Mrs. Catharine Knowles Robbins read Moliere's *Les Precieux Ridiculous*, with exquisite taste and humor.

Among those present were Virginia Brooks, Mrs. Opie Read and Mrs. Blue, Mary O'Connor Newell, Louise Hacken, Mrs. Bass, Florence Kiper, M. E. O'Donnell, Mate Palmer, Mrs. Gebhart, and so many other poets and story writers that the atmosphere scintillated with wit and humor.

After appetizing refreshments, all were invited to the library, with its tempting array of books and pictures, to register in the visitors' book.

Edith Rockefeller McCormick is preparing another series of articles upon child culture. She is a fluent and charming writer and an earnest student of the subject.



Barratt O'Hara, lieutenant governor, is considering plans to keep Governor Dunne out of the state as much as possible. This is strictly between friends, but Barratt has discovered that for every day Mr. Dunne is outside the borders of Illinois he (Mr. O'Hara) will get \$32, while Mr. Dunne's salary will not be cut. It is suggested that Mr. O'Hara have the capital moved to East St. Louis, so that Mr. Dunne will not have so far to travel to get out of Illinois for \$32 worth.

Jack Spellman is a more frequent visitor to the club than formerly, whereat everyone who knows him rejoices exceedingly.

It is suggested that the gentleman who thought some one had stepped on his foot carry a steel cage to surround himself with during perilous periods. At the time he thought his toes had been trod upon he was standing all alone in the middle of the club reception room. Strangely enough, the absence of any visible stepper in his immediate vicinity only frightened him the more.

"Wild Bill" Forman, the man whom Charles Welch Murphy has learned to respect more than any other one sporting ed., was confined to his home this week by an attack of grip. Bill should join the club when no one has the grip.

Rudy Berliner had the extreme pleasure of riding a long distance on a Cottage Grove avenue car last week as a seatmate of Mr. Webb, the W. K. bandit. Rudy says \$700 reward isn't enough for the capture of Webb. He allows that if it had been \$700,000 he would have let Mr. Webb seriously alone, as the latter had what Rudy describes as "a disreputable look." Quite so.

The rum rummies have been confined to a segregated district, back of the screens on the fourth floor.

If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how long will it take Jim Lowder

to change his necktie? [Editor's Note—There is not supposed to be any sense in this. It serves the dual purpose of filling space and mentioning the esteemed Mr. Lowder in this issue. We didn't know anything to print about him this week, but wanted to use his name anyhow.]

Names you ought to know how to spell—Henry Barrett Chamberlin—not "lain." A certain R. H. reporter has just found this out.

One of these days the Club cafe is going to be the most popular eat shop in town. Why? Ask Walter A. Washburne.

It is rumored that a southern friend of the club is preparing to ship three or four fat 'possums for 'possum dinner this month.

"Victim" Eubank pulled one of the best boneheads of modern times the other night. Mose took the order, and as Mr. Eubank is very much on the wagon he desired a lemonade. "Mistah Eubank, we ain't got one lemon left," reported Mose, with feeling. "All right," said Victor, "bring me a horse's neck." And then he kicked because the edge of the glass wasn't decorated with the customary lemon peel. Some persons are hard to please.

"Bob" Jones, managing editor of The Inter Ocean, will leave Chicago Saturday, having decided to forsake the newspaper business to become a lumber baron. Mr. Jones surely will be missed in the club, "Vic" Eubank, Paul Neumann and the new lieutenant governor, Barratt O'Hara, being among the chief mourners. "Bill" Moore will be advanced from the post of city editor to the managing editor's chair, while James Evans Crown will become city editor.

Sigmund Krausz entertained this week Mr. Chas. Handcock of Saintes, France, who is also his guest at the club. They are old friends, and have encountered each other (never by appointment) in Panama, Lima, La Paz, Valparaiso and Santiago, Buenos Aires, and now again in Chicago.

NOX McCAIN LECTURE.

Nox McCain, traveler and lecturer famous the world over, gave a well attended lantern lecture at the club last Saturday night. The audience, in addition to members, contained a generous number of lady guests.

Mr. McCain recently returned from the scene of the present troubles in the Balkans, and brought with him some pictures which in fancy carried his hearers over the seas to the theater of war in that blood-soaked peninsula. These pictures gave a vivid and correct idea of the peoples who are now engaged in driving the Turk from Europe, while the witticisms with which he punctuated his elucidations caused ripples of merriment to sweep constantly through the audience.

Nox is an erstwhile newspaper man, and has friends among the profession in every newspaper office in the country. He went through all the vicissitudes of the newspaper game, starting in as cub reporter and ending at the top notch. Years ago the members of the Pittsburgh Press Club attested their appreciation of his worth by electing him to the presidency of that organization.

Nox is a Pennsylvanian. He was for years connected with the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia Press in that paper's palmy days when the late Charles Emory Smith was editor-in-chief.

In those days he traveled a great deal throughout this country, and on his lecture travels now he is encountering daily many old friends in the profession.

The love of travel became deeply seated in McCain's make-up, with the result that he has visited many foreign countries, which he tells about in his "Travel Lectures De Luxe" with extraordinary interest.

Members of the club will welcome the news that Mr. McCain has entered an application for a life membership.

BOOK NOTES.

Two books of poems come to us in the present month out of the heart of India. One is the work of a man—Rabindra Nath Tagore, who has translated his own Bengali verse into singularly heart-moving rhythmic prose. For the volume, printed by the Chiswick Press, London, William Butler Yeats has written an appreciation as an introduction which is a rare tribute from genius to genius.

"These prose translations from Tagore have stirred my blood as nothing has for years," writes Mr. Yeats. Then he goes on to tell of the family of the poet, whose fame is a household word in India and one of whose brothers is so "great a philosopher that the squirrels come from the boughs to climb onto his knees and the birds alight upon his hands."

Lack of space forbids extended notice of the book. Only a volume could do it justice. Gitanjali the poems are called. Translated, "Song Offerings," numbering more than one hundred, each briefly dealing with some absolute life phase. That, in their entirety, as well as individually, they are an irresistibly mighty chant of

the glories of the Infinite is the marvel in them. Witness:

"My song has put off her adornments—she has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments would mar our union; they would come between thee and me; their jingling would drown thy whispers."

"My poet's vanity dies in shame before thy sight. O, master poet, I have sat down at thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed, for thee to fill with music."

Mr. Tagore was recently in Chicago as the guest of Mrs. William Vaughn Moody. He lectured at the University of Chicago and at Lincoln Center. For the perusal of the volume I am indebted to Mr. E. H. Lewis, whose guest he was also, and to Prof. W. D. McClintock, to whom it was presented. The selling edition will be issued next month by the Macmillans. A copy will be presented to the Press Club by them.

Less profound, but filled with lilting music, are the poems of that brilliant Hindu woman, Sarojini Naidu, published by the John Lane Company. Another sincere intellect contributes the introduction—Edmund Gosse. The Bird of Time is the title of the book and, although done in English, the poems retain completely Hindu form and phraseology. I can recall no bit of recent verse more satisfying to my taste than the three stanzas at the end styled "Guerdon."

From A. C. McClurg & Co. I have received for the club two of their recent books, *The Artist's Point of View*, by Royal Hill Milleson, and *The Lady of the Snows*, by Edith Ogden Harrison.

Those who are learned in Art and those who should be, will alike find food for thought in Mr. Milleson's volume. To provide interest for younger readers, he has chosen to set his thoughts in concise and understandable English prose shaped in letters to a supposed pupil.

Solidly based ideas they are, too, and, carefully read, will leave with the dullest mind some definite understanding of the elements that go to make up a picture. I recommend the little volume for general reading, for surely it is nothing discreditable to understand why a picture is both great and pleasing. That the English is simple and the discussion free from endless technicality, makes the volume more valuable to the average reader.

In *The Lady of the Snows*, the versatile and clever wife of Chicago's Mayor has written a readable tale of Canadian life. With more than ordinary understanding she depicts the adventures of a young man and a young woman who have been commanded to marry by a doting uncle of the girl who had loved the mother of the young man. Although this is somewhat trite as the foundation for a plot, the manner of their natural opposition to the plan and the adventures that befell them before they "lived happily ever afterward" is interestingly and picturesquely told in a volume not too lengthy for comfort. Incidentally there is a delightful portraiture of Hilaire du Bertrand, the Right Reverend Archbishop of Quebec, who as guardian of the girl does much to untangle the intricacies.

THE DEAN.

Members, attention! The Club restaurant, which was closed Thursday night, will reopen Monday noon under club management.

Every member of the club is urged to agitate the creative corner of his cranium and endeavor to produce original and clever ideas which may be used to make THE ANNUAL SCOOP SHOW the greatest success of the kind ever undertaken.

Our Big Annual Show THE SCOOP

To be given at the Auditorium Theatre in April
\$100 CASH PRIZE

For the best "Book" written for this production.

GET BUSY WITH THE THINK STUFF!

C. E. AFFELD, Jr.

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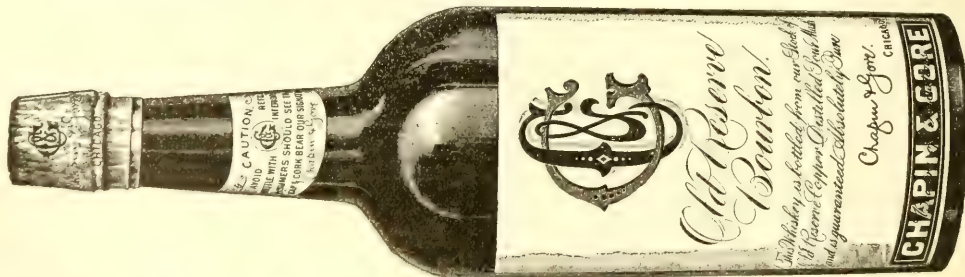
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1. Look up the number in the latest telephone directory, noting well the prefix.
2. Speak directly and distinctly into the transmitter all the time.
3. Say "Oh" for naught, but "hundred" and "thousand" for repeated final ciphers.
4. Make two syllables of "thr-ee," "fo-ur," "fi-ve" and "seven," but cut the other digits short.

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What'll it be? **C. & G.** for me.



CHAPIN & GORE That is all you need to
know about whiskey.

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II, No. 6.

Chicago, Saturday, February 8, 1913.

Price 5c.

MY FIRST STORY.

By "VAN."

A quiet winter evening had sunk down upon the great city. The clock on the neighboring church steeple had not yet struck eight, when the side door of one of the buildings opened and a man came out into the street. The yellow light of the gas lamps showed nothing but high board walls and snow drifts, and now and then the remains of a neglected garden. The man proceeded down the narrow street; he knew his path well, for he had trod it these many years. His destination took him gradually away from the darkened homes by a trail towards the open country. The storm increased in fury, the bleak drifts of snow piled higher, while the wind hurtling through the barren trees furnished a doleful tune to the man, whose tight drawn face and fixed features started out into blackness of night with a hunted, haunted look, born of a man who in the Indian summer of a misspent life clung to existence without a hope, by pure force of habit and a superhuman will.

The one ray of sunshine in the humdrum of the daily toil of the man was his mad love for his invalid wife, and as he slowly made his way to the little fireside, he wondered how he would ever tell her that his position, by which he earned the few sparse necessities of life, was gone forever; how he had quarreled with the foreman; how in one of his uncontrollable fits of anger he had struck his employer, whose life had only been spared by a miracle; how utterly impossible it would be for him to secure another position under these circumstances.

But his stolidity was unbroken, his determination unshaken, though he had saved nothing.

Rising with difficulty, the wife slowly came to meet the man. The dying embers on the fireplace cast a somber light, the kerosene lamp flickered and sputtered, but the man clasped his wife with a greater fervency and with a lingering look into the depths of her faded, care-worn eyes, passed into the dimly lighted kitchen, where his scant repast awaited his coming. The silence of the meal contrasted with the roar and increasing violence of the storm without. The man was in one of his moods, and the wife knew by long years of endurance that silence was on occasions like these strictly in order.

Somehow or other the wife intuitively sensed the anger that flitted from time to time over the hard wrinkled brow of the man. She knew by that rare art that women possess that a tragedy lay hidden beneath the dark, determined features.

The meal continued in silence—nerve-racking to the woman.

"Hast all been well wi' ye today, John? Sure not a word have ye said this hour past."

"Aye, all is well."

"I was thinking it be now twenty year today since our wee one left us wi' the fever and the plague."

"Mary, I'll leave ye a bit, though the night is bad. I ha' some things to look after. I'd not leave ye alone, but I must go. There be no danger of one getting in, less by yon window. Hark ye to bed. My pistol I'll place by the chair, and, mind ye, if a noise should come by the window, fire, and shoot to kill. Ye must run no risk."

The man lapsed into silence; the morbid instructions he had given left no alternative for the woman.

Finishing his supper, the man slowly rose and, going to where the woman sat, gently caressed her faded gray locks. Seldom had the inner soul of the man come to the surface; seldom had he shown any interest in the woman or the home. The blizzard crept on apace. She knew he ought not to go; she dreaded the solitude, the dreary, scantily furnished hut they called home, but years of experience had taught her to be silently obedient to the strange vagaries that at times seized the man.

Yet this one night seemed so strange. Fear followed fear until exhaustion overcame the care-worn woman; like a shadow she followed the man to the door; he had taken his great coat; she knew his trip was a long and a cold one. Once more, with a desperation born of poetic madness, the man gathered the woman into his arms. Long and silently he held her, and left—he into the wilderness of the night, she back into the darkened room.

The old family clock, a relic of better, brighter days, tolled off the minutes in strange cadence with riot of the elements without. Why she could not say, but the foreboding of evil came with renewed force. The panorama of the past rose in fitful parts with startling

reality, when slumber mercifully came to the relief of mental torture.

The clock struck three. What was that? The woman sat bolt upright in bed; already she had grasped the pistol; now she was sure—yes! the noise was at the window. Click, click—the woman fired at the dim outline of a shadow. A cry, a wild, foreign human cry, crashed out on the blackness of the night.

The woman sprang to her feet, a wild horror thrilling her every nerve. What had she done?

"My God!" she moaned. And in that moment she heard the voice, even as she raised the weapon again.

Surely she knew the voice—she had heard it twenty years ago, that same day when the Angel of Mercy took their little child, the beacon of hope that shined in the humble cottage; and yet those long years are vanishing now. Nearer and nearer comes the day. There he stands, with his brown curly hair and his childish laugh. He is toddling toward her. Yes! it was he, her little son, her own, her all, her only known happiness. Then a spot of flame, and the grip of poverty had been loosened forever.

"Oh! joy out of sorrow, whence come ye? Oh! restful peace out of the years of toil, welcome! Oh! light of the ages, ye are mine. On, on and upward child, where lead ye me? Out of the dark sarcophagus into the silence, into the light."

They buried the man and the woman, the snow gently falling, the wind sighing through the tree-tops, and as the old sexton placed the single wreath on the mound, he noticed the grave of a little child beside it.

STAG SCREECHING SUCCESS.

The fact that a week has passed since the big doings last Saturday night and the present issue has by no means detracted from the news value. We should have gotten out a pink Sunday morning sporting extra, perhaps, but then great events always look better in perspective, and the stag, with all the alcoholic mysticism wafted away by the cool lake wine-dzz of a week, now looms before us with things in proper proportion, just as it will go down in history, peerless and flawless, and with only one bull.

The business pulling power of the Scoop advertising columns was demonstrated by the initial crowd—the van guard, so to speak—which assembled early in the evening and proceeded to lay the foundation for a thirst on the fourth floor. Long before the hour rolled around Parker and Nelson, with tears in their eyes as big as Maraschino cherries, were forced to turn down the reserve, which had just come up on the firing line.

Then the band began to play and the elephant walked around! The spacious banquet hall was filled with young and old, all with one eye cocked on the wicked red wine before them and the other on Nox McCain, accepting with an appropriate speech the cap and gown of super-president as conferred by Jay Cairns, master of ceremonies.

Our theatrical guests from "The Sun Dodger" company were early present. Nora Bayes and her husband, Jack Norworth, entertained with a few favorite acts, responding to repeated encores.

Opie Read was present in an obscure corner, hid behind the smoke of a stogie bombardment, but was discovered and forced to talk.

Frank Comerford made an excellent speech, in which he landed with characteristic steam on the self-hatched hall of fame which has disturbed (we can't notice) the literary horizon down east, and which can't see such men as Poe, Longfellow or our own Opie, who has put into literature for all time the inimitable story of the south-land.

Colonel Visscher, following a loudly reinforced invitation, recited "The Governor's Violin."

Others who entertained the hilarious crowd were Kranz and White, William Baxter and Joe Scanlon.

IN RE THE IMMORTALS.

The Sphinx has broken her silence. Her theme is worthy of her long years of meditation. It is a list of one hundred American Immortals.

Who was her interpreter? I know not.

Arbiter of Art, she has given to America her first official list of "Immortals." Congress is to give national identity to the list, if a bill that has recently passed our august Senate meets with the approval of the House and receives the President's signature.

Two branches of the House of Immortals are created—one, the Academy; the other, the Institute. The Academy is to home the GREAT—the Institute, the NEAR-GREAT. One hundred strong the legion of the GREAT numbers. The NEAR-GREAT Roll is miscellaneous in quantity and in quality.

Has the Sphinx lost her cunning? Has she been wise in silence only to be mediocrally fallible in speech? Or have we been deceived by some Eusapia Paladino of Art?

Among America's great dead where, oh where, are the names of Poe—of Longfellow—of Emerson—of Hawthorne—of Whitman—of Washington Irving—of Bryant—of Holmes—of Whittier, and scores of others who gave to our landscape the first aspect of literary art?

The list of Immortals contains the names almost exclusively of living writers, artists and scholars. The exception is a few that have recently passed on, as Hay and Steadman.

Mark Twain's name is conspicuously absent.

Opie Read, whose stories are a part of our national intellectual life, is honored by being exiled to the companionship of the GREAT whose names are missing from the Royal decree.

Stanley Waterloo, the author of Ab, is among the missing.

FRANK COMERFORD.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

A few of our members have been for a year or more engaged in an arduous task—*arduous beyond description*. They live in different parts of the city and in different quarters the struggle has been waged.

You'll think it ridiculous when I tell you a fact or two. You will begin to wonder just where common-sense ends and its opposite begins.

Some of us have been trying to obtain the permission of the Board of Education of the city of Chicago for the opening of the school houses as social centers.

No one knows how many years of argument and influence have been consumed in the effort; how many men and women who knew just what was needed grew tired of the struggle and dropped out.

Various organizations took up the cause. Speeches logical and spirited were indulged in. The utter foolish lack of sociologic economy was demonstrated over and over.

Still schoolhouses were in actual use five days a week most of the year and at most six hours each day.

Gymnasiums were built, swimming pools projected and the youth of the city still shut out.

Until last fall no political meetings were permitted in school buildings.

The objection was always in behalf of the furniture and never on the score of the moral issues involved.

It was so absurd that now the thing has in measure been accomplished, one wonders if the struggle was not a dream.

The latest acquisition to the list is Graeme Stewart School, Kenmore and Sunnyside avenues.

One Thursday Dr. Lydston went over and told the neighbors there assembled a few plain truths concerning "The Social Awakening."

This school house will be opened two evenings a week—Wednesday and Thursday. There are several others who are doing the same thing. Our members can do a lot of helpful work by getting in touch with these neighborhood affairs.

The public school should be a forum. All creeds, nationalities and political parties should be welcome, all grievances considered, all vital topics discussed.

Never mind the furniture.

All try to get together in a spirit of harmony. Not only fathers and mothers need to come into closer community understanding—men and women, all of them—must sacrifice a trifle of their ease for the good of their neighbors.

Small use to protest against the rottenness of the governmental scheme, municipal, state or national, and then calmly pass by your opportunity to help bring about better conditions.

There is only one place in which to begin—the school. Up to the present time home seems to have been thoroughly tried and found wanting.

We still have unspeakable conditions politically and morally.

The children of today will be the political majority of the next decade.

JEAN COMERFORD.

Eva Brodlique Summers came out of retirement and flashed a delightful half hour of fun at us on Thursday night. Her gown was beautiful and blue (she bought it in Paris last fall), and distinctly Bulgarian as to its wonderful embroiderings.

"Self-made Poets" she styled her contribution to Ethel Colson's Poet's Evening. Armed with a dozen volumes and several "In Memoriams" selected from the daily papers, she proceeded to play havoc with the vaingloriousness of poets in general. It was so mer-

rily done that the most sensitively self-made poet of them all could not have failed to see his own lack of personal perspective.

Following Joseph E. Bray, of the A. C. McClurg faculty, it was particularly enticing.

As for Mr. Bray, he, too, had his little joke concerning present day poets, although into his discourse he wove a thread of seriousness when he assured his hearers that real publishers are always receptive in the matter of real literary merit. Also, he somewhat satirically declared against our American lack of self-criticism and the ease with which we forgive in our own work frailties we would by no means consider slight in the work of others.

"Our attitude is," said Mr. Bray—

"It is my baby and it is the finest baby in the universe."

Mrs. Hannah Butler sang three groups of songs with fine artistry. Her tone is uniformly excellent and her sense of interpretation inherent and therefore rare and impossible to acquire. In the French group her mastery of the language was noticeable. Her accompanist, Mrs. Charles Orchard, was thoroughly in sympathy with the singer.

A novelty was contributed in the solos on the bells rendered by Master Harry Budinger. A lad of ten years who so grasps the possibilities of these unusual instruments is remarkable. This particular boy is a pupil of Miss Hattie Summerfield, who is our first vice-president, and who has few equals as a teacher of symphonic music to children. Kinder symphonies, these compositions are called in Germany, where they have part in the life of every child. Miss Summerfield has a collection of 75 such symphonies, some written for toys, some for kitchen utensils, some for orchestra, but all of them worth-while music.

Mr. Budinger quite captivated the audience on Thursday night, his "Proposal Waltz" being especially well received.

BOOK NOTES.

Miss Harriet Monroe edits an endowed magazine. Consequently she is beholden to no advertiser and knows no limitations in the exercise of her judgment (fancy, if you will) as to what matter she shall declare publishable. Envious editorship this, but stern necessity, too. A magazine devoted solely to poetry could not be otherwise successful. With her voluntary five years' subscriptions standing back of her, she has made POETRY even now a voice in the land. The magazine is not only published; it *sells*. The grumblers who have made it their cry that poetry for its own rhythmic sake meets small approval in the popular mind, find themselves mistaken. Harriet Monroe and her beautifully printed, artistically made up little magazine are actual proof of it.

Yet in any serious consideration of the magazine, one must recognize the dangers that confronted it. Upon Miss Monroe alone depended the literary quality. I heard many a scoffer who declared that her femininity would be her undoing. These, for the most part, voiced the opinion that in her very unhamperedness lay her pitfalls.

These cheerful prognosticators forgot that her training has been essentially that of the critic. After all, it is not a long leap from the keen and honest judgment of pictures to a similar judgment of poetry. Add to this her own undisputed powers as a poet (she has written little, but that most excellent and moving) and I cannot at this moment think of any person better fitted to edit such a magazine.

Naturally, quarrels with her taste are many. Its very catholicity is the target for the sticklers for cut and dried form.

In the Feb. 15 issue of The Scoop will appear a poem by Miss Monroe, entitled "General Booth Enters Into Heaven."

THE DEAN.

THE SCOOP

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JAY CAIRNS, Editor

B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

THEO. VAN R. ASHCROFT.

Edition Editor for Feb. 8, '13.

SCHEDULE OF EDITION EDITORS FOR FUTURE ISSUES.

| | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| Feb. 15th..... | Paul E. Neumann |
| Feb. 22d | Earl Marble |
| March 1..... | Victor Eubank |
| March 8..... | John Lovett |

CHICAGO'S GENIUS LODESTONE.

The value of a press club to any large city is not obvious to the casual observer. A feeling seems to prevail among many that newspaper men, writers of all kinds, composers and artists, gather there to fraternize and relax upon subjects and themes within their professional experience. This is true in part, but it is an incident only to the mission of the Press Club of Chicago. Here in this club for thirty-three years the plans and movements for a greater Chicago, the economic side of issues, transportation, finance, sanitation, politics, public health, amusements—have had their turn in library, reading room and cafe.

The Press Club is closely cemented with the years of Chicago's existence, with her captains of industry, her masters of transportation and finance—few are the achievements that have contributed to our imperial position among the cities of the world that have not been pioneered by the imaginative geniuses who from year to year have been found within our precincts, where the personal equation is an unknown factor, the armory where the cavalier of progress finds his arms and equipment.

ALARMING PROGRESS.

What with all the architectural metamorphoses around the club of late, disturbing the official cats and polluting with cold chisels the sarcophagi of dust embalmed cigar butts—what with all this, we say, hadn't we better remember that the fire of genius has ever been quenched by the influx of luxury? For instance, take your own case. Segregation of rum, improvement of restaurant, new bar, ground floor office, insignia on doors to awe boobs passing along Dearborn street,—whee, we're 'most afraid we'll scratch ourselves with our own velvet paws!

OTHER PRESS CLUBS, ATTENTION!

Next week's Scoop will be known as "OTHER PRESS CLUBS' NUMBER." We want live news, pictures and scandal. Our whole staff is going out to pick cows-lips along the Chicago river. We will be gone one week. This is the chance for bright minds in elsewhere clubs to show us that we are not the only brisk little editors in this great land of ours.

Shoot your copy today by mail or parcel post! Can you fill these columns with better stuff than we have been putting over? We throw down the glove. Come on, Macduffs!

PROPOSED AMENDMENT TO CONSTITUTION.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Press Club of Chicago, held January 12, 1913, Mr. Otto King offered an amendment to Article 8, Sections 1, 2 and 3, of the Constitution (relative to membership). The same has been posted on the Bulletin Board of the Club and will come up for action at the monthly meeting February 9, 4 p. m. This is an important matter and should have the consideration of the entire membership.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT,
Recording Secretary.

Two ears and but a single tongue,
By nature's choice to Man belong;
The inference you have is clear,
Repeat but half of what you hear.

SIR GILBERT PARKER LAUDS CLUB.

Sir Gilbert Parker, the world-renowned novelist, and Tory member of the British House of Commons, got acquainted with the Press Club of Chicago, and its informal ways, several months ago, while on his way back to London from an outing in Arizona and New Mexico.

Sir Gilbert allowed that his introduction to the Chicago Press Club was a star occasion in his variegated career, and promised that on his next sojourn in America his visit to this Club would have the "right of way" over all other headline attractions.

He has not forgotten this promise, as will be noticed from the subjoined letter to William J. Shanks, a fellow-townsmen of the novelist in his earlier Canadian career:

20 Carlton House Terrace,
London, S. W.
January 14th, 1913.

Dear Mr. Shanks:

Very many thanks indeed for your letter, and for the copy of the little paper which I have read with great interest. I am looking forward to seeing you next autumn when I shall pass through Chicago on my way from the West.

With kindest regards to yourself, and all the fraternal people I met at the Press Club, I am,

Yours very truly,

(Signed)

GILBERT PARKER.

EVERYBODY OUT.

Some important matters will come up for consideration at the regular monthly meeting of the Press Club of Chicago, which will be held tomorrow afternoon at 4 p. m. Every member should be present.

One of the most vital matters, and one which deeply concerns the interest of the club, is the following proposed amendment to Section VIII, Articles 1, 2 and 3 of the Constitution, submitted by Otto Kney at the regular monthly meeting held Jan. 12, and since posted on the bulletin board according to the requirement of the Constitution:

Section VIII. Article 1.—Applications for membership must be presented to the Club on its formal application blank, signed by applicant, and stating his residence, mail address, occupation, eligibility and age. Two or more members shall sign the application.

Any applicant who has been regularly posted for membership shall enjoy the same privileges as the holder of a visitor's card, and his sponsors shall be jointly and severally responsible for any indebtedness he shall contract to the Club.

Applications shall be posted on the Club bulletin board for a period of two weeks. Not later than a week before the application is to be considered by the Board of Directors a summary of the applications to be acted upon shall be sent to every voting member. The recording secretary shall notify each of the sponsors by letter of the date and hour of voting on applications.

Article 2.—The Board of Directors can consider and vote on membership applications any time after the provisions of Article 1 have been complied with. A quorum of members must actually be present and voting.

Sponsors must be present in person, or by proxy or letter, to vouch for the eligibility of their respective candidates.

Section 3.—A majority of the Board members present is required to elect, and the Board minutes must show the vote of each member on every application.

Candidates elected shall be notified by the recording secretary of their election. In case of rejection of any candidate or candidates, the recording secretary shall notify the sponsors and members who have appeared in connection with the applications.

It shall be the right of any three members to contest the action of the Board on the election or rejection of any candidate, which contest shall be signed by the members and sent to the Board. A copy shall be posted on the bulletin board, and notice be sent immediately to the voting membership. The contest shall be considered at the next general Club meeting.

A full discussion of contests shall be allowed on the floor of the meeting, which shall be taken up in the regular order of business prescribed by Article VII, Section 1 (b), under "Election of members." A secret ballot must be taken in the general Club meeting.

Any candidate receiving seven or more negative votes in the Club meeting shall be declared rejected.

OTTO KNEY.

CANDIDATES FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership, from the following, have been approved by the membership committee, and will be voted on at the regular monthly meeting, Feb. 9, at 4 p. m.:

Life.

E. E. Lloyd, by R. M. Eastman.

Active.

John A. Bruder, Tribune, by Mark S. Watson.
Thos. H. Christian, Daily Press, by J. A. Pegler, Jr.
F. S. Jacobs, Examiner, by P. F. Lowder.
Jacquin Lait, Examiner, by Jay Cairns.
Jack Little, Daily Press, by J. A. Pegler, Jr.
Norman McDonald, by B. Beecher Osborne.
J. H. Moore, Inter Ocean, by Floyd P. Gibbons.
Ed Roberts, Tribune, by Paul E. Neumann.
William Edward Ross, Tribune, by Floyd P. Gibbons.
J. C. Royle, Associated Press, by W. A. Washburne.
Oney Fred Sweet, by Floyd P. Gibbons.
H. B. Swift, Publisher, by C. A. Briggs.

Non-Resident.

George Nox McCain, Lecturer, by Jay Cairns.

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

Hugh L. Moore, St. Louis, guest of W. J. Cochran.

Major Wm. N. McKelvey, Chicago, guest of Gene Morgan.

Edward E. Marriott, Springfield, guest of M. E. Dickson.

William Naughton, Chicago, guest of Paul E. Neumann.

Hayden Clifford, Chicago, guest of Richard Henry Little.

Wm. Brummell, Chicago, guest of Richard Henry Little.

E. G. Wright, Berwyn, Ill., guest of B. A. Ulrich.

Chas. J. Ross, New York, guest of Harry J. O'Brien.

Charles W. Holman, Dallas, Tex., guest of David B. Clarkson.

DOGS AND HEARTS.

It was slaughtering day at the dog pound. Heads of forty mangy animals were to fall across the block. The poundmaster had started the death procession. In the front trod a Coach dog—the best of the bunch. In rushed a messenger.

"Hold, wait; I've come to save the nation!" he announced excitedly. Then in cooler moments he corrected himself, forgetting the "nation saving" stunt in this explanation:

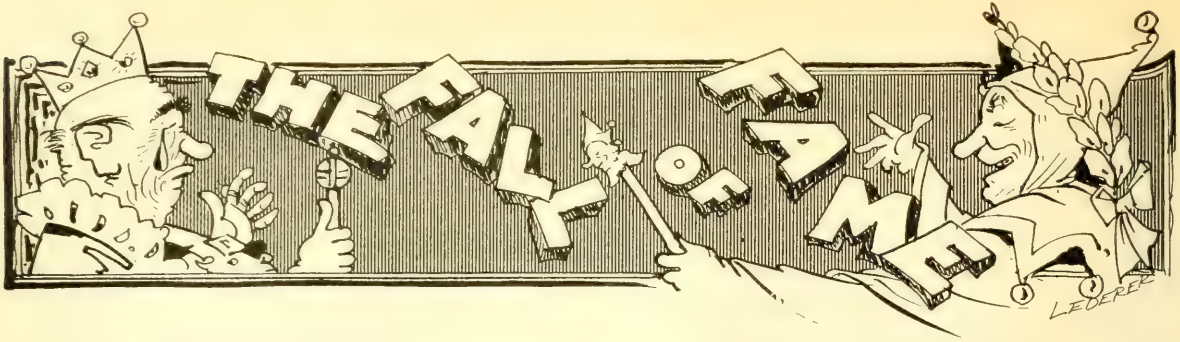
"I'm a messenger from Walter Washburne. He wishes to pay the license tax of every dog in the pound. He wants to turn 'em all free; to save all their lives. It is a case of his heart controlling his pocketbook."

And the hounds were saved!

(Footnote.—This did not happen, but Walter's heart was with the dogs. Ask any member of the Tribune staff.)

Gentle-hearted Herbert Vanderhoof came out of his private room in Canada Monthly office to say day-day to the staff, on the point of departure for a fortnight in the north. And this was how he did it:

"Guess I haven't forgotten anything. I'm off. While I'm gone, be good. Or (with pathetic sincerity) if you can't be good, be careful."



DO YOU KNOW

That Allan MacIntyre has taken out a pilot's license?

That Rutledge Rutherford derives the inspiration in editing "What to Eat" by what he gets at the Press Club?

That Harry Helmer is an authority on Scat?

That Wilbur Burkhardt puts over some rare first page specials?

That Earl Marble did not write the Mad Ravings of Finsec?

That Tommy O'Neil has every qualification for civil service commission?

That Fred Squibb is a three cushion expert?

That Milo Bennett has not accepted a portfolio in Wilson's cabinet?

That Eddie Fox will drum major the "Drys" at Springfield?

That Big Little is editor of the "Bar Cry?"

That Phil Randolph is fraternally "A Night at Columbia?"

That Doc Lydston is not the author of the "Coming Race"?

That Ed. Pickard did "Wright Patterson" a "Little" "Squibb"?

That Doc Wayland Saturdaizes at "Bridge"?

That Leroy Goble's commercial units is the price of a good book?

That Frank Morris celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary without ani-vers-or-say?

That Frank Comerford's eloquent sentiment is a poetical text?

That Alderman Dunham is having tax receipts printed?

That Charles Sergel is planning a trip abroad?

That Colonel Davis writes a good "Pipe Story"?

That George Louis has written a new song "Aurora Go Bragh"?

That Bedford Jones has written a new African adventure story?

THE KAISER'S LITANY.

Sauer-kroust iz pully,
Yah, bed your life id's fine,
I tink I oud to know id
Coz I eads id all the time.

PRESS CLUB ALPHABET.

A is for Arrick of telephone repute,

B is for Briggs whose sketches just suit.

C is for Cairns who is still a Stand Patter.

D is for Dunham with Pschyco gray matter.

E is for Evans, famed as a Physish,

F is for Fisher who is looking for fish

G is for Greene our famous Stenog.,

H is for Henderson who was lost in a fog.

J is for Jameson, otherwise "Doc,"

K is for Kellog who walks by the clock,

L is for Louder the great Banker's Pet,

M is for Mueller who can't lose a bet.

N is for Norris the gentleman suave,

O is for Osborne who we're lucky to have.

P is for Phillips who recently wed,

R is for Read who is generously read.

S is for Snyder a Captain of Rhum,

T is for Twist of the Selig Te Deum.

U is for Upham who sells us the coal,

V is for Visscher with a poetic soul.

W is for Wheeler who presides at all functions,

Y is for Yore with aqua compunctions;

Z is for Zimmer who is last but not least,

Whose vocabularic enunciation is a rhetorical feast.

CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

Saturday 1—W. M. Knox is seen around the club rooms. He refrains from making any unnecessary noise.

Sunday 2—W. D. Eaton says it is a groundhog case. To be out of the Press Club is to be out of the running.

Monday 3—Sam Lederer announces that the Olympic has the best show in town.

Tuesday 4—Charles Boeschstein thinks he might accept a place in Wilson's cabinet if he were properly urged.

Wednesday 5—Earle Ward hands two of Henry Barrett Chamberlin's best cigars to a deserving poet.

Thursday 6—R. M. Eastman hopes he may some day be the Club's oldest life member.

Friday 7—Douglas Malloch is convinced that he is the Club's youngest-looking ex-president.

Saturday 8—Clifford Arrick wonders why he didn't decide to join long ago.

Sunday 9—Gene Morgan has a narrow escape from an indignant chauffeur afoot.

Monday 10—George E. Phair thinks he will write a poem and then changes his mind.

Tuesday 11—Earl Marble says he would look like Lincoln if he were taller and had no mustache.

Wednesday 12—Bernard J. Cigrand declines to give his opinion concerning frats in the public schools.

Thursday 13—Dr. W. A. Evans is asked to name the best cure for lovesickness. He refuses to commit himself.

Friday 14—Stanley Waterloo decides to write a popular novel, but thinks this is a poor day to begin it.

Saturday 15—Clarence L. Speed is convinced that he is going to enjoy being a member.

Sunday 16—Chris Hagerty meets Richard H. Little and easily recognizes him.

Monday 17—S. R. Lewis admits that he is glad to be alone and thinks he will stay in some.

Tuesday 18—Harry Sundby-Hanson insists that a hyphen may change the whole course of one's life.

Wednesday 19—Allen C. Rankin begins to long for the Golfing season to reopen.

Thursday 20—Robert M. Maxwell sits for a few minutes in Col. Visscher's favorite chair.

Friday 21—Opie Read admits that Washington was a big man, but invites attention to the fact that there are others.

Saturday 22—Michael Gudbrandsen complains about the difficulty of pronouncing Russian names.

Sunday 23—Paul Cowles meets several people to whom he loaned money in San Francisco.

Monday 24—Seymour Stedman doesn't get a vote for speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives.

Tuesday 25—Charles H. Sergel thinks of publishing a book for somebody, and, gee, how he dreads it.

Wednesday 26—W. A. Washburn takes a day off and doesn't introduce a new member.

Thursday 27—A majority of the members decide that they will not attend the inauguration.

Friday 28—Peter G. Drautzborg begins a secret investigation. Nothing comes of it.

WEEKLY GOSSIP FROM THE PROVINCES.

By RICHARD HENRY LITTLE.

New York, Special to Q. and Q.—Things have been quiet in social circles in New York this week and about all our best people have had to do was to lounge and congratulate one another that they did not live in an absurd, smoky city like Chicago. We all admit here in New York that Chicago has wonderful stockyards and a thriving grocery trade, but it is extremely dirty and disgusting and knows nothing of art.

A city can never be truly metropolitan where people keep their cows in their own back yards and where the men sit on the front porch after supper in their shirtsleeves and smoke corn-cob pipes. Besides, Chicago is such a frightfully lawless city and, although we know the various vigilance committees out there try to keep crime down and hang a highwayman or a cattle thief to a lamp post in Michigan avenue almost every evening, still it will be a long time before the wild west spirit in Chicago passes entirely away and leaves the city safe for the eastern visitor.

Mrs. Gotta De Mon gave a dancing party at her house in Fifth avenue last night. It was a most brilliant affair and was attended by most of the four hundred. Caruso, the famous tenor, was to have appeared in a song recital, but was detained in Italy to attend the divorce proceedings on between himself and his wife, now on trial at Milan. Mrs. De Mon tried desperately by cable to have Caruso, his wife, the witnesses, and the court that is hearing the case, brought to New York so the trial might take place in her ball-room after dinner as a pleasant entertainment to her guests, but the court refused to accede to her request

on the plea that the jury might be influenced by the mental wave emanating in a community that is made up so largely of divorce.

Jack Asbildergold, one of our smartest young bachelors, gave a dinner to his best man and ushers tonight at the Hotel Blaster in honor of his marriage next Tuesday to Miss Tessie Sniggs, who has been the admired chorus queen of the Hippodrome all winter. The party would have been a great success, only six gunmen from the lower east side who had been hired by a firm of haberdashers, to whom Jack owed a considerable sum of money for neck scarfs and waistcoats, shot at him through a window and obliged his being taken to the hospital.

Mike the Bite, who has been prominent in the Newport set during the last two seasons, also shot Launcelot Lushington while the police were taking Mr. Asbildergold away. It was thought at first the shooting was caused by the fact that Mr. Lushington wore a ruffled shirt with his Tuxedo suit, Mike the Bite abhorring a ruffled shirt with a Tuxedo, but later reports revealed the fact that Mr. Lushington is one of the most famous Apaches of the Riverside drive, being known as Bill the Butcher, and that the shooting was an outcome of an old feud that started in a fashionable house party at Bar Harbor last summer.

Married members of the R. H. staff, as well as those contemplating matrimony, have inaugurated a series of social gatherings at the club, at the dinner hour on Saturday nights. The first of these informal gatherings was held last week, and the success of the plan is assured. "Old Doc" Speed, the city ed., believes that life is more than a dull grind of toil, and his co-workers on the staff are beginning to believe that he has the proper hunch.

LADIES' NIGHT

FEBRUARY 22, 1913

A Trip to the Philippines

With PROF. FAY COOPER COLE

PROF. FAY COOPER COLE, Ethnologist of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, is a recognized authority on Philippine topics. He spent four years in the islands in the interest of the museum and was at the same time a special agent of the Insular government. He visited all sections of the islands, was able to get in close touch with all classes of the natives, was initiated as a member of one of the most conservative of the wild tribes, and had many other unusual sources of information opened to him. He will exhibit many of his 4,000 pictures taken during his years of residence in the islands.

Turn Out With Your Lady to The Press Club Dance

Saturday Evening, February 15

Merriment Starts at Nine o'Clock

Excellent Music

::

Admission Fifty Cents

Bell



System

We are experts in the telephone business.

We know your telephone needs better than you do.

You may not believe this and it may jar your self-esteem to have us say so.

It is a fact, however, that we can diagnose your case better than you can.

You know your business and we know ours.

Let us show you how we can make our business serve your business better.

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(WITKOWSKY & AFFELD)

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TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

The boys have come back to

The Press Club Restaurant

(NOW UNDER CLUB MANAGEMENT)

Big Menu

Moderate Prices

¶ More than five hundred members and guests took noon-day luncheon there this week and went away praising the service.

¶ The change is wonderful. With an experienced woman restaurant manager in charge, the little things are now looked after. The food is first-class, cooked like mother's, and carried direct from the kitchen to you on trays, by our own waitresses, who will make a special study of your gastronomic eccentricities. Everything is spic and span. New china and napery will arrive soon.

¶ Fall in with the crowd. Eat at the Press Club Restaurant.

Open for Business Day and Night including Sunday

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II, No. 7.

Chicago, Saturday, February 15, 1913.

Price 5c.

THE PARTY AFFILIATION OF LINCOLN IF HE WERE HERE TODAY.

By JAS. HAMILTON LEWIS.



I am asked to give views in response to the above suggestion. Lately I have delivered addresses upon governmental questions—a week past before the Traffic Club of the City of Chicago—in which I there pointed out a phase which to my mind illustrates what position Lincoln would take. My address before the Traffic Club has

generally been published, in so far as illustrations and circumstances were referred to by me as illustrating a theme. The theme seems to have been adroitly omitted.

The large institutions engaged in interstate affairs, to rescue themselves from the effects of the violation of local law and to escape supervision and control by the citizen through his ballot, appealed to that usual course under just such circumstances in every other government of which we have record, to-wit: a central power at a distance, with the hope that this central power could veto or neutralize the effects of the supervision of local government or the chastisements of the citizen of wrongs committed against him through his personal ballot. As I said then, I repeat—these institutions created a Frankenstein. They builded an institution they little dreamed. They bought spies, agents, decoys and betrayers all around them. These they have been compelled to endure and tolerate. Centralized government quickly took advantage of an opportunity to increase its power, cut the citizen off from local control—home rule—and began to intrench upon this nation that theory that has destroyed freedom in every land—a policy of government at a distance by strangers and then through the Federal courts nullifying the ballot of the citizen at home and his local legislation. In this way the citizen has been denied home rule, local regulation; and in the meanwhile, the institutions which have oppressed him, while escaping just supervision at his hands, have finally been plunged into a circle of persecutions for political uses or party exigencies, exceeding in its offenses and crimes against the government, that which a great institution had inflicted upon the citizen.

Lincoln in a speech at Springfield anticipated such a thing would arise in this government, and bade the people to beware of erasing these lines of demarcation and obliterating the line of control by the states and by the citizen of his home affairs, called upon them to avoid merging such into the national government upon the theory of national sovereignty. It is because of such acknowledged distinctions that the shield and coat of arms of Illinois bear the two mottoes:

“NATIONAL UNITY.” “STATE SOVEREIGNTY.”

George Washington, in his address to the Governors of states, recalled the history of old governments and the rocks upon which they had been wrecked—warned the Governors against an intru-

sion by central power through any specious device which “robbed the home governments of the auxiliary of sovereignty in local affairs,” and inviting them to ever protect the citizen against that invasion, lest under the guise of national authority the individual citizen, in matters at his home, would be denied power to control, and in distance of governmental authority be removed from opportunity of immediate relief.

If Lincoln, therefore, were in existence as a party man, today, he would doubtless oppose part of the policy of the Democrats upon the tariff and be with the Republicans upon some of this issue, limited by his natural sense of equality. He was for protective tariff in his lifetime.

He would be with the Democrats upon the issue of opposing the advance of a centralized government over home rule, and which seeks to deny the citizen the right to regulate the institutions that make their profits upon him and their riches from him under the guise of public service.

Yet in matters touching the citizen, in the matter of social justice, civil and personal rights, apart from its relation to either political parties or government, Lincoln would be with the Progressive party.

We see from this that upon political economy touching the nation and the state, he would be with the democracy. Upon commercial economy, called tariff, he would be with the Republicans. But upon the great broad question of personal humanity, he would be with the Progressives. Insofar as any of the other parties represent the same views as the Progressives, Lincoln would espouse them all.

From this we gather, that were Lincoln here, with his mind he would be with the Democracy—with his hand—that is, his vote—with the Republicans—but with his heart with the Progressives—and to the extent that the Democracy and the Progressives are a unison, or to the extent that all the parties are a unit in doctrines looking to the elevation of man, Lincoln would be the advocate of them all.

Today Lincoln would not have been a partisan, but a mere advocate of broad humanity.

LINCOLN AND THE NEWSPAPER BOYS.

In the dark days when the nation rode through the storm of rebellion on beams' ends, the great bearded captain with the kind blue eyes still had time to turn to the newspaper boys with a smile and a story, which sent them scampering away to press full of facts and fancy and admiration.

We have in the club a venerable member who recalls the traditions concerning Lincoln which floated around newspaper offices in those days.

“He was ever glad to see newspaper men, and one of the deepest of his many sorrows was that he could not always, on account of the proximity of hostile forces, give out the stories which they demanded.

“He usually started an interview himself with one of his anecdotes. With a rare instinct he seemed to know the news features of any situation, and for that reason required little coaching. Many of the boys at Washington at that time—most of them dead now—were in his confidence and were often called upon for advice in weighty matters of state.”

DINNER TO JOHN HOLME.

John Holme, who left Wednesday morning for San Francisco, was the guest of honor at a complimentary fish chowder at the club for five hours previous to his departure. Everybody appeared as if he felt bad at the Icelfander's departure, but tried to make the best of it by filling up to capacity on the good things provided by the only restaurant in Chicago, our own, of course. The recipe for the chowder was Mrs. Walter A. Washburne's, which means no more need be said. The Press Club quartette, consisting this time of O. A. (Cotton) Mather, Mark S. Watson, Joseph G. Davis and Paul Neumann, sang in unison and individually. The Hon. John L. Lawson, of Prince Edward Island, was toastmaster and the orators of the evening were too numerous to deserve especial mention.

John Holme received a shaving mug and a safety razor to keep him out of the hands of the barber in future and left on the nine o'clock Santa Fe train for his new home. The following constituted the party aside from those mentioned:

W. C. Howey, W. A. Washburne, Perley H. Boone, E. J. Doherty, Edward Roberts, John J. Alcock, Walter H. Eckersall, H. Sundby Hansen, A. W. Chase, H. L. Reiwitch, Floyd P. Gibbons, Edwin F. Clipson, Clement Yore, Wm. E. Ross, Paul Williams, Frank Smith, Wm. J. Cochran, J. W. Lovett, Ben Kendall, Otto A. Engel, John Ensink, Reed S. Parker, J. Mayo Crane, Eddie Fullerton, Burton Rascoe, James Bruder, Alfred Lingle, W. J. Cleary, James A. Durkin, John Sullivan, Jay Cairns, Bert Yarwood, Dan Sullivan, P. F. Lowder.

John brought tears to the eyes of his friends by his recital of the pathetic ballad entitled, "Five Hundred Years in a Barber's Chair" or "How Time Flew when I Missed Getting My Throat Cut." So long John. Come back soon.

PERADVENTURE CLUB MEETS.

The Peradventure Club met at the rum tables during the past four weeks. Those reporting present were Harry Fisher, "Dad" Gifford, Carl Mueller, Harry Helmer, Geo. L. Lewis, Phil Randolph, George Weymouth, Theo. Van R. Ashcroft, Clarence Snyder, P. F. Lowder, and several nondescripts. Peradventures in rum campaigns throughout the world were discussed.

Geo. Weymouth, war correspondent of the Woman's World, recounted his thrilling near experiences chasing the doughty cordilleras across the Andes. He had reached the stage where the Andes, in a fit of carelessness, had fallen upon him when he was interrupted by the kitty being large enough for refreshments.

Clarence Snyder took up the thread of a remarkable screw he had discovered, which would hold the facts and fancy of some of our star rewrite men together, when he was ruled out of order for telling impossible yarns.

Harry Fisher told sporting tales of how to catch the nimble coichinal in the waters of New Zealand;

Phil Randolph gave a dissertation on the sucker fish of Dearborn street, which has been found as far afield as the Balkans; Gifford gave a short history of his experiences with land sharks in Idaho and how he escaped being digested in a money seine netting expedition; Carl Mueller detailed narrow escapes from choking trying to pronounce the names of his German ancestors, and Jim Lowder recounted the perils of changing ties every day, in which he was backed up by Helmer. Lewis closed the meeting by ordering drinks and laying down three Jacks, going out. Next month's meeting will be a benefit for Freddie Dunham's pocketbook.

THE REV. W. B. NORTON.



We hereby introduce you, fellow members, to our chaplain, by warrant of President Wheeler. The Rev. William Bernard Norton, minister of the gospel newspaperman, leal heart, heavy hand and all round good fellow.

Dr. Norton is the regular church reporter of the Chicago Tribune. He was born in Freeport, Ill., never mind how short a time ago. He is a graduate of Freeport High School, Master of Arts of Northwestern, Bachelor of Di-

vinity of the Garrett Biblical Institute and Doctor of Philosophy of Syracuse.

Dr. Norton is also research secretary of the Methodist Historical Society, editor of the Methodist Episcopal Advocate and contributor to the Northwestern Christian Advocate. He has been an active newspaper man for the past eight years, four and one-half of which have been spent in the employ of The Tribune. He has never published a book, but threatens to. He has contributed enough poems to fill a volume, if an unkind world would show sufficient appreciation to get him to put them in book form.

Dr. Norton is himself authority for the statement that he has never been accused of crime, although mistaken a score of times for Woodrow Wilson. He has always been treated with deference in The Tribune office except by James A. Durkin, of whom he stands in awe ever since the redoubtable Durk yelled out the death of Bishop Daniel Goodsell something like this:

"Well, Doc, I see one of your pals has crossed the river."

Dr. Norton knows that he can hope to be regarded as an equal but never as a superior by the irrepressible. Come around, men, and get acquainted. You may need his help or advice at any old time and believe us, with the accent on the "us," he's some fellow to have on your side when the blues get you.

FRANK WAS STUMPED.

Whenever "Way Back in '71" Frank Roderus sees a new face nowadays he rings a bell.

"Is that fellow a new member, Mose?"

"No, sah; jes' a visitor, Mistah Roderus."

"Well, that's the first time in five weeks. Now, looky here. Mose, there's so many new members recently it's puzzling to me, the dean of this club, and I want you to help me out. Every time a stranger comes out of the elevator you tip me off. If he is a new member, look at me and wiggle your ears. Understand?"

"Ah'd sure like to 'commodate you, Mistah Roderus, but, lawdy me, I'd waggle mah ears off here lately."

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

BUSINESS MEETING SATURDAY. Now is the time to prove your loyalty. Attend that meeting.

Magda Frances West is pretty largely responsible for the March Green Book. Witness an inimitable with the sinuous Nazimova as its subject, signed by her own name. Then read "Broadway Jones," novelized by Marie Louise Gannon. You might finish, some folks declare, with a story concerning the aims of Winthrop Ames and his Little Theater by John Peter C. Stubbs. If this be untrue, will Mr. Stubbs please make denial?

Miss Harriet Monroe edits POETRY, an endowed magazine devoted entirely to verse. Many good things appear, and that the publication is appreciated is demonstrated by the fact that it sells.

Nothing she has chosen has aroused more rabid discussion than the initial poem of the January, number, "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven." To stimulate interest, with the permission of Miss Monroe, I reprint it. The man who wrote it is Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, a vagabond who tramps the country thru and trades verses for nights' lodgings.

Will the Press Club poets kindly express opinions, particularly Dr. Butler, Harry Green, Col. Visscher, and Clem Yore? A word from John McGovern would not be amiss. For myself, I think it is a poem.

General William Booth Enters Into Heaven.

(To be sung to the tune of THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB, with indicated instruments.)

Booth led boldly with his big brass drum.

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

The saints smiled gravely, and they said, "He's come."

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Bass Drums.

Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,

Lurching bravos from the ditches dank,

Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale—

Minds still passion ridden, soul powers frail!

Vermin eaten saints with mouldy breath,

Unwashed legions with the ways of death—

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Every slum had sent its half a score

The round world over—Booth had groaned for more.

Every banner that the wide world flies

Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.

Big-voiced lasses made their banjos bang!

Tranced, fanatical, they shrieked and sang,

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Hallelujah! It was queer to see

Bull-necked convicts with that land make free!

Loons with bazoos blowing blare, blare, blare—

On, on, upward through the golden air.

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Booth died blind, and still by faith he trod,

Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God.

Booth led boldly and he looked the chief:

Eagle countenance in sharp relief,

Beard a-flying, air of high command

Unabated in that holy land.

Jesus came from out the Court-House door,

Stretched his hands above the passing poor.

Booth saw not, but led his queer ones there

Round and round the mighty Court-House square.

Yet in an instant all that bleak review

Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.

The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncured

And blind eyes opened on a new sweet world.

Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!

Gone was the weasel-head, the snout, the jowl;

Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,
Rulers of empires, and of forests green!

The hosts were sandalled and their wings were fire—

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

But their noise played havoc with the angel-choir.

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Oh, shout Salvation! it was good to see

Kings and princes by the Lamb set free.

The banjos rattled, and the tambourines

Jing-jingled in the hands of queens!

And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer

He saw his Master through the flag-filled air.

Christ came gently with a robe and crown

For Booth the soldier while the throng knelt down.

He saw King Jesus—they were face to face,

And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

A FAT MAN'S ROMANCE.

2 BY PERLEY H. BOONE.

There is no woman in this story. But there is a problem: Find the romance.

In the town of New York—emphasis on the town—a certain he beauty specialist was juggled for the alleged offense of removing a mole and leaving a hole in a society's gentleman's cheek.

"Your honor," said the beauty doc, "I used nothing on this gentleman's face excepting a bit of vaseline with my magic fingers. The said magic eradicated the mole and if there is a hole in the place of the mole it is the fault of the manufacturer of the vaseline. Arrest the rich manufacturer; don't persecute a poor, struggling doctor of beauty."

"You don't get by with your rich-versus-poor stuff," said the magistrate, "but there is some virtue in your plea. You are free, because I cannot convict you on the testimony of any man who would permit vaseline upon his face."

The society gentleman slunk away, the fat reporter stepped into the press room, followed by the beauty doc.

"Please, oh, please," pleaded the beauty doc., in tears, "don't write anything about this mole and hole case. It'll ruin my business and my wife needs the money."

"But, remember, if you do use the story, don't give my correct name and address."

The fat reporter wrote the story. He gave the correct name and address. It got first page space. Of course, the beauty doctor didn't want the advertising. Certainly not.

Next day the reporter received by mail two yellow-backed bills.

He returned them!

Where's the romance?

J. H. Ashley was recently elected president of the Prairie Club, a w. k. organization devoted to Saturday afternoon walks.

Stanley Waterloo is back among us, receiving congratulations following his recovery from a recent severe illness.

Should the United States continue to hold the Philippines? Decide for yourself by coming to hear Prof. Fay Cooper Cole Thursday, Feb. 20. Ladies' night.

THE SCOOP

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JAY CAIRNS, Editor

B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

PAUL E. NEUMANN.

Edition Editor for Feb. 15, '13.

SCHEDULE OF EDITION EDITORS FOR FUTURE ISSUES.

Feb. 22dEarl Marble
March 1.....Victor Eubank
March 8.....John Lovett

FOREWORD.

It has been slanderously asserted
that this is a fat men's edition of The
Scoop.

The editor protests.

Fat, like the high cost of living, is
merely a matter of proportion. Those
who were lucky enough to make the
acquaintance of the late lamented
Baby Bliss will agree that in propor-
tion the editors of this number are
veritable Apollos. It is merely a case
of lean and hungry men suffering
from warped vision.

Ask our wives. Those of us who
have no wives have others of the fair
sex who will answer for us any-
how.

And just by way of proportion
we wish to announce that Old Bill
Cochran is an added starter in this
journalistic handicap.

Proportionately how do we look
beside him?

Eh?

That's just what we think.

OUR EDITORS.

NEUMANN, Paul E. Weight, 235. Started off
with adipose handicap in San Francisco thirty-three
years ago. Got mixed up with Robert Louis Steven-
son early in life and has had Scotch tendencies ever
since. Married a Cameron to make sure of always
having Scotch in the family.

WASHBURN, Walter A. Weight, 235. Fidus
Achates of the editor. Bad company. Rouses Irish
to fury by sonnets, to alleged music, on a yellow rib-
bon. When not engaged in real work sits in as city
editor of The Tribune.

MANWELL, "Tiny," Weight, 280. Repudiates
with indignation spurious pedigree from Gargantua.
Can sometimes be found swapping eulogies on sym-
phonies in obesity with the editor. Once made an All-
American football team. Only player needed.

KING, George A. Weight, 220. Taught Grover
Cleveland the way across to the Academy refreshment
room in his youth in Buffalo. Says he's as old as he
feels. Few doubt him. Expert measles dodger.

BOONE, Col. Perley H. Weight, 210. Texas grand
nephew of the famous Daniel. The lightweight of
the staff, excepting George E. Phair and Old Bill.
When not trimming his beard is polishing up a bowie
knife to cut up black belt.

PHAIR, George E. Weight refused. Once was a
quarter back. Stopped to find the rhyme for a signal
number and got fired from Marquette. Poetises for
amusement. None knows what he does for a living.

READ, Opie. Weight, 220. Scintillating light of the
staff. No comment needed.

HAGERTY, Chris. Weight 220. Great big bound-
ing beggar, but no relation to fuzzy wuzzy. Once
looked at a Central American bartender, who is run-
ning yet. Atlas of the Associated Press, friend of the
Mikado and hane of the Jap army.

CLARK, C. P. Weight, 290. Dormant member of
the staff. Knows everybody, everywhere. Won't use
the elevated. Held down the desk on the P. D. once
and they're still looking for the remnants of the copy
readers he sat upon. Tells John C. Eastman how to
run a paper.

COCHRAN, Old Bill. To blazes with weight. Suf-
ficiency.

RARE TREAT NEXT THURSDAY.

Take your family and your friends on a trip to the
Philippines at 8:15 Thursday the 20th. The entire
group of islands will be brought to the Chicago Press
Club by Prof. Fay Cooper Cole, Ethnologist of the
Field Museum of Natural History, who, during his
four years of travel there, made more than four thou-
sand pictures showing the country, the people at work
and at play, the home life and religious ceremonies.
In addition to these he has had access to the gov-
ernment files of over eight thousand negatives, and
has selected therefrom a large number of views deal-
ing with the early history of the Islands. He has had
five hundred lantern slides made, all colored true to
nature by the best artists; no finer set of slides is in
existence.

These will be shown during his lecture on "The
Philippines Before and After American Occupation."
The Philippine Islands have three histories: One of
the primitive aborigines, a race of pygmies, who came
practically at the bottom of the human series; the
second of the Malayan invaders, wonderful agricul-
turists, fierce head hunters and daring pirates; and the
third of the tribes changed and moulded by Moham-
medism and Christianity.

This will be "Ladies' Night," and members should
see that a good attendance greets Prof. Cole.

Take a trip to the Philippines with Prof.
Fay Cooper Cole at the Press Club Thursday,
Feb. 20. Ladies' night.

Grill Room Chat

Our sartorial perfecto, Floyd P. Gibbons, Esq., is out to make the membership record of Walter A. Washburne look like a selling plater in a Derby. Floyd says he has a dozen in view and if the arson trust will let him alone for twenty-four hours on end he'll land them all.

* * *

We want to know why Wm. Hervey Stuart, of the election bureau, is permitted to be at large without a Press Club tag attached? Ald. Fred Dunham, Lieut. Gov. O'Hara, and other good Democrats, get busy.

* * *

Also for the information of Charles Cecil Fitzmorris, mayor of Chicago, let it be said that his occupation is no bar to membership. We'll all certify he worked (on) the American six years.

* * *

Cards have gone down in price. Ever since Van Ashcroft invented eight-handed rum everybody except he has been yelling inability to pay more than twenty cents a pack.

* * *

"Os" Hewitt, genial press agent (despite Tribune rules to the contrary) for Pete Bartzen, is distributing "comps" for a little sideline on February 25. Get in line, boys. Free seegars.

* * *

Old "Bill" Eaton, one of the best, was sitting enjoying his cigar right on the new imitation flagstones in the southeast corner of the fenced off part. Opposite sat Bert Yarwood. Bert wanted a postprandial song. He started out to supply it. "Pardon me," said Bill, in his most suave manner, "are you singing a duet?"

* * *

During the recent week no less than ten heavyweights heard all about the boxing prowess of Clarence L. Speed, who thinks he is as good a fighter as he is city editor. Well, on the same terms as he recently tackled one of his bright young men, Chris Hagerty will box him at catchweights five rounds a day. The \$5. to be paid per licking.

REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING.

At the regular monthly meeting of the club Feb. 9, a recommendation was made to the board of directors on the motion of Arthur Eubank, to appropriate \$250 to the library committee to buy an Encyclopedia Britannica and other books, of which the library is in dire need.

The proposed amendment to the Constitution, bearing on the election of members clause, was turned over to a committee appointed by presiding Chairman B. Beecher Osborne, to be drafted into more comprehensive form. It will come up again at the March meeting.

Following the transaction of regular business the meeting was turned into a memorial to the late Joseph Wright. Dr. J. Cooke Adams took the chair and speeches were made by several, touching upon the sterling qualities of our deceased member. The meeting voted a resolution of sympathy to be sent to his widow.

Turn out with your lady on Ladies' Night, Thursday, Feb. 20, to hear Prof. Fay Cooper Cole of Field Museum lecture on the strange people and customs in the Philippines.

OTHER PRESS CLUBS, ATTENTION!

When the staff of the Scoop returned from the recent cows-lip hunt along the Chicago river, the first thing we did was to sell our plunder back to the beef trust. We then found that our suspicion had indeed been correct—that we are not the only "brisk little editors in this great land of ours." The den where the "OTHER PRESS CLUBS' NUMBER" is being hatched was most tumultuous with cackling copy from elsewhere organizations, and we know that the forthcoming cosmopolitan brain-child will have a peep like



Just Like This.

the busy moiment of a ten-inch gun and all that, but—

We find that some of the elsewhere clubs have not responded to our challenge; they have not come across with copy.

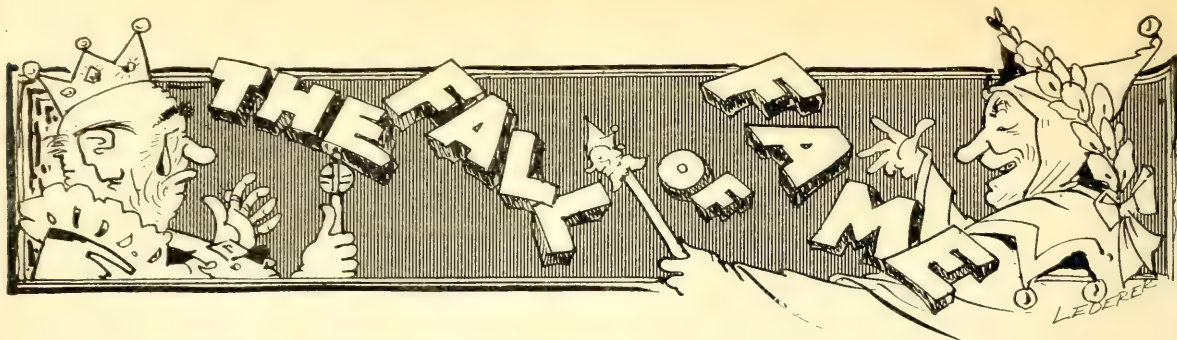
Now, we don't want to go to press on a big number like we have in mind with any vacant seats in the bandwagon. No! We want more noise; more copy.

For this reason we have postponed "OTHER PRESS CLUBS' NUMBER" one week. Go sit thee down in a boiler works for atmosphere and inspiration and then write while you are in the mood. February 19 is dead-line, so shoot us something about your club today.

Harry Irving Greene has announced that the proofs are off the press for "The Flying Man," a tip-top serial of which he is the author. The Western Newspaper Union will publish the story in 1,400 newspapers. "The Flying Man" is not an aeroplane, but aeroplanes dart in and out during the story, which is rich in imaginative feature. The series will appear in novel form following the publication of the last installment.

Karl McVitty is to be married in Ottawa the first of March to Miss Frances Ingram of Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Ingram has won considerable fame during the past two years as a Grand Opera singer.

The McVittys will sail at once for England, where they will take the New S. S. Empress of Russia through the Suez Canal and circle around to San Francisco.



Lost, stolen or strayed since marriage, John P. Tansey. Maybe the fifteenth ward needs looking after.

Why doesn't Rudy Berliner get old Bill Cochran to do a rival to Kellerman stunt at the Scoop show?

Defenbaugh of the Post appears to get lost regularly somewhere around 21 North La Salle when on his way up here,

By and by Tony Czarnecki will have time to quit hunting election crooks and investigate the club.

E. F. Clipson has his eye on another showhouse. Best advice to Clip's rivals: Steal his eye.

Our irrigating friend, D. H. Anderson, hasn't been seen, either, lately. Rumors are that he and Phil Kellar are preparing to reclaim Lake Calumet. By the way, Anderson has just bought the National Land and Irrigation Journal to add to his magazine trust.

Latest in chemistry: BLT—JUH=PPC.

Who's the Sunday City Editor of the Record Herald? Why, that Federal building satellite, Harry M. Lytle, of course.

Lieut. Davenport Johnson is expected to bring down a bunch of Fort Sheridan officers to the next stag. Perley H. Boone will give bond for their safe return, provided they stay out of Mexico.

Honeymooning seems to agree with George T. Bindbeutel, managing editor of the Aerial Age. He visits the Press Club about as often as he does the north pole. Nothing frigid about us, George; come around and bring the wifey with you.

Ask Mark Watson the distinction between "last night" and "last evening."

Which reminds us that Mark is a demon in rewriting murder yarns.

George A. King, with his case of Pluto, has moved the Tribune copy desk to the Record Herald, where he will be one of Clay Speed's butcherboys.

Is Corpus Christi in Southwest Texas? Ask any of our theatrical travelers.

Donald MacGregor, a wee bit of a Scotchman who is the directing genius of the Day Book, denies that he is the Donald MacGregor whose short stories are appearing in several magazines. Come out of it, Mac; you always were overly modest, even out in Denver.

Paul Williams says, by proxy, he is easing up his near-peevisishness toward copy slashers. Down at the

A-P., where he now handles the northwest wire, he is becoming a champion copy slasher himself. Wonderful what does happen to opinions of some growing reporters.

Eddie Doherty has fallen in love. Her first name is Mary, but her last is not Garden.

Is Walter Bermingham promoting a burglar trust out at Argyle and Sheridan as a press agent stunt?

We still have two of Dave Clarkson's perfectly good sample books of Shakespeare. We'll return 'em some day.

With J. Ham Lewis teetering on the senatorial runway and Charley Gotthart desperately clutching the top of the water wagon, it's some press club hippodrome these days.

Here's Col. Sig. Krausz's chance: Mexico should be easy picking for a real Bulgar.

Stan Twist is hereby requested to impresar Eddie Fullerton as the champion kicker of the world. Old Joe Davis not excepted.

Our boon companion, Bob Jones, putative ex-managing editor of the "Oash," had one put over on him that made even Dick Waugh, mayor of Winnipeg, laugh. Bob went in to lay his "ppc" visiting card upon H. H. Kohlsaat's desk. H. H. duly expressed regret at losing so capable a managing editor. Bob, asked for his recommendations for promotion, suggested Bill Moore for managing editor; Jim Crown for city editor; Doc Atkinson for night editor, and arose to shake the quondam boss' hand. "Good bye, Mr. Brown," said H. H., on the verge of tears. "Good bye, Mr. Brown; I am indeed sorry to lose a man of your sterling qualities."

The corpulent editor of this edition was gently blaspheming over Board of Education figures that every teacher in Chicago tried to contradict. As phone after phone rang with protest his anathema increased proportionately. Turning from one call the color of the lobster he was, he faced the Rev. W. B. Norton, and still redder: "I beg your pardon, doctor, but if you had to deal with a bunch of blasted idiots you'd act like a damned fool yourself." Then he sat down and the minister beat a retreat to get rid of his grin.

Would it be upsetting the corpulent complacency of the Hon. George E. Phair if one asked him why in thunder he does not come up to date and drop that Phoenician spelling?

Everybody knows Ray Pearson. Ray found a two-bladed instrument that looked as if it might have cut something at some time. This is what he pasted on his office bulletin board: "Found knife. Pearson Sptg. Dept." Here's the answer from one who tried it: "Found. Liar. Roberts, City Desk."

The esteemed (sic) City Press Association sends out the following for the blasphemy of copy readers: "We are today (Saturday) face to face with a crisis," said Mr. Dawes. Sort of a daily bank affair, evidently.

Some one please get an addition to the hyphenated brigade by going after J. Bradley-Smollen. Principal address Racine. Sometimes to be found on the Examiner.

DURK'S DIRK DIGS.

(Copy Light.)

BY JAMES A. DURKIN.

(Office Boy for the Scoop, This Edition.)

Fat men don't cut much ice mebbe, but by Peter they crack it.

* * *

The difference between a journalist and a newspaperman is that neither is.



Man's dust until he falls off the wagon, gets sprinkled and his name becomes mud.

* * *

Board, meaning our directors, don't have to mean anything wooden.

* * *

Some ginks that can see the least failing in their neighbors at the far end of the church can't see the plate under their nose.

* * *

Truth takes fewer words than backing a lie.

* * *

Do something and you don't need to chin about telling you're smart; the people can see.

* * *

Never bet with the missus unless you're sure she'll win; better lose than be thought mean.

* * *

No matter what jobs there are, the wop most generally has his pick—and shovel.

* * *

His own bunk is known to a wise guy; a fool's to his friends.

* * *

The fellow with the Ingersoll watch don't need to fear pickpockets.

* * *

Bottlemakers are helping the dries. I can remember when a quart flask held two pints.

* * *

You can stop a tiresome guy from talking by keeping your own mouth shut.

* * *

You can begin to laugh at the other fellow's ignorance when the missus acknowledges you're wise.

* * *

Many a man can discover a world revolutionizer and can't find the pocket in his wife's dress.

SUNDBY DISCOVERED AT LAST.

Sundby-Hansen was up in Hell for examination.

Sundby—If the court please, I do not understand why I should be hauled to this place so suddenly without the least warning and without the proper warrants being sworn. I have been a careful reader of the bible, English and Norwegian, and exemplary in habits, despite years as a labor reporter for the Tribune. I think some explanation is due me from the court.

The Devil—Hell never has explained its processes, but in this flagrant case some warning should be left to the myriads that are to come. (Frowning): It was charged yesterday that as a newspaper man you have saved money.

Sundby—Well, yes, a little—.

The Devil (to Chief Bailiff Mephistopheles and Deputy Goblins)—Open seething cauldron No. 9, last in Worst Sinners' Row, and plunge him in deep. Let him boil. Next case.

"BY THEIR DEEDS."

Friend wife was awakened from her virtuous slumber by a scraping, metallic sound at the outer door of their apartment.

"Who is there?"

"It's me—John," replied a meek voice after a long hesitation.

Friend wife turns up the gas and looks at the clock. It is 3 a. m.

"Well, why don't you come in?"

"I can't."

"Haven't you got your key?"

"Yes, I got my key, but someone has changed the keyhole on this door."

"John, if you don't quit associating with those newspaper men at the Press Club, I'm going home to mother."

LADIES' NIGHT**Thursday Evening, February 20****A Trip to the Philippines****With PROF. FAY COOPER COLE**

PROF. FAY COOPER COLE, Ethnologist of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, is a recognized authority on Philippine topics. He spent four years in the islands in the interest of the museum and was at the same time a special agent of the Insular government. He visited all sections of the islands, was able to get in close touch with all classes of the natives, was initiated as a member of one of the most conservative of the wild tribes, and had many other unusual sources of information opened to him. He will exhibit many of his 4,000 pictures taken during his years of residence in the islands.

Thursday Evening, February 20

**Come Out of Your Shell and Be a Live One!
Bring Your Lady to**

The Press Club Dance

Saturday Evening, February 15

Merriment Starts at Nine o'Clock

Excellent Music

::

Admission Fifty Cents

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We are experts in the telephone business.

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The Big Annual Show

The Scoop

Auditorium Theater, Saturday

Night, April 26

THE CONTRACT HAS BEEN CLOSED

¶ This means that from now on things must hum. Let Saturday Night, April 26, be the Goal of all our Endeavors.

¶ Committees, plans and prospects will be announced next week by President Wheeler.

We Have Got To Make Good

¶ We must absolutely surpass all records of this Club. Bring your ideas to the big meeting which President Wheeler will call soon.

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II, No. 8.

Chicago, Saturday, February 22, 1913.

Price 5c.

WASHINGTON.

In the good old days, which obtained well through the nineteenth century—and they were good days, too, keeping alive patriotism with no taint of pessimism, respect if not reverence for the founders of the Republic, without sloughing off into the iconoclasm of ideas which marks the smartness of the over-educated and also the not-educated-at-all classes of the conglomerate mass of the people constituting the Republic of today—it was a yearly custom to celebrate the events which led up to the establishment of a Nation (with a capital N) out of the country (with a small c) which so successfully attempted to build a Republic out of a Colony—on the Fourth of July by reading the Declaration of Independence, and on other days by similar experiences of “the times that tried men’s souls;” and, with that idea in mind, this article is prepared in honor of him who was “first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.”

Daniel Webster once said that Massachusetts “needs no eulogy. There she stands! Look at her!” This was putting into expression the thought that might have had birth in contemplating the character and achievements of George Washington. He was made of ordinary clay like the rest of us. There might have been a little more sand mixed in the clay, the clay might have been baked in a hotter fire, or any one of half a dozen ifs might have been present. The estimate of the present day judges by results. That is not a bad judgment to apply to the first President of the Republic. It is a judgment that is optimistic enough to apply to the man who was sustained through the War of the Revolution by a most sublime optimism. We should be willing to have him judged by so much of today’s estimation, at least.

I have gathered the opinions of a number of people in the country and the club upon the figure naturally brought into the limelight on this 22d of February, and possibly the conceit of presenting them as the toast-master and the speakers do at a function of that class may not be amiss.

The opinion of the latest occupant of the Presidential chair of the first one who filled it may well be given first. The following will explain itself:

The White House, Washington, February 5, 1913.

Mr. Earl Marble.

Press Club of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

My dear Mr. Marble:

Permit me to acknowledge receipt of your letter of February 3, and to send you herewith in reply an extract from one of the President’s addresses on George Washington, which he has had pleasure in autographing, and which you are at liberty to publish, as you suggest.

Sincerely yours, CHARLES D. HILLIS,
Secretary to the President.

The extract follows:

George Washington had all to do with the permanent foundation of this government. It was his military genius, his high courage, his patience through the deepest adversity, his power in inspiring confidence in himself and the cause, which contributed most to the victory of the war of independence. It was his capacity for reconciling different views, his clear common sense, his marvelous foresight, and his statesmanship, that made possible the formation of the Constitution, and its acceptance by the States. It was his disinterested patriotism, the deep reverence for his character among the people, his practical knowledge of affairs, his ability to manage men and get the most out of them, that enabled him, during his two terms as President, to steer the new Government between the dangerous shoals which threatened the destruction of the infant republic. At the close of his second

term, after forty-five years dedicated to the service of his country, he declined to be considered as a candidate for a third term, and delivered a valedictory message in which he sought, so far as the advice of a wise father could accomplish it, to secure the permanence of the Government he had done so much to establish.

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

President Taft honored himself by honoring President Washington in such a hearty and truthful manner. This is the opinion of the deep thinkers of today, in contradistinction to the opinions of the superficial thinkers, whose notions are tainted too much with iconoclasm to be of any value, and who are over-ripe to such an extent as to be reaching the next stage—that of rottenness. President Taft, in the above estimate, as in nearly all his utterances of late, has been making character for himself which will appear in history, if not in a too brusque opinion of him manifest at present. With an acknowledgment of his standing as a patriot and a statesman, not as a politician, he can safely be left to the historian.

Among the noted members of the Press Club, a conspicuous place should be accorded to Colonel Josiah H. Kellogg, who rendered good service to his country in the Shenandoah Valley and elsewhere during the War of the Rebellion, and whose opinion of Washington from the military standpoint is highly interesting. The following is Colonel Kellogg’s contribution to THE SCOOP:

In his later days there sprang up a lot of critics of General Washington. We may say pseudo-military critics. They complained bitterly that Washington was lacking in grand tactics. Now, the truth is, that Washington was not a finished soldier, and probably was lacking in this knowledge, and he probably never had read Jomini’s “Art of War.”

And now comes a wiseacre who condemns him because he did not have one or two brigades of cavalry. He says he had the horses, and he had the riders, but he fell short because he had no equipment for such brigades. It is not a pleasant thing to consider, if he had raised these brigades, and attempted to put them on horseback, how miserably they would have looked. Imagine, if you will, these men without boots, or even shoes, and without sabres or even carbines, sitting upon horses, with a flintlock musket in their hands.

The British officers at least, who have seen the Horse Guards in London, on seeing these, would have had such a fit of laughter that Washington might have had them dispatched with clubs.

The General really was educated as a scout, and knew fighting with Indians, but he was not a general ready to marshal battalions in the field. His men were not finished soldiers, but they fought as a mob, and did good service, as the other George found out, and in war as in other things nothing succeeds better than success.

The following reaches the point, as everything that Opie Read writes invariably does:

WASHINGTON.

Not built upon the Pilgrim’s fashion,

He towered big in manly passion.

No thirst for fame could ever taint him

And preachers all have failed to saint him.

—Opie Read.

No cameo could give a clearer picture of the man, the general, and the statesman.

Much in the same vein is the following, though rather flippant, from a former president of the Press Club, now editing the Fergus County Argus, published in Lewistown, Montana:

Since Paul Hull, in the long ago, came back from Virginia and reported that George Washington was human, I really have approved of George. He had always been an abstraction, a detested model, for I knew full well I could and sometimes didn't, while he is reported in every First Reader as saying he couldn't. Paul was sent to Virginia by M. E. Stone, then the "ipse dixit" of the old Morning News, to see whether George wasn't lying about it when he said he couldn't. Paul said he was; and, as is the bounden duty of the cub reporter to the star reporter, I believed Paul. From that moment I began revamping my history, and now I believe I know that George Washington is properly "first in the hearts of his countrymen."—A. T. Packard.

The following is contributed by another Club President, now the editor of the Christian Science Monitor of Boston:

I was a very small boy in this old town of Boston when I read for the first time the story of the terrible winter at Valley Forge. All the intervening years have failed to erase the impression that story made upon me. Since then I have never heard the name of George Washington spoken flippantly, nor seen it used lightly in print, but that my sense of right and of the fitness of things has revolted. We have the grandest country on earth, the greatest republic the world has ever known—a democracy full of promise for all humanity—because in the last quarter of the eighteenth century God gave the American people a leader whose loyalty to them could not be cooled by intrigue or neglect, corrupted by gold or title, nor shaken by selfish ambition.—John J. Flinn.

Major DeLestry, the well known newspaper man, and so forth, of St. Paul, sends the following:

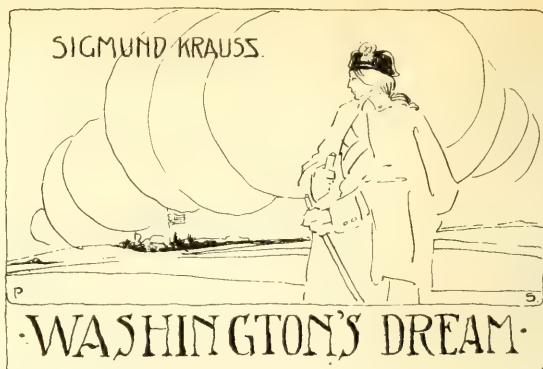
George Washington stands for the embodiment of that gentlemanly fortitude, patience and forbearance, especially in times of stress and adversity, which has become almost a lost art in our country of today. Our modern captains of industry could quite readily draw both lessons and inspiration from the life of Washington with a special view of ameliorating the conditions of the laboring classes. Washington was ever keenly alive to the sufferings and privations of the men of the Continental Army, realizing that success of the nation depended upon their well being. So, likewise, in our present-day industrial combats, the final welfare of all enterprise will in its last analysis depend upon the moral, physical and social well being of the toiling masses.—E. L. DeLestry.

WASHINGTON.

When Liberty was fair and lithe and young,
And high ambition ruled his boyish grace,
The world in awe gazed on his handsome face,
As he disported Western folk among,
And offered to all hearts, so tyrant wrung,
Sure solace would they yield to his embrace,
And stand God-fearing as a newer race,
While kingly shackles should aside be flung.

When Liberty stood in the Western World,
And looked about him with his eagle eye,
To see by whom his work could best be done,
His gaze first dwelt upon the flag unfurled,
Which floated proudly 'gainst the morning sky,
And rested then, serene, on Washington.

EARL MARBLE.



WASHINGTON'S DREAM.

By SIGMUND KRAUSS.

While Washington lay sleeping at
Mount Vernon in his tomb,
Before his great, immortal soul
A vision fair did loom;
He saw his young America,
A child in form and years,
And as his heart with gladness filled,
His eyes o'erflowed with tears.
These tears fell on Columbia,
Like dewdrops on the seed;
Columbia, invincible,
And foremost in the lead!

And further in his holy dream
Again appeared this child,
Now changed to blooming maidenhood,
With cheeks like roses wild;
And as he gazed into her eyes,
There shone a secret glow
Of ruddy health, of youthful strength,
And spirits never low.

And thus the seed he planted once
Had grown a mighty tree;
Columbia, invincible,
The Queen of land and sea!

But now a cloud obscured the sky,
And from its gloomy red
He saw a fearful hydra stretch
To earth its gruesome head.
The monster wound its deadly rings
Around the maiden fair,
When, lo! Knight Lincoln did appear,
Who slew the hydra there.
Old Abe, he saved Columbia
And made her greater still;
Columbia, invincible,
By God's almighty will!

As Washington in dreamland now
Looked up to heavens far,
To where a host of angels stood
Before the gates ajar,
He heard a silver voice ring out:
Canst sleep in peace again;
Thy dream came true; The Lord will now
Columbia maintain.

So let the cry "Columbia"
Up to the heavens soar!
Columbia, invincible,
And great for ever more!

R. D. Wolfe is president of The Publishers' Club and edits Third Rail Flashes in leisure moments.

News From Other Press Clubs

NIAGARA FALLS.

Newspaper men of Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Niagara Falls, Ont., met on the afternoon of February 12 in the office of Mayor William Laughlin of the former city and took initial steps in the formation of a press club.

CINCINNATI.

The nominating committee, to select candidates for trustees of the Cuvier Press Club, reported. Two full tickets are to be put into the field. The Regulars have nominated E. M. Pattison, W. H. Jackson and A. L. Zimmerman as their candidates. The "Hustlers" have selected John M. Pattison, Jacob Schwinn and Charles E. Van Leunen. Campaign committees have been named for each ticket. The election will be held March 5. The regular nominating committee, which was appointed by the president, consists of Judge Peter Swing, Clyde Allen, Harry W. Brown, Dr. C. P. Gray and Dr. E. H. Thompson. The "Hustlers" nominating committee was composed of L. A. Ripley, Sam Adams, D. W. Benjamin, Harry Federman and Martin Hester. The board of trustees has authorized the house committee to provide for a social session in conjunction with the annual meeting of the club on March 5.

BIRMINGHAM.

The invitation committee of the Birmingham Newspaper Club will send out the invitations to the annual dinner of the club, which will take place March 13. The committee has gone through the counties of the state thoroughly and about 400 men who, it is judged, are so constituted that they will be able to enter into the spirit of the jovial occasion, have been selected. The list comprises the well known men of Alabama, men who have done things, who are doing things, and are preparing to do things. A feature of the dinner will be the representation of prominent men by members of the club. The features of the Griciron Club will be adopted in this regard. The gathering is expected to be one of the most distinguished ever witnessed in Alabama. The Alabama delegation will be present, several southern governors and probably others who have made for themselves a national reputation. The invitation list includes Mr. Wilson, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Clark, Mr. Cannon and others.

HOUSTON.

Word has reached the editorial den of The Scoop that the Houston Press Club has arranged for the publication of a handsome biographical history of Houston and South Texas. It will combine a history of the club, valuable information about Houston and biographical sketches of prominent people identified with the growth and prosperity of Houston and South Texas. Handsome illustrations will embellish the volume, including half-tone photographs of the persons whose biographies appear. The scope and purposes of a "Who's Who" of this section will be expanded to include historical reading matter gotten up in literary style. Several thousand volumes will be printed and will be mailed to all of the leading newspapers, clubs and weekly and monthly magazines in the United States. The volume will serve to furnish the newspapers of the country with reliable information. The work will furnish them with the "dope" and illustrations. The Houston Press Club has entered into the spirit of the enterprise seriously and proposes to carry out the undertaking in a way that will be universally appreciated.

INDIANAPOLIS.

The Indianapolis Press Club blew into prominence Wednesday night of this week with a blowout at the Claypool Hotel. There had been meetings, but this was the first real session—there's a difference and a reason. An elaborate menu and flourishing speeches were features. The present mayor, Samuel Lewis Shank, and the former mayor, Charles A. Bookwalter, were present and participated in the program. Everybody who spoke roasted, and then sat down to get roasted in turn and to a turn. The Indianapolis Press Club was christened before its natal day and the natal day has been lost in newspaper files. In speaking of the event, however, it is said that it occurred some time ago and was the result of natural and legal events. The Indianapolis Press Club has nothing to be ashamed of, and it includes the advertising departments' members in the list of eligibles at that. It has a constitution and rules of conduct and is proud of the following officers: President, Ferd Fisher; first vice-president, James A. Stuart; second vice-president, Charles A. Tutwiler; secretary-treasurer, R. H. McIntosh. The club doesn't include all that are inclusive

as yet but hopes to register them in a short time. Chicago Press Club birds of passage are invited to look us up. We know the places.

A. E. ANDREWS.

MILWAUKEE.

The officers and directors of the Milwaukee Press Club are as follows: President, Charles Dean, 211 Free Press Bldg.; vice-president, Wm. J. Bollenbeck, 21 Hathaway bldg.; treasurer, Frank A. Markle, care Press Club; secretary, Leonard E. Meyer, 43 Hathaway Bldg. Club rooms: Third floor, 437 East Water street, corner Mason street. Members of all Press Clubs and visiting newspapermen are always cordially welcome to visit Milwaukee Press Club and use restaurant.

Charles Dean, the new president of the Milwaukee Press Club, is manager of the Milwaukee interests of the Associated Press. Vice-President Bollenbeck is field secretary of the Voters' League and is serving his second term. Treasurer Markle spends his time collecting dues, which in itself is a "reg'lar job." Secretary Meyer, who is serving his fifth term, is president of the Meyer News Service Co. He is also secretary of the Milwaukee Automobile Club.

Capt. Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the south pole, visited the Milwaukee Press Club February 8 and inscribed his name in chalk on one of the panels of the grill room. The club possesses the chalk signatures of Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the north pole, and that of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who once thought he discovered the north pole. The Cook signature never was removed from the walls, as it is considered an exceptional curiosity. A section of a plank taken from the balloon house of the ill-fated André expedition of years ago also adorns the walls of the club. It was presented by Major H. B. Hersey, inspector of the central division of the Weather Bureau, with headquarters at Milwaukee, and a well-known explorer.

Members of the Press Club of Chicago should take notice that they are cordially welcome to partake of the hospitality of the Milwaukee Press Club when in the city. Don't forget this!

The twenty living ex-presidents of the Milwaukee Press Club were guests of honor at a sea-food dinner given by the members of the club, February 12, at the club rooms.

TRI-CITY PRESS CLUB.

Much rah! rah! noise for THE SCOOP. Am delighted to furnish a bit of copy for the OTHER PRESS CLUB'S NUMBER, for it tickles our vanity to be so kindly considered. All this SCOOP noise every week "listens" good to eighty "molders of public opinion" and co-operators in crime from the offices of the six tri-city dailies, and it does us good to monopolize a corner of this foreign talent edition. Some well directed small town talk in proper portions ought to serve as a refreshing draft to Windy City scribes capable of passing through such "ordeals" as the stag we read about. Sorry none of us could have been there. Don't be afraid that the country cousins won't know how to behave at such functions. We have any number of wise ones in our midst. The Tri-City Press Club, recruiting its members from the active newspaper workers of Moline, Rock Island and Davenport, a single community with three pretty names, has been running along in brilliant style since September 13, 1898. A "get together" feast is the feature the third Tuesday evening of every month and for each of these affairs it is customary to import some individual calculated to inspire awe, and sometimes admiration. On the annals of the club are inscribed visits by such as James Whitcomb Riley, George Ade, John McCutcheon, Mr. Bryan of Lincoln, Neb., William Howard Taft and lest we forget, Opie Read. Every year it is essential to arrange an unusual session at which the general populace may have a hand in to the extent of assisting in the replenishment of the exchequer, which is necessary if we should live as becomes our station.

But let that be as it may, we are now most interested in the greater Press Club boom, started at the January meeting, when members of the craft from Clinton and Muscatine, Ia., and Galesburg and Monmouth, Ill., connected with the tri-cities by interurban, were with us. The new constitution will provide a way for them to become members. This year's official line-up: President, C. J. Zaiser, Moline Mail; first vice-president, S. W. Searle, Rock Island Union; second vice-president, Hugh Harrison, Davenport Democrat; recording secretary, Stan R. A. Jones, Moline Mail; directors, Harry Downer, Davenport; D. K. Brennan, Rock Island Argus; Harry Sward, Moline Dispatch.

Fraternally,

STANLEY G. SWANBERG,
Recording Secretary.

THE SCOOP

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JAY CAIRNS, Editor

B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

EARL MARBLE.

Edition Editor for Feb. 22, '13.

SCHEDULE OF EDITION EDITORS FOR FUTURE ISSUES.

March 1.....Victor Eubank
March 8.....John Lovett

GREETINGS, BROTHERS!

Here's Other Press Clubs' Number, hot from the press, all on a Washington's Birthday. The Scoop staff will back water now and listen for the storm of applause which will come from all over the land. We have hatched a wondrous egg. Puck-puck-puck-a-a! Crowded as we are for space, we can't resist just this one cackle.

It takes an ulcerated tooth and a gallon of Lake Michigan water to bring out the humor of our old friend, Major DeLestry, who blew into the club recently and left a year's dues and a year's subscription for the Scoop. He looked over the last issue for a few minutes, and turning to Ye Secretary said, without cracking a smile, "I see you have booked Earl Marble for Edition Editor for February 22nd. That's quite appropriate. I always did believe in perpetuating the names and birthdays of our immortal heroes in Bronze and Marble." Whereupon the silence was broken by the march of the clans to the Amen Corner.

Frank Armstrong, of the Chicago Daily News; V. Y. Dallman, of the Illinois State Register at Springfield, and T. E. Phillips, of the Chicago Tribune, were appointed by Speaker McKinley as a committee to have charge of the house press gallery of the Illinois Legislature.

Jay Cairns suffered a sad loss this week in the death of his father, who was killed in an accident. The Scoop and the members of the club offer deepest sympathy to Mr. Cairns and his family.

Peter Stoner sends greetings to the boys on handsome stationery from Ancon, Canal Zone.

J. C. Hansen, president of the Security Bank of Chicago and life member, recently gave a dinner party to fifty other bankers at the Chicago Press Club.

March Dance March 15. Under a new plan, the merriment will continue until 2 a. m., for benefit of morning newspaper men. This means extra expense. Support the move by turning out with your lady on that night.

Fred Petty is now located in Springfield, Mass., at the headquarters of the Orange Judd publications.

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

W. W. Clark, Aurora, guest of Victor Eubank.
W. E. Rudge, New York, guest of J. B. Mansfield.
Glenn M. Grant, Pittsburgh, guest of Charles Lederer.
Edward Schuler, Chicago, guest of C. D. Hagerty.
Elmer MacDonald, Evanston, guest of Archie G. Wallace.
Fiske O'Hara, New York, guest of A. Milo Bennett.
Clarence A. Purchase, Jamaica, N. Y., guest of J. R. Purchase.
Arthur B. Hewson, Kansas City, guest of Wm. Kissack.
Dean Raymond, New York, guest of A. Milo Bennett.
Capt. Geo. A. Schreiner, San Antonio, guest of C. D. Hagerty.
Samuel C. Reat, Taihoku, Japan, guest of Ben Kendall.
E. E. Roser, New York, guest of Richard Henry Little.
Charles W. Holman, Dallas, Tex., guest of David B. Clarkson.
Arthur J. Woodruff, Denver, guest of Charles Lederer.
Theodore L. Stern, New York, guest of John L. Weber.

NABS CENTENARIAN AND FLEES.

A LURID CONFLAGRATION Sunday afternoon in the Parisian Hat Works, 20 N. Dearborn St., directly across the alley, made our chances for a new club house, as well as the surrounding landscape, look exceedingly rosy for a few minutes.

The feature of the transient predominance of the fiery element was the rescue of Mrs. Elizabeth Christian, 84 years old, who was carried down the fire escape by E. Thacher, her young grandson. Our own Saunders and McCreary rose to the occasion by going to the roof and lowering a fire escape across the space between the two buildings out of courtesy to Miss Bessie Christian, a music teacher who was threatening to leap to the ground.

The damage was nominal, as the flames were promptly extinguished by the fire department.

Ferd Fisher, brand new president of the brand new Indianapolis Press Club, was on copy desk at the Journal in this city not longer than a year ago. Ferd is a notorious after-dinner emotional orator. He is also a graduate of De Pauw University and a member of Phi Kappa Psi.

LIBRARY ADDITIONS.

H. Vandenberg, Milwaukee, non-resident member, has donated "Modern Eloquence," ten volumes, to the library. The work contains orations, after-dinner speeches and suggestions.

Dr. Gilman, active member, has also generously given "The International Encyclopedia Britannica," twenty volumes.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co. recently sent us several popular novels, which will be found on the center table.

Galveston, Tex., Feb. 13, 1913.—Dear Bill (Knox): Had accident. Fell and broke small bone in wrist. Was sober at that. Remember me to all the boys. Am feeling fine otherwise, P. H. Hanson.

News From Other Press Clubs

EVANSVILLE.

To the Boys of the Chicago Press Club: We trust that we may at many times entertain any or all of you who come to this part of the country. May THE SCOOP go on scooping up the fine things it does, and may that ANNUAL SCOOP SHOW be as fine and successful as was the first one which our Mr. Haynie and myself so thoroughly enjoyed.

Our present officers are as follows: President K. K. Knecht, cartoonist of The Courier; Vice-President E. E. Meyer, Secretary A. L. Loer, Treasurer A. A. Hoffman. We are now getting ready for our annual show and if we pull it before March 4 will have a burlesque on the inauguration of President Wilson. Our last part will be a burlesque of the editorial rooms of a newspaper at the time between being given over to new and original vaudeville turns. Last year we gave a big burlesque on "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I wrote some time ago, asking if it would be possible to obtain the words and music to the song, "The Press Club Man," which was used in your show last May. We would like to use it in our show with credit and would also like the same for "He Never Blamed the Booze," if possible.

Sincerely,
K. K. KNECHT,
President.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The San Francisco Press Club directors have decided upon a cornerstone laying for their new building that will be one of the most elaborate and unique affairs that has ever taken place in San Francisco. The ceremony will be held within a few weeks, and the entertainment committee of the club is mapping out a program that will embrace many spectacular and impressive features. The cornerstone laying will be preceded by a midnight banquet at the club, the chief feature of which will be speeches on the various epochs of the club, from the time it occupied two or three rooms in Pine street up to the present—and a peep into its future in its new home will be given. Following the banquet there will be a parade of members to the new building, now in course of erection. A brass band, red fire and striking costumes will be features. At the new building there will be not only speeches, but songs and music written for the occasion. And, as in the parade, there will be red fire and music in plenty.

The San Francisco Press Club is getting ready to move into new quarters at Sutter and Powell streets. The boys will move everything worth while and do away with the old and useless. Tombstone III, black feline symbol of midnight revelry, is tottering on his throne. He may be recalled from his kingly position, or his deposition may be a matter of judicial referendum. The Press Club is divided into clashing factions, and the dispute threatens to raise conflict without end. Tombstone III is getting old. Senectitude is his crime. Besides he has developed a destructive tendency in his growing years that has naught to do with cats, but furniture. The various factions may be divided into three—those who would cremate Tombstone and bury his ashes in the cornerstone of the new building; those who would let him roam through the halls in his destructive, lazy way, until he dies, and the middle-of-the-road men, who would have him manicured and pedicured so that he could not scratch wainscoatings and tear at tempting upholstery. The whole question has been referred to the board of directors. But there is such a division of opinion in this executive council that the matter will most likely be left to a general vote of the members. Tombstone is the third of his generation. He was crowned shortly after the fire, succeeding Tombstone II, who perished in the great conflagration. Tombstone I is only remembered by most members of the club through his picture, which holds honorary position in the jinks room. The advocates of the cremation idea declare that the burial might be made the occasion of a midnight ceremony, with all kinds of uncanny ritualistic observances. They are willing to compromise, however, on chloroform and the subsequent stuffing and mounting of dear old Tombstone. If that happens, there will be a fight to the finish in the board of directors, and some of the men who love Tombstone for his own sake declare that they will resign if the cat mascot is destroyed. So long as he lives, they say, he shall receive the best care the club affords, even to the employing of a keeper and the setting apart of a room where the old feline can scratch and cut up as he pleases, king of his own domain. The middle-of-the-way men, the compromisers, have little to offer. They would have Tombstone regularly cared for by a manicure. But this expedient was tried before, and the last operator will never tackle the task again. Tombstone is as jealous of his claws as a king is of his crown.

DALLAS.



Noticing your invitation in the current issue of The Scoop that "brisk little editors" of other press club organs should tell what they are doing, we rise to remark about our aggregation down in Dallas. The "Bull Dog" is the name of our new monthly magazine, which will be as live as its name, and will come into being on March 12—the date of the Dallas Press Club Annual Show. The Dallas Press Club* at a meeting last week also secured permanent quarters, in a down-town situation, which will be furnished and opened for the use of members before the end of this month. This club, composed of active workers in the profession, was organized on March 22, 1910, with a faithful few of the old guard, headed by John N. Edwards (now deceased) as president. From this meager number it gradually grew until now it has the name of practically every newspaper worker, magazine and staff writer in the city upon its rolls, numbering over 100. Mr. H. C. Withers, city editor of The News, succeeded to the presidency upon the death of Mr. Edwards, and after serving two terms declined to further be the club's head, preferring the honor being shared by another. Thereupon Mr. Ed S. Eberly, manager of the American Press, was elected, and is now rounding out his second term. The Dallas Press Club is progressive, is identified and reckoned with in all that pertains to the good of Dallas and Texas. The members boast of their team-work and good-fellowship. Any of the scribes from Chicago who may be in passage are invited to look us up.

Yours very truly, PHILIP E. FOX, Sec.

NATIONAL PRESS CLUB.

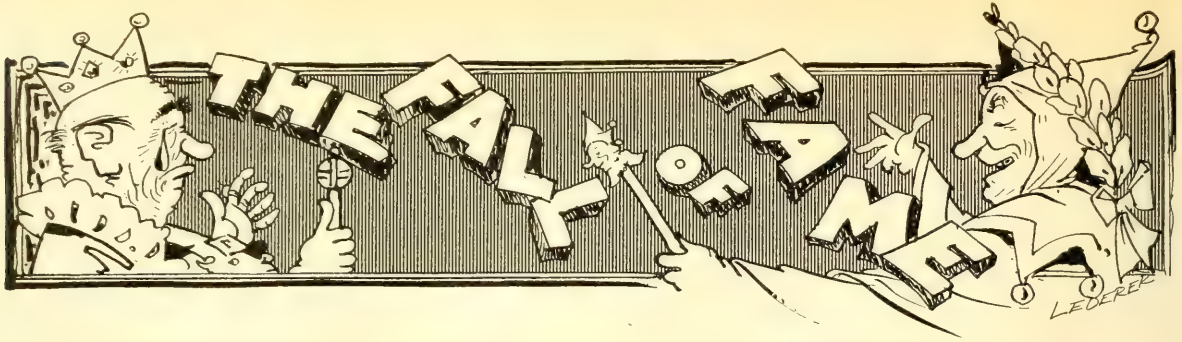
The National Press Club continued its prosperity during the year 1912. It paid off the balance of its debt, amounting to \$500, and established a reserve fund of \$1,500, separate from the regular checking fund and bearing interest at 3 per cent. The standard of club maintenance was improved and the scale of wages was advanced. All the bills of the club are paid save those for goods purchased and services rendered during the month of December, 1912. The average daily business for the year 1912 was the highest in the history of the club, averaging \$55.27, as against \$51.53 in 1911. The present officers are: John T. Suter, president, Chicago Record-Herald; Theodore H. Tiller, vice-president, Washington Times; Austin Cunningham, secretary, San Antonio Express; Henry L. Swinehart, treasurer, Associated Press; George W. Summers, financial secretary, Wheeling Register; Arthur J. Dodge, chairman, Minneapolis Tribune; Frederic J. Haskin, Haskin Syndicate; John P. Gavitt, New York Evening Post; Frank B. Lord, National News Association; Ira E. Bennett, Washington Post; W. A. Crawford, Associated Press; Ben F. Allen, Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some of the distinguished guests of the National Press Club: Col. Henry Watterson, Governor Judson Harmon of Ohio, Governor Charles S. Deneen of Illinois, Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, Governor Herbert S. Hadley of Missouri, Governor James O. Davidson of Wisconsin, Governor A. O. Eberhart of Minnesota, Governor Edwin L. Norris of Montana, Governor Joseph M. Carey of Wyoming, Governor John Burke of North Dakota, ex-Governor Curtis Guild of Massachusetts, Sir Ernest Shackleton, Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary, Dr. Frederick A. Cook, ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Ambassador Jusserand, Admiral Count Hieiachiro Togo, Count Luetzow of Bohemia, the Duke of Connaught and President Taft.

On the annual Ladies' Night the club has entertained as special guests of honor Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Mme. Louise Homer, Miss Mabel T. Boardman and Mr. Edward L. Bok.

The participants in the club's now famous "Hobby Night" discussions have been: February 15, 1910—Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, Representative Champ Clark, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Gifford Pinchot, Prof. Willis L. Moore and Admiral Peary, with Henry Hall as "starter." January 31, 1911—Ambassador James Bryce, Governor Woodrow Wilson, Secretary MacVeagh, Dr. William H. Welch, Major General Leonard Wood, with Thomas Nelson Page as "starter." January 30, 1912—Secretary Knox, Ambassador Von Bernstorff, Victor Herbert, Dr. S. W. Stratton and William J. Burns, with John Temple Graves as "starter."

May 2, 1910, a debate occurred on the subject, "Whiskers or Bald Heads?" with the following participants: Representatives Nicholas Longworth and Joseph G. Cannon and Senators Robert L. Taylor and Thomas Carter.



G. WASHINGTON UP TO DATE.

It is a wholesome fact that folks, now-a-days, insist upon their heroes, demi-gods and great ones generally having flesh and blood; the latter of the red kind.

This is somewhat akin to Col. Ingersoll's sentiment that "An honest god is the noblest work of man."

I can remember so far back as the days when to speak of George Washington as anything short of an exceedingly good saint was to make one's self disliked as given to something very near approaching the worst sort of blasphemy. Not only because it would have been dreadful to question Washington's transcendent goodness, but that it would have been treasonable, in a way, seeing that George was not only the father but the savior of the republic.

This generation has learned, however, that Washington could "cuss" with much vehemence and volubility, when occasion demanded, as well as pray.

One pleasant evening, about sixty-five years ago, I was walking on the grounds of my grandfather's plantation with that somewhat important "Old Virginia gentleman." It was at the time of twilight, and we met at the great gate to the grounds Col. George Lansdowne, of the same ilk, socially and topographically. The two were of liberal learning, and had much in common; also they were cronies, notwithstanding that Lansdowne was bluff and brusque, while Lightfoot was suave and somewhat reserved.

The conversation between the two old gentlemen having led in the direction of revolutionary heroes, Lansdowne, glancing furtively about, and seeing no other persons than themselves—barring a child of five—rather cautiously said:

"Between you and me and the gate post, Colonel, I am not sure that General Washington was a man of such transcendent talent."

Lightfoot looked cautiously about him, hesitated a moment and then replied, in the most noncommittal way:

"Not knowing, Colonel, suh, cahn't say, suh; cahn't say."

It is not probable that Lansdowne could have found another man in the county to endorse him in an utterance so dangerously heterodox. At this day the puniest polemic would not hesitate to endorse him, if he thought that way, and it is common to see in print and to hear that Washington could take, with much zest, a "right good willy-waught," that he did not hesitate to "d—n the eyes" of one deserving such malediction, and that he was entirely human, charged properly with red corpuscles and altogether up to date, for his day.

WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD HERO.

Fragment of prophecy unearthed in some ruined city in a strange, weird land where men seldom go. Translated by Elbog Yorel.

EPISTLE 9.

1. Leader born. 2. Becomes cross. 3. Finds truth. 4. Holds it. 5. Wins fame. 6. Marries. 7. Makes a precedent. 8. Names a city. 9. Images are made. 10. A talisman. 11. Here endeth the chapter.

I. Verily, it shall come to pass in those days that there shall rise up a leader among the people and he shall become known unto the nations.

II. And in his years he will cross George of England in his plans, cross the hosts of England at many places, and cross the Delaware River on a cold day in a modish red-lined opera wrap and an open boat.

III. When he is still a child he will corner the market on truth (which being interpreted is, Hog it.)

IV. And thereafter forever he will retain the visible supply of that rare thing so it will cease to be used in either homes or governments.

V. And that truth telling which is accorded to him a virtue will be in other men of his race called "craven confession with the idea of avoiding punishment."

VI. It shall come to pass that he will be married unto a widow and for this men will speak one to another saying, "Lo, he is brave and he shall be called 'First in War,'"

VII. When the seat of power in the nation is presented unto him a third time he will say, "Nix" and men's voices will ring through the country saying, "He is first in peace," and other leaders at a later date will get in bad by not following the Pillar of Fire which he shall kindle in this way.

VIII. And the chief city of the land will be named with his name and politicians from every part of the kingdom will look to that city and it will become the Mecca of their desires and the name will be ever on their tongues, and from this the world will say "Lo! Washington is first in the hearts of our countrymen."

IX. And images of him shall be set up and graven likenesses of him be printed upon the parchments of the country.

X. And his face done into sickly pink shall be a talisman to insure safe delivery of messages and daily shall thousands of stenographers lick the back of his head while countless others will dampen it with a sponge.

XI. Yea, he will be a fearfully bathed and a fearfully traveled idol.

Like hot cakes is going the edition of "Three Weeks in France," by J. U. H. Members grumble at \$2.00, but are thankful that the esteemed contrib's sojourn did not cover six months.

Frank Wetherbee left Feb. 18 for California. Remember, the Scoop always has room for a word from you, Frank.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The Press Club Parlor will hold an interested audience on the evening of February 26 when Lillian Russell comes in all the blazoning of her sartorial perfection and in all the charm of her personality to tell us how she is forty and still beautiful.

For one, I own a deep curiosity as to her hold upon youth. It will give me joy to behold her face to face and note that she uses no rouge and disdains palpable powder.

So must we all confess our curiosity.

So will we all drift Press Clubward upon that auspicious evening.

Business sessions of our organization from now on will be enlivened by amendments to the by-laws. Six were disposed of on last Saturday. Only one was found a bit recalcitrant. It concerned the eligibility of candidates for membership. There was some interesting discussion as to whether it is possible to pass upon the "Agreeability" of a woman before she is an actual member. The word (which is a nice one, by the way) was finally stricken from the clause.

For the rest it was a routine meeting with President Mary Elinor O'Donnell in the chair and Miss Summerfield close at hand. Afterward there was a special session to discuss Lillian Russell's discourses upon the evening of the twenty-sixth.

The usual whisperings are afloat concerning candidates for office. Miss O'Donnell has served us faithfully and brilliantly. Hers has been a regime of new blood and general activity. She presides over a meeting with grace and tact, and withal she has unquestioned standing in the world of journalism. Miss O'Donnell, however, states positively that three terms are enough for any president—no matter how capable or how much loved.

Tomorrow our first vice-president, Miss Sommerfield, together with Mrs. Joseph Beifeld, 3304 Calumet avenue, will entertain members of the organization. Three presidents will be the guests of honor. They are Mrs. Frederick A. Dow, of the State Federation, Mrs. George Bass, of the Chicago Woman's Club, and our own Mary Elinor O'Donnell.

It may be well to add that Mrs. Bass, who is one of the most thorough-going club women in the country, with wit as keen as a steel edge and a heart as big as the out-of-doors, is also one of our members.

I met a member the other day who had a grievance. She writes good stories, this woman. Once in an age she sells one for a fair price. The reason for the rejection of the others is always the same—they are too melancholy.

More than one editor has taken the time to offer her a word of advice. It is the same each time: put a little sunshine into your tales; find a few ordinary human beings to write about.

Of course, this woman has the faculty of writing in exceptional style. Yet her vanity is so supreme and her introspection so complete that she blames, actually *blames*, the poor editors.

"They do not know ART when they read it," declares my Lady Melancholy. Then she writes another uncanny tale.

I doubt me much if super realism is art. In painting and sculpture realism stops short of sheer harrowing vulgarity. Only in so-called literature is the thing allowable. This when this old world is still warmed with sunshine or wrapped in soft clouds; when night is still

velvety black and purple skies are pierced by God's stars. Babies laugh—and cry. Men work; women sorrow. There is still the rhythmic throbbing of the universe. Hearts are hearts, whether they beat under rags or ermine. A man is a man; a woman is a woman. The cry of a brown baby is not pitched differently from the cry of a blonde darling wrapped in silks and real linen. A stubby boy loves a baseball bat in exactly the same fashion that the son of a millionaire does.

Literature deals with humanity in its magnificent majorities. Optimism is the keynote. People want to laugh; they want at least to smile more times than they cry.

I think those were mighty kind editors who took the time and trouble to advise my friend, the woman who writes harrowing tales.

JEAN COMERFORD.

Mrs. Emma Playter Seabury is another of our poets. This week is offered by way of a heart lightener the following verses from her pen. She is another of our members who finds a sale for verse. These stanzas have in them a sound life philosophy and one might with much self benefit commit them to memory.

FREEDOM.

Year after year with a song in my heart
I beat at the bars of fate,
Silent, sullen and sitting apart,
Brooding early and late;
And spring and summer with all their dowers
Of beauty came to me,
And patient love with her fragrant showers,
But I would not look and see.

I was still at last and aweary grown,
And when the tears had ceased to blind,
I found I never had been alone,
And it taught me to be kind.
Because my neighbors were sore and sad,
And my heart be lighter yet,
I sang my song that they might be glad,
And to teach them to forget.

I sang my song with a joyous strain,
As they sing who are free,
Of sunny height and of peaceful plain,
And it echoed back to me.
Forgetting myself, and my bolts and bars,
The door to my surprise
Swung out for me to the shining stars
And the freedom of the skies.

SUSAN SIMPSON.

By RUTLEDGE RUTHERFORD.
Sudden swallows swiftly skimming,
Sunset's slowly spreading shade.
Silvery songster's sweetly singing,
Summer's soothing serenade.

Susan Simpson strolled sedately.
Sifting sobs, suppressing sighs;
Seeing Stephen Slocum, stately
Stopped she, showing some surprise.

"Say," said Stephen, "sweetest sigher;
Say, shall Stephen spouseless stay?"
Susan, seeming somewhat shyer,
Showed submissiveness straightway.

Summer's season slowly stretches,
Susan Simpson Slocum she—
So she signed some simple sketches—
Soul sought soul successfully.

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

WHERE THE BELLS TOLL.

All may not know that it is—or was—the practice of ships on the Potomac to toll their bells when passing the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. The idea has always seemed to me rather an impressive one. Anyhow, it may serve as a theme with which to help out Marble in filling space this week.—S. W.]

By the shore of the inland river,
The river of war and song,
Seeking the Roads of Hampton,
Eager and swift and strong,
High up on the rolling hillside,
The old-time homestead stands,
Known to all men and their children
At home or in alien lands.

No hurrying craft of the tradesman,
No cargo of human souls,
No warship hurls by without tribute
From the heart as the deep bell tolls.
On the shore, in its old-fashioned garden
The staid, mourning mansion stands,
Well known to all men and their children,
At home or in alien lands.

The old rooms of the house are all empty
Of life, in its joy or woe,
Untouched stands the living spirit,
The delight of young hearts long ago;
And gone is the spirit which reigned here,
And folded in peace are the hands
Clenched once for all men and their children,
At home or in alien lands.

The old path on the slant to the hillside
Leads down to the tomb of the Chief
Whose life meant the life of a Nation,
Whose death was that Nation's first grief.
And, though sheathed be the sword of the
righteous
And silent his voice, he commands
The love of all men and their children,
At home or in alien lands.

The thunder of guns could not wake him,
Nor the march of a million feet:
Though they shook the blue hills of Virginia,
His slumber was solemn and sweet.
Closed still were those eyes of blue sternness
And folded those strong, ready hands,
A help to all men and their children,
At home or in alien lands.

And deaf to the paeans of glory
And blind to the triumphs of peace,
The Matchless lies still, all unnoting,
As the gathering years increase.
Sublime in its isolate grandeur,
The spirit of Washington stands,
The ideal of men and their children,
At home or in alien lands.

THE CORRECT VERSION.

I was down at old Mount Vernon, where the grand Potomac flows; the birthplace of George Washington, as most everybody knows. The story of the cherry tree, someone told to me that day: he was an honest man, I know, for he worked there making hay. "Did you cut down that cherry tree?" said old Washington, the sire. "I did," said George, and as he spoke, his large bright eyes filled with fire. "I felt justified, dear father, and I did it with good grace; for I was walking quietly, and it slapped me in the face."—Ben F. Cobb.

Rhyme in Season.

'Twas Adam first offered the apple,
Extolling its rich, rosy hue;
And little George gave us the cherry,
But who slipped a lemon to you?

S. P.

Can "S. P." prove an alibi?

David B. Clarkson, an all-round popular member of the Press Club, spent several hours a few evenings ago loitering about the club rooms, previous to his departure for one of his occasional inspections of his extensive ranch in Texas. He was accompanied at the club by his sturdy, handsome young son, David B., Jr. Bon voyage, and many returns.

NEW MANAGER FOR BARBER SHOP.

The Press Club Barber Shop has opened under new management, Frank Liszt supplanting Perry E. Hall, whose alleged wind-pipe slitting proclivities recently led to his dismissal by the board of directors.

Mr. Liszt comes highly recommended from a fashionable quarter on the south side, and has given orders for new chairs and other tonsorial equipment. He will be assisted by W. G. Grapes, a first class barber.

Miss Lucille Vandivier is the new manicurist.

R. P. Reid, colored, has no peer in applying elbow grease to shoe leather.

Mr. Liszt will make an especial effort to please Press Club members, and invites the boys to give him a trial.

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THE SCOOP

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SECOND ANNUAL SCOOP SHOW WILL BE TREMENDOUS SUCCESS

Monster Mass Meeting to Be Held at Club Saturday Night, March 1.

\$100.00 PRIZE FOR BEST "BOOK"; \$25,000.00 TO BE THE MARK

April 26 is the date, the Auditorium is the place, and the "Second Annual Press Club Scoop" is the name of the monster benefit show, by which the Press Club of Chicago intends to add \$25,000.00 to its funds, in order that it may clear its name of all floating and bonded indebtedness and be in a position to make many much-needed improvements in its club house and conveniences for its members.

The Scoop is the one big event of the year in Press Club life and one of the biggest events of the year in Chicago's social, literary, and business life. Last year, due to the earnest and unrelenting efforts of the entire club membership, the club realized a net profit of something over \$10,000.

This year the mark will be set at \$25,000, and if each and every loyal member of the Club will get behind the show and boost, and work, this sum will undoubtedly be secured.

Plans for making this year's performance a bigger, better and more successful affair than that of last year, have been under way for some time past.

All preliminary preparations have been completed. The mammoth Auditorium Theater, with its enormous seating capacity, has been secured for two performances on Saturday, April 26th, the general plan of organization has been perfected, the money-raising movement started, and the work all mapped out.

Now it is up to the members of the club to get behind the show and make it the greatest success of its kind ever attempted anywhere.

Five hundred active workers are needed to make the Scoop a success. But seven short weeks remain in which to work out the details of organization, write the manuscript, raise the money from advertising and ticket sales, do the publicity work, rehearse and produce the show, write the music, and attend to the thousand and one minor details necessary to such a gigantic undertaking.

Everybody in the club will be behind the Scoop, those that made it a success last year and those that have joined since then. There is work for everybody. The club needs you, your ideas, your boost, your presence. With that nothing can stop the success of the 1913 Scoop.

A monster mass meeting has been called for Saturday night, March 1st, at which time the entire plan will be outlined in detail, ideas selected, committees appointed, organization perfected and ratified and each one will be given something to do, according to his qualifications and the time which he can devote to the work.

The meeting will be held at 7 o'clock sharp. Those who can come early will dine together at 6 o'clock. A special Scoop dinner will be served. There will be speeches galore, by the club's best talkers, and many other interesting features will add to the enthusiasm of the occasion.

Be sure and be there. Do this for the club—your club. Saturday night is the date—seven o'clock the hour.

(Signed)

CHARLES N. WHEELER, Pres.

DOUGLASS MALLOCH, Executive Com.

STANLY H. TWIST, Mng. Director.

CALIFORNIA.

A Parody on a Parody.

(With Apologies to Byron and Frederick Cozzens.)

BY G. FRANK LYDSTON.
(Native Son.)

Know ye the land where the red setting sun
Sees the last of earth when the day is done?
Where the course of empire is sure to stop,
And the play conclude with the curtain drop?
Where, wonderful spectacle, hand in hand,
The oldest and youngest of nations stand;
Where sere yellow Asia, withered and dry,
Hears spruce young America, sharp and leet,
With thumbs in vest and quizzical leer,
Sing out, "You old Foggy, keep out of here!"

Know ye that land of wonderful mines,
Of over-grown turnips and giant pines,
Of speedy profits and quick declines,
That's bossed by the railroad and steamship lines?
Know ye the land of the Panama Fair—
That fame has blown on his bright silver horn
From the Golden Gate to far Union Square,
From New Orleans, that is now so forlorn,
To Winnipeg with its wintry weather
And Medicine Hat with its beastly blizzards;
Hither, thither, and all ways together,
To Wall street, home of the moneyed wizards;
To foreign shores, with their polyglot speech,
And many a clime you would think out of reach?

Through all the wide world our state is well known;
Its name is stamped on the immigrant's face,
As he turns his gaze to the golden throne
Where sitteth King Graft in his usual place,
Mocking at Heney and all of his crew
And choking our citizens black and blue.
And as King Graft rocks on his gorgeous throne
Poor Labor holds stoutly his shield before,
Charged with a heart of auriferous stone
With a pick-axe and spade on a field of ore.

Know ye the land where the turn of a card,
The blade of Bowie or pistol of Colt,
Once settled a law case, however hard,
Giving traditions and customs a jolt,
Put judges and lawyers quite out of biz
Settling so quickly all troubles that riz?
Know ye the brave land that fears not the Jap,
Land of great men of the bench and the ring,
Who'll wipe those yellow boys all off the map,
Or else slap 'em in jail and make 'em sing
Home, Sweet Home or what melodious air
Is Jap for saying, "You've licked us for fair?"

Know ye the land of the tempting gold brick,
Of rattlesnakes and the fierce grisly bear,
Where there's a million at least in each creek,
And they've shaved the thorns off the prickly pear;
Where Burbank has wed the peach and the plum
And raised many queer things that's "going some."
(That once on a time were quite out of reach)
Where men all are brave and each girl a peach,
Where the air's so pure you don't have to chew it,
And at life's end you can always renew it;
Where you don't need lungs so long as you've gumption,
And they've tubercules, but never consumption;
Where the game is played for the highest of stakes
And they're never feazed by the mightiest quakes;
Where every man has made his own way,
And is making it yet where'er he goes,
Whether in pugilism, trade or play—
But these are things that everyone knows;
I've said enough for the dear old State's glory
And I must on to the rest of my story.

If ye know not the land I'm bragging about
Where the season is always open—for Chinks;
If there's one in the world who has any doubt
That fair are its fruits and delicious its drinks,
Let him pack up his kit and take in the fair,
If he then disbelieves, he's a mutt—on the square.

MY FRIEND.

BY JONATHAN MAYO CRANE.

My friend is a dissolute drunkard—
A vagabond, so you might say—
Shiftless and void of ambition,
Throwing his chances away;
For my friend is a fellow of talent,
His intellect few can surpass.
I could tell why his life is a failure
If my friend had a bosom of glass.

There's a charm in his mere conversation
That draws me, because I can feel
That it tells of a soul's desolation
Which he tries in his pride to conceal.
"Every life is a tragedy grewsome,"
I have heard him say often. Alas!
I might help him to bear his life burden
If my friend had a bosom of glass.

In a populous world he is lonesome,
Companions he really has none;
He lives in a world of illusion
Which others instinctively shun.
Pythagoras taught transmigration
Of souls of the dead. Do they pass
Into earth-life again? I might answer
If my friend had a bosom of glass.

I might find in its saturnine cloister,
Driven back from the Stygian shore,
The genius whose burden "The Raven"
Revealed in the word "Nevermore";
Or the swan who sang sweet of "Endymion,"
Or of Chatterton—for of their class
Is his soul, and the whole world would know it
If his bosom were only of glass.

George Kavanaugh writes a mild complaint from San Francisco because the Scoop has not been able to overtake him in his sudden excursions from point to point. George is one of the Scoop's best friends, and the mailing room has been instructed to take no chances, but use the shot-gun method, in order that he may be headed off at some point in any case. Friends who have a word for him should write him Denver, Colo., or Monrovia, Cal., as he has left orders for mail to be forward to him from these points.

In fact, there isn't a solitary reporter—police, court or political—who has not dreamed a big dream of being a correspondent at the front. Dick Little and Chris Hagerty are predicting much trouble and they will probably be in the midst of it.

Be that as it may, comma, the big Scoop show is rounding out in fine shape and bids fair to make the hit of the season. Also—and this is most important—the club should net about \$20,000 or so.

INOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Lillian Russell came—and went. One is curiously tempted to mention her voluminously. She is wonderful, paradoxical!

By way of absolute beauty she has hair of shining gold and a nose that challenges the achievements of the sculptor's art, ancient or modern. It was a distinctly clever crowd that greeted her in the Press Club parlor last Wednesday evening.

The grace with which she faced the starings, critical and wondering, that were her portion, had a charm all its own.

Her voice is low pitched and has a bit of honest boyishness in it. No offensive head tones mar its music. In fact, if one asked me at this moment what is the singular beauty about her, I should cry out, "Her voice!" I keep wondering if she were not intended by the Creator to be a contralto instead of a soprano singer.

For the rest no lies have been told of her youthful appearance. She charmingly acknowledges that she has passed the half-century mark by two years. She might easily pass for a beautiful thirty-five. And she needs no makeup to produce the effect. Once upon a time, she declares, freckles marred her perfect nose. It must have been long ago, for now the nostrils have the consistency of rose petals and the tip is as white as milk. Freckles and Lillian Russell are an impossible combination.

For the rest she had lectured to an eager matinee crowd and said little beyond a word of thanks for the greeting that was bestowed upon her. Some of the others jumped into the emptiness and made good.

Marian Bowlan gave one of her characteristic and original monologues dealing with the vagaries of a miss purchasing shoes. It was cleverly done.

So was the impromptu offering of Belle Squires. Helen Bennett, witty, logical and unimportant in manner, was rather the lion of the speechmakers. A fine way of talking has Helen and something worth while to say, whether it be a discourse (as was this) upon woman suffrage, upon post impressionism or upon some wandringly errant philosophy. "Corking," said President Mary Elinor O'Donnell, when she had finished, and that is what we all thought.

For the matter of that we felt much the same toward the sister of the evening's guest, Mrs. S. Westerford, who used to be the President of the Professional Woman's League in New York, and is at present the regent of the D. A. R. chapter in Schenectady, New York.

A fine, broad-minded lot of women are the league members, who have as much of actual good to their credit as any club I know. Mrs. Westerford is a stately woman, and she told us the story of it earnestly.

Mrs. Manson was present, of course, and Mrs. Gebhardt, of the social committee. So was First Vice-president Hattie Summerfield, Caroline Huling, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Clark and scores of older members, who made it quite a homey evening.

Caroline Huling, by the way, is in charge of the next program meeting which I print. It will be a delightful evening.

JEAN COMERFORD.

The Illinois Woman's Press Association will meet at the Press Club, Thursday evening. The program will be in charge of the Publishers' section, Miss Caroline A. Huling, chairman. The literary

numbers will comprise addresses by Mr. Ralph Fletcher Seymour, on "Specialities in Publishing"; Mr. George Shaw Cook, chairman of the Christian Science committee on publication for Illinois, will discuss "Clean Journalism," and a brief roll call of the women publishers of the organization. A fine musical program under the direction of Miss Alice Williams will embrace songs by Mrs. Marion Taylor Hobbs; violin solo by Mr. Herbert Kirschnor, head of the violin department of the Sherwood Music School; harp solo by Miss Mabel Helen Rogers, and a piano number by Miss Alice Williams.

The newspaper women of Indiana are planning to form a press association. Mrs. A. D. Moffitt, of Elwood, closely associated in newspaper work with her husband, will call a meeting to be held the third week in February at Ayres' tea room, in which arrangements will be perfected for the organization. An investigation revealed that about one hundred and fifty women in the state are eligible to membership. The membership will be limited to those who are in active newspaper work, on the editorial staffs of leading newspapers. At the meeting of the State Federation of Clubs held in Fort Wayne last October, the subject was discussed, and it was decided to organize. Many press clubs of women are to be found in the different states, but Indiana, a center for many newspaper women and literary people, has never had one.

John McGovern does not consider "General Booth Enters Into Heaven," by McVachel, which was recently published on this page, worthy of consideration as a poem. He says "It will be a 1913 model for 'Little Breeches.' It is a quaint effervescence, that composition." Miss Monroe says it is a poem. Otherwise she would not have published it in "POETRY." Some rather discreet critics so pronounce. Then along comes some devout worshiper of Milton or of Dante and says: "Can't write it. It's too naughty."

Anyway, it is a wonderful poem that can so enthrall humanity.

Clarence W. Dresser, a former member of the Press Club, and active in the newspaper life of Chicago, who died in Kansas City several years ago, left a young sister, Alice Winifred Dresser, who has been living on a homestead which she entered at Congress Junction, Arizona, in order to try the "out-door cure" for threatened tuberculosis, where she has been living practically "all by her lonesome," except for a cow, some hens, and so forth, and has been declared cured, and was married January 8 to Erwin Luther Bartholomew, at Phoenix, Arizona. The couple are now "at home" after February 1 at Congress Junction. Miss Dresser—beg pardon, Mrs. Bartholomew—has done considerable literary work, mostly in the line of verse, and we doubt not might make an interesting story of her life on her ranch on the "Arizona desert," nearly a mile from any neighbor, if she were inclined, and she has been promising to do so for a long time.

Magda Frances West came on from New York recently and small Magda was rejoicing in consequence. Amazing how many of our members, all unaided, are caring for their kindred. Mrs. West does it at a pretty strenuous rate. Some months she writes 150,000 words.

THE SCOOP

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JAY CAIRNS, Editor

B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

VICTOR EUBANK.

Edition Editor for March 1, '13.

Schedule of Edition Editors for Future Issues.

March 8.....John Lovett

March 15.....H. Bedford-Jones

THE BIG ANNUAL SHOW.

The Press Club demonstrated last year that it could give a regular show. To say that it will repeat the demonstration this year is not making a rash prediction. At the present time our plans are somewhat embryonic. But things will be shaped out to the satisfaction of everybody Saturday evening. It is expected that one of the largest mass meetings of the year will be held at this time. And everybody will have a chance to "get right up in meetin'" and say what he thinks.

The point that should not be lost sight of is that we need the money. We want to give a show this year that will bring the people. The people will bring the money. And another thing is that the Press Club does not want any one to think that this is a "hold up" proposition. While we expect the public to patronize the big "frolic," we want the public to get its money's worth. And if the public doesn't get all it pays for, we will be badly mistaken.

The Scoop committee is hurrying this up and deserves all the credit in the world for the efforts it is putting forth. But the committee cannot do all the work alone. Every member must lend a hand. It is co-operation that will bring success.

So get together and help along the game. Do something. Hunt up the committee and find out how you can aid. If you have a suggestion, tell 'em about it. Don't sit back and let George do it.

WHAT THE LIBRARY NEEDS.

While we're pulling this editorial stuff, we're going to leap on a pet hobby. Said bug is the library.

Without question the Press Club should have the best library of any club in Chicago. We should have all of the standard books, anyway. After a close inspection of the library we decided that the most predominating literature was

that of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. We have more agricultural reports to the square inch than any other club in the world. We also have several tons of Civil War reports.

But seriously speaking, we have a pretty good library at the present time with one exception. That exception is books. For instance there is not a single volume from the immortal O. Henry. Bret Harte is also among the missing. So is Frank Stockton and so many others that we can't mention them all. The idea is that we need more books.

Dr. Gillman presented us with an encyclopedia the other day. For which we hereby return thanks. Let some others follow suit. There are a lot of members that have books going to waste. Why not turn some of them over to the club library?

And while we're fixing up the club why not spend a few dollars on books? Think this over, some of you bibliophiles.

DANGER AHEAD.

On March 9 a much-discussed amendment to the constitution comes up before the club. This amendment, when boiled down, is to the effect that new members shall be elected by the board of directors. If the amendment is adopted the club will cease to ballot upon additions to its membership rolls. The directory will rule supreme.

For years the Press Club has taken a keen interest in new members. Usually their qualifications have always been closely scrutinized. Few men have got by who were not entitled to belong. Our method of balloting has been satisfactory in the past. It takes up but little time at the regular club meetings. It gives members the opportunity of becoming familiar with the names of those voted upon. It makes it necessary for sponsors to be present. In fact, the system is as good as can be devised.

Our present board of directors is doing great things for the club. It is high class in every respect. Future boards, we hope, will be as good. But, suppose for instance, the time should come when a board of directors decided that more money should be raised from memberships. It would be easy enough to go out in the highways and byways and get all the members in the world. Qualifications would be overlooked and the result would be a host of undesirables. And the club proper would have nothing to say. Of course, it is not probable that such a circumstance would arise. But it is possible and the amendment is dangerous.

We've all had a vote in selecting our members in the past. Why change? We predict now that this amendment will be defeated. But, of course, this is only an editorial expression and nobody but the editor of this edition stands back of it.

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

M. Coleman, Chicago, guest of C. D. Hagerty.
 M. Maltby, Chicago, guest of C. D. Hagerty.
 M. Garges, Chicago, guest of C. D. Hagerty.
 E. F. Payne, Chicago, guest of C. D. Hagerty.
 R. J. Dwyer, Kansas City, guest of W. J. Cochran.
 Rufus Woods, Vanatches, Wash., guest of Opie Read.
 O. J. Owen, Minneapolis, guest of C. H. Compere.
 Joe Taylor, Pittsburgh, guest of Stanley Twist.
 Charles C. Grant, Cleveland, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.
 H. G. Bell, Chicago, guest of George L. Louis.
 Tex Holm, Yellowstone National Park, guest of A. E. Ormes.
 Samuel E. Darby, New York, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.
 T. W. Casey, New York, guest of B. Beecher Osborne.

Hugo B. Koch, one of our members in stageland, will appear in Chicago soon in Clyde Fitch's splendid play "The City." The theme is a powerful one, dealing with the lure of the bright lights of the metropolis for the boy and girl raised in the country.

E. V. Keller, banker, non-resident member from Seneca, Mo., recently spent a few days at the club on his way home from New York City and other out of the way places.

Now, old Carl MacVitty
 Has gone from the city,
 He's gone far over the sea;
 And Old Carl MacVitty
 Looks on us with pity—
 He's taken a wife, you see.

All others intending to get married will please call at this office and accompany ye ed. to Jeff's corner.

Since the advent of our Scandihoovian friend, John Holme, and the former barber, the new tonsorial regime seems to be tickling the fancy, as well as the chins, of all the shaving members. Barber Liszt has put in new chairs, new razors and a new manicure girl. And, believe, us, it's some combination.

"Red" Parker has purchased an automobile for his bride-to-be. "Red" made his selection during the recent motor show, where he shown resplendent as the Trib's special news representative.

COMING EVENTS.

Dr. Charles Brockway Gibson, "Illustrated Talk," Wednesday Evening, March 12.

March Dance, Saturday Evening, March 15.

"Tex" Holme, "Illustrated Talk," Saturday Evening, March 22.

Annual Scoop Show, Auditorium Theater, April 26.

"WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12TH, 1913."

On the above date, Dr. Chas. Brockway Gibson will deliver his "Illustrated Talk" on Asia-Minor and Turkey, in Europe and Asia.

Dr. Gibson accompanied the University of Chicago exploration expedition to these countries. He brought back some 300 pictures which are remarkably fine. Their cost was upwards of \$2,000. This "talk" will be worth hearing.

"Don't forget the date."

"What date?"

The date of Dr. Gibson's lecture, Wednesday, March 12th, at the Press Club.

It seems to us that Bert L. Taylor would drop in on us once in a while. If he ever trys our rhum game he'll never play golf any more.

Dr. G. Cooke-Adams has been appointed honorary corresponding secretary of the Authors' Club of London, England, in the United States of America.

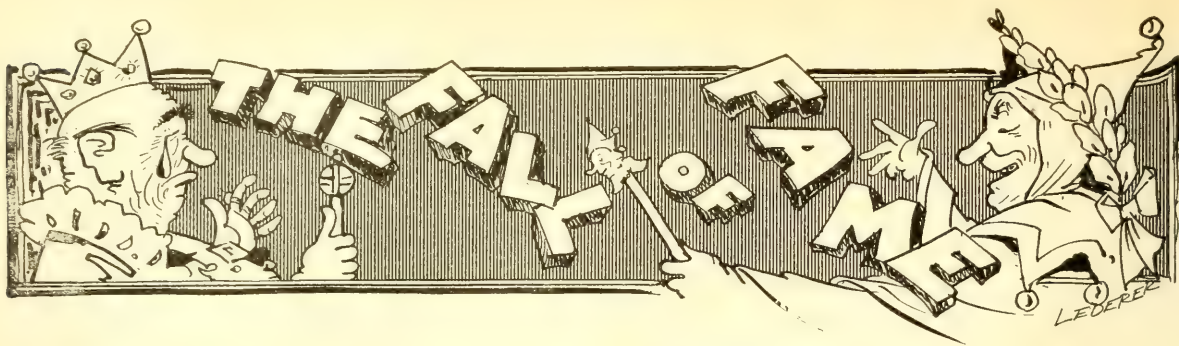
Among the applicants for nonresident membership is our old friend J. Alex Sloan, advertising man for the Case people at Racine. That reminds Walter Washburne of the time way back in 1898 or thereabouts when he played Cupid to Alex and got him safely hitched in St. Paul and with such good results that Alex's one biblical quotation is "Go thou and do likewise."

Which reminds us that Duncan Smith, formerly the funny man of the News, has returned to Chicago from Rockford. Dunc says Rockford is so dead all the people go to the cemetery to laugh. We hope Duncan will decide to remain among us.

Every member of the club is urged to agitate the creative corner of his cranium and endeavor to produce original and clever ideas which may be used to make THE ANNUAL SCOOP SHOW the greatest success of the kind ever undertaken.

Lieut. Gov. Barratt O'Hara, who confesses he stole the white slave idea from T. Roosevelt, is the champion "pork and beans" eater of the club. The "L. G." is a regular in the grill corner whenever his arduous (?) labors permit him to beat it from Springtown.

"Jeff" and Saunders are the proud peacocks of the grill. That new bar is the pride of the ebony duo and they don't care who knows it.



Chris Hagerty entertained ye ed. and a party of his aides at dinner the other evening, same being George Wash. birthday. Among those at the festal—also festive board—were George A. Schreiner, J. Royle, M. W. Maltby, Milton Garges, "Ted" Payne, and M. E. Coleman. The recitation of "L'l Ruby" by Mr. Hagerty proved to be the feature of the evening.

While we are boosting everybody, ye ed. wishes to apply a little applause to the restaurant. Real food is now being served and if you haven't tried one of our special steaks you have certainly missed some feed.

Harry Schraudenbach, news ed. of the Examiner, is another man who'd better put in his application right away. This ain't no threat, Schraudy, nor is it a promise.

Major E. L. De Lestrey, the indomitable and always pushing newspaper man of St. Paul, was in town the first of the week, on his way to Paris, to complete a deal which is expected to yield handsome returns to the company of which he is the active agent at the present time. The Major, by the way, is the first man who ever interviewed James J. Hill, the railroad magnate, an account of which is awaiting early appearance in The Scoop.

H. W. Ball of New York, an old friend of Bill Cochran's, appeared on the scene the other evening and made the acquaintance of numerous members. Any friend of Bill's is always welcome.

Paul Cowles, superintendent of the central division of the A. P., is a billiard enthusiast and he and Chris Hagerty trim each other regularly. Mr. Cowles has been in the service of the A. P. for so many years that he refuses to say when he first started. He was in charge during the Russian-Jap war and was also head of the works during the Frisco quake. He has had enough adventures to fill a large book and knows everybody worth knowing in the country.

Publisher John Eastman of the Journal is a w. k. farmer besides being head of one of the great Chicago dailies. Mr. Eastman has a big place down in Indiana and a herd of cows that can't be beat in the state. All of which goes to show that a regular newspaper man is good at any kind of business.

Charlie Wheeler, our handsome pres., came up from Springfield the other day, as did also Lieutenant-Governor O'Hara. Both Barratt and Chas. predict that the deadlock will be over sometime in 1918 if nothing happens. Barratt will be the acting governor of Illinois this week, Gov. Dunne proceeding to Wash. for the inauguration of Pres. Wilson. Barratt will also have the honor of being the youngest acting-governor the state has ever had. Ye ed. would hate to have his application for pardon come up during the next week.

City Editor Speed of the R. H. makes his appearance at the club occasionally, but he'll have to be more frequent if he don't want to get fined.

Bob Jones, former M. E. of the Inter Ocean, is expecting to hike for Canada this week, he having become a large landowner. William E. Moore is now putting the Ocean through its paces and is declared to be one of the greatest little managing editors they've ever had. Bill comes from Missouri. So does ye ed. Some syllogism, whato?

Earl Marble can always be found in the writing room and it is hinted that he is writing a book.

Fred Dunham got licked for alderman in the Twenty-sixth the other day. It seems that Freddy is a Democrat and one of that political faith has about as much chance in the Twenty-sixth as a snowball would in Mexico City. Cheer up, Freddy. Move up in the Twenty-fifth ward and vote for ye ed. at the next election.

PET WORRIES OF SOME OF OUR MEMBERS.

John Fay—Sugar and Spondulix.
 Walter C. Howey—Tanks and Tearney.
 Garnet C. Eubank—Taxes and Taxis.
 Mark S. Watson—"Leggers" and Literature.
 Robt. R. Jones—Land and Logheads.
 Dan Sullivan—Not a darned thing.

Although we warned O. A. Mather of the Trib. that an automobile was one of the most terrible instruments of his Satanic Majesty, said Mather has gone and done it. He bought a car last week and all of the other copyreaders will envy him until they see his garage bills.

Walter A. Bermingham and his staff are boosting the automobile department of the Inter Ocean clear to the skys. Walt is one of the best known auto editors in the country and he appears at the Press Club whenever he gets time.

Old Ed Westlake is another person who has thus far eluded the watchful membership committee. As one of the prominent members of the Evening Post staff he ought to be a member. Look out, Ed. We'll get you yet.

We'll bet if there is a war, J. K. will send Jimmy Durkin right to the front. And why not? It's a cinch if Jimmy goes he will be bossing the job inside of a week. He went to London once and told King Edward where to get off and if he got the assignment there is no doubt but he would chase the "greasers" from the warpath.

THE LITTLE RED SHAWL.

(With Apologies.)

Oh, that little old red bar,
 That little new red bar,
 That little old red bar,
 Off to the side.

You can get a black and white,
 Any time—in day or night,
 At that little new red bar
 That's open wide.

You will find there
 Jeff or Jim,
 Who can mix your crackest whim
 In that little old red bar,
 Down on the side.

P. S.

Herbert Waters of the old R. H. was seen ambling down Dearborn street the other day. If Herby doesn't come into the fold shortly, ye ed. is going to tell some secrets of his past life. D'ye get that, Mr. Waters?

Young Paul Williams is becoming one of the popular young editors of the A. P. He can edit copy with both hands, pound a typewriter with his feet and discuss current topics with a telegraph operator all at one and the same time.

Walter Washburne is certainly the bearcat as head of the membership committee, but there are several good men that have thus far escaped him. Among those we can remember right now are Fred Lawrence, the w. k. city ed. of the Examiner; Jim Russell, assistant city ed. of the same sheet and Bill Hallowell, the new Sunday ed. Round 'em up, Wash. We need 'em.

It's not been a long time since they boasted two regular reporters in the Press Club. They used to put these two on exhibition at every big doings. However, the regular reporter has become an ordinary person around the club now, as practically all of them are members. And it is safe to say that the majority of the newspaper men in Chicago now "belong."

Is Harry Green working on a new novel? Or is he getting ready to "beat it" for the great north woods? He seems to be unusually quiet these days.

OUR COLONEL K.

The rocker squeaks,
 When the Colonel speaks
 And his voice rings out,
 Like on parade;
 The Press Club boys
 All cease their noise
 When the colonel calls
 A spade—a spade.

P. S.

Paul Matthews, whose press agent dope helped garner votes for Gov. Dunne in the primary campaign and later in the state fight, has been rewarded with a fine berth in the Dunne administration. Paul's title is "auditor of public institutions," or something like that. Incidentally, he is Secretary "Billy" Sullivan's right bower in the governor's office.

"Hal" Denton is writing a book on Washington life which he hopes will be among the best sellers next summer. If "Hal" tells all he knows about some politicians there will be a real sensation on Pennsylvania avenue.

"I am not an adventuress," indignantly retorted "Joe" Henderson when Frank Herndon asked him if he belonged to Jay Cairns' group of "heroes."

Paul Williams, late of the Tribune, is now editing one of the big A. P. wires. The "Dubuque Kid" is making good with a vengeance.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS RECEIVED.

Stock Exchange From Within, The. By W. C. Van Antwerp. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The author of the book describes himself as a busy stock broker without literary skill. However, his work is not to be regarded lightly. In the main the book is designed to point out the necessity which exists for the stock exchange as a means of dealing in securities. At the same time he admits that in pursuing its rightful functions abuses of one sort and another have been practiced by its members contrary to the rules of the institution. He points out that much of this wrongdoing has been punished and desisted from, and that the offenses of the stock exchange members now are much less than ever before. Unquestionably his presentment of the fact that a stock exchange is needed to carry on the financial business of the country is ably and accurately stated. His expressions of confidence that, in time, the stock exchange will be free from blame may be regarded as highly optimistic. It is not to be denied, however, that his general defense of the stock exchange as a necessary auxiliary of the business of the country is cogent and forcible. While his conclusions would not receive the entire sanction of Mr. Samuel Untermyer, nevertheless the book is one which will add to the wisdom and sum total of accurate knowledge of him who reads it.

GEORGE WELSH WEBER.

A book lately added to the Club library is "Three Weeks in France," from the pen of John U. Higinbotham, otherwise the inimitable wit, J. U. H. Like his other books, this is from press of Reilly & Briton, Chicago, and it is worthy of note that the volume is one of rare artistic merit. The selling price is \$2, which is somewhat high for a book in these days of cheapness. The highest praise that one may bestow upon it is that it is worth the money. No quainter or more lively dissertation has enlivened the year of books. If at times there are comments upon things supposedly sacred which seem trending toward sacrilege, it must be forgiven for the sake of the style of the narrative. One cannot help wishing earnestly that all writers knew the meanings of English words and used them with as fine a discretion. With his rare faculty for condensation, the writer of this would like to see Mr. Higinbotham make a plunge into dramatic form. His terse and short sentences would work into dialogue with fine naturalness. Those who have heard him deliver an after dinner speech will understand that his faculty for characterization is remarkable. It would seem that he might find a field in the one-act comedy which is at present almost an unknown quantity in American writing. There are, I believe, only George Middleton and

Percy Mackaye who essay this form. Middleton's book, "Embers," which is promised the Club, has been one of the best selling books before the public. For Mackaye's "Yankee Phantasies," the same can be said. Club members may find it interesting to learn that a few days since I heard a well known publisher discoursing valiantly upon the talents locked up within the membership. He declared that they were effortless. Other countries produce steadily in the direction of the drama for reading purposes and occasional high class stage presentation. There are Bennett and Shaw and Masefield and Galsworthy in England—none of whom finds the one-act comedy beneath him. American translations there are in dozens of Strindberg, Hauptmann, Wedekind, and all their skillful kind, surely it is time we did a little ourselves. The public is waiting, for the play is the thing of the time. THE DEAN.

JUST WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

W. F. FITCH.

Say, what's the use of taking stock

In all these tales we hear—

Why "rip the lining" out of "Jones"

And make "Smith" look so queer?

You cannot always tell, my boy,

Perhaps 'tis all a lie—

Just step around behind some tree

And watch yourself go by.

You'll find that things look different,

And crooked paths look straight—

That "Smith" is not the only man

Who sometimes "gets home late";

Perhaps your wife's own husband

Sometimes gets all awry—

So step around behind some tree

And watch yourself go by.

In business as in pleasure,

And in the social life,

It doesn't pay to speculate

Or let your thoughts run rife,

But try to think the best of those

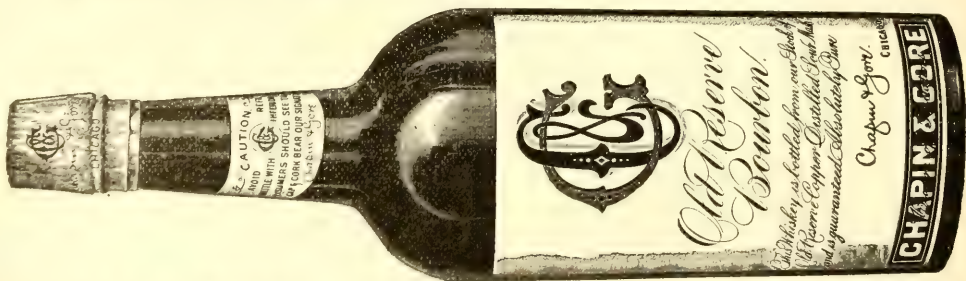
Who in your pathway lie—

Then slip around behind some tree

And watch yourself go by.

The doleful tone of Perce Hammond's criticisms for the recent few weeks just has been explained. Since Bill Handy, escaped death and left town for Buenos Ayres nothing seems to please his old chums, Perce and Dick Little.

What'll lit be? **C. & G.** for me.



CHAPIN & GORE That is all you need to know about whiskey.

THE SCOOP

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Volume II, No. 10.

Chicago, Saturday, March 8, 1913.

Price 5c.

PRO PATRIA.

By J. G. Davis.

Before the War of the Rebellion, two boys in a little Ohio village grew up together from wobbly toddlers to lusty youngsters, played together, fought together, and loved each other much.

When they were about fifteen years old, sudden exigencies of fortune separated them, one going to an aunt in the South, where he soon annexed all the characteristics of the old Southern aristocracy, and the other remaining in the North, to receive his education at the hands of those who believed slavery a crime. They continued to write to each other, however, until they were about twenty-two. Then the war broke out, and all communication between them ceased.

Two years afterward, the Army of the Tennessee, under General William Tecumseh Sherman, was slowly but invincibly moving, always advancing, to Shiloh, Chicamauga, Lookout Mountain, Iuka and Chattanooga, to wind up the finish of the story with Sherman's March to the Sea.

Somewhere about the middle of the end, when "Old Tecumseh" had uttered his dictum that "War is Hell," two regiments rested in two open-faced ravines, near the foothills, in sight of the Cumberland River, about twelve miles apart.

Between them, thrust out toward the river, the end bluffing square on the bank, lay a huge promontory, fully one mile wide at the base, sloping down to the river from great height, that could be likened to the pointing forefinger of an immense hand, the closed fist being the foothills that encroached upon it.

The time was middle October; the foliage on the outstretched forefinger, and all the huge knobby knuckles around it, being one riot and delirium of color, from the delicate ultra violet of the gentian to the blazing scarlet of the sumac. On each side of this mighty pointing finger, lay those two regiments, they having been there two days. One was garbed in gray, the other in navy blue. Both were cavalry forces.

"Yank" and "Johnny Reb" were but a few short miles apart, yet each unconscious of the other's presence, forgetting for the moment that war was still on guard, and always hell.

A nondescript old negro ambled slowly up to

a Federal sentinel, the son of Ham being seated on a flap-eared mule, whose whole action was a sleepy protest against the bare slapping black heels astride of a bulging gunny-sack that served for a saddle.

"Say, boss," hailed the negro, "does yo' reckon I kin git inter camp, and sell some goobers? Dey's fresh roasted, and I's rid a long way from t'other camp, whar I sold a whole bag."

"What other camp?" was the startled rejoinder.

"Why, de camp ob de Tennessee Cabelry. Didn't you know dey was ober de udder side of Debbil Finger? Yas, suh."

"Where is Devil Finger? How far back are they? Quick!"

"Why—yas, suh—dar's Debbil Finger, dat big woods ridge down to de ribber; and, if you gits on top, dey's 'bout two sights, and three or mebbe four miles furdur."

The sentinel climbed a stump, and gave a loud halloo. Three soldiers came running—one the officer of the day. The sentinel saluted, and held an excited conversation aside with him. The officer took the negro to the Colonel's tent, who, on hearing his story, gave the dark disturber of beautiful peace the freedom of the camp, and, issuing sharp, quick commands that the regiment should prepare to break camp at once, turned to the officer of the guard.

"Send me at once a good scout, one who has sand, and knows his business."

Ten minutes later, a son of Anak, with a cool, steady, gray eye, over six feet tall, was saluting the Colonel.

"I am Bob Winchester, sent by the officer of the day."

"Well, Bob, there's a regiment of rebels the other side of that ridge" (a stare from Bob), "and I want you to go to the highest point on that ridge, without discovery. I am sending fifty men to hide in the foothills near where you will be. That negro selling goobers was in their camp early this morning, and they may already be warned. Go, and bring a report. That's all."

He held out his hand to the tall soldier, who gravely shook it, slung on his carbine, and disappeared with long swinging stride toward Devil's Finger.

Almost at the same moment an equally athletic figure in gray was parting the gorgeously tinted leaves on the other and shaded side of

the ridge, with carbine in hand, and creeping with panther tread toward the top.

On the crest of the finger, lying in line with it, was an immense cottonwood tree that had been uprooted by a storm, and lay with a huge bulwark of tangled roots and earth. The side toward the Union forces was flecked with the mellow light of the afternoon sun; the other side remained in deep shadow.

The forest was strangely silent. There was not even a chirp from the birds, which were awed to silence at the sight of two men on either side of this dead king of the woods, who were each worming a silent way through the under brush, carefully stopping to remove a dry twig or push aside a whispering bough, until, without a sound, and conserving their excited breath, they gained a magnificent lookout over the entire valley. They both stood for a moment five feet apart, crouched against the tree, each as unconscious of the presence of the other as the two whole regiments had been two hours ago. Then a bird over their heads gave an excited screech, which seemed to mean action, and the two men began using the intervening spaces in the rough bark as hand-holds, one a little farther down the tree than the other.

Suddenly two startled faces gleamed at each other over the top of the fallen tree-trunk, not ten feet apart. In the same second two shots crashed into the vault-like silence, so close together that it sounded like the clap of two giant hands, and two bodies dropped backward into pulpy mould and dead leaves; then, save for the echoes of the two explosions, and the twittering of many birds, amid the fluttering of their wings, dead silence reigned once more.

One minute, two minutes, and the Yankee raised himself to a sitting position. He gazed dazedly at the tree. His cap was off, and across his temple and back above his ear, with trickling drops of blood hanging from it, a magenta fringe against old ivory. He leaned down to the deep indentation the tree had made in falling, and listened, holding his breath, but heard not a sound save the slow sigh of wind among the branches. By almost imperceptible degrees, he crawled, gun on instant guard, around the large mound at the foot of the tree, caused by the upheaval of earth when the monster fell, his eyes and ears ever vigilant for any imagined sound. There was none, more than was made by his own movements. Slowly he raised his head, gun to the front, out of the hole left by the tree-roots, and saw spread-eagled in the dim light on the other side a figure in gray.

Cautiously, with ready gun, he crept closer. The cap was off, and square between the eyes was a blackish-red hole. He straightened up when he saw that, and a carbine lying out of reach, and walked boldly forward. He could

not see the face in the deep shadow, and, putting his hands under the arm-pits, dragged the figure into the light, and, as he caught a full flash of the lowering sun on the face, his hands went up to his own, and with a choking sob he fell unconscious across the body. He had killed Tom Winchester, his only brother.

Was is hell, pro patria.

MONSTER SCOOP CONCLAVE TONIGHT.

Friday night was the night agreed upon as most convenient for everybody to hold rehearsals of the Annual Scoop Show, but owing to the fact that Douglass Mallock, who is writing the "book" which will probably be used in the production, was out of the city yesterday, a postponement was made until tonight, when a monster mass meeting and initial rehearsal will be held on the sixth floor at 7:30 P. M. This hour, by the way, will be the regular one for all following rehearsals, and members are requested to observe this to the minute.

Every member should be present tonight. A fine dinner will be served prior to the rehearsal. Members are requested to bring ladies, as there will be music and dancing and a general good time on the sixth floor from 10 P. M. to 2 P. M.

The libretto of Mr. Mallock's "book" will be read, and discussed. President Wheeler will be in the chair and will announce all committees. Some of the parts will also be assigned, according to plans.

FIRST GUN IS FIRED.

The first mass meeting to prepare for the Annual Scoop Show at the Auditorium April 26 was held Saturday evening, March 1, on the sixth floor, and was the occasion of such general enthusiasm as to insure a successful production and the ultimate annexation of that \$25,000.

Stanly Twist, peerless incarnation of ginger, wielded the maul and introduced the speakers, which included Douglass Mallock, Edward Rose, Harry Sheldon White, Rudy Berliner, Harry March, Harry Daniels, Dr. Noble M. Eberhart, R. A. Halley, A. Milo Bennett, and several others.

Douglass Mallock announced that he is hard at work on a "book" which will be a burlesque on the inauguration, "a dramatic presentation of the inauguration as it actually happened and not as reported in the newspapers." He promised to have a rough draft ready to read at the monster mass meeting to be held tonight.

Glen N. Grant, who will have charge of the business end of the production, was introduced, and spoke a few words, which by their very "fewness" gave the impression that he is a man of action as well as words. Mr. Grant has

been hard at work all week, and with the assistance of his trained force of spell-binders already has \$5,000 subscribed.

The matter of selecting a producer who will perform the office which Mr. Thayer performed last year, has been left open, but a choice will be made in a few days.

Several telegrams were read which would seem to indicate that the public pulse is throbbing in a most pleasing manner:

Los Angeles.
Best wishes for biggest success ever. Reserve seat for me. Check for \$25 coming by mail.

OLIVER MORSCOE.

New York.
I bid \$50. Reserve seat for me.

WILLIAM A. BRADY.

New York.
Nothing can stop me from coming. Check for \$100 in mail.

JOHN CORT.

H. H. Kohlsaatt demonstrated that the Annual Scoop Show is approved by a great Chicago newspaper by sending in a check for \$50 for a box and best wishes. The secretaries of Roosevelt, Taft and other dignitaries have sent best wishes.

COMMITTEES ANNOUNCED TONIGHT.

The various committees will be announced by President Wheeler tonight. Two, however, have already been completed and they are given below:

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Charles N. Wheeler, Chairman.

Douglas Malloch. Jay Cairns.
Rudolph Berliner. Edward H. Fox.
Frank Collins. Julius Kline.

John U. Higinbotham.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

| | |
|----------------------------|------------------|
| Chas. N. Wheeler | Inter Ocean |
| Harry R. Daniel | Inter Ocean |
| Jay Cairns | Record-Herald |
| John L. Lawson | Tribune |
| Claire A. Briggs | Tribune |
| Richard Henry Little | Examiner |
| Walter A. Washburne | Tribune |
| Chris. D. Hagerty | Ass. Press |
| Paul Cowles | Ass. Press |
| W. A. Patterson | W. N. Union |
| Arthur James Pegler | American |
| K. M. Patterson | Journal |
| Wm. E. Wray | News |
| H. G. Fisher | Record-Herald |
| Wm. Moore | Inter Ocean |
| P. F. Louder | Record-Herald |
| Paul Newman | Tribune |
| Jack Little | Press |
| Henry N. Cary | Publishers Assn. |
| John Fay | N. Y. World |
| Percy Millar | N. Y. Times |

THANKS, BOB!

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 29, 1912.

Editor The Scoop, Chicago Press Club:

Dear Sir:—In the issue of the 18th I noticed a column devoted to "Other Press Clubs." Well, here's helping the good work along. Seattle Press Club held open house on New Year's day and in the evening gave an "Undertakers and Coroners'" night. On January 3 Mme. Bernice De Pasquali was the guest of honor. January 9 was "Going Away Night," departing members of the State Legislature were told things they must do. Sunday, January 26, the Post-Intelligencer staff gave a banquet in honor of the officers of the paper. H. G. Woodward of the Chicago Press Club paid us a visit on the 27th.

Greetings to Chicago's Press Club.

Yours respectfully,

ROBT. McIVER, Office Boy.

NO WHIZZERS.

In a certain small town a yellow dog with great pride and not a little personality patrolled a front yard distinguished by peony plants and a rickety wooden picket fence. Why he did this duty was never quite clear in his head, for his mental processes by no means equalled his personal pride. No other dogs ever disturbed him, but then there was always a chance, he reflected. He was like a man born too soon for the War of the Rebellion and too late for the Spanish-American War. Finally one day a strange dog appeared at the gate, but when the defender raised his tail and walked about stiff-legged in a circle he beat a retreat in great alarm. Next day he appeared at the gate again. The defender executed the same martial movements, but the stranger did not run this time. He even entered the yard, walked around stiff-legged himself and departed. Next day he returned and chased the defender under the house, through a hole in the stone foundation. This is a very interesting little story, which will no doubt cause some readers to smile. The purpose, however, is not to make anybody smile, but to point out the fact that while a "whizzer" may bring home the bacon once in awhile, the habitual bluffer cannot last. How about your attitude toward the SCOOP SHOW? Are you trying to run a "whizzer" on us by blowing about your good intentions? When the show-down comes will you produce aces full or deuces? Good intentions or work?

RESTAURANT IS THRIVING.

There is a standing invitation to our members in the matter of the Press Club dining room. The recent regeneration in the cafe makes it a desirable privilege.

THE SCOOP

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JAY CAIRNS, Editor

B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

ARNOLD VAN DUESSEL DORFER.

Edition Editor for March 8, '13.

Schedule of Edition Editors for Future Issues.

March 15.....John Lovett
March 22.....H. Bedford-Jones
March 29.....D. F. Cass

HOW THE EDITOR FEELS.

The editor of this edition feels that he has not been given a fair show. For a man who has been in the club less than two months, to be called upon to get out an edition of the famous Scoop, amounts to a crime. Nothing like that ever happened to me in the Milwaukee Press club. However, the sudden indisposition of my good friend, John Lovett, made it necessary for somebody to take a hand, and I could not turn down his request that I be the man. I am 28 years old, a blonde, corpulent and unarmed.

THE PRESS CLUB'S LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.

This editorial deals with a certain Irish boy who came to Chicago to fight, with such success that he now has the distinction of being the youngest lieutenant-governor who ever held office in Illinois. It deals with Barratt O'Hara. The members of the club, of which he is an active and popular factor, should be proud of him, but not alone because he has made a good fight, not alone because he has won in the lottery of politics. We have scores of such, both now and yesterday. The members of the Chicago Press Club should be proud of Barratt O'Hara because even while the new regime was marking time before the capital at Springfield, he rose up in his stirrups and announced that the so-called men who live by minting the virtue of half-starved working girls into money were going to be put out of business. What is even better than the announcement is the fact that he is taking some practical steps toward that end. From his high position he is shouting the facts; a senatorial inquiry into conditions has been started; newspapers are giving front-page space to the proceedings, with no apologies to advertisers. He is demanding a minimum wage law, and making such a general noise that the

voters of Illinois are beginning to stroke their beards and marvel, and incidentally, to think, anent the question as to whether or not the state can afford to permit several thousand young girls, who are potential wives and mothers, to be forced each year to choose between starvation and lives of shame, all because a crowd of rich gentlemen with hooked noses have developed a "system" of \$5.00 a week plus a "friend," which is watered with the crocodile tears of philanthropy, and which is guaranteed to make them all much richer, pending passage through the camel's eye. He has turned the light of publicity on the army of vice until the ranks are wavering and the creatures who live by exploiting the helpless are scurrying like rats to the lobbies, where they are doing their best to attract an audience of legislators by siren squeals which tell of jack-pots and other things, no doubt. The members of the club should be proud of Barratt O'Hara, the fighting Irish boy, because, in his climb to the top, he dares to reach a hand down to the helpless, dares to snap his fingers in the faces of these "business men," these latter-day Pilates equally guilty of innocent blood, knowing full well that from those whom he champions he can expect no money, no votes and no political preferment. Former lieutenant-governors, with all respect to them, have sat upon horses and reviewed military parades. They have seldom done more. On the whole the lieutenant-governor's moon has been rather obscure in the presence of the governor's sun. No longer, however. The state now has a real lieutenant-governor, a fighter and a leader, a dashing Ney to a disgrace which should have been annihilated twenty years ago, a modern Pied Piper who is trying to rid human society of some very annoying rats—Barratt O'Hara, member of the Press Club of Chicago. We're proud of him.

ON GOOD INTENTIONS.

We all know that a certain well-populated post-mortem resort is paved with good intentions, and we ought to know from experience that mere good intentions seldom accomplish anything worth while in this world. Mere good intentions, for instance, will not result in a tip-top SCOOP SHOW at the Auditorium April 26, nor will mere good intentions attract into our coffers the \$25,000 which we must secure. In this battle nothing will win but good, hard work. Work, work, work! After we have made the people of Chicago admit that on general principles we were worth \$25,000, following the afternoon and evening of April 26, we can sit down up in the library or somewhere and tell the new members about our good intentions, for after this date we may talk about our good intentions with perfect propriety.

RICHARD SMITH vs. PROGRESS.

Down in Indianapolis lives a man named Richard Smith. He is managing editor of the Indianapolis News, which is an excellent sheet for a small town, and which must have for a managing editor an individual who is not entirely lacking in the attributes which go to make up a first-class newspaper man. In one respect, however, Richard Smith has been tried and found wanting. We understand that on hearing word that a Press Club had been formed among the newspaper men of Indianapolis, Richard Smith bristled like a porcupine, and announced in shrill tones that no person could belong to the Indianapolis Press Club and work on the Indianapolis News at the same time. Now, by a peculiar coincidence the political angel who, no doubt, tells Richard Smith at certain times how to run the Indianapolis News, is a member of the Chicago Press Club, and believes that Press Clubs among newspaper men are a good thing. We suggest that Richard Smith look into this, and also that he turn in and get a good night's rest, following which he may be able to see that newspaper men, like other men, are social animals, and that belonging to a Press Club will not only give them the polish which makes for higher grade men, but will serve as a clearing house which will diminish the chance for any member to be seriously scooped. We should like to hear a word from Richard Smith. If he can defend his monstrous decree in regard to the Indianapolis Press Club these columns are open to him.

REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the Press Club of Chicago will be held Sunday afternoon, March 9, at 4 p. m. The following applicants for membership will be voted upon:

Active.

R. R. Atkinson, Inter Ocean, Clarence Snyder, Jr., sponsor.

Sam A. Blair, Inter Ocean, J. H. Moore, sponsor.

Winfield Dudley, advertising, Ray F. Frazer, sponsor.

James Durkin, Tribune, B. Beecher Osborne, sponsor.

John Ensink, Tribune, B. Beecher, Osborne, sponsor.

Henry L. Freking, publisher, G. W. Weippiert, sponsor.

Edward W. Hatch, contributor, H. L. Reiwitich, sponsor.

R. B. Herter, contributor, Kellogg M. Patterson, sponsor.

Marquis Jaines, Inter Ocean, J. H. Moore, sponsor.

Frederic Kensal, contributor, Charles Lederer, sponsor.

A. H. Kirkland, Record-Herald, W. H. Haselwood, sponsor.

R. B. Pixley, Record-Herald, Ray H. Leek, sponsor.

J. G. Robert, Inter Ocean, John L. Weber, sponsor.

Fred H. Wagner, writer, Paul A. Williams, sponsor.

William Hay Williamson, Tribune, W. A. Washburne, sponsor.

Non-Resident.

Vincent Dahlman, editor, Charles N. Wheeler, sponsor.

COMING EVENTS.

Wednesday Evening, March 12: Dr. Charles Brockway Gibson in "Illustrated Talk."

Saturday Evening, March 15: March Dance.

Saturday Evening, March 22: "Tex" Holm in "Illustrated Talk."

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, April 26: Annual Scoop Show, at Auditorium Theater.

Clarence E. Ferguson, Major John B. Jeffery, sponsor.

Conner Arthur Lynch, editor, William Kissack, sponsor.

J. Alex Sloan, contributor, Paul E. Neumann, sponsor.

A proposed amendment to the constitution, in regard to the election of members, which has been in committee for revision, will come up for decision.

Section VIII. Article 1.—Applications for membership must be presented to the Club on its formal application blank, signed by applicant, and stating his residence, mail address, occupation, eligibility and age. Two or more members shall sign the application.

Any applicant who has been regularly posted for membership shall enjoy the same privileges as the holder of a visitor's card, and his sponsors shall be jointly and severally responsible for any indebtedness he shall contract to the Club.

Applications shall be posted on the Club bulletin board for a period of two weeks. Not later than a week before the application is to be considered by the Board of Directors a summary of the applications to be acted upon shall be sent to every voting member. The recording secretary shall notify each of the sponsors by letter of the date and hour of voting on applications.

Article 2.—The Board of Directors can consider and vote on membership applications any time after the provisions of Article 1 have been complied with. A quorum of members must actually be present and voting.

Sponsors must be present in person, or by proxy or letter, to vouch for the eligibility of their respective candidates.

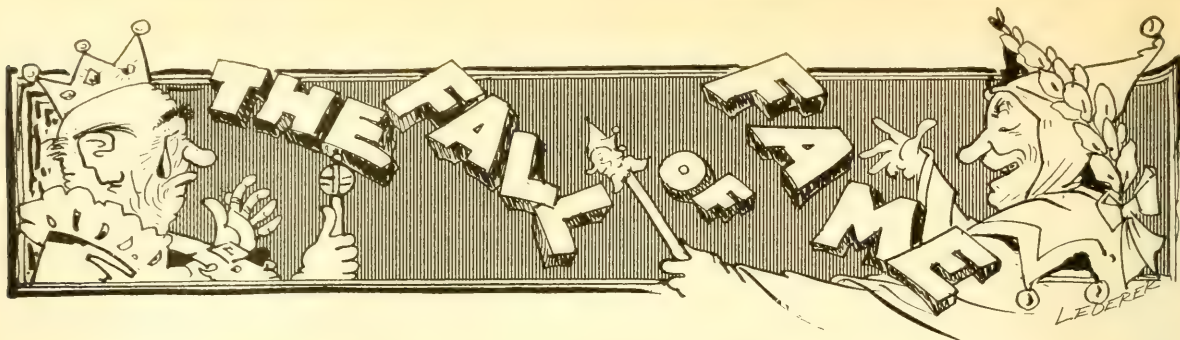
Section 3.—A majority of the Board members present is required to elect, and the Board minutes must show the vote of each member on every application.

Candidates elected shall be notified by the recording secretary of their election. In case of rejection of any candidate or candidates, the recording secretary shall notify the sponsors and members who have appeared in connection with the applications.

It shall be the right of any three members to contest the action of the Board on the election or rejection of any candidate, which contest shall be signed by the members and sent to the Board. A copy shall be posted on the bulletin board, and notice be sent immediately to the voting membership. The contest shall be considered at the next general Club meeting.

A full discussion of contests shall be allowed on the floor of the meeting, which shall be taken up in the regular order of business prescribed by Article VII., Section 1 (b), under "Election of members." A secret ballot must be taken in the general Club meeting.

OTTO KNEY.



Earl Marble is seriously ill from an attack of pleurisy. Members who have a word of cheer for him should call or phone Chicago Polyclinic Hospital, 221 W. Chicago Ave.

The Cook County Press Club will meet here Saturday night. An unusually interesting program has been arranged.

Charles N. Wheeler has been elected an honorary member of the Illinois Woman's Press Association.

Jefferson Jackson, life member, recently made some investments in town property in St. James City, which is located on Pine Island, off the coast of Florida.

WHAT CON DIDN'T KNOW.

Con Rourke, the famous police reporter now early service editor of the Chicago A. P. office, was much disgusted a few nights ago at a story he transcribed in which Prof. Frederick Starr said that hair, teeth and toes were in their obsolescence in the human race.

"How absurd it is," quoth Con, "for this professor of anthropology at the University of Chicago to get up there and tell his hearers that babies are going to be born without hair and teeth. Whoever heard of such nonsense."

Col. William H. O'Brien breezed back into the club-house long enough to tell of a compatriot who coughed a dollar to a card reader for a three-wish fortune. It took the Colonel a half hour. Boiled down:

The first wish was for a big country house like one he had seen near Glencoe. The cards said he'd get it. For the second he wanted a sixty-horse bright green motor car, and that was all right, too. But here the reader warned him that the cards showed another man, red headed and no friend of his, and this man would get twice as much as he would of anything he might wish for. He thought a moment:

"That'll be that black hearted Duggan. T'ell wid the house, an' ye can have the motor car. Gimme one glass eye."

ARE YOU A FOOL?

If you are, you better lay low for a while. The fool-killer is abroad, and he may get you. Watch for the great Scoop phantasy, "The Natural Born Fool-Killer," by Jerome W. Powell, to appear in two weeks.

Paul Neumann is the heaviest of the heavy-weight copyreaders of the Trib. Besides being some copyreader, Paul achieved fame and numerous medals during the Boer war. Walter Howie, city ed., says he wishes he had some more like Paul. Walter has had his eye on Bob Maxwell for some time, Bob only weighing about 250 in his Bvds.

Bill Jossy says we can dress the Scoop show in newspapers and march him in the parade along with a bottle of (not milk) on his crowned 'ed. Bill always was a heartless wretch under his sunny smile. I could tell from the way he "fruxtrated" Ed. Rose's talk on the rearing of stage children.

Stanly, under a wealth of oratory, melted his neck band like a film beneath a flame of enthusiasm, while "Doug" Malloch put the pep in the punch.

Mouths watered as talk of "On to Milwaukee" flowed and strong men held their purses when a trip to Springfield was planned, and the Hoosier hurred.

My boys, there never has been such exuberance over a newborn, meaning the Scoop Show, since Nap. crossed the Alps. We've got a prodigy that can't be bawled out by anyone and we're going to stick or go to—Broadway.

Albert Cone is back on the American Lumberman after a short illness.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Now approaches the fearful season when members turn their thoughts toward candidates.

Chiefly there is before us the selection of a **PRESIDENT**.

It will be difficult to find a successor for Mary Elinor O'Donnell, who is not only an active newspaper writer but a woman of rare personal charm and distinction. As is the case with the Press Club it would seem that the chief executive of our organization should be actively engaged in journalism or else our name is a misnomer. Moreover, while we are not finically anxious concerning the mysterious something known as public opinion, the fact remains that we feel more comfortable when we see our president's name in print regularly.

Oddly enough most of our newspaper members came in only within the last year or two and so are not eligible.

There are so many things a president should be.

Clever—that goes without saying.

Dependable—to at least a reasonable degree.

Generous in her estimates of her sisters—for often narrowness hems her in. The amount of quibbling and ungenerousness she will encounter is enough to appal the soul of a candidate did she but know it. Perhaps that is the reason why candidates are made and not born.

Honest and tactful and unafraid—these, too, she must be and, above all, sure of her principles. If she be one whom we all of us love surely she is the logical and right candidate.

We have one such member eligible in every sense of the word. So far I have not heard a dissenting word when her name is mentioned.

If you do not recognize her from this description, begin guessing right now. Come to the next business meeting and let us talk it over among ourselves. There is that matter of the by-laws, too, which is being threshed out.

And what are we going to do in behalf of the big SCOOP in April?

If we do not take a box surely we can among us sell one.

And we can BOOST all the time.

JEAN COMERFORD.

Mary O'Connor Newell has been lonely. Just after the holidays she sent her small son BOB away to school. Now she has him home again and is rejoicing in consequence. He is rather a wonder boy—is Bob—big for his years and bright and handsome. He spoke German before he did English and once solemnly cautioned his

mother against the use of the language where others might hear.

"Hush, mother," he said solemnly, "they may think we are German!"

Which, when your name is "Mary O'Connor," has in it a rare element of humor.

Another of our members who earns the where-withal for the sole care of a very charming young daughter, is Delany Holden. Margaret is in Dubuque, in a boarding school, anticipating her mother's Easter visit.

The third newspaper little girl is Magda Hebele West whose mother, Magda Frances, is in New York. There is a saying that when she gave up a much-loved job on the Examiner to go to the Green Book, for a time it took three women to accomplish her manifold tasks on the paper. Small Magda is a beautiful little girl and Mary Garden once went out to the South Side Convent, where she is at school, and spent a whole afternoon with her. She sang for the children and stayed for tea and not a word of it ever reached the papers, which would indicate that the singer is not all notoriety seeker. In fact some of us think that if others wandered more out into the byways where little folks and old folks and sick folks are, they might deserve the notice of the press to the same extent.

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

Ladies' Night, Saturday, March 22

THE PRESS CLUB

INTRODUCES

"Tex" Holm

Here is one of the best known characters in the West today, who will give an illustrated talk on this night.

He will tell the truth about the great golden West with all the attendant opportunity and romance.

He will show his rare collection of pictures covering the wonderful scenery of Yellowstone Park and other spots of interest.

He has come two hundred miles out of his way to deliver this lecture.

Press Club members should therefore turn out in force **with ladies**.

Ladies' Night, Saturday, March 22

THEY WROTE.

The man that wrote "The Man With the Hoe,"
Is doing fairly well.
I saw him here, not long ago,
And looking quite a swell.
He'll make a trip to Paris, soon—
At least I hear he'll go—
The subject of his doleful croon,
Just keeps on at his hoe.

The man that wrote, so knowingly,
Of "What Would Jesus Do?"
Is getting on quite flowingly,
And "In His Steps," a few—
About a million copies—sold,
And yet I've never heard
That Jesus wrote, or preached, for gold,
His sweet and Holy Word.

The man that wrote, and gave away
"The Secrets of Great Wealth,"
Rides on the bumpers, so they say,
When touring for his health.
He never had a twenty-note,
That he could call his own,
But wears a tattered, seedy coat,
And strikes you for a loan.

The man that wrote the "Harum" book,
Was nineteen times turned down.
He couldn't find by hook or crook
In all Chicago town,
A house to give old Dave a chance;
Their "critics" cried: "No! No!"

But David came and led the dance,
The houses wept "Ah, woe!"

The Man who wrote one only word,
And wrote it in the sand,
Is Him whose Name is ever heard
In every Christian land.
And they who'd do as Jesus would,
Should write one word, alone,
But scribblers could not be so good,
To even win a throne.

WM. LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.

Bell



System

Are you "Letting Well Enough Alone"?

It is bad policy.

The procession will pass you. Keep abreast of the times.

As your business grows have more telephones and then—more telephones.

Chicago Telephone Company

Bell Telephone Building

Main 294

DO NOT FORGET
to appear with your
Lady at

The Press Club Dance

Saturday Night, March 15th

Morning newspaper men:
Nothing like "Home,
Sweet Home,"
before 2 a. m.

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II, No. 11.

Chicago, Saturday, March 15, 1913.

Price 5c.

JAYHAWKER NUMBER

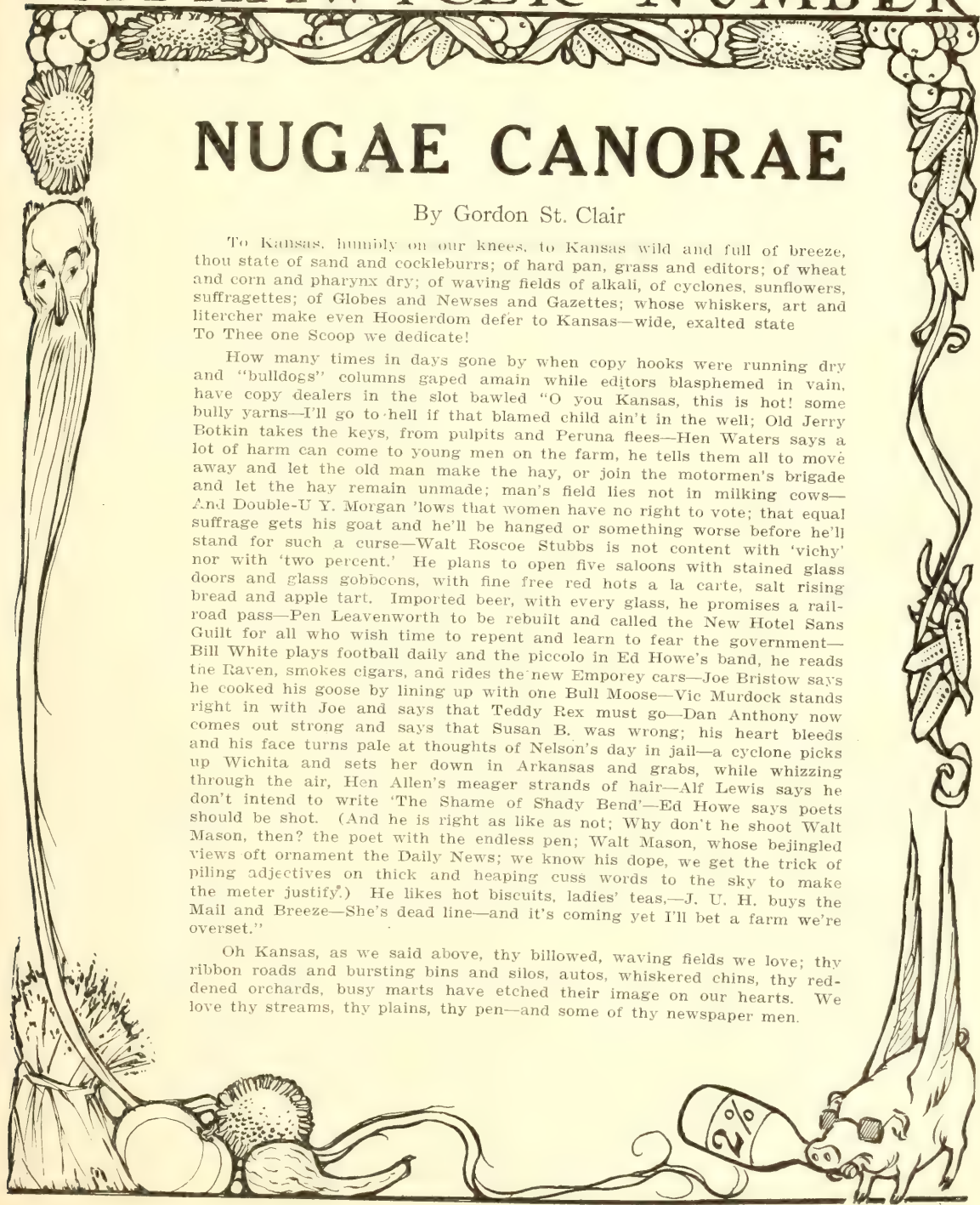
NUGAE CANORAE

By Gordon St. Clair

To Kansas, humbly on our knees, to Kansas wild and full of breeze, thou state of sand and cockleburrs; of hard pan, grass and editors; of wheat and corn and pharynx dry; of waving fields of alkali, of cyclones, sunflowers, suffragettes; of Globes and Newses and Gazettes; whose whiskers, art and litercher make even Hoosierdom defer to Kansas—wide, exalted state To Thee one Scoop we dedicate!

How many times in days gone by when copy hooks were running dry and "bulldogs" columns gaped amain while editors blasphemed in vain, have copy dealers in the slot bawled "O you Kansas, this is hot! some bully yarns—I'll go to-hell if that blamed child ain't in the well; Old Jerry Botkin takes the keys, from pulpits and Peruna flees—Hen Waters says a lot of harm can come to young men on the farm, he tells them all to move away and let the old man make the hay, or join the motormen's brigade and let the hay remain unmade; man's field lies not in milking cows—And Double-U Y. Morgan 'lows that women have no right to vote; that equal suffrage gets his goat and he'll be hanged or something worse before he'll stand for such a curse—Walt Roscoe Stubbs is not content with 'vichy' nor with 'two percent.' He plans to open five saloons with stained glass doors and glass gobbecons, with fine free red hots a la carte, salt rising bread and apple tart. Imported beer, with every glass, he promises a railroad pass—Pen Leavenworth to be rebuilt and called the New Hotel Sans Guilt for all who wish time to repent and learn to fear the government—Bill White plays football daily and the piccolo in Ed Howe's band, he reads the Raven, smokes cigars, and rides the new Emporey cars—Joe Bristow says he cooked his goose by lining up with one Bull Moose—Vic Murdock stands right in with Joe and says that Teddy Rex must go—Dan Anthony now comes out strong and says that Susan B. was wrong; his heart bleeds and his face turns pale at thoughts of Nelson's day in jail—a cyclone picks up Wichita and sets her down in Arkansas and grabs, while whizzing through the air, Hen Allen's meager strands of hair—Alf Lewis says he don't intend to write 'The Shame of Shady Bend'—Ed Howe says poets should be shot. (And he is right as like as not; Why don't he shoot Walt Mason, then? the poet with the endless pen; Walt Mason, whose bejinged views oft ornament the Daily News; we know his dope, we get the trick of piling adjectives on thick and heaping cuss words to the sky to make the meter justify.) He likes hot biscuits, ladies' teas,—J. U. H. buys the Mail and Breeze—She's dead line—and it's coming yet I'll bet a farm we're overset."

Oh Kansas, as we said above, thy billowed, waving fields we love; thy ribbon roads and bursting bins and silos, autos, whiskered chins, thy red-den orchards, busy marts have etched their image on our hearts. We love thy streams, thy plains, thy pen—and some of thy newspaper men.



News from the Scoop Show

Where you goin', boys?
Goin' to the BIG SCOOP SHOW,
To see the 'nauguration and the gay olio,
And we'll all hang together,
In shine or rainy weather,
For we're goin' to the BIG SCOOP SHOW.
—Old Song.

CALL TO ARMS.

The third monster mass meeting and rehearsal for the Annual Scoop Show will be held next Friday evening, beginning at 7:30 sharp. It is expected that with an entire week to arrange other engagements, every member can arrange his schedule to be present, and to lead along by the hand or coat-tails some weaker brother, who is a victim of his own "good intentions." The plan to have every member who is present at one meeting swear to bring another member with him the next time he comes is a good one and worked well last night, although it seemed that a few must have forgotten their promise of a week ago.

By the time the clans gather for another mass meeting the Annual Scoop Show will be beyond the embryonic stage, and any person who has not been present at previous rehearsals is going to have a hard time to get the hang of things.

These rehearsals will be a lot of fun; they will be as good as the show, with little side-lights which will not dare be made manifest on the eventful afternoon and evening.

By all means let every member who can get there be at the monster rehearsal next Friday evening. The band begins to play at 7:30 sharp. Boost the Scoop! This means you.

GINGER UNCORKED AT REHEARSAL.

The Annual Scoop Show received a big boost Friday evening, when several hundred tons of ginger were uncorked at the monster mass meeting and rehearsal held on the sixth floor. Some progress was made with the after-piece, which is growing every day under the master hand of Douglas Malloch. Clem Yore is also making forward steps with his "Night at the Press Club" scene, which promises to be one of the biggest things of its kind ever seen on the stage.

Notwithstanding the good attendance at the rehearsal last night, according to the committee in charge, it must be remembered that the time is growing very, very short and that if the Annual Scoop Show is to be the success which all hope it will be, the enthusiasm must increase in ratio as the time grows shorter.

The speeches which were made last night were to the point and the men who made them mean business. Rudy Berliner, production director,

declares that everything is going forward without a hitch, but that the members of the club must show more enthusiasm or the audience may come trooping to the big circus before the tent is pitched.

Glen N. Grant, who is in charge of the business end, likewise reports considerable progress during the past week and there seems no reason to doubt but that when the cash is all in the club can count in the neighborhood of \$25,000. Boxes are in high demand and are going at fabulous prices. Clever brains are hard at work figuring out how still more money may be made, and all the evidence points to the fact that the people are not going this time to "help out the Press Club." Not by a long ways. THEY ARE GOING TO SEE A SHOW, AND THEY WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED.

PRODUCER CHOSEN.

Mr. Oscar Eagle, producer for the Selig Polyscope Co., has been selected as producer for the Annual Scoop Show. The choice of Mr. Eagle is regarded as a most happy one, for he comes recommended by scores of successes, having learned the business under no less a personage than the famous Belasco himself. He will take charge at once.

Mr. Ed Rose will act in an advisory capacity, the fact that he will be compelled to be absent from the city part of the time preventing him from taking a more prominent part in the work of production.

REAL SOLDIERS TO COME.

Stanly Twist hands out the glad news that we are going to have real soldiers, cavalry and infantry, to take part in the inaugural parade. The boys in blue will be loaned either from Fort Sheridan or from some of the crack Chicago militia regiments, which in point of efficiency have been rated by some experts higher than "the regulars." The First Cavalry Band, I. N. G., will also sally from the armory on North Clark street to the Auditorium to take part in the inauguration, "as it really happened, and not as reported by the newspapers."

WORTH KNOWING.

The origin of the term "vaudeville" first appeared about 25 years ago in Paris, according to a recent gathering of theatrical managers. Vaude, France, a suburb of Paris, similar to our Coney Island, ran a tent performance consisting of acrobatics, dancing and contortion, which became so popular that it was taken up by Parisian managers who advertised the show "a la Vaude, Ville." Hence the term.

COMPLETE COMMITTEE LIST.

Below is printed a complete list of the committees for the Annual Scoop Show. Read them over with care. If you have forgotten that your name has been placed on one of them, let this serve as a reminder to get busy.

EXECUTIVE STAFF.

Stanly H. Twist.....Managing Director
Rudolph Berliner.....Production Director
B. Beecher Osborne.....Financial Secretary
Glen N. Grant.....Business Manager
Oscar Eagle.....Producer

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Charles N. Wheeler, Chairman.
Douglas Malloch. Jay Cairns.
Rudolph Berliner. Edward H. Fox.
Frank Collins. Julius Kline.
John U. Higinbotham.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

Chas. N. Wheeler.....Inter Ocean
Harry R. Daniel.....Inter Ocean
Jay Cairns.....Record-Herald
John L. Lawson.....Tribune
Claire A. Briggs.....Tribune
Richard Henry Little.....Examiner
Walter A. Washburne.....Tribune
Chris. D. Hagerty.....Ass. Press
Paul Cowles.....Ass. Press
W. A. Patterson.....W. N. Union
Arthur James Pegler.....American
K. M. Patterson.....Journal
Wm. E. Wray.....News
H. G. Fisher.....Record-Herald
Wm. Moore.....Inter Ocean
P. F. Lowder.....Record-Herald
Paul Neumann.....Tribune
Jack Little.....Press
Henry N. Cary.....Publishers Assn.
John Fay.....N. Y. World
Percy Millar.....N. Y. Times

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

Jay Cairns.....Record-Herald
Walter A. Washburne.....Tribune
Richard Henry Little.....Examiner
Arthur J. Pegler.....American
Edward R. Mahoney.....Journal
Col. Wm. E. Ray.....News
Leigh Reilly.....Post
Victor Eubank.....Inter Ocean
Walter Houser.....American
Arthur Ormes.....Special Writer

PRODUCTION COMMITTEE.

Edward Rose.....Theatrical Producer
William Jossey.....Theatrical Producer
Harry Sheldon White.....Theatrical Agent
Milo Bennett.....Theatrical Agent
Harry March.....Theatrical Manager
Geo. Wood.....Theatrical Manager
Sam. Lederer.....Manager Olympic Theatre

LITERATURE COMMITTEE.

Opie Read.....John McGovern
Stanley Waterloo.....Col. W. L. Visscher
Major M. E. Dickson

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Frank Comerford.....Chairman
Miss Mary Elinor O'Donnell.....Tribune
Miss Mary O'Connell Newell.....Record-Herald
Miss Ethel Maud Colson.....Record-Herald

Miss Katherine Colson Synon.....Record-Herald
Miss Maud I. G. Oliers.....Record-Herald
Miss Helen Bennett.....Record-Herald
Mrs. Eve Rasenburne.....Examiner
Miss DeCarry Holden.....American
Miss Mary Tunon.....Journal
Miss Mabel Seymore.....Journal
Miss Lena McCauley.....Post
Miss Emma P. Scott.....Post
Miss Addie Ferrar Andre.....News

Subcommittee-at-large.

Miss Paulding.....Inter Ocean
Miss Estelline Bennett.....Record-Herald
Miss Susie Sexton.....Record-Herald
Miss Lois Willoughby.....Inter Ocean

EARL MARBLE PASSES ON.

The club suffered a sad loss last week in the death of Earl Marble, who died Saturday, March 8, at the Chicago Polyclinic Hospital, after a few days' illness with pneumonia.

On every hand and in every part of the club where men met were heard expressions of regret over the departure of the kind and gentle scholar whose whole life was devoted to letters. Literature never had a more faithful servant than Earl Marble. In his day he held some responsible positions, and time was when the public turned as a matter of course to read his dramatic criticisms. He was the friend of Longfellow and Bryant in the old Boston days back east, and has watched the rise and wane of scores of literary stars. In his active days he served on newspapers all over the country.

He is survived by two daughters, two brothers and two nieces.

REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the club was held Sunday afternoon, March 9. Following the transaction of regular business, attention was called to the death of Earl Marble and it was decided to hold a memorial meeting, which will probably be called immediately after the April meeting.

SIGMUND KRAUSZ HONORED.

Sigmund Krausz, on Friday, February 28th, was the guest of honor at the Bismarck Garden rooms of the "Schlaraffia," a German society, composed of literary men, artists, actors, and professional men in general, who have created there a real Bohemia.

The occasion was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the "Schlaraffia," by Mr. Krausz, who, after many laudatory speeches, was presented with a special decoration. Among the well-known Germans present were: Henry Huttman, Vice Pres. of the Board of Education; Emil Glogauer, Publisher of the Abendpost, Dr. Carl Beck, Dr. Max Henins, Rob. Wahl and many others.

THE SCOOP

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JAY CAIRNS, Editor
B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

JOHN LOVETT,
Edition Editor for March 15, '13.

Schedule of Edition Editors for Future Issues.
March 22.....H. Bedford-Jones
March 29.....D. F. Cass

COMING EVENTS.

Saturday Evening, March 15: March
Dance.

Sunday Afternoon, March 16: Louis
W. Hill's Blackfeet Indians.

Saturday Evening, March 22: "Tex"
Holm in "Illustrated Talk."

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, April
26: Annual Scoop Show, at Auditorium
Theater.

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

G. W. Welsh, Grand Rapids, guest of G. W.
Weippiert.

Ellsworth Plumstead, Detroit, guest of Opie
Read.

W. H. Sprague, New York, guest of F. J.
Zimmermann.

Will Le Seur, New York, guest of Edw. H.
Fox.

G. W. Gibbs, Chicago, guest of F. Fursten-
heim.

Geo. B. Smith, Chicago, guest of Joseph
Deutsch.

W. B. Cranston, Gary, S. D., guest of F. R.
E. Woodward.

Fred W. Carr, Gary, Ind., guest of Edward
Davieson.

Phil Sawyer, the P. C. etcher, has been exhib-
iting and printing some of his work at the Art
Institute this week. He is at work on an etch-
ing of the club which will be gotten out in post
card form.

Julius R. Kline has recovered from a recent
attack of rheumatism.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The funeral services of Earl Marble will be
held this afternoon at 2 o'clock in the library.
Rev. W. B. Norton will officiate. The follow-
ing members will serve as pallbearers: Col.
William Visscher, Harry Greene, Frank Hern-
don, William Eaton, Otto Kney and Edward
Davieson. In accordance with the wish of the
deceased, the remains will be taken to Grace-
land Cemetery for cremation.

Willis L. Black, Elgin, non-resident mem-
ber, is president of the First National Bank,
vice-president of the Elgin City Banking Com-
pany and publisher of the Elgin Daily News,
as live a sheet as blossoms on the prairies.

The luncheon given Friday noon to Lieuten-
ant-Governor Barratt O'Hara and the mem-
bers of the senatorial vice commission was well
attended and all the speakers found an audi-
ence of interested listeners.

George Fitch lunched at the club Tuesday.

The executive committee of the Annual Scoop
Show is meeting every day now.

NEW HONOR THREATENS FORMER PRESIDENT.

Mr. John J. Flinn, chief editorial writer of the
Christian Science Monitor of Boston and ex-
president (twice) of The Press Club of Chicago,
has been nominated to run against Mr. Edward
J. Dunn of the Boston Post for president of the
Boston Press Club. If the Boston Press Club
has any knowledge of what John Flinn did for
the Press Club of Chicago there will be no
question about the result of the election. Eat
'em up John.

Pasadena, Cal.

Editor The Scoop:—Best regards to my friends of
the Club. Am having one fine time. This is a
glorious country and as fine a hotel as I have found
anywhere.

H. J. ELIEL.

"TEX" HOLM LECTURE WILL BE WORTH HEARING.

"Tex" Holm, who is to give an illustrated talk
before the Press Club Saturday night, March 22,
is a typical westerner. He has been a neighbor of
Buffalo Bill at Cody, Wyoming, for the past few
years and has a big horse ranch out in the Big
Horn Basin. Press Club members who have drifted
out that way have been most hospitably treated
whenever they made themselves known and the
Press Club is glad to have an opportunity of re-
turning some of these courtesies.

In his talk next Saturday he will feature in his
own way a trip over the wonderful Cody Road and
through the Yellowstone National Park. This is
an opportunity for a glimpse of one of the most
beautiful and wonderful parts of the west through
the eyes of a thoroughbred westerner.



collection is notable on account of the notice it attracted at the International Exhibition of Art Schools recently closed at Dresden. No medals or diplomas are awarded at the International show, which takes place once in four years, courtesy between the schools forbidding an award. But it should be a matter for local pride that the Chicago school was judged by consensus of opinion to have the most remarkable exhibit.

The first Chicago showing of these works will be the Press Club event.

Miss Emma M. Church, director of the school and originator of the unique idea upon which the work is based, will give a short informal talk.

Miss Charlotte Foss will present Russian and Hungarian dances.

Exhibition on view at 8:00 p. m., program thereafter.

For Press Club members and guests.

paper. I think, perhaps, you do not appreciate to the limit how like a shaft of sunlight the Scoop illuminates the gloom of this Oregon wilderness for
Your friend,

JOHN RITCHIE.

Des Moines, Ia.

Editor The Scoop: Everything you publish is a scoop, because newspapers could not find out some of these things if they tried, and because they would not publish them if they did. My experience has been that what newspapers do not publish is the most interesting and entertaining part of the news.

Sincerely yours,

J. L. LONG.

Boost the Scoop Show.

ART EXHIBITION EVENING OF APRIL 3.

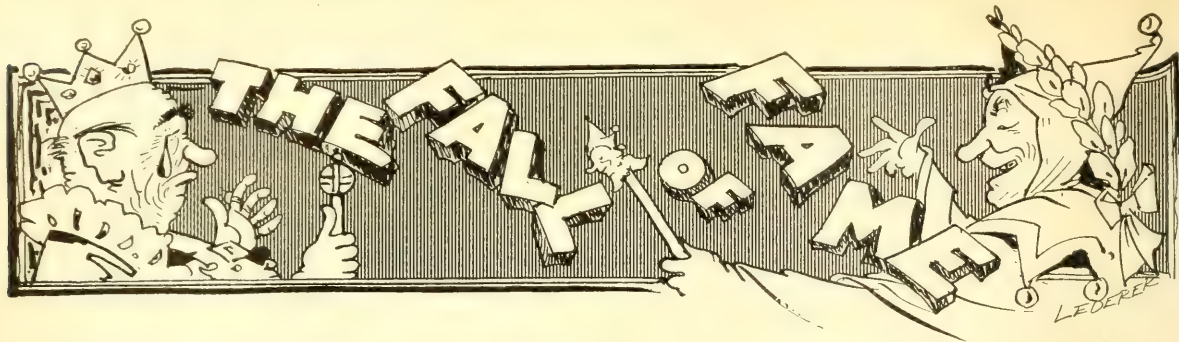
An exhibition of works by the Chicago School of Applied and Normal Art will be given at the Press Club on the evening of April 3. This

INDIANS ARE COMING.

Louis W. Hill's Blackfeet Indians, of Glacier Park, Mont., will be guests of the club Sunday afternoon. Chief Fred Big Top, and his brother, Big Top, White Bear Calf, Speaking Owl and other noted red men will be on the spot ready to exchange experiences with members. Speaking Owl comes with considerable reputation as an orator.

Hugo, Ore.

Editor The Scoop: Enclosed please find \$1, my subscription for the 1913 Scoop. May all the gods enable you to make this a banner year for our little



Neighbor Bill Cochran went down to Washington for a few days last week. Bill said he was present when the inauguration took place, but didn't march with the Cook County Democrats.

Ed. Weigle, Tribune photographer, who put one over on Bandit Webb, spent the week at the Capital. Ed reported a large attendance at the services.

"Sprint" St. Clair, whose original first monicker was LaBert, will leave the Associated Press March 22, to become secretary to Congressman O'Hair, Uncle Joe Cannon's successor. St. Clair figures he has had enough night work, besides the A. P. hasn't given his oratorical ability the proper nursing. The downstate papers have been printing columns about the new "sec."; also his picture. St. Clair started his real newspaper career on the Inter-Ocean five years ago, when Walter Howey was "sitting in" there. He worked for the A. P. in Cleveland, Kansas City and Chicago.

Those members of the club who just drop in now and then will need a directory to find all the departments. The secretary's office has been moved to the first floor, along with the telephone operator. Visitors who come to the club now will have to show credentials before they can reach the upper rooms.

WANTED—One sharp, two-edged guillotine for use on those members who insist on watching me play rhum.—Vic Eubank.

The Ed. agrees that something should be done for Mr. Eubank.

Rutledge Rutherford accompanied the Chicago suffragists to Washington. No, "Ruttie," wasn't one of the "hikers"; merely got his ticket on the "suff" train.

"Handsome Jack" Lawson was under the weather last week, and wasn't up and around for a few days. Jack says he was attacked by Lagrippe.

ARE YOU A FOOL?

If you are, keep off the boulevards, or the fool-killer may settle you. He settled Goble Lowder and Yarwood this week, while Davieson expressed a premonition of disaster. Watch for the great Scoop phantasy, "The Natural Born Fool-Killer," by Jerome W. Power, to appear in two weeks.

Walter A. Washburne figures that certain members should give him a bonus on their winnings at rhum. "I played every night last week and never won a game," "Wash" humorously remarked a day or so ago.

Clarence Snyder, Jr., of the Record-Herald, says he'd rather look up "obits" than read copy. Maybe that's a compliment to R.-H. reporters.

Prof. James Aloysius Durkin says he finds more exercise in early morning bowling than in pushing chips across a table.

Farmer Cairns who lives on the old Anthony "eighty" carries a step ladder to mount his filly. Jay says time was when he could swing into the saddle as good as any of the young sports.

GOOD ENOUGH TO PRINT.

Lowder: "When I got home the other night I found a big slice of fruit cake and three olives which my wife had set out for me."

Cairns: "What did you do with the olives?"

SONNET.

He Wooded, but She Wooded Not.

Within the stillness of a sombre wood,
Where languidly the straying sunshine fell,
My spirit caught the dreamy solitude,
And like the tinkle of a far-off bell
'Mong mountain slopes, or forest xylophone
Of pattering rain upon the forest leaves—
The sweetest nature-music earth has known;
Where fickle, lovely April smiles and grieves,
I heard, and thought of one whom I admired,
Her face ethereal, yet who ever fled
From passionate pursuit. I turned away,
And saw, while lingered the sweet April day,
A freckled Irish maiden, and she said,
"Oh, g'wan, yez masher; yez just makes me tired!"

—George F. Butler.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Yesterday I heard two men in a car discussing WOMAN. They were gentlemen of wisdom and they spoke with fine artistry in the matter of sentence construction. This would argue that they knew something of the subject about which they talked.

Maybe! Maybe! This morning an electrician told me that electricity is nothing but mathematics. You may plod along until you finish differential calculus and have mastered all the mysticisms of trigonometry, then you find yourself baffled. The one accurate science can carry you no farther. You understand the joy of mud pies and whittling a stick for fun. You get somewhere with them.

The electrician says he can manipulate the something which is named electricity; he can calculate the manipulations with fine accuracy but he finds himself losing his senses when he tries too hard to find out the identity of the thing.

It was this way with the two men. They talked my precious sex up one side and down the other. They measured us and weighed us, in a vacuum and out, by every system of weights and measures the world has known. Never have I seen more judicial bearing, never have I heard more brilliant epigrams. Their powers of observation were amazing and their deductions wondrous.

First it was that WOMEN DO NOT THINK.

Then it was that they have NEVER BEEN GREAT.

Other deductions were:

They are not logical.

They have not finely constructed nervous systems as have men.

And they staid; with due gravity and certainty, that man is a much more beautiful creature than woman—averaged up—that is.

Also, that woman has no genuine sense of poesy.

THAT SHE DID NOT WRITE SHAKESPEARE AND THAT SHE NEVER COULD—NOT IF SHE VOTES FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.

The only blessed quality they gave us as our own is INTUITION. This, they decided, often reaches conclusions more truly than does the LOGIC OF MAN.

Here they reached the end of their analyses. They had plodded through all the intricacies of calculus and trig and were in the midst of a fourth dimension about which no one knows anything. Somewhere on the Empyrean heights Sappho smiled, Venus threw kisses and Diana set another arrow stanchly in her great hunting bow.

(NOTE—Half of the conversation was a P. C. Man. He has given us much food for thought and he has our sincere thanks.)

Jean Comerford

Business meeting today in the directors' room, Crerar Library. By-laws are to be considered and several new members voted upon. Incidentally candidates are under consideration.

A large contingent will doubtless be in attendance upon the delightful affair announced for tomorrow afternoon in the studio of Emma Clark-Mottl. Dr. Carlo Somigli will be the guest of honor and Mr. Ottokar L. Mottl will deliver an illustrated lecture upon "Zanzibar, With Reflections Upon Diplomacy."

Those who have acquaintance with Mr. Mottl feel that the "Reflections" will be particularly interesting as he

is a man of profound learning and fearless in his utterances. The hour will be three o'clock and the studio is Suite 54, Auditorium Building. The card of invitation should be presented at the elevator door.

The Record-Herald has a new club editor. Susie Sexton, who has been first assistant to Helen Bennett for a year or so, is the fortunate one.

Which brings us to the fact that Helen Bennett is no longer club editor. Instead she has been chosen for a very important and honorable position indeed. She is the manager of the newly formed Chicago Bureau of Collegiate Occupations and has an office on the ninth floor of the Fine Arts Building directly opposite the Chicago College Club Rooms. In the economic life of women there has been no more important movement lately than this, which will endeavor to find suitable positions for college women.

In her long and varied experience she has tried her hand at many things.

She edited papers and wrote editorials and withal was always a stanch friend and a good comrade. The writer feels just a little more than usually rejoiced over this last making good. Helen Bennett and she have trailed the Dakota plains and talked out nights under the stars. She has an innate hunch that men haven't any monopoly on friendship.

She will continue to edit the Sunday suffrage section of the Record-Herald.

Here's our love and our great good wishes!

By the way, Susie Sexton is most eligible for membership. We have a dearth of alliterative names. Ethel Colson and Mary O'Connor Newell please inquire concerning application blanks.

BOOST THE SCOOP SHOW!

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

Ladies' Night, Saturday, March 22

THE PRESS CLUB

INTRODUCES

"Tex" Holm

Here is one of the best known characters in the West today, who will give an illustrated talk on this night.

He will tell the truth about the great golden West with all the attendant opportunity and romance.

He will show his rare collection of pictures covering the wonderful scenery of Yellowstone Park and other spots of interest.

He has come two hundred miles out of his way to deliver this lecture.

Press Club members should therefore turn out in force **with ladies.**

Ladies' Night, Saturday, March 22

THE BALLADE OF DAVY CLARKSON.

(With Apologies to R. Yard Kipling.)

"What is this doleful noise I hear?"

Asked Opie on parade.

"It's Mr. Clarkson has the mumps,"

The taxi-driver said.

"What makes them scribes look glum?"

Asked Opie, much dismayed.

"They've been exposed, they've been exposed,"

The taxi-driver said.

Oh, they're missing Davy Clarkson

In the clubs and cabarets.

He's missed by the ladies of the town

And we're waiting for his coming

Before we draw our pay,

But we fear that the mumps will go down.

"What makes old Visscher look so grave?"

Asked Opie on parade.

"He misses Dave, he misses Dave,"

The taxi-driver said.

"What makes our Ozzie look so blue?"

Asked Opie, much dismayed.

"He's had 'em, too, he's had 'em, too,"

The taxi-driver said.

Oh, they're missing Davy Clarkson

In all places of the town.

They're fearing for his future,

As the mumps may go down.

They're missing Davy Clarkson,

Can't you hear the Press Club shout:

"We've missed Davy Clarkson every morning"

FRESH FROM COLD STORAGE.

Here's a real scoop.

In the old days, when the sweethearts and husbands of England devoted most of their time to fighting other nations on the sea, the women used to ask each other "What have you heard from the north, the east, the west, the south?"

In time the question was contracted to "What's the n-e-w-s?"

**OUR BIG ANNUAL SHOW.
"THE SCOOP."****Bell****System**

Are you "Letting Well Enough Alone"?

It is bad policy.

The procession will pass you. Keep abreast of the times.

As your business grows have more telephones and then—more telephones.

Chicago Telephone Company
Bell Telephone Building Main 294

Ladies Elite
Orchestra

Special Menu
on Fifth Floor

REMEMBER

The Press Club Dance

Tonight

Admission
50 cents

Continuous Merriment
from 9 P. M. to 2 A. M.

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II, No. 12.

Chicago, Saturday, March 22, 1913.

Price 5c.

BRYAN TO BE HERE TUESDAY.

Word has been received from President C. N. Wheeler, in Springfield, that Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan will be at the club for one hour next Tuesday afternoon.

President Wheeler's telegram did not state at what time the Great Commoner would arrive, but this will probably be announced later, if indeed it has not been already announced by the time The Scoop reaches its readers.

Mr. Bryan is a member of the club, and one of the warmest friends and biggest boosters we have. Last year, when he found himself, much to his regret, unable to attend The Scoop Show, he bought two tickets anyway, and wrote us one of the heartiest letters of the many which we received on that memorable occasion.

Mr. Bryan's visit to the club on the beginning of the new administration is a signal event, and every member who can possibly jump the job for a few minutes ought to be present, especially the men on daily newspapers. He has not yet announced what he will talk about, but that he will talk is certain, and even more to the point than that, it will be an opportunity to meet and study him at close range, which should not be missed.

APOLOGIA.

You will not like this issue. I do not care a helngon damn. I am not trying to suit you, but to suit myself. Other editors say they want you to be happy. They lie. I don't.

That does not sound nice, but it's true. Truth seldom gets a chance to shine in The Scoop. It does in this issue, however, and Truth is some shiner, like Goble's nose on stag nights. No one edits this issue but Quintus Horatius Flaccus, which is me. This is the Helngon Edition; those of you who saw the Helngon Star in its prime will understand. Those who didn't, needn't.

I am frankly egotistic. I run my own stuff, as I can't get anyone else's (thanks, Dug; anyone's else) good enough to show beside it. I sign anyone's name I please—bear that in mind. I am not consciously funny, like Fred Dunham or J. U. H., nor am I unconsciously funny, like Jay Casey. If you take offense, you may take the gate also, for I go my own gait in this issue. Chas. Wheeler would set that in agate type but—unleash Cerebus, Jeff!

There will be no pictures in this issue but

mine. I wanted to run Cho-Yo's whiskers composited with my phiz, but Cho-Yo objected. I asked for Gene Skinkle's, but Gene refused to illustrate the cubist art thusly; he is on the square, so I couldn't compass it.

Thanking you one and all for my contributions herein, etc.

P. S.—It is vastly more satisfying all around for the Ed. to write all signed contributions. Those from Helngon members excepted, of course.—Q. F.

THE DUCKLINS.

By OPIE READ.

Ol' Henery Ducklin sat on the edge of the timber, shining up his squirrel rifle. He had never shot squirrels with it, but that was what it was called, inasmuch as the law of the mountains, which is as immutable as the rules of order of the Medes and Persians, according to the words of Holy Writ as handed down to us from the men of olden times, has declared in the works of fiction that all rifles shall be designated as squirrel-rifles.

So there sat Ol' Henery Ducklin, rubbing away. His rubbing did no good, for the steel was as highly polished as elbow-grease and b'ar-grease could make it; the old gun had always stood there in the corner of the old cabin that crowned the crest of the woods on the near side of the mountain, whose jagged outlines were torn asunder by the rippling of the tiny brook, and every day Ol' Henery would tote out the weapon and squint up at the blue sky through the shining barrel and shake his head and mourn for the good old times when every Kentuckian could hit a knot-hole fifty yards away, and with enough white licker in him could hit several knotholes which to the eyes of ordinary men were non-existent; but the old patriarch of the mountains knew that these days were passed for ever, and the evils of the red licker so commonly used by young and old, because of its greater strength and cheaper quality in the keg, had weighed heavily on his mind for lo these many years, despite his infrequent and occasional excursions into the woods, upon which occasions he would return with the U. S. flask or pistol of some unfortunate secret service man, for Ol' Henery believed in service, but not in secret service.

So, as I said before, Ol' Henery Ducklin sat rubbing his rifle. And, for all I know, he's rubbing yet.

News of the Scoop Show

The growing enthusiasm in the Scoop showed in the attendance at the rehearsal last night. Mr. Yore's script for the first part, "Yesterday in Story and Song," was in shape for active work. It stages one of the Press Club stags in an effective manner, and will win with the audience. There is a fine chance for good chorus work, the music for which will be written by George Louis.

Mr. George Wood is working up the olio numbers, and this feature of the Scoop will give the audience a treat.

The Wilson inaugural stunt written by Mr. Malloch got a good drill, and is taking shape in the minds of the actor-members. The inaugural will call for chorus work, and all members who can carry a tune are requested to be present at all of the meetings, so that there will be volume and harmony.

For the rehearsal next Friday Mr. Eagle, the producer, will want all of the members to be on hand, so that they can familiarize themselves with the lines and the business. The work of the business end is well in hand, and it lies with the members themselves to make the 1913 Scoop a better show than that of last year.

If the reader has not yet been listed among the members who are going to take part, send in your name, so that all announcements may reach you promptly.

Be sure to save every Friday night until the Scoop has been presented on the Auditorium stage for rehearsals. The effect of the show depends on regular attendance at rehearsals—the members will make or break the Scoop.

EARL MARBLE FUNERAL.

The funeral of Earl Marble was held last Saturday afternoon in the library. The service was most impressive. Following vocal music and a few brief words by Rev. W. B. Norton, who conducted the ceremony, beautiful talks were made by John McGovern and Frank Comerford. The remains were taken to Graceland Cemetery, where they were cremated, and are now resting in the chapel at that place, awaiting final disposition.

A memorial service to the deceased will be held in the near future, probably following the April meeting.

On April 2 a breakfast and party will be given at 12:30 to the ladies of the Press Club and guests. There will be prizes and surprises. Be sure to come and make this a success. Tickets, 75 cents.

INDIANS VISIT CLUB.

Members of the club who had the good fortune to be here Sunday afternoon had a rare treat, which consisted in shaking hands and saying "How?" to Louis W. Hill's band of Black-foot Indians, who stopped here on their way to New York. Fish Wolf Robe, dancer, possessed a pompadour which would have turned any college lad green with envy. Chief Fred Big Top



was perhaps the most intelligent of the crowd (excluding members, of course), and spoke the best English. Three Bears, however, who is a famous warrior and over a hundred years old, attracted the most attention. He sat with his wrinkled face and beady eyes, taking in everything and saying nothing. On a staff which he held before him, like Moses of old, his possible kinsman, dangled a Sioux scalp. Other Indians present were Lazy Boy, Chief John White Calf, Long Time Sleep, and Medicine Owl. The squaws of White Calf and Medicine Owl were along, and also the little granddaughter of Three Bears, who was pronounced by all to be about the cutest member of her sex who has visited the club in many moons.

H. H. Kohlsaas, the Chicago publisher, is seriously ill in New York. The Press Club, through the Scoop, expresses a hope for his speedy recovery.

"Tex" Holm, the man from the West, wants to improve your education tonight. Come!

PRIZE STORY—THE CAVALIER.

By FRANK COMERFORD.

"Hist!"

"Ah, Lord Fitzgerald! Is it thou?"

Fond hands clasped as the noble lovers embraced in the moonlight. The Geraldines were



"I am to be shot at sunrise," said the maiden.

up. The Sassenax were driven into the Pail. Only the castle of the Gordons had been spared—did not the noble Geraldine love Lady Gordon?

Nay, gentle reader! A maid and not married was she, beautiful as the waters of Glen Gorrach! Noble was he, the preux cavalier, the noblest of the Geraldines!

"I am to be shot at sunrise," murmured the maiden fearfully. "Save me, Fitz!"

INSERT PHOTO

"Fly with me, Roisin Dubh!" he whispered eagerly. "Ah, I have an area pansy!"

"What is that, darling?" she cooed.

"A area pansy—a French flower of speech signifying an afterthought. I will dress in your clothes—you take mine—flee on my noble steed Brian Boroo! I will return and take your place—"

"Mygawd!" she shuddered. "And be shot?"

Suddenly a shot rang out on the moonlight.

(En suite next week. That puts it up to the next fellow.)

PRESS CLUB MAN HERO

O'HARA PRAISED BY HIS MAJESTY.

Racial Riot in Cocytus Square.

(Special to the Scoop.)—What threatened to be a Hades-wide upheaval was started last night in Cocytus Square. Our distinguished visitors, Barratt O'Hara and T. O'Neil, were in company with Owain Ruadh O'Neill and the Desmonds when they were insulted by Ginckle and a group of Orangemen. Fortunately, Tartarin of Tarascon rushed to their aid, and a free fight resulted.

O'Hara laid about him, though hopelessly outnumbered, until Sarsfield and the Gehenna Guards arrived on the scene. By this time the riot had spread, stones began to fly, and the valiant O'Hara and his party, together with the Guards, were forced back. Upon reaching the Styx Embankment they barricaded themselves, but the rioters had been reinforced by Thraso, Pistol and a rabble from the Tartarus quarter. O'Hara assumed command of the barricades, assisted by Tartarin and d'Artagnan, and checked the mob.

Meanwhile, Chrononhotonthologos and a crowd of late arrivals from the Balkans rushed up Abaddon Avenue. They were met by Fouche's Gensdarme, but Sir Henry Morgan and Prince Rupert attacked the police, scattered them, and swept down on O'Hara's barricades. By this time, however, the Fusileers and the Geraldines had arrived; placing himself at their head, O'Hara raised the cry of "Fag an Bealach!" and charged the mob.

So great was the tumult that the legions of Beelzebub had been summoned by His Majesty. Before they arrived O'Hara had conquered, and the admiring devils led him to the Presence. His Majesty was pleased to compliment the gallant earth-dweller.

"It's nothing, Your Majesty," replied O'Hara modestly. "If we Irish can't lick all Helngon, we've no business to enter Illinois politics."

His Majesty was much amused, and graciously bestowed upon O'Hara the order (first rank) of Devils Incarnate. Mr. O'Neil, who had distinguished himself also, was thanked from the Throne in special orders, receiving the third class of D. I. and a remission of 10,000 years from his future hellish incarceration.



Fritz Dunham Consulting with Political Chiefs.

THE SCOOP

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JAY CAIRNS, Editor

B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

H. BEDFORD-JONES,

Edition Editor for March 22, '13.

Schedule of Edition Editors for Future Issues.

March 29.....De Lysle Cass

April 5.....J. H. Ashley

THAT PRESS CLUB LINE.

On April 7 the Press Club of Chicago will conduct the famous column in the Tribune edited by Bert L. Taylor. This is a great opportunity to put one over on the dear suburbanites, who turn so blithely in the chill of the purple dawn to read what merry quips B. L. T. and his "contribs" have hatched up over night. In fact, we have simply *got* to put one over, or else stand convicted before the public of the gentle art of four-flushing in regard to our possession of wit, humor and general intelligence. The column on the morning of April 7 must be no ordinary column. We must make it fairly bristle with good things; there must be no skimmed milk; no cold soup; no evasion. The chip has been knocked from our shoulder, and we must clean up or be cleaned up. We have a reputation with the public and the thousands of readers of the Tribune will expect some regular whoppers from our pens. They will be hyper-critical; they will shout "Pooh!" quicker than "Bully!" Besides, there is a private reason why the column for April 7 should be the best ever, which B. L. T. will understand if he chances to read this editorial. Therefore, with so much at stake, every member should shoot across a few of his best. J. U. Higinbotham, champion contrib, will accept all such matter with glee. Put them in his mail box.

The Press Club of Chicago wishes to congratulate the Dallas Press Club and the Seattle Press Club on the appearance of The Bull Dog and The Seattle Press Club Wuxtra, respectively, the initial numbers of which have been received. Both are issued monthly, and both have many good features.

Keep the money in the family; eat at the Press Club Restaurant.

Eat at the Press Club Restaurant Friday evening before the Scoop rehearsal.

COMING EVENTS.

Saturday Evening, March 22: "Tex" Holm in "Illustrated Talk."

Tuesday Afternoon, March 25; William Jennings Bryan.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, April 26: Annual Scoop Show, at Auditorium Theater.

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

J. W. Rubecamp, Chicago, guest of J. H. Ashley.

Donald Lawder, Chicago, guest of Jack Little.

Jesse Krueger, Chicago, guest of Jack Little.

Joseph Parrin, Chicago, guest of Henry M. Shabad.

Walter Dimond, Chicago, guest of Archie S. Wallace.

Frank Darling, New York, guest of R. Berliner.

Phillip Sampson, Texas, guest of Dr. Nutt.

John L. Hill, Nashville, guest of Geo. W. Wiggs.

J. Martian Miller, New York, guest of Hal P. Denton.

C. Milford Griffin, Chicago, guest of John L. Weber.

Chauncey D. Herbert, Chicago, guest of Stanley Twist.

Dr. Lee A. Stone, Mississippi, guest of A. E. Ormes.

Robert C. Marley, Chicago, guest of Jack Little.

W. M. Glenn, Champaign, guest of Richard Henry Little.

George Lynn, New York, guest of John L. Weber.

NO UNSPORTSMAN-LIKE CONDUCT.

In looking about for something to attack for this issue—something which has no defenders—the mosquito seems to be about as good a thing to land upon as offers. The mosquito is a pest and ought to be exterminated. Members ought to overlook no opportunities to eliminate the mosquito from mundane activities during the coming summer. However, be that as it may, it seems rather unsportsman-like to wait until the "z-z-z-z" ceases and you know the exact location of the pest by a certain w. k. 'sensation, when you can swat him with an absolute accuracy which gives him no chance to escape. Don't be a pot-hunter! Flush your quarry! Nail him on the wing! The method may be less certain and a bit longer, but your dreams will be disturbed by no sub-conscious accusation of unsportsman-like conduct.

Bring your lady to hear "Tex" Holm tonight.

CONCEALED PERSONALITIES.

By WALTER WASHBURN.

Owing to my knowledge of the seamy side of many prominent members of the Press Club, a few words on the hidden lives of a few well-known gents may be of interest. For instance, take Dick Little. Very few people know that Dick is writing boys' stories for Sunday-school papers—steadily pulling in half a cent a word. No, that's straight goods, though it seems hard to believe. Dick told me yesterday that he was getting in about two hundred a month from the Elgin publishers alone, and is thinking of quitting the stage.

Then there is Charley Sergel, as kindly-mannered a man as ever drew breath. In secret, Bro. Sergel is indulging in lessons looking forward to his appearance at the Majestic as an exponent of classic dancing. This on the authority of Harry Fisher, who has a photograph of one of the lessons. It is quite a mise en scene, so to speak.

Again, look at Stanly Twist. In secret, Stanly abhors the m. p. game. (Mr. Flaccus wanted Twist left out of this, but in justice to my sacred art I must include him.) Yes, Bro. Twist, attracted by the late notices in the Tribune, is now collaborating with our lady bro., Miss Virginia Brooks. It is whispered that the ultimate outcome of this will be a play, which is already considered by Mr. Belasco as of favorable omen, on the subject of "The Morals of the Town." By the way, Mr. Flaccus says Miss Brooks has a book of his which is about due; he didn't mean it for publication, but I hate these secrets.

I think it just to others to include Mr. George Louis in this article. Mr. Louis, w. k. for his musical tendencies, is at work with Bro. Krausz, but on what we refuse to say.

THE TALE OF A SHIRT.

P. F. Lowder appeared in his usual gay and entertaining manner at the March dance. Not only that, but he appeared wearing a shirt which was deemed a curiosity by other beaux present, to such an extent that they approached him one at a time, so as not to arouse suspicion, washing their hands in invisible water and talking bally-rot the while, for no other purpose than to get a long slant at the wondrous shirt. Now Lowder, on being interviewed, swears that he is a regular guy, and that the shirt is "something new," imported, and not to be carried away when they are watching for less than \$6.50. The other beaux, on being interviewed, fluttered away and refused to eat out of the writer's hand, but muttered under their breath something about "B. V. D." Higinbotham says Lowder is right. Sure, and it's not for the editor of The Scoop to say. (To be concluded in our next.)

HUNTING LIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By VICTOR EUBANK.

It was a hot day. Teddy says to me, "Vic, old chap—you don't mind if I call you old chap, old chap?—Vic, let's shoot a lion."

"Beastly bad form, T. R.," I yawned, reaching for my rifle. "Have you the kodak?"

Reaching our safari after lunch, we motored out to camp. While three hundred of the Skiswilly skirmishers vanished to find a lion, Teddy and I began to play a game of rummy. It was a measly little dollar-a-point game, and as I



Roosevelt at Kijabe Station.

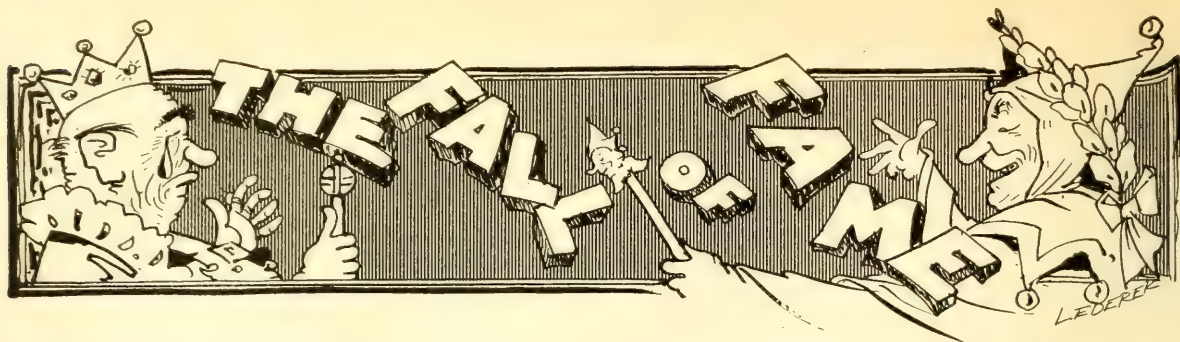
had just collected some five hundred pounds from the officers' mess at Mjijits, it was rather a bore, don't you know.

"I say, old chap," I said after a bit, "this is a bloody hot place, eh, what?"

"My word, yes," T. R. rejoined, making out a check for my winnings. It was too small to bother with—a mere fifty dollars or so—and after I had lit a cigaret with it we moved over to the shade of some tall trees. Suddenly we heard a frightful yell. Teddy jumped for his rifle and I jumped for help, as a frightfully ferocious lion leaped from the jungle. Oh, you never saw such a beast!

"Shoot!" whispered T. R.

I had swallowed my cigaret, and in self defense he was forced to shoot the lion. As he did so, another appeared. By that time I had my gun up (also my cigaret) and I shot this one. We shot five more, then finished our game and returned to Mjijits. Oh yes, frightful bore, Africa.



His Majesty has been pleased to announce in the orders of the day that Bro. H. Fisher is condemned to consume five million gallons of benedictine and cream upon arrival. Owing to the culprit's w. k. youth, the sentence may be commuted.

On complaint of Petrarch et al. a Royal Warrant has been issued, pending arrival, for Bro. G. F. Butler. It is said that like action is contemplated by Hippocrates, Galen et al., charging malfeasance in office.

A branch of the P. C. of C. Adventure Club has been organized here. Charter members: Sissy Johnson, Beau Brummel, Sordello (protested), Judas Iscariot.

Looking forward to the near arrival of Bro. P. Sawyer, His Majesty has been pleased to order the building of a special brimstone-padded cell in Phlegethon. Contractor, Beelzebub.

Elbog Yorel, one of the w. k. Fallen Angels, has been appointed Stoker-in-Ordinary to Belial Furnace Number III.

It is currently reported that Lady Astreoth and H. S. H. Queen Mab will entertain at their Cocytus palace in honor of Bro. S. Twist, in the near future.

Lazarillo de Tormes recently received a gift from Dave Anderson, upper world, in the shape of a miniature irrigation plant. Pretty soft for Laz.

Machiavelli has obtained leave of absence from His Majesty, in order to impart certain secrets of the craft to one F. Dunham. Urgency call.

It is announced by Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Captain Bobadil that Chas. Wheeler, C. Yore, and F. R. E. Woodward have been unanimously elected to fellowship in the Vox et Praeterea Nihil Society, Acheron.

Hear Bryan at the club Tuesday afternoon.

ARE YOU A FOOL?

The fool-killer has finished his work, and survivors will have a chance to get the details. He has settled six fools, and semi-settled one semi-fool, all members of the club. Watch for the great Scoop phantasy, "The Natural Born Fool-Killer," by Jerome W. Power, to appear next week.

His Majesty is pleased to commend the late parade of the Gehenna Guards, in which organization Capt. Sigmund Krausz and H. I. Green have enrolled as subalterns.

Claude Duval and Robert Macaire are corresponding with B. L. T., J. U. H. and Ol' Bob Warde, with a view to partnership in the near future. Raffles please write.

We have to hand it to Watson. We were urging that Sidepocket (yes, kind friend, the late lamented) be given a chance at the elevator again, and friend Dunham was backing us, together with Mase Warner.

"Beat it," said Watson, in his usual slangy way. "S. P. still owes me a dime."

"That's nothing," said Mase, confidentially. "I voted for Charley Wheeler, and yet he has owed me ten dollars ever since the Great Fire."

Moved by a happy thought, we handed Watson a dime solemnly, and cancelled the debt, whereupon he changed his opinion about S. P., the great and only. But Warner's remark had spread, and he was surrounded by a curious crowd who asked if Charley really owed him that tenner. Amid general disbelief, Mase stuck to it nobly, and finally managed to collect the X from Osborne, charging it to the Club's profit and loss and the Prexy's house account. Well, he was considerably swelled up over that. He had a right to be.

"Now," said Watson, "let's start a petition in favor of S. P." Everybody signed it except Doc Nutt. He said he'd be damned if he would.

"You'll be damned if you don't, anyway," said Watson blithely. "Go ahead." But the club was in convulsions—Watson had brought off a joke, after years of waiting!

Personally, we think this is a pretty good lie.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB

Note the change in the name!

Too true to be good almost—some of us think. It came about at the business meeting of last Saturday and is entirely within the conventions, for the by-laws did it—or rather an amendment did.

You would never guess why we did it—the big reason, that is. Well, "Club" is more easily printed than "Association." Editors never have been able to give us proper publicity because of the unwieldiness of our name. Besides, we are a Woman's Press Club and nothing less.

I am glad to be the original publisher of the news.

Now and then a chance remark gives rise to interesting comparisons.

Said a well known club woman the other day in conversation: "My dear," you have some most brilliant and clever women among your members yet you have no club rooms and you seem to possess few real activities."

True, to the last word. We can't afford expensive club rooms and so far we have been unable to make up our minds to forsake our sweet independence of organization for the sake of what we all realize would be a most comfortable luxury. In other words our running expenses are paid by our dues. Whatever other money we happen to possess there is always a place for. On every hand we practice the closest economy. The reason is not unpleasing to us. Sometimes we have members who need us as we have always needed them and we try to be true to our trust.

Then comes in a curious contradiction. Our dues are only three dollars a year. Compared with those of men's clubs, this is startlingly small. Yet we find that it is all women writers can, on the average, afford. The associate members find their yearly membership taxation somewhat higher. It will be seen then, that club quarters mean in a measure, a relinquishment of an independence which has up to this time left us beholden to no one. And we have among our members the daughter of the richest man in the world, who came into our ranks in exactly the same manner as any other writer did. Had she not been a writer and paid for her work we would not have accepted her. There are several others of whom this same may be said.

We have no life memberships. Up to the present time, they have not seemed feasible to us for the very reason mentioned before.

As for our activities. It is inevitably made up of largely individualistic members who will not

be found championing this or that cause. Agreement upon the subject would be too difficult. Analysis of the situation brings out the fact that our influence is felt more because we are individuals than because we are a club. No other Woman's Club in Chicago furnishes so many speakers upon all topics. Yesterday, for example, Mary Synon, of the Journal, she who was selected by the Gaelic League to go to Ireland last year in order that she might write for a great American newspaper syndicate the story of the New Ireland, on Monday lectured before the Chicago College Club. The subject of her talk was "Women in The New Ireland." Those who have read her wonderful short stories which have for their theme the mining life of the Canadian Northwest, published throughout the year in Scribner's magazine, will understand something of her brilliancy and versatility. She is an alumnus of the University of Chicago, and was, I believe, at the time she received her degree, the youngest graduate. Withal she is a good practical reporter and turns out copy in quantities each day for the Journal. For a lengthy period she was the paper's literary critic.

Jean Comerford

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

AS IT SHOULD BE.

(With Apologies to the I. W. P. A.)

BY THEO. VAN RHEOSTAT ASHCROFT.

A pleasant reception was held in the Club parlors last week on the occasion of the annual visit of W. Knox to our Club. Owing to the absence at other points of the Club officials, deputies were placed in the receiving line, headed by Mr. James Lowder.

Mr. Lowder wore Norfolk jacket of Tweed-on-Twickenham Peebles material, relieved by a cravat worn en train. The costume of Mr. Eubank was Frenchy, consisting of a diamond-studded locket worn with extreme decolet, with bracelets of brilliants, and silk sox. The entrance of Mr. W. F. Nutt created quite a stir, that gentleman being tastefully attired in a new lavender creation of Packin, Case & Co., and leading a small Pomeranian by a gold chain.

A feature of the delightful occasion was the appetizing refreshments, which included Bacardi Rum (Carta Blanca), Sandwiches a la Old 23, and licker, as Mr. Opie Read would so charmingly say.

A highly appreciated entertainment was tendered by various Club members. Mr. Joe Henderson, wearing chiffon and satin, delivered his famous pirate song, all joining in the chorus with tremendous enthusiasm. Col. W. L. Visscher then danced his celebrated pas seul, followed by Mr. Yore's recitation, in a delightfully childish accent, of the "Old Barn Floor." Mr. Yore's costume of pale pink and baby blue was worn with his usual grace and distinction.

Among those present might be mentioned Mr. Hal P. Denton, who wore an ultra-nouveau of silk over jambes nuees of flesh pink, and Mr. Byron Williams, costumed a la rustic.

ART EXHIBITION BIG FEATURE.

Mr. Frank Parker, whose portrait appeared in last week's SCOOP, has been engaged to appear in classic dances on the occasion of the exhibition of pictures, April 3. This newest exponent of the style of dancing made popular by the Russian mordkin, revives the spirit of the devotees of Terpsichore, as they enlivened the feasts of the ancient Greeks.

His range of expression is thrilling, from the slow, beautiful rhythm of the pastoral dances to the wild rush of the Bacchanal.

Mr. Parker has appeared with distinguished success at the University of Chicago, as the star of the Florentine Carnival in the Bartlett Gymnasium, also under society auspices in Lake Forest.

Our club members and guests are assured of an artistic treat on this occasion.

The other dance for the evening, as previously announced, is Miss Charlotte Loss, in Russian and Hungarian dances.

Further announcements concerning the exhibition of pictures from Dresden will be made next week.

THE HELNGON CHATAUQUA.

The program of the 100th Helngon Chatauqua will be celebrated by lecturers from the Chicago Press Club, and is now complete. Catalogs may be had at Stygian Hall.

On the 3rd, G. Cooke-Adams will lecture on the "Peptic Catholicon of the Bolus." In the afternoon G. F. Butler will speak on the "Sinapism of the Electuary, Neurotically Considered." (Galen in the chair.)

On the 4th, Dr. Rubinkam will speak on the "Sabbatarianism of the Erastian Schism." He will be followed by Edouard Pickard's talk on the "Nomology of Codification."

On the 6th, Prof. Mase Warner speaks on "The Visual Acuity of the Bas-bleu," supplemented by Douglas Malloch's "Sciologists." (Look that up, Dug. It's worth it.)

On the 7th, Mark Watson will deliver "The Statu Quo of Metastasis." The evening speaker will be Clare Briggs, on "The Titillation of the Ethereal Aura."

The final program will contain three of the most eminent Press Club speakers. Alfred Hiles Bergen on "The Itching Hand, or The Sense of Touch"; J. Durkin, D. C. 'Eil, on "The Equivocalness of the Paragram," and Pawnee Bill Jossy on "Anemolia Bathein." (Same to Bill as to Dug above.)

Turn out for William Jennings Bryan at the club Tuesday afternoon.

OUR CANARY.

We have a new canary,
A little yellow bird,
And he sings just the sweetest
Little song you ever heard!

Lovey comes and looks up at him,
"Will you sing for me? Sweet, sweet!"
Then he cocks his head and answers
Two pretty notes, "Tweet, tweet!"

—BYRON WILLIAMS, R. F. D.

PUBLISHERS ET AL. I HAVE KNOWN.

By Q. H. FLACCUS.

The finest people in the business are the American Film Co. Omer Dowd is a good scout. He would just as soon swipe a scenario as not; he produced one of mine without my knowledge, as a personal favor—a sort of kindly surprise. The Flying A is fond of these little surprises to authors, and is quite used to paying damages for personal contact; in fact, you are sure to get damages out of 'em, or else to get damaged, for they are the kindest-hearted people in the business. In my case, Ol' Bill Cook had writ the scenario two years before, so the Hon. Nehls promptly refused to be sued and anted up. I like these little personal favors that the Flying A springs, because it's such a complete surprise that you can always collect more for it—for the shock to your nerves, as it were. Go to it, Omer!

I am not knocking, understand; these people's reputations are dearer to me than my own, because they sign the checks. No, I recommend all writers to patronize them to the limit, keeping carbon copies and affidavits for future use, because you can expect all kinds of pleasant little surprises—pleasant, understand me. I am not sarcastic in the least; I mean every word I say.

Then again, I sent a book to Bill Briggs, up in Toronto. A couple of months later I wrote about it. Bill replied that he had received a ms., but couldn't understand what I sent it to him for, he being a mere publisher. Maybe that was a knock on the ms., but he seemed to be quite serious, and thanked me for writing him my intentions. He seems to be an honest soul, simple in his way, but full of the milk of human kindness—like the Flying A, maybe.

Be loyal to the club; spend your money in the Press Club Restaurant; help the organization which would help you if you went down and out.

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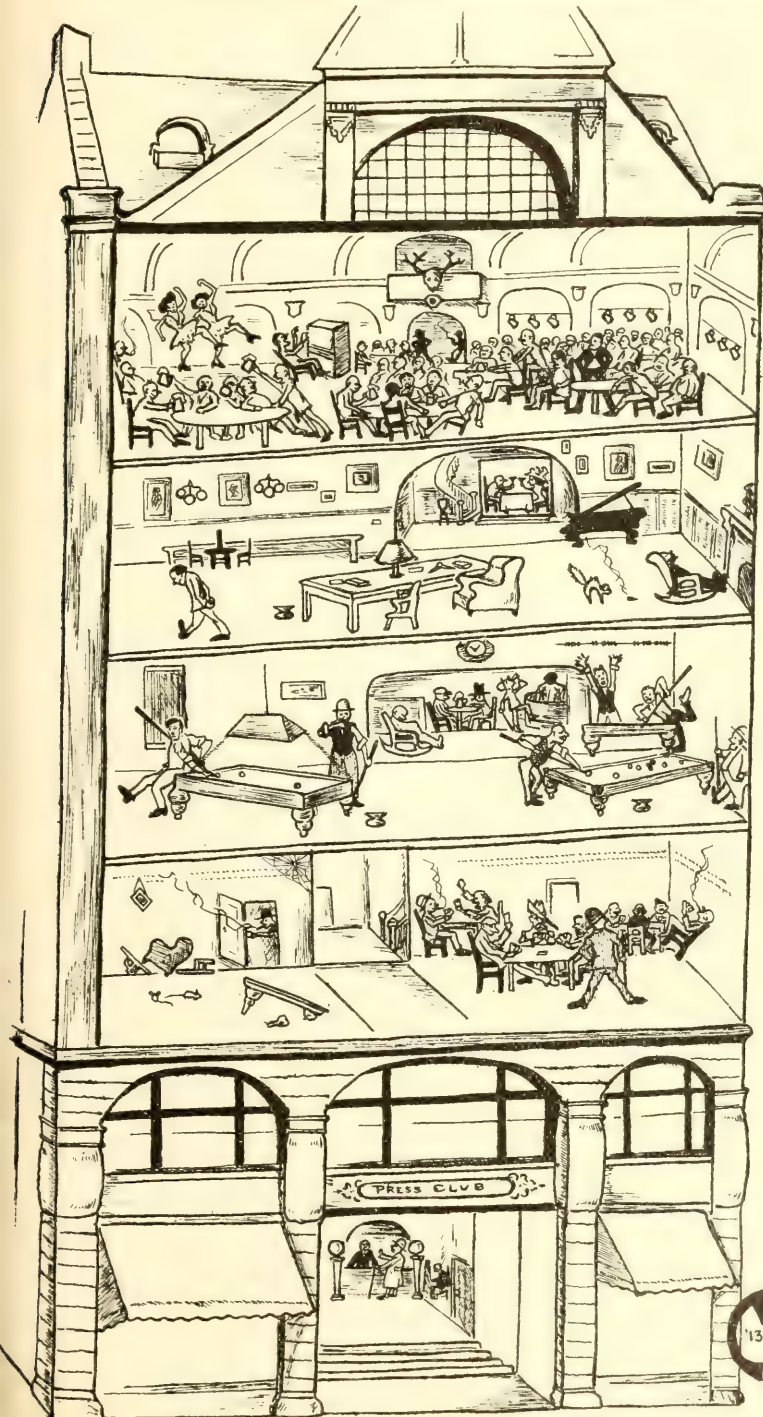
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JUST AS WE ARE.

Long ago, when the world was young, some philosopher remarked that honest confession was good for the soul. We believe that he was right. For that reason we are going to tell the common people how we spend our time in the Press Club of Chicago, and to that end have published the excellent cartoon on the left, which was drawn by a noted artist especially for this edition. On the top floor you will notice that a stag is in progress, with members drinking pale cider out of steins and an entirely fitting and proper pair of dancers over in the corner. Passing on to the next floor, you see portrayed an exciting scene in the library, the central figure being a cat hissing at a live snipe, which she has smelled. The other two figures in the foreground are real men with bass voices. Passing on to the next floor, we see members engaged in gutting various colored balls into corner pockets. When they succeed they are glad; when they fail they are sad—witness the gentleman tossing his lunch-hooks to the ceiling. In the rear members are taking libations, sleeping and laying plans to make money. The black dot behind the bar is Jeff, the noted student of human nature. Passing on to the next floor we see on the right several gentlemen engaged in playing whist, while on the left is a store-room, which contains mice for a central figure. The cat on the fifth floor will descend when he gets hungry, however, and eat the mice. On the first floor may be seen a gentleman paying his dues, which is considered a very rare picture. On the whole, an honest confession, which will no doubt bring many protests. This will please us, as we shall then be sure that members are reading the paper. **MORAL**—The building represents Mere Mortal Man. That part of him which is in daily contact with prosaic Earth is plain business (laundry, for instance), and the further Up in the Air he goes, the more unusual his performances.

THE NATURAL BORN FOOL-KILLER.

By JEROME W. POWER.

PART I.

When six prominent members of the Press Club of Chicago had been discovered, one after another, lying in crumpled heaps, with broken necks, and when a seventh member had been placed in the hospital with a fractured dome, a great mass meeting, called to determine what might be done, resulted in the selection of Frank Comerford to run to earth the mysterious agency which was decimating our ranks.

Frank accepted the task crowded upon him in an eloquent speech, during which he several times pointed with pride and viewed with alarm. He then informed me that I should act as his assistant.

"You know nothing," he said, "but you can make yourself valuable by laboring to give me the impression that you are denser than you really are, so that I can contrast my own mental processes with yours, and feel encouraged. Never fail to display admiration for my work at all times, whether you feel that I am on the right track or not. Come into the library and we will go over the facts in the case."

When we were seated in chairs before the fireplace he produced a dog-eared envelope filled with clippings.

"You are no doubt already familiar with the contents," he continued, "but we may as well refresh our minds. Here's one:"

Fool Falls to Death in Storm.

P. F. Lowder, a fool, 26 N. Dearborn street, was found dead early today at the bottom of a cellar-way leading to a store-room used by the Humming-Bird Feather Mattress Co., 410 S. Clark street. The neck (5c) was broken, but there was no other mark on the body except a small contusion on the point of the jaw, received in the fall. The police believe the victim became confused in last night's snow storm, and fell into the open place while blinded. The body was removed to Gloom's Undertaking Rooms.

Here's another:

Fool Breaks Neck in Long Leap.

Leroy T. Goble, a fool, 26 N. Dearborn street, met a tragic death last night when he plunged ten stories down an elevator shaft in a loop hotel, which shall be nameless, because they are advertisers. The neck (5c) was broken, but there was no other mark on the body except a small contusion on the point of the jaw, received in the fall. How the accident happened is a mystery. The victim was attending a private dance. Friends say that a few minutes before the body was found he left the floor chuckling to himself, and without giving an explanation to anybody. Investigation showed that the elevator gate had been torn open, evidently by a man of great physical strength, for the iron work was much twisted. The police declare that the victim might have done the work, as he was muscular, despite his unfortunate mental condition. The body was removed to Cyppresses' Undertaking Rooms.

Here's another:

Fool Leaps to Death in Loop.

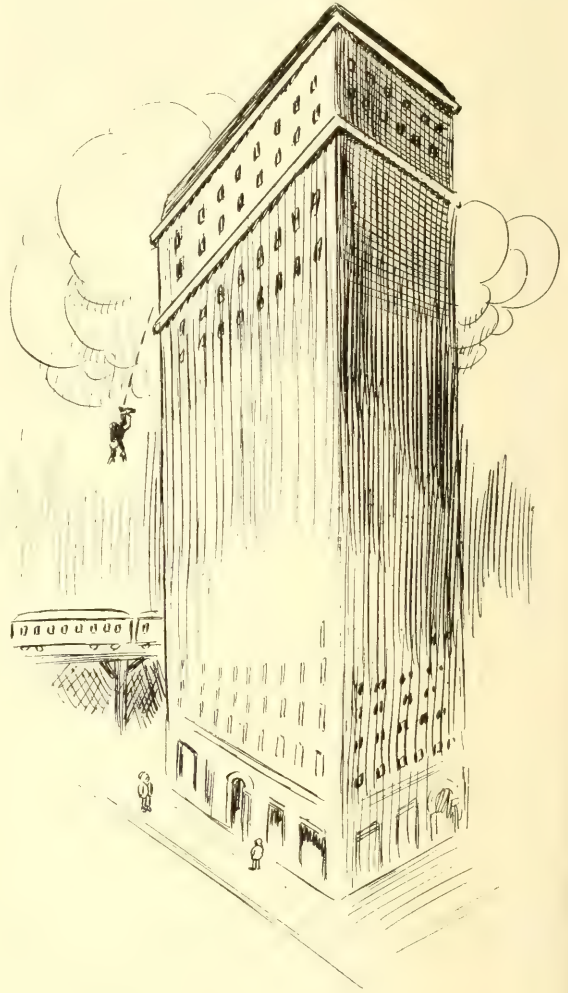
De Lysle Ferree Cass, a fool, 26 N. Dearborn street, met sudden death this afternoon when he

either leaped or fell ten stories out of a window in the Monadnock Building. The meeting with sudden death came as the consummation of years of aggressive flirtation on the part of the victim. The neck (5c) was broken, but there was no other mark on the body, except a small contusion on the point of the jaw, received in the fall. The police removed the body to Evergreen's Undertaking Rooms.

Here's another:

Fool Seeks Rat-Traps; Finds Death.

L. R. Merrell, a fool, 26 N. Dearborn street, was found dead early today with a broken neck (5c) at the bottom of a stairway leading to the second story of the building at 503 W. Ewing street, which



Either Leaped or Fell Ten Stories.

is used by the Rat-No-More Co. as a store-room for traps. Patrolmen Nipper and Gunn, who discovered the body, declare that a few hours previous they noticed a tall gentleman in evening clothes, who was walking along the street looking at the numbers on the houses.

"We were surprised to see such a well-dressed gentleman in this neighborhood," said Patrolman Nipper, "but as his actions were not suspicious, we did not question him. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and possessed a military walk."

The police were not inclined to believe that the well-dressed stranger had anything to do with the

case. No mark was found on the body, except a small contusion on the point of the jaw.

Friends of the victim declare that he had a secret dread of rats. Yesterday, in the midst of a conversation, he solemnly held up a hand and asked them to "hear 'em squeal." He then expressed a doubt as to whether there were enough traps in existence to catch all the rats, and declared that he was going to take an invoice. The police removed the body to Dunkelheit's Undertaking Rooms.

Here's another:

Fool Killed in Midnight Run-away.

Bert Yarwood, a fool, 26 N. Dearborn street, was found dead in a ditch near Maywood early today. The neck (5c) was broken, but there was no other mark on the body except a small contusion on the point of the jaw, received in the run-away, which is supposed to have occurred near midnight. The victim appeared in Maywood yesterday afternoon and rented a rig. Near dawn this morning the horse was caught on the outskirts of town by the marshal. The animal was drawing a badly demolished buggy without an occupant, which led to the search and the discovery of the body. The remains were brought into the city, and are now on exhibition at Schwartz's Undertaking Rooms.

Here's another:

Fool Wins Bet But Loses Life.

Otto Kney, a fool, 26 N. Dearborn street, bet a companion that he could climb the smoke-stack on the roof of the Link-Belt Co. and be back to the bottom again in twenty minutes. He won the bet with ten minutes to spare, because when he had reached the top he lost his hold and fell 210 feet, breaking his neck (5c). There was no other mark on the body except a small contusion on the point of the jaw, received in the fall. The body was removed to Weep's Undertaking Rooms.

Frank had barely finished his grewsome reading of the facts in the case when a "boy" entered with the announcement that he was wanted on the phone. He returned in a moment with a radiant face.

"Come," he said, "get your hat and coat. The hospital has called up and says that Davieson is conscious and can talk for a limited period."

In half an hour we were at the bed-side. The contents were mostly bandages, from the anterior end of which protruded two frayed, black mustachios. No doubt a Cubist would have painted a picture with a decided accent on the mustachios, with a riotous background of bandages and an atmosphere of iodoform odors.

Frank sneaked up on the stricken man, hunching his shoulders and dragging one foot after the other.

"Davieson," he said, "tell us, old man, how it happened."

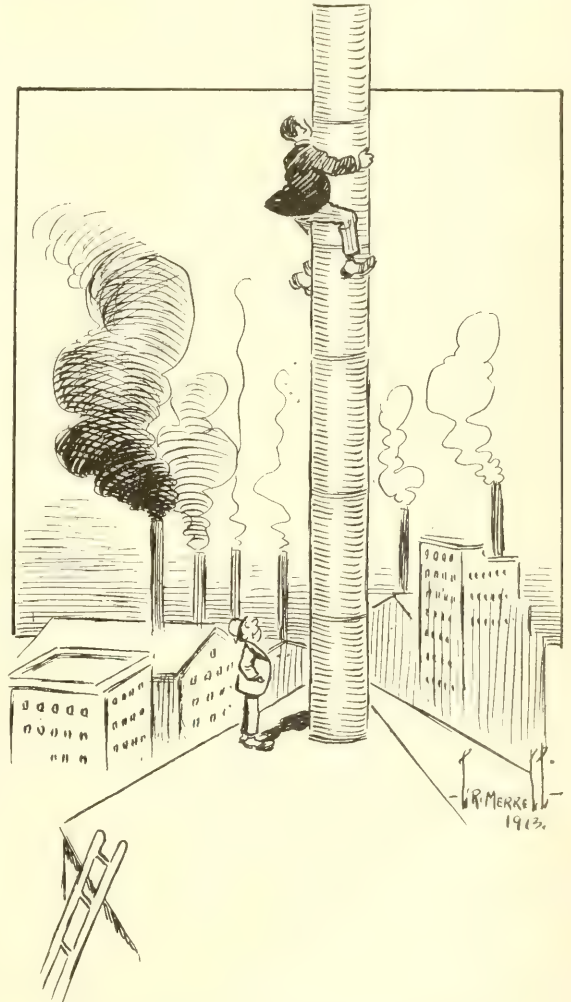
The mustachios weaved back and forth a few times, heralding speech, like a pump handle before the water comes.

"Frank, and Power," finally came welling up from the hirsute oracle, "how good to have you here! Before this happened my brain was teeming with tommy-rot both day and night, but now—I feel so funny; have less pepper, few ideas—feel semi-settled, so to speak.

"But tell us, Ed., what did he hit you with?"

"I think it must have been a piece of lead pipe.

I boarded a North State street car early in the evening. There must have been about six passengers beside myself, all men. They sat hunched behind newspapers until an unusually pretty young woman got on at Ohio street, and then the general attitude of the male population of the car became one of delicious expectancy, waiting for her to make the first move. She looked them all over in a slant-eyed fashion, and then made the first move—in my direction. You can imagine how embarrassed I felt, before all those horrid men. Of course I repulsed her brazen advances, and she subsided.



Bet He Could Climb the Smoke-Stack.

"My attention was called about that time to a tall, broad-shouldered gentleman in evening clothes who sat directly across the aisle. He would look first at me and then at the young woman. Finally he confined his stare to me alone, making me most uncomfortable."

"Did you notice anything characteristic about this gentleman other than that he wore evening clothes,—anything in his manner that would dis-

(Continued on page 116.)

THE SCOOP

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JAY CAIRNS, Editor
B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

DE LYSLE FERREE CASS,
Edition Editor for March 29, '13.

Schedule of Edition Editors for Future Issues.
April 5.....James H. Ashley

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRIES.

Not long ago we heard a member say: "By George (or words to that effect)! I didn't bring enough cigars up with me. I'll have to go over and get some from Saunders." That chance remark is illuminative, typical even of the attitude of many of us. Why need that member have bought *any* cigars "outside" when he was coming up to the club to smoke them? Surely there is enough variety in our own cases to suit as discriminating a taste as need be. Furthermore, why drop into the club *after* lunch? Why not before? The restaurant is equipped to satisfy more than the average appetite at prices as reasonable as are anywhere to be had. Why not support the club's interests? There are those of us who do not "drink"; there are those of us who may not smoke, but certainly all of us eat. Since the fundamental of our organization is fellowship, why not do more of the things that conduce to that end? Why eat alone in the hurly-burly of "outside" when our own dining-room affords better service and a coterie of your fellows with whom to chat across the table? Give our caterer a decent chance.

INFERNAL BALLYROT.

In looking around for something to attack for this issue—something which has no defenders—the Cubist school seems to be about as good a thing to land upon as offers. We are not an artist, but for that very reason, and because we are one of the common people, we claim that we have a better right to hand down a verdict. We do so without hesitation. The verdict is GUILTY. Guilty in the first place, of practicing art for art's sake, which alone is enough to convict in this court. Guilty in the second place of engineering an advertising campaign based on the correct assumption that a certain class of rich men are willing to pay well for the diabolic expressions of an alleged culture which they cannot understand. Guilty in the third place, because they are wasting the time of sensible but

curious people by inviting them at 25 cents per head to view the night-mares now on exhibition in the Art Institute, which, however much they may flabbergast the imagination, do not advance civilization a single iota. Claiming the time and attention of the small percent of sensible people on this planet, when women are still not allowed to vote, when children are still being smothered to death in sweat-shops, when war, vice and disease still enthrall the race, amounts to nothing less than a crime. Enough! Take the Cubists away! Let us one and all apologize to Rembrandt, Turner, Potter, Whistler and the rest whose paintings remain to ennoble and inspire humanity, and after we have turned them back to the original posture of rest in their graves, let us rise up and drive the Cubist puzzle mongers from the temple of true art once and for all. GUILTY! Next case!

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

Ewing Emison, Vincennes, Ind., guest of Jerome Power.

W. J. Bryan, Washington, guest of Ray F. Frazer.

G. Holland, Tepic, Mexico, guest of Opie Read.

Ben F. Tait, Chicago, guest of Edw. White.

G. L. Largey, Butte, Mont., guest of A. Milo Bennett.

John Jacob Meier, Chicago, guest of Stanley Waterloo.

Wm. McClain, Butte, Mont., guest of Jerome Power.

G. Alfred Fenney, Chicago, guest of Mark Hayne.

A. S. Riggs, New York, guest of F. L. Petty.

Lincoln Rodgers, Muskegon, Mich., guest of Wm. Ferguson.

OPIE READ MAKES PROTEST.

Chicago, March 25, 1913.

Editor Press Club Scoop:

In journalism enterprise is a commendable thing, and a tincture of "fake" has been thought by the over-zealous to add piquancy to it; but invention should set forth spirit and brightness for its excuse. Stupidity is a crime.

Last week's Scoop published a sort of fragment, a scale-off, entitled the "Ducklins, by Opie Read." The hitherto-chained genius who wrote that thing may have felt, in the exuberant jim-jams of a first creation, that he had sneezed forth a harmless joke, but in writing something and without explanation appending another man's name he assumed a license which we none of us grant to even the closest friend.
Opie Read.

Do not fail to come to the breakfast and card party to be given at the Press Club for the ladies April 2 at 12:30 p. m. Prizes and surprises. Bring guests. Come and make this a success.

News of the Scoop Show

The Friday night rehearsal of the afterpiece developed snappy execution on the part of the principals. The business is working out well, and with a little more work the principals will be in shape for production.

There is time for but little work on the part of the membership at large to get to rehearsals so as to back up the good work of the principals. The members who show up for the work are doing well, but there are hundreds of the members who don't show up, so they cannot have any conception of the requirements. To make a smooth production it is necessary that every member be present at every rehearsal, to be assigned to a regular part, and keep posted on the slight changes which Mr. Eagle, the producer, may make from time to time.

If every one of the Press Club members will get behind the Scoop and attend all the general rehearsals the 1913 Scoop will surprise even the most ardent admirers of the 1912 show.

Through the courtesy of the Mahin Company, Press Club Scoop posters will be given a prominent showing on the elevated bulletins in a short time. The Mahin Company favored the Press Club in the same manner last year to the great advantage of the Scoop.

Mark Hayne is working on the drawing for the window cards to advertise the Second Annual Press Club Scoop. They will blossom out in show windows in the near future. A striking design is provided, which will emphasize that "small still voice" to the reader to save the date and the price for the biggest laugh of the year.

SHOULD PLAYERS WRITE BASEBALL?

By GENE MORGAN.

(With due apology to his series in The New York Press.)

Taxi Tim, the philosophical chauffeur, blew into the Twilight Lunch like a landslide answering the doorbell. He slung his hat on the hook, mounted a stool at the death curve of the lunch counter, and roared his order.

"Dash me out a brace of hen fritters, with the blonde side up, and a hatband off the pig," he roared.

Austere and patient research had taught Maizie, the lovely waitress, that he meant fried eggs and bacon.

"Say, Taxi," she observed, as she steamed back with his order, "don't you think those baseball writers are awfully mean and selfish to try to

prevent them ball players from writin' for the newspapers?"

Taxi Tim helped himself to a row of tanned potatoes on the flat of his knife, then excused himself for dropping one of them on the Circassian walnut.

"It presume you're referring to the action of the Amalgamated Baseball Scriblers' and Helpers' Union in protesting against the use of diamond athletes' monickers on pink sheet annals of the game," quoth Taxi Tim. "They ought to be ashamed of themselves. Ain't it a swell tribute to the muse of authorship that a bunch of horny-handed, box-shouldered, bamboo-knuckled ball players will come right out and admit that the pen is mightier than the baseball bat, and cramp their backs and their brains while writing long chapters for the newspapers, when they might be clawing up hot ones in center field? Ain't they knocking out epics of the ninth inning on flat-wheeled hotel typewriters when they might be tapping fence-busters and shaking the lemons off the umpire's family tree?"

"But look here," protested Maizie, "the paper writers say that the players don't pen a line of the stuff that their names are signed to."

"In that case the maligned and libeled base-Fagins are to be much congratulated by newspaper readers," responded Taxi Tim. "Also, it was quite noble of the ball scribes to own up that the athletes are not guilty of the diamond Choc-taw that goes under their labels and half-tone mugs. How can a star twirler gather knob enough to go out and face a horde of bleacher-ites after 200,000 regular subscribers have read under his signature that:

"I think that the Cubs' chances look better than ever before, although of course there is no telling what form they will develop after they have played a few games and it may be that they will show up in punk style after all—this of course being purely conjecture based on last year's batting averages, divided by thirteen and subtracted from the number of quarts of canned prunes consumed on the training trip. But I think that in the case of the Cubs, at least, the scores will tell the tale."

"Can you beat that for pink sheet intelligence? If a player gets paid fifty bucks a column for that select sodium of phosphate, he ought to stand out for a Carnegie hero medal as well. By the way, kid, will you take this egg back? If you don't it will begin telling about Cap Anson in a minute."

Maizie obeyed, and returned a few moments later with the same egg, turned over on its left side.

Hey! You! Pay your dues for second quarter right away. The club needs the money. Don't forget this!

Fall of Fame

WE ASK YOU.

Will John Weber shave off that new-grown hirsute appendage in order to play "Champ" in the Scoop show?

Have they lost the stair carpet that used to make our progress to dinner between the fifth and sixth floors seem more civilized?

Why the newspapers have said so much about T. R.'s "Big Stick" and so little about our own great Club?

Re the psychological significance of so few cuspidors in the library.

Have you paid your house account yet?

Will our own Barratt tell us some of the stories he has heard?

How many hairs constitute a bona fide moustache?

Are you boosting the Scoop Show as you should?

Why one swallow begets another faster than even rabbits?

EXPERIENCE.

By D. F. C.

Say, Bill—

Have you ever been in Lisbon

On a bright sun-shiny day,

When the earth heaved up beneath your feet

In a nauseating way—

When the ground cracked, gaping open,

Stretched there yawning at your feet,

And the houses crumbled card-like—

Flames, dead women in the street?

Have you ever heard an earthquake

Raise those horrid yells of fear—

Seen men mangled pulp 'neath house-walls,

Watched the tidal wave sweep near?

Have you felt your stomach turning,

Felt the pavement thrill and rock,

Sweated fear, ran, screamed and stumbled—

Spread your legs for the next shock?

God, Bill! but an earthquake's awful!

Shuddering world and dizzy sky—

Have you ever had the experience?

No? That's strange! Neither have I.

BRYAN VISITS CLUB.

Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan visited the Press Club Tuesday afternoon and made an address to members and friends in the library. He was given a characteristic introduction by J. U. Higinbotham, who was in school with him at Illinois College.

Secretary Bryan paid several glowing tributes to the newspaper profession and one or two to the Press Club of Chicago in particular.

Frank Comerford then made a brief talk, which rivaled that of the Great Commoner for eloquence, and was loudly applauded.

DEFENSE OF FRONT-PAGE CUT.

Club and the men, of these I sing
And toast (unbuttered), until do ring

Every hall and craney, apprizing all
Of what goes on. In the great hall

Three hundred foregather ('tis Saturday night)
To smoke, watch the Stag, and maybe get tight

In good company. They disturb not
He who paces below. He's full of thought—

Cares not how ye P. C. cat doth spit
At the butts dropped on the carpet lit.

Down sundry stairs is another floor
Where a veteran rocks. And evermore

Sir Jeff dispenses the cup of cheer,
And Clem Yore talks to Opie's ear.

In the front room they billiards play,
Nor ever stop. By night or day

On the next floor a grim-lipped band
Seek to divine each other's hand

And never do it. Rhum's the game.
Day in, day out, it's just the same.

Beside their den's another room—
A barren hole; a place of gloom

That should be fixed up. Let us pray
It may be habitable some day.

Now this is all, and yet *enough*.
We ask no more, nor better stuff

To gladden us along life's way.
To laymen let ye member say:

Our Club's our *men*; our men are our boast,
And there's the reason of this toast.

LOWDER COMPLETELY VINDICATED.

P. F. Lowder, who recently created a sensation in Press Club 400 circles by wearing a shirt of little understood calibre to the March Dance has been completely vindicated. The shirt in question, it would seem, was an imported French creation, silk, and with a finely pleated bosom, perfectly proper with full dress. We have looked this up and know what we are talking about.

R. W. Faulkner

D. L. Ettelson

Faulkner & Ettelson

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY

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ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB

One of the interesting accomplishments in the amendments to the by-laws which were finished at the last business meeting, was the change in the program plans. The monthly meetings as they have been were made less frequent. Next year they will be given every other month and the meeting between will be purely social in nature. Some of the members did not like the idea of the change but really they have themselves to thank for it. The attendance has been much less than it should have been on the part of the members. Guests have been greatly pleased by world renowned talent while members remained at home. The why of it no one has been quite able to fathom. At any rate it is hoped that next year the infrequency will bring out larger crowds.

And the social evenings will be a change. If by contrast the old plan seems more desirable, there is always, of course, the opportunity to go back, although there seems little likelihood that it will be necessary. The receptions and strictly social affairs have called out far larger gatherings this season than have the very scholarly and interesting programs.

Which reminds me that next Thursday evening is in charge of Maud I. G. Oliver, who writes art criticism for the Record-Herald and besides is

correspondent for the London Studio and for the International Studio, of New York.

Mrs. Charles Sergel and her husband sail away over the seas on next Wednesday. It is to be a jolly journey, for they are going up into the land of the Never Setting Sun. Indeed they are going as far north as ordinary individual has dared, and even farther if a ship can be found to carry them. A valiant member is Mrs. Sergel. None of us will forget her good efforts upon the program last year when the socialistic Countess of Warwick canceled us at the moment we were more hundreds of dollars in debt than we cared to consider. Mr. Bryan saved the day for us, but while it meant money in our treasury we still were pestered by the freakishness of human nature. One publisher calmly withdrew his patronage because of his pronounced political tendencies and the way advertisers of lingerie and art refused to live up to their contracts was disheartening. Through it all Mrs. Sergel as committee chairman smiled and labored. I have forgotten how much money that program made but it was well worth while and besides there was the satisfaction.

Here's a fine voyage with plenty of adventure and a safe return!

Jean Comerford

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

MY BRUTE COMPANION.

By Clement Yore.

There's an echo in my being, in the caverns of my life,

There's a dank dead thing I never can forget;

It comes to me in gelid gore and I ne'er can warm it through

And I seem to feel it gripping of me yet.

It is gray and gaunt and grewsome, and its hide is inches thick—

Its eyes are like a devil fish at sea—

It is want and shame and horror in its hide and hair and breath,

And I feel it slowly creepin' up on me.

I've done my best to shake it, but it won't be jarred or shook—

It always ambles with a nameless gait—

It never wants to leave me, but it will not pass me by

And it always seems contented just to wait.

When I try my best to lose it in my seeking of the throng,

'Tis then the devilish thing appears to flee.

But when I seek the heart of night with all its growing gloom,

This slinky thing becomes my company.

In fear I've felt for its backbone, quite numb I've sought its eyes;

I've done my best to classify its kind;

But its head is half before it, oft there is no head at all,

But yet I feel this thing must have a mind.

It touches me on forehead, it grips my ankles tight—

It sucks the sweat from out my clammy brow;

It has but one idea of time, and that deals with the past,

Still I am living hourly with it now.

I've named this thing of muck and slime "The Old Imp Everywhere"—

It knows no north nor south nor west nor east; 'Tis neither fish nor mammal, man nor hideous female form,

'Tis a creature of an idea—a rotten mental beast.

'Tis my Nemesis and knows it, for it sneaks upon me when

I'm contented with my actions of today.

'Tis my conscience-laden misdeeds piled up to break my back—

'Tis the good things which I've owned and thrown away.

ART EXHIBITION AROUSES INTEREST.

Great interest is being shown in the plans for the unique art event to be held at the Press Club April 3.

The public is much stirred up over the contemporary appearance of the international show of ultra-modern art. There is a veritable "explosion on the lakefront." Whatever of charlatanism or fake there may be in these foreign works, they typify a tremendous forward movement in art. Terrifying, grotesque, entrancing or ludicrous, as the individual pictures may be, they indicate a power not before realized in graphic art.

(Continued from Page III.)

tinguish him?" inquired Frank.

"Yes," announced the mustachios, after a pause, "I remember that he had a way of placing the ends of his fingers together, narrowing his eyes, and pursing his lips. He gave the impression that he was whistling a silent tune. His general attitude was *intensely judicial*. However, I don't think you need figure him in the story.

"I started to leave the car at Elm street, and had one foot on the running board yet when something took me on the dome. That's all I remember. I don't know whether anyone followed me from the car or not. I do not think it was the conductor, because his bell was the last thing I heard, before I took the toboggan to dreamland."

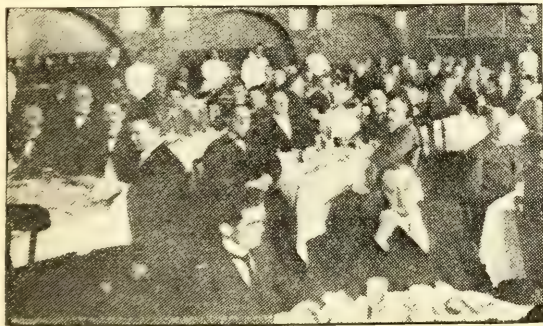
The nurse entered here, followed by a grinning interne, and informed us that we must leave.

When we were again seated in our comfortable chairs before the fire-place in the library, Comerford spoke, looking at the ceiling through his cigar smoke.

"I begin to see the light," he announced.

"Marvelous," I exclaimed, following the cue he had given me in the beginning.

"You see," he continued, "we have discovered so many facts which fit one into the other, like the links in a chain."



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Excellent Food

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The Press Club Restaurant

"I do not see—" I began.

"Of course you do not, but to my mind everything except a few minor points is perfectly clear. Power, our poor fellow members never came to their end through accident. They have been eliminated from mundane affairs by—"

"I know," I cried, "the tall gentleman in evening dress, with the broad shoulders and intensely judicial mien—the broken necks, and the ever present small contusion on the point of the jaw!"

"Let us make no premature accusations," cried Frank, holding up one hand. "Have you ever noticed—and I say this with all respect—that the men in question who have passed from among us were fools? Good fellows, you know, but fools! My theory is—dare I say—in this day and age is it possible—"

"Go on, Frank, go on! Out with it!" I cried, leaning forward.

He arose and stood with hands clasped behind him, the light from the fireplace playing over his clear-cut features.

"Power, my theory is that we have had nothing more or less than a Fool-Killer working among us!"

"A Fool-Killer!"

"A Fool-Killer!"

The clock ticked, and then tocked. One of our cats rubbed against my knee and purred. From one corner of the room issued a suppressed snore.

"Come," said Frank, arising, and moving toward the door by setting one foot down in front of the other and repeating the movement several times. "We can do nothing more tonight. I promise you, however, that if you will arrange to be in this room at this time tomorrow night, you may have the distinction of meeting the Fool-Killer face to face. Don't ask me any questions, but bring magazine revolvers, bowie knives, rubber-soled shoes, and false whiskers. I have a plan, which I have propounded as the result of my theories, and my theories are based on facts. Now let us turn in and get a good night's rest, for we shall need all our strength to face the music tomorrow night."

(To be concluded next week.)

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THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

Volume II, No. 14.

Chicago, Saturday, April 5, 1913.

Price 5c.

All Ready for the Big Show



Hoopje! Hoopje! Trek! Trek! Get Aboard!

Everyone in the Club is for the big Scoop show. But how many realize that it is due to come through just three weeks from this day? Only three weeks. Don't forget that.

There has been plenty of discussion and criticism, all of the healthful and helpful. The book has shaped up well and the show is going to be a mighty good one—not an appeal for charity, but good full value for the public's money, better than most of the professional ones that pull so freely.

But the time for criticism and suggestion has passed. Everything is crystalized. Rehearsals are going on steadily, under direction of one of the foremost producers in this country. From this on, every man in the Club will owe it to himself to get under and LIFT.

It is going to be the greatest success ever pulled off by the greatest Press Club on earth—this Club.

We all feel good about it, but every man must put his good feeling into ACTION right now, and keep it up.

Make it your personal business to boost. Be an active agent. Get together or work separately, but **WORK** and don't stop working until the thing is over.

The first full rehearsal will be held Sunday, April 13th, at 2 o'clock sharp. By that time all the principals will have their parts memorized, and the delays and interruptions of reading or fishing for lines will have disappeared.

There must be a full attendance that day. Everyone's work will be clearly cut out for him, and the performance will consolidate into final form. There isn't a day too much for the work that is to be done in smoothing out the little kinks and getting all the participants

familiarized with the theme, and each with his own share in carrying it out.

You may take this as a notice one week in advance that your presence will be required at that rehearsal. Make your arrangements and shift your engagements accordingly.

THE PRESS CLUB EXPECTS EVERY

CUT IT OUT.

It would seem to be necessary to return to a more strict enforcement of the rule forbidding the issuance of visitors' cards to residents of the city or county. No imputation of inhospitality attaches to this, but really it is hard to find an excuse for overdoing the other thing. As Abe said to Mawruss, "Too much is enough." This club is for the members and their out of town friends and not a place of public entertainment.

BUSINESS AND MEMORIAL MEETINGS.

Immediately after the regular meeting on April 13th (a week from tomorrow) a special meeting will be convoked in memory of Earl Marble, M. E. Dickson and John F. Geeting, all of whom died since last month's meeting. A full attendance is earnestly desired.

UP FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Candidates for membership to be voted upon at the monthly meeting, April 13th, are posted as follows:

RESIDENT.

Thurber W. Cushing.
H. O. Olson.
W. F. Brophy.
Philip Sampson.
R. F. Webster.
Fred J. Mathison.
E. F. Lee.

NON-RESIDENT.

John L. Hill.
John F. Reynolds.
George F. Arthur.

SCOOP SHOW "PATRONS."

Almost the last social activity entered into by Mrs. Harold W. McCormick before sailing for Europe with her husband and children was to permit the use of her name as one of the patronesses for the forthcoming Press Club Scoop on the afternoon and evening of April 26th at the Auditorium theater. Mrs. McCormick sent a delightful little personal letter to the club committee in which she expressed the hope that the club would be successful in its effort to entirely lift its floating indebtedness.

The list of patronesses for the benefit is at present as follows: Mrs. P. D. Armour, Mrs.

MAN TO DO HIS DUTY. GO TO IT. GET BUSY. KEEP BUSY. WE HAVE ABOUT \$11,000 IN ALREADY. WE WANT \$10,000 MORE. GO OUT AFTER YOUR PART OF IT. BRING IT IN.

AND COME TO THAT REHEARSAL IF YOU HAVE TO BE CARRIED IN.

Joseph Winterbotham, Jr., Mrs. E. C. Dudley, Mrs. Geo. A. McKinlock, Mrs. Joseph Fish, Mrs. Harold McCormick, Mrs. Frank R. McMullin, Mrs. Charles Netcher, Mrs. Frank G. Logan.

Patrons: Mr. Arthur W. Barnhart, Mr. Homer Stillwell, Mr. Henry C. Lytton, Mr. John C. Glessner, Mr. James Deering, Frank G. Logan.

YAWN, YAWN, YAWN.

BY CLEM YORE.

In this world of great bliss
Get joy from a kiss

And every day wear quite a smile.

If you take and don't give

I'm sure you won't live

In a manner that's really worth while.

There's joy in a song, the whole night long,

And the gloom hour of course is the dawn.

Of all things we do to make us feel blue

Is to drowse and to droop and to yawn.

Yawn? Yawn? Yawn?

Just at the break of day.

Dawn? Dawn? Dawn?

Folly slips away.

I live at night

In the 'lectric light,

And I never admire the dawn.

I am weepy and sleepy,

Feel sheepy and creepy,

As I yawn—yawn—yawn.

The bubbles that shine

In a glass of old wine

Hold a strange fascination for me,

While dream music whirls

And laughter and curls

Seem to carry me far out to sea.

I try then to spy, in the look of an eye

The midday of love, or its dawn.

Then down comes regret and I seem to forget

All else save this fussy old yawn.

PUTTING ONE OVER ON B. L. T.

On the front of the railway station at Portarlington, in Ireland, a sign sore beaten by much weather says that "when two trains are approaching each other in opposite directions, both will come to a full stop, and neither will proceed until the other has passed." This would be uninteresting if someone had not put a wretched variant of it over Bert Taylor in the Tribune, in spite of derision of his hatred for the valve-handle wheeze.

GO HEAR FRANK PREACH.

Last Sunday evening our Frank Comerford graced the pulpit of the South Park church at South Park avenue and Thirty-third street, and made a profound impression upon an audience that filled the house. He will speak there again tomorrow evening, beginning at 7:45 o'clock, delivering "A Message to Christian Citizenship." Club members will be made very welcome. It will do none of us any harm to find out what the inside of a church is made of; and Frank Comerford is always thoroughly well worth listening to. Kirk Towns will sing.

STARVED ROCK.

By Earl Marble.

[This was probably Earl Marble's last verse. It was written for THE SCOOP, and was inscribed "With apologies to and profound respect for the memory of the friend of my younger days, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow."]

When the red-men roamed the prairies,
Roamed the Illinois prairies,
And the Illinois River
Took its winding way to southward,
While its clear and sparkling waters
Flirted with o'erhanging grasses,
Rank and lissome in their wildness,
Bearing on its swelling bosom
Boats of primitive construction,
Carrying warriors bent on forage,
And anon a youth and maiden
To a Gretna Green escaping,
For the love that warms the heart-strings
Is the same beneath a red-skin
As beneath one fair as snow-drift,
Pottawattomies were cruel,
Pottawattomies were chasing
Illini from out their coverts,
And a mass of rock so mighty,
As it overlooked the waters
Of the river calmly rolling
At its base, seemed so inviting
That the fleeing warriors scrambled
To the summit, where their wily
Foe could see but could not reach them.

Pottawattomies were silent
As the Illini made merry,
And the fancied rock of safety
That the Illini discovered
Was indeed a newer peril,
For their enemy, the wily
Pottawattomies, already
Had them trapped up next to cloud-land,
Where they watched and waited only
Till fierce thirst and wan starvation
Made a funeral pyre as dreadful
As those history has numbered
'Mong the weird and the romantic
Down along the lapse of ages.

Illini! how rich in romance
Is the land of rolling prairie,
Reaching from a lake majestic
To a river grand, historic,
State with thee for alma mater,
By La Salle made more than famous,
By Marquette, whose name is mighty,
By those world-renowned explorers—
Ah! thy history is romance!
Hats off as thy sons salute thee!

MICHIGAN ALUMNI CELEBRATION.

The Chicago Alumni Association of the University of Michigan held its silver anniversary banquet at the La Salle Hotel Tuesday night. There were over four hundred present. The Michigan University Glee Club, which is making a tour of the United States visiting the different universities, and going as far as the Pacific, rendered some of their best college songs on the occasion. President Hutchins said in his address that the Michigan University was a truly cosmopolitan as well as state and national institution, as there were representatives from thirty nations, as well as students from every state in the Union. Judge Cutting, who was given an honorary degree in 1907, was toastmaster. Moving pictures showing the Olympian games, formed part of the program. It was an enthusiastic occasion. Stanley Waterloo, Bartow A. Ulrich, and several other members of the Press Club, are Michigan Alumni.

A NOTABLE.

When Clem steps forward with the Dope
His mien is dignified,
His words are few, right to the point,
And none of it is pried.

WATTERSON'S CLEAN HAUL.

Marse Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, like many other newspaper men in Kentucky, frequently needs spending money, according to Ben Kendall. When this need becomes pressing Marse Henry goes to the cashier's cage and takes what he needs from the cash drawer. The cashier, of course, has nothing to say. Marse Henry's visits always cause the cashier and his assistants much worry to make the books balance as they never know how much to credit him with.

One day the cashier summoned up enough nerve to request Marse Henry to state the amount of money he took on a piece of paper, and leave it in the cash drawer on his next visit. The cashier explained his reason for this unusual request and Marse Henry said:

"Very well, very well, I'll remember that next time, young man."

One morning several days later when the cashier opened the cash drawer he found a scrap of paper containing three hastily scrawled words. They were:

"Took it all."

"H. W."

Found—An artistic dummy for book, "The Colonel and the Cat." Can be secured from the cashier on the fourth floor, Press Club.

Keep the money in the family; eat at the Press Club Restaurant.

Eat at the Press Club Restaurant Friday evening before the Scoop rehearsal.

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor

B. BEECHER OSBORNE, Business Manager

WAY FOR YOUNG BLOOD.

Nothing could be more gratifying than the interest the younger members are taking in club affairs, especially in forwarding the annual SCOOP show. The future of the club is in the hands of these boys. Its present prosperity is largely a matter of their activity. It lies with them to shape or reshape policies in such a way as to keep the club up to its highest usefulness and best efficiency as an organization of newspaper men and a living force in this community, a real influence in the thought and growth of the middle west. Incidentally, but happily, they have the power to make the club house so attractive a home that none of the other youngsters on any of the many publications in Chicago can afford to stay out of it.

We want more active members, especially young men, but they don't have to be dragged in. As things are now, they should want membership. We are all for the kiddos. Let David come to the throne.

DOCTOR GILMAN'S GIFT.

Dr. James F. Gilman is doing a handsome thing in a more liberal way than anyone had looked for. He is making the club a present of a full set of the International Cyclopædia with the latest addenda, including those now in preparation and not to be issued until some time in May. This is an important addition to the library. The best way to show Doctor Gilman that his gift is appreciated would be to make it the starting point of a complete renovation, the nucleus of a reference collection that would be extremely useful to working newspaper men. The library needs recataloguing anyway, and a general overhauling. The library committee has a right to expect the support of the club in attending to this. And the club has a right to expect the committee to go to it.

DO YOUR ROARING ON THE FOURTH FLOOR.

It would be a precious thing if the library were kept sacred to quiet, as a library should be. It is the only room in the house where reading or writing is possible, and members who wish to read or write should be respected in that privilege. It is unhappy to be shaken out of

your book by someone booming a gratuitous statement such as, "I can't conceive of such a thing as mind creating matter," and a reverberating discussion of that singularly unimportant inability—or something like it. This is liberty, not license hall. There is the fourth floor, where zoological vocalization is always tolerated and sometimes admired.

DICKSON GETS "30."

M. E. Dickson, in point of time one of the oldest members of the club, died suddenly at the residence of his son, 1737 Barry avenue, at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning. He died in the harness.

He was born in Amsterdam, Holland, March 26, 1848, and was brought to America by his parents when he was a few months old.

When the civil war broke out he enlisted as a musician and served the full four years. After that he worked for a time on the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*. From the *Dispatch* he came to Chicago in the early seventies, and for several years held a job on the city staff of the *Tribune*. Later he was with the *Chronicle* and then on the *Examiner*.

He saw Chicago grow from a town of 300,000 people to one of the world's greatest cities, and a large part of his value in newspaper work was his intimate knowledge of that growth and of the geography of the place. There is little doubt that he knew every stub-end, alley, patch and corner lot in the whole place, and for a large part of his life he knew practically every one who lived here. He was on intimate personal terms with every public official and every politician of any consequence, from away back before the days of Mayor Heath, and he was a particular favorite of the senior Mayor Harrison. His friendship with the father passed along to the son, our present mayor.

The thread of his life was intimately interwoven with the web of this city's history, not conspicuously, but in a place of great usefulness and sincere service. If he had one characteristic distinguishing him above another, it was his intense loyalty to the sheet that employed him. He was industrious, unobtrusive, efficient and equable.

Few of those who knew him in his daily walks were aware of the grievous tragedies that weighed upon his later days. Death deprived him of wife and children, but he bore the bereavement in most courageous silence, and followed out his work with unaffected interest and industry.

He was a member of the Chicago Press Club almost from its foundation in 1879, and one of his last appearances downtown was in the Club rooms on Monday. When he died Chicago lost a very useful citizen.

THE NATURAL BORN FOOL-KILLER

By JEROME W. POWER.

PART II.

(Synopsis of Part I.—By a series of mysterious accidents the Press Club of Chicago loses six members, who are found in every instance with broken neck and a small contusion on the point of the jaw. Frank Comerford, assisted by the author, attempts to solve the case. He gets valuable information from Edward Davison, who is in the hospital owing to a blow on the head, received from behind. Reasoning from a number of clues, he comes to the conclusion that a fool-killer is working among the members of the club, and announces at the close that he has a plan which will result in the author's meeting him face to face the next evening in the club library.)

On the following evening Comerford and I reached the club at about the same time.

"You can discard the false whiskers, rubber-soled shoes and magazine revolvers," he said, noting the bulky package under my arm. "I have been reading up on the rules of the game and find that modern detectives scorn all disguise and material show of force. They dominate the criminal with simple, dynamic, mental goo, and then haul him into the cooler, much as you would a muskelonge over the side of the boat, after he has made his run. But let us lose no more time. Come into the library, for I expect The Fool-Killer to arrive any minute now. Read this clipping, taken from one of the morning papers:

FOOLS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION TO FORM.

More than 500 local fools will meet tonight at 9 o'clock at the Press Club of Chicago, 26 North Dearborn street, for the purpose of forming a protective association. The policy of this organization will not be aggressive. That is to say, the fools will not make war against The Fool-Killer, but by warning one another concerning his movements, will endeavor to make themselves generally scarce in his immediate vicinity.

"This notice," continued Frank, "appeared in all the morning papers, and is, of course, a part of my plan. To be sure, no real fools will come, for what fool will admit that he is a fool? Far from taking such a course they run around the earth, today poking a meddling finger into some wise man's pie here, and tomorrow another wise man's pie there, all on the pretense that they themselves are wise men trying to keep the crust of the other wise men's pies from burning."

Rambling on thus, the great detective applied a match to his buzzard and took a seat near the fireplace, far enough removed so that the light could not reveal the finer expressions which passed across his countenance. I did not notice this clever move, however, until he called my attention to the duecdness of the action. The remainder of the library was in semi-darkness. I sat sprawled in a chair opposite. He glanced at the clock nervously.

"He ought to be here any minute," he declared.

"He is here now," rumbled a heavy voice from behind my chair.

We never learned how the Fool-Killer got into the room without our being aware of his approach, but he was there all right—tall, broad-shouldered, handsome in his evening clothes. The cast of his features was stern, while his general attitude was intensely judicial.

Frank and I arose—first our hair and then the rest of us.

The Fool-Killer took the offered chair, crossed his legs and placed his chin in one hand.

"I came," he said, "because I understood that a convention of fools was to be held here this evening."

His voice seemed to come from his very boots.

"I deceived you," declared Comerford, "and now, without more delay, I accuse you of being a fool-killer, and of doing away with six of our poor friends. Let us cut all this preamble and get down to the facts in the case—or cases, rather. Explain yourself and what you have done."

The Fool-Killer was silent for a moment. We felt,

rather than saw, that he was smiling behind his hand. Then he spoke:

"With a royal good will I shall give you the facts in the cases. Know, gentlemen, that I am first of all, a natural born fool-killer. I say that I am a natural born fool-killer because my sole function on this earth is to go around laying for fools, and eliminating them from the social body. Why? Because the Creator has for once been compelled to use an artificial means to check a species which is overrunning the globe. Let me become a little biological. You know that Nature has taken care to place certain checks on all species. For instance, the female fish may lay thousands of eggs in a single season, but only a fraction of one per cent of all these will ever become mature fish, because of the many agencies which militate against their survival. Otherwise the waters would be overrun with fish. In the case of tigers, for instance, the female may give birth to only four or five young in a season, but these have a pretty good chance to survive, because few agencies of the wilderness are strong enough to overcome them. The fewer the forces which can destroy, you see, the less prolific the species. Now for the application. When the Creator moulder man in his own image, he had a little pardonable pride in his work, as you may guess. For that reason he failed to foresee that in time the fools would multiply to such an extent that they would overrun the earth. The natural checks of accident, taxes and ultimate death were not sufficient to keep the species within bounds. The fools have in all ages escaped accidents with remarkable luck, they laugh at taxes, for a good reason, and while weak in mind, many of them have been lusty of body and have in numerous cases lived to a ripe old age, meddling with the work of wise men, and annoying the world in general for many years. The Creator, then, in order to protect the rest of his scheme, has been compelled to place upon the earth an artificial check to the species—a natural born fool-killer—as it were. That's me."

"Prove to us that you are a natural-born fool-killer," demanded Frank.

Without a word the Fool-Killer arose, took off his coat, vest, shirt and undershirt. There in the ruddy light of the fire, we noticed with a thrill that while he was extremely muscular all over, his right arm possessed an unusual development, being nearly twice as large as his left. When he moved this member we could see the strands of muscle leap and crawl under the white skin, a la Rex Beach.

"I see you have noticed," he said, "that this right arm of mine possesses an unusual development. That's the secret, gentlemen. That's what I get 'em with. My custom has been first to locate the fool—I can tell one as soon as I clap eyes on him—lead him away on some pretense or other, near an open cellar-way or stairway, perhaps, and then settle him. You see, I try to make it look like an accident, in order to escape embarrassing investigations by the police.

"What do you mean by 'settle him'?" I asked in consternation. "Why not say 'kill him'?"

"Why, I just haul back and crack the foot on the point of the jaw in such a manner as to break his neck, slick as a whistle, like you would the stem of a clay pipe. The fool does not suffer—mere streak of fire across the eyes and then darkness—you know the sensation if you've ever boxed or played football. I don't know that I make myself clear. If I had a fool here I could show you. Like this!"

He brought the fist attached to his right arm against the palm of his left hand with a terrific smack.

Comerford and I jumped a foot from our chairs and looked at each other with sheepish little grins.

"That's what I call settling a fool," continued the Fool-Killer, "for a fool, don't you know, is like the little spring you find at the foot of the hill—always bub-

bling and filled with coming and going grains of sand, only in the case of the fool the grains of sand may be taken to represent thoughts. The thoughts of a fool are never in the same place twice. The prairies of his mind are the romping ground for one constant succession of intellectual typhoons. Believe me, when I crack a fool on the point of the jaw, he passes out of circulation. The fool does not suffer, but he is settled, all right, once and for all. With one move of my good right arm he is eliminated and the social body freed from an annoyance."

"Now in regard to the particular cases of your fellow members whom I have been obliged to settle," he continued.

"In the case of Lowder I hesitated a little, for he was such a nice chap, although one of the most insidious fools I have ever known. I was about to pass him, owing to the fact that he was so busy working on a newspaper that he had little time to harm society with his foolishness, when I got word from Hinsdale that this same arch-fool had once headed a band of fools who amused themselves by catching bankers returning from the city in the evening and nipping just one mutton-chop whisker—never more than one. The wide-spread reign of consternation caused by this organized foolishness resulted in the abandonment of mutton-chop whiskers in that community, and accounts for the fact that you cannot find a single pair of mutton-chop whiskers in Hinsdale today. I was sorry, but this additional data balanced the scales against Lowder and I had to settle him.

"In the case of Goble, however, I did not hesitate. I nailed him as he stepped from a ball-room in a hotel, tore open the gate of the elevator and threw him down the shaft. I feel sorry for his folks.

"In the case of Cass I had little sympathy, but took real pleasure in being able to settle such a young fool, and yet one with a notorious record for foolishness of all kinds. I caught him sitting in a window on the tenth floor of the Monadnock Building, mooning at a hard-working stenographer across the street. I doubt if he ever knew what struck.

"In the case of Merrell I was uncertain for some time, but in the end I had to settle him. He was a latter-day Napoleon in committing foolishness, just as dangerous on Elba as in Paris. I followed him into the Ghetto one night, where he had gone to take an invoice of rat-traps. He looked over his shoulder at me just as I swung on him. I'll never forget the expression on his face. Ha! Ha!

"In the case of Yarwood I could find no excuse for mercy, so I had to settle him. I nailed him in a buggy as he was driving along a country road and beat the buggy up with a fence rail, which passed very well with the police for a run-away.

"In the case of Knev I was obliged to use unusual methods. He was a fool ripe for the plucking, but suspicious, and clever, too. I followed him to the plant of the Link-Belt Co., where he bet a companion that he could climb the smoke-stack on the main building. He started up one side, while unknown to him I started up the other, reaching the top at the same time. La, la, what a funny expression came over his face as he caught sight of me over the top of the stack. I connected with the point of his jaw, however, before he had time to figure out the situation, and down he tumbled.

"In the case of Davieson I feel that I may have blundered. The fact was that he did not impress me as a fool on first sight, but by chance one evening he happened to board a street car on which I was riding. Presently a beautiful young woman got on—all in blue, with a little red feather in her hat, and a considerable show of dainty lace. She singled out Davieson as the fortunate man who was to receive her attentions, but he merely gave her a wooden look, and then proceeded

to opticate straight before his nose, twirling first one moustachio and then the other. His behavior reminded me of a certain kind of fish, which you have no doubt noticed when angling over the side of a boat on a bright day in shallow, clear water, which will approach the bait within an eighth of an inch, and remain in that position for hours, without attempting so much as a nibble. In one way, you see, he was a fool; in another he wasn't. Before I had time to decide what to do, he started to leave the car. I compromised on the spot, and as he left the platform, reached out and let my right hand fall on his dome, with force enough to put him in the hospital for six months, where he will be bossed by little gray nurses, and may possibly learn something of the charm of a woman. I semi-settled him, so to speak."

The Fool-Killer ceased. I leaned across to Frank. "Arrest him," I whispered. "He has said enough to convict ten men."

The Fool-Killer must have overheard me, for he put the tips of his fingers together, narrowed his eyes, pursed his lips and became *intensely judicial*.

"Do you know, sir," he said, addressing me, "that you have just made a very foolish remark?"

"I hope, sir," I stammered, "that is to say—I mean I would not do or say anything foolish in your presence, and—"

I subsided into a snivel. Frank moved uneasily in his chair.

The Fool-Killer looked at his watch, smiled, and announced that he was going out to the cooler to get a drink of water (nothing).

"I'll be back," he said, "in one minute."

In exactly one minute by the clock, a "boy" entered with two glasses of beer on a tray (10 cents, which divided by two, is 5 cents, and I'm glad you know at last).

"We didn't order anything to drink," blustered Comerford. "Take that wicked beverage away! Why, don't you know, Power, *that's the stuff that gets fools!*"

"True," I said, as the "boy" departed in confusion, "but where is the Fool-Killer? He said he would be back in a minute."

We waited long and then searched the building, but we could not find him. No doubt he will nail us some day, as he will nail you, dear reader.

"But we'll never blame the booze."

Hey! You! Pay your dues for second quarter right away. The club needs the money. Don't forget this!

R. W. Faulkner

D. L. Ettelson

Faulkner & Ettelson

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY

29 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET

Phone Central 5665

WHAT THE PRESS WOMEN ARE DOING

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Explanation first—To WOMEN ONLY! The Scoop has changed its editorial policy once more. Now it has a steady editor who feels that women are of certain dynamic importance in the field of intellectual endeavor. Hence this call.

You are asked to contribute—you women of the Press Club. Every week this space will be at your disposal. Cleverness is the touchstone. Single epigrams have come down with the ages. That first limerick about the "Young Lady From Niger" is a classic. Thought is the thing. Dress it how you will, in multiple-syllabled frills or in short-sentence homespun. For myself, I have much fondness for homespun.

On Wednesday there was a woman guest of the Club who would have been cordially greeted by old members had they known who she was. Miss Anna B. Hinman, whose father, Maj. John B. Hinman, was once a club president, came up for lunch. She has done some rather clever feature writing for various publications and is at present employed by the state in the department of factory inspection.

Hereafter the first Tuesday of each month will be set aside for the ladies' card party, as planned by Mrs. Lederer. The chief pleasure of the events will lie in the unique quality of the prizes to be played for. Various authors have promised autographed books, and these will be awarded in groups of threes each afternoon. Already Opie Reed (his new book not yet issued), Harry Green, Col. Visscher and the inimitable J. U. H. have contributed to the cause. One condition holds. Any woman who plays must first breakfast in the dining room which has been set aside for our use. If you have not yet essayed the test of the gastronomic erudition possessed by the most recent chef, it is not too late to begin. The fifteen or twenty women who breakfasted on Tuesday found it all they desired. An especial invitation is extended to members of the Illinois Woman's Press Club to lunch or dine at the Club whenever they can. Monday of each week has been rather a gathering day for them, and will probably continue to be so.

Two very charming singers added to the enjoyment of the card party last Tuesday. The Conservatory of Chicago has so often, through the courtesy of its director, Mr. Walter Perkins,

have sung out of the depths of your soul, send it in.

Or maybe it is a bit of rhymed and rhythmized fun that some happening called forth.

Perhaps you are able to express a common sense idea upon some civic or social wrong. You may see clearly the unsound economic basis of much of our humanitarianism. Don't keep that idea smouldering in your mind. *Send it in.* If you do not want your name used with it, say so.

The thing we *do not* want is cheap personality exploitation. Localisms we must have to a certain extent, because they are the expression of the close and kindly affiliation that should exist in any club.

Send in your copy.

Jean Comerford

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

furnished club events with musical talent that it seems an appropriate place for a word of thanks, as well as for a bit of professional appreciation.

Mrs. R. L. Cairncross, accompanied by Mrs. Perkins, rendered with exquisite tonal shading the Birthday Song, by Woodman, and the Ritournelle, by Chaminade. She is a young woman of much personal beauty as well as skill in vocalization. Her voice is of even quality and her singing entirely free from the tiresome facial mannerisms which mar the work of so many singers. Indeed the ease with which she produces clear tones with a "smiling mouth" is a joy to the listener.

Mrs. Josephine Merry was the other singer. Her voice is a contralto with mezzo range and is also one of more than ordinary significance in the world of music. Her singing of Landon Ronald's Prelude to the Cycle of Life was particularly well done. Her other contribution was Lane's Song of the Flowers. The two voices were heard in a duet by Hilbach, Now Thou Art Mine.

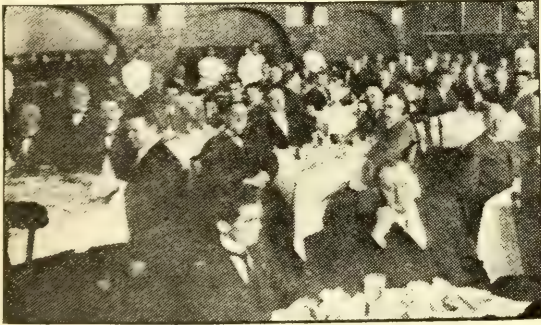
ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB.

It will be a fine birthday party next Saturday at the Old People's Home. None of us can afford to miss it. Our very oldest and well loved member, Mrs. Louisa Heath, will be 84 years old on that day. Those of us who have gone out to her little flat on Monroe avenue near Sixtieth street know what a gallant life she lives. One by one the members of her family have entered into the silence, until of them all remains but this brave little woman. Yet none of us has heard her make complaint, and she is still

filled with kindly wit and an ardent appreciation of life. Always it has been our custom to celebrate with her on the occasion of her birthday. This year it will be at the Old People's Home, so that others may have an added measure of happiness. First Vice President Hattie Summerfield is general in charge. She needs sandwiches, cakes, money. Above all, she desires a big attendance at the party, which will be in the afternoon. Mrs. Gebhardt, Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Raab are the other members of the committee.

The funeral of Capt. James H. Delany was held yesterday at the little Catholic church of St. Mary's of the Lake. Words of sympathy seem stilted in this case. Delany Holden is the captain's daughter, and it has been only two months since her mother passed on. For more than a year Captain Delany has been bedridden from paralysis. During the civil war he led the First California Volunteers. A delegation from the I. W. C. C. attended the funeral.

We go to press too early for comment upon the monthly program meeting, which was held Thursday evening in the P. C. parlor. Jay Cairns and Estelline Bennett of the *Record-Herald* furnished the newspaper end of the program. Miss Bennett is not one of US. For all that, she is one of the keenest witted newspaper women in Chicago. She talked upon "The Woman Upon the Local Staff."



If the Woman Who Loves You

Invited you to take dinner
with her,
And you let her understand
that you would be there at
a certain time,
And then you forgot to come
at all,
You would be a beast,
wouldn't you?

The Press Club Restaurant was established for your convenience and expects your support. Eat at

The Press Club Restaurant

SCOOP NOTES.

Messrs. Eagle and Malloch have made a careful study of the Auditorium stage, to plan for the effects of the Scoop production. It was found necessary to have some special scenery painted, and work has been begun on a big drop, which will show a cyclorama of the city of Washington. There will be shown the White House, capital and Pennsylvania Avenue. The cyclorama will form the background for the third part, showing the Wilson inaugural "as it really happened." When we get the stage filled with our principals, diplomatic corps, college students and military, the third part will loom up as big as Washington did on March 4.

Dr. G. Cook-Adams, of the Autograph Committee, has started the ball rolling on a collection of autographs of celebrities, which will be auctioned off before the performance April 26. He has appealed to literary acquaintances abroad. No one of importance in this country will be overlooked, and bidders at the Scoop auction will have a chance to select from what will probably be the widest range of autographs ever offered at one time. The favorites of the Chicago Grand Opera Company will be solicited while en tour.

Edward Maher has been elected president of the Lawyers Association of Illinois. This is a decided honor, as the body of which Mr. Maher has been chosen the head is one of the most prominent legal organizations in the middle west.

George L. Louis has been sitting up nights working up the musical features of the Scoop. Several new songs are being composed, and the warblers and near-warblers of the Press Club will have a fine opportunity of showing the sort of harmony we have on tap.

A number of catchy parodies on popular songs are included in the afterpiece. The Taft exit has been attuned to a popular song that will wake up the classic echoes of the Auditorium.

Bell



System

"Up to your ears in work?"

If you are not you ought to be—it's easy!

You furnish the grey matter and we will furnish the equipment to KEEP the work "up to your ears"!

Chicago Telephone Company
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THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II, No. 15.

Chicago, Saturday, April 12, 1913.

Price 5c.

CLEAR THE SHIP FOR ACTION

The moment is drawing near when the bombshell will be fired that will startle the natives of Chicago. Namely, the Second Annual Press Club Scoop, at the Auditorium, April 26. Just think of it! Then just think of it again! Only two weeks from Saturday. Thousands of people will flock to the Auditorium, brass bands will be braying, soldiers will be marching, and everything will be hustle, bustle, excitement and enthusiasm. And above all the biggest amusement event of the year will be pulled off with tremendous success by the Press Club of Chicago.

The Press Club of Chicago doesn't mean five or ten or a hundred men, but YOU and every other member of this splendid organization, and I am happy to state that there are no factions, no petty personal feelings, but a unanimous spirit of concord, and every member is doing and will do his utmost to prove himself a true Press Club man and put the Scoop over.

Outside assistance has been generously offered by the different commanding officers of the Illinois National Guard, consisting of infantry, cavalry, naval reserves, etc. Musical conservatories will send singers for our chorus, the Chicago Federation of Musicians will donate a large orchestra, the entire Eighth Infantry Band will participate, and other features too numerous to mention will be present.

All advertising matter will be posted beginning Monday, April 14, scenery is being painted by a real scenic artist, props and costumes are all being provided and arranged for, and last but not least, the first general rehearsal is called for Sunday, April 13, at 2 o'clock

sharp in the Press Club banquet hall, where, under the able stage direction of Mr. Oscar Eagle, every member present—and we expect every member present—will find his work laid out for him, and will learn that his presence is vitally important to the success of the Press Club Scoop.

The performance this year will be divided into three parts. First, "A Press Club Stag," by Clement Yore. The very title of this demands the presence of a large representation of Press Club members. (Of course, we'll be there.)

The second part, under the direction of Mr. Geo. S. Wood, consists of an all-star olio and eight Chicago cartoonists. Enough said.

The third part is the inauguration "as it really happened, not as reported in the press," by Douglas Malloch, which absolutely requires the presence of from 300 to 400 men on the stage.

Preceding this the audience will witness a stupendous military review, the like of which has probably never been presented on the Auditorium or any other stage. Just imagine. Platoons of mounted police, companies of infantry, troops of cavalry, a division of naval reserves and military bands, etc.

In conclusion I can only say that every member will have occasion to feel proud of the fact that he contributed his part to the success of the Second Annual Press Club Scoop. The Production Directors expect you and will be glad to greet you next Sunday, April 13, at 2 o'clock sharp.

R. BERLINER, Managing Director.

Every One of You Come to the Rehearsal Sunday Afternoon or Forever After Hold Your Peace

WHAT THE PRESS WOMEN ARE DOING

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

This for wives, sisters, sweethearts, more distantly related women, and just friends of Press Club Members.

The day of the great "Scoop" approaches. It will be two weeks from today, to be exact. Of course we are all going. That goes without quibble. But we ought to do more. We should use all our powers of sweet persuasion to induce others to travel Auditorium-ward for at least one of the performances. Most of us can dispose of a couple of tickets without much effort, because it is going to be a really clever show. Besides, there is that mystery which always hedges in the doings of the Club—a mystery possessed by none other. Real newspaper men are so much the moulders of public opinion that people generally are interested and curious concerning the Scoop.

When they know about it, that is; all the quaint and brilliant and lovable happenings that are going to be shown on the big stage; when they know that Opie Read and Colonel Visscher are going to play themselves and from the enchanted distances of dreamland call home Eugene Field and Bill Nye, Mark Twain and Ben King.

Oh, it will be a brave and loving play, that, when "Little Boy Blue" finds once more his loved creator, and the little toy dog and the little tin soldier are again alive.

So with the others, Twain and The Jumping Frog, Nye and his Parson Jenkins—and all this only the first part!

If anyone on earth knew what really happened at the Inauguration, it was the newspaper MAN. The club will tell it funnily and brilliantly and logically. We know that.

But let us each make of herself a publicity committee of one. Let's tell our friends about it all, so they will want to go.

The way people on the outside are helping is great. Just to prove it, I am printing the list of box holders and patrons up to date.

And everyone has sent notes filled with good wishes.

Now, the committee ask the co-operation of the women who are especially interested in the club, because some one dear to them is a member. You will receive notes from the committee this week asking for your help. Please respond promptly.

Jean Comerford

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

ILLINOIS WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB.

Do not forget the birthday party in honor of "Aunt" Louisa Heath at the Old People's Home on Saturday afternoon.

Florence Kiper is receiving congratulations. For several years she has been writing verse for which the magazines have paid good money. Then she took successfully to short stories. Now she has won a hundred dollar prize as well as a medal, for a three-act play. It is a problem "dramatic offering, called Their Marriage." The Play Club of the Hebrew Institute awarded the prize. She declares competition was not close, but as a matter of fact it was. There were many manuscripts submitted—

And a hundred dollars is a fine addition to one's pin money.

Caroline Huling is an Alden, descendant of John, who would not "speak for himself." One evening lately she gathered the clan together in Fullerton hall, and there was a wonderful program of talks and songs.

Estelle Ryan Snyder has written a book, upon her European trip of last summer. The advance sheets show it to be a cheerily done volume, that should find a ready sale among those people who have never even seen the interior of an ocean liner. Teachers should find it a useful auxiliary text book.

Some of us are glad that the very clever Elaine, who is daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hyman, did not secede from the Little Theater Company. Possibly the secessionists do not quite comprehend that the average attitude of amateurs is one of querulousness and quibbling, which invariably has for its object the stage director. Miss Hyman has done some good work with the Little Theater and we are glad to realize that she possesses the professional viewpoint.

The other Hyman daughter, Dorothy, has also accomplished something, but in another line. She will be one of the dais chair bearers at the Vassar May day celebration. This means that she is one of the fifty prettiest girls in the college as well as a thoroughly good student. I believe she is the only Chicago girl in the procession.

SCOOP SHOW "PATRONS."

The additional list of patrons of the Annual Press Club benefit known as "The Scoop," which is to be given at the Auditorium on the afternoon and evening of April 26th, is as follows:

Patronesses: Mrs. Honore Palmer, Mrs. Medill McCormick, Mrs. Russell Tyson, Mrs. William H. Scriven, Mrs. William O. Goodman, Mrs. Marvin B. Pool, Mrs. C. S. Deneen, Mrs. E. H. Peters.

Patrons: Mr. Victor Lawson, Mr. Clayton Mark, Mr. Medill McCormick, Mr. Marvin B. Pool, Mr. B. A. Eckhart, Mr. Walter Wilson.

The present list of box holders is as follows: Messrs. John Barton Payne, James Deering, Honore Palmer, Edward F. Carry, H. H. Kohlsaat, Herman Paepcke, Sidney Ossoski, H. A. Mudge, J. J. Herrick, John Dill Robertson, Frank K. Bull, Harry Pratt Judson, J. C. Craft, F. O. Wetmore, John Borden, A. A. Sprague, R. P. Lamont, John S. Miller, Howard Elting, Chauncey Keep, Edward S. Moore, W. H. Lyford, W. W. Gurley, P. C. Dyrenforth, Wm. S. Forrest, James Hamilton Lewis, R. C. Keller, Abert Mohr, A. C. Honore, Sigmund Zeisler, Arthur Bissell, James McNally, A. B. Dick, Chas. W. Folds, A. J. Sabbath, Ira M. Cobe, John McKinnon, A. A. McCormick, Rufus C. Dawes, Edw. C. Waller, Chas. Herrendeen.

The following women newspaper writers are named by the Illinois Women's Press Club as a committee to represent that organization:

Mrs. Frank Comerford, Chairman; Miss Mary Elinor O'Donnell, Tribune; Mrs. Mary O'Connor Newell, Record-Herald; Miss Ethel Maud Colson, Record-Herald; Miss Katherine Synon, Record-Herald; Miss Maud I. G. Oliver, Record-Herald; Miss Helen Bennett, Record-Herald; Mrs. E. Ravenbyrne, Examiner; Miss Delany Holden, American; Miss Mary Synon, Journal; Miss Mabel Seymour, Journal; Miss Lena McCauley, Post; Miss Emma P. Scott, Post; Mrs. Addie Farrar, Andre, News; Miss Gertrude Willet, Inter-Ocean.

Sub-Committee-at-Large for the Press Club—Miss Paulding, Inter-Ocean; Miss Estelline Bennett, Record-Herald; Miss Susie Sexton, Record-Herald; Miss Lois Willoughby, Inter-Ocean.

THE REGENERATION OF HILSON.

By EDMOND LOUIS DEFESTRY.

[This story is run for two reasons: First, it is a good everyday newspaper story; second, it shows how easily a smart reporter may go wrong far enough to junk a ripping big thing for the sake of the small one he is sent out to bring over.]

Conditions on the Air Line Transcontinental Railroad had fast reached a stage of acute crisis. The mutterings of discontent that had been heard for months among the trainmen of the system had crystallized finally into a full-grown strike.

And at the best the Air Line was practically a new creation, and embodied in its make-up all the features of new construction. The leveling hand of time had not yet served to smooth the rough edges from its pathway of existence.

The grievance committee of the trainmen had been in daily session for several weeks in vain endeavors to reach an agreement with the officials of the road, and finally had appealed to the national chairman of their federation, who had arrived on the scene to conduct the negotiations personally. His firmness of attitude had only served to add fuel to the smoldering fire. With the management of the road he was quickly persona non grata.

Tired of long delays, the trainmen had finally broken away from their leaders, and determined to force the issue. The freight traffic of the road was paralyzed, and the few passenger trains the management had the courage to send out of its terminals traveled with indifferent success and an utter disregard of schedules.

Hilson, president of the Air Line Transcontinental, was a great man. Bulldog tenacity had finally landed him in the list of railroad magnates. His admirers, friends and stockholders had all been educated into belief of his greatness. Hilson's life dream had been to build a new inland empire over whose destinies he might exercise his powerful control. What mattered it if his beginning had been humble? Had he not finally succeeded? He finally glorified his own belief that destiny had selected him for his great mission, and this belief grew with the years as he added mile to mile of road, and hustled out new settlers to create traffic for his system. And with the advent of large capital into his enterprises Hilson developed a new trait of character.

"Men of destiny are perforce men of mystery," he reasoned. And forthwith he assumed a silence and reserve that clung to him like the label to a bottle. Every employe in the great office building, from the private secretary down to the humblest messenger boy, spoke of the great man only as "the president." No king or potentate was ever harder to approach.

Under the strain of mystery, and the indefatigable, almost restless energy of its head, the two streaks of rust that had been pushed out into the wilderness had actually become a railroad system of high consequence.

On this particular day the grievance committee was assembled in the large anteroom of President Hilson's office. But the silent one, as he had been called of late, saw fit to be represented by his private secretary, Worth, who was reading to the men, from typewritten pages, the ultimatum of the management. It was a flat refusal to discuss the alleged grievances or to arbitrate further, and likewise an imperative order that each employe should forthwith apply individually for his former position within forty-eight hours, or lose his place forever. Mr. Hilson would not break his rule by personally appearing before the committee, nor have anything he might desire to say reported in the newspapers.

The grievance committee bowed itself out after having warned the management that they could now no

longer be held responsible for consequences. That night the only train moving on the system found itself in the ditch, and several important bridges were blown up with dynamite. Every wheel on the Air Line Transcontinental was standing still. The crisis of the situation had arrived, mob spirit ruled, destruction seemed everywhere.

Some troops had been sent out by the federal government to assist in keeping order while repairs were being attempted; but the small force did little good. The public made little effort to risk life or property on such a road.

But the great Hilson remained wrapped in his own cold reserve, and steadfastly refused to see anyone.

The Daily Globe through all the controversy had endeavored to handle the situation cautiously and in a spirit of fair play to both sides. Unfortunately all the news matter representing the side of the railroad company had to be secured from the lesser officials of the system, who gave it out but sparingly, while the committee of the strikers took full advantage of the opportunity to present their grievances fully and to their best advantage. The Globe fairly teemed good stuff. In the meantime, the public was assuming a restless attitude. It was apparent to all fair minded men that these intolerable conditions should cease.

The editorial heads of the Globe were in conference.

"Something must be done at once to bring these factions together, and the Globe must do it," said the managing editor.

"Hilson must be made to talk, must be made to come into personal contact with his men," said the city editor; but his face betrayed the misgivings that clouded his mind.

"Hilson won't allow himself to be interviewed," said the managing editor. "He fairly hates newspaper men."

"Who wrote the Federation story this morning?" asked the chief.

"Chester, a new man we got a week ago."

"Good story. He seems to have gained the confidence of these men completely. Turn Hilson over to him. He'll get a story if anyone can."

The chief meant it.

"I am sorry for Chester. He's a good man, and he's getting the news. If he falls down on Hilson he'll quit."

The city editor needed good men badly. The staff was already too small for ordinary work.

"Send him in," said the chief, and ended the conference.

Chester came and accepted as a matter of course his chief's approval of good work done.

"Anybody ought to get that story I had today," was all he replied. "It's easy enough."

"Well, here's something you can't call easy, but it must come through. Do you understand, Chester? It must come through. Hilson must be made to state his position, and he must be forced to meet his men and settle this strike."

Chester did some rapid thinking. Finally he said:

"Will you give me a free hand and stand behind me? If you do, we will settle this strike in short order."

"The Globe will stand behind you, Chester. Go ahead."

Hilson's magnificent mansion stood at the edge of a high hill overlooking the city. Spacious grounds surrounded it, and a high iron fence enclosed all. Its massive outward appearance gave little evidence of the rich elegance within.

"I'll build you a palace some day," Hilson had said to the woman he had married in his humbler days, and in this, as in all else, he had made good.

Chester made his way to the door, and rang the bell.

(Concluded on page 130.)

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERICK NUTT, Business Manager.

MONTHLY MEETING NEXT SUNDAY.

It is particularly requested that every active member of the club be present at the business meeting Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Matters of unusual importance will be up for discussion, and a memorial meeting will follow immediately upon adjournment.

WM. FREDERICK NUTT,
Recording Secretary.

BOOST! BOOST!! BOOST!!!
THIS IS YOUR SCOOP SHOW.

By the time this paper reaches the homes of 1,300 members of the Press Club of Chicago, a book of ten exchange tickets will be placed in their hands, to be sold. The Club depends upon each individual member to do his share in disposing of his allotment. Now is the time to boost. A loyal endeavor will reduce the floating indebtedness to a memory.

WHAT'S A HELL BOX FOR?

The last excuse for nursing a silent grouch disappeared this week with the installation of a hell box in the grill room. Anybody can break into these columns with any reasonable kick, comeback or commendation. Preferably kick or comeback. If we are to go on making things better as we have been doing, better progress will follow a frank or even fiery declaration of desires or discontents. Patting ourselves on the back and telling each other how good we are will never get us anywhere on the road to improvement. If we are going to make this home of ours happier for everybody in it, each should blow his wants or wishes. That is what the hell box is for. Stuff it.

MENTAL HOSPITALITY.

The wide open mental hospitality of the Press Club has been beautifully exemplified by the impartial interest of its attitude toward the Cubist pictures. About twenty of the fellows came into the grill room Tuesday even-

ing, straight from the Institute, and said blunt things to each other. The main conclusion was that these people are a froth in the first surge of a new tide in art, whose recession will leave a new high mark, just as the æsthetic movement did in the early eighties. The detail opinions leading to that conclusion were various: As that the Cubists are painting in the fifth or fifteenth dimension; that they are brushing aside externals in an effort to get at the emotion expressed by any form of art; that they stand upon an implied declaration that as soon as anything becomes intelligible, it ceases to be art; and that this applies to drama as well as painting. Could anybody say fairer than that? What?

GET TOGETHER FOR REFORM.

If Vice President Cairns would confer carefully with Jay Cairns, Esq., it is possible some action might ensue that would effectively reconcile the use of the library as a temple of tumult with its use as a Flop. In the tumultuous function it is overdone to the point of licentious abuse. As a flop, the facilities are insufficient to the point of poverty. In the first, a restriction of one-finger exercises and tooth-pulling on the piano, and the adjournment of fortissimo conferences to the grill, would help. The second requires an invoice of blankets, further upholstering of the long red divan, or individual upholstering of surplus patrons. The whole subject is pressing and screams for relief. It goes without saying that the misuse of the library as a reading room has been fitfully tolerated far too long, and shrieks for abolition under penalties involving pneumatic riveters through all eternity.

THE NEW LOUNGE AND GRILL.

Since the new partition was thrown across the main room on the fourth floor, the grill and lounging rooms have been the most comfortable the club has ever had. This sort of arrangement contributes more to the free interplay of good feeling and good fellowship than might have been expected from a change so simple. The boys who come over from work after the last forms have gone down find it convenient for groups of anywhere between two and two dozen, and the after midnight service from the kitchen is so good and so inexpensive that nobody need run the risks of an all-night joint outside—and nobody does after he finds out about it. There's a larger gathering from night to night.

TWO O'CLOCK.

SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL, IN CANADA MONTHLY.

The night's pulse is at ebb, yet down the street
A nighthawk creeps, a slow policeman paces
And disappears in blackness. On his heels
A girl flaunts by, trailing defiant laces.
And while beneath its roof a million heads
Lie, wearied out, the city breathes and steams
Like some old hag, outworn in wickedness,
Whose heavy sleep is rent by twitching dreams.

A WAFTURE FROM ELD.

Mark Hayne sprung a delightful surprise on the club Thursday evening of last week, when he brought into the main dining room a little troop of boys and girls who danced a folk dance of the days when England was really merry, and good old Elizabeth was queen. It was a touch of the simple spirit of those wonderful days when the old order had not been displaced by the power of adventure that waked new life around the world. These youths and maidens might have trooped down the aisle out of that century, for they gave us again the joyous spirit of twilight on the village green, buoyant and lissome in the waning day, dear and delightful, carefree and unstudied, moved by a breath "from youth's eternal morning, stirring among the roses, where of old Love shook the dewdrops from his glancing hair."

Mr. Frank Parker followed with a charming pastorella, solus. He danced bare-limbed in the costume of a shepherd of the sixteenth century, with a lightness and grace that brought back in fancy the wooded glades of Arden.

The Autograph Committee, providing autographed photographs to be disposed of to boost the Scoop revenues, is making progress, and returns are commencing to come in. Doctor Cooke-Adams has written a number of literary men abroad, and their offerings ought to be in hand next week. Letters went also to the important members of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, now playing in the West, and a few replies are already here. President Wilson promptly sent a beautiful autographed portrait, and so have Vice President Marshall, Madam Johanna Gadski and Madam Schumann-Heinck. Max Hirsch, of the business department of the opera company, sent an autographed booklet, "Railroading, by One Who Knows," humorously playing up the joys of traveling with grand opera stars.

The Dresden exhibit of the Chicago School of Applied and Normal Art was on view at the Press Club Thursday evening, April 3.

The impression made by these pictures and designs is that they are far above the class of the work from even the best art schools heretofore. The club is indebted to Miss Church, head of the school, for a chance to see this interesting collection.

YANKEE BOYS GOING ABROAD.

The Press Club will give a luncheon on Monday, April 14th, at 12 o'clock in honor of Major S. S. Piexotto and thirty-eight Young American lads, members of the Columbia Park Club of San Francisco.

The party is passing through Chicago upon a round the world tour for educational purposes.

These boys have been selected for their general all round attainments. Each lad to qualify had to be a musician, scholar and athlete, and their ages range from eleven to nineteen years.

They have their own band. They will sail for England within two weeks and from there to Europe and Australia, returning via the Pacific route to San Francisco. The boys will arrive over the Santa Fe R. R. at Polk St. Depot, Monday morning, and march to the Press Club escorted by a squad of American Boy Scouts. They will be the guests of the Association of Commerce at luncheon next Wednesday and are to give an entertainment at the Orchestra hall Tuesday evening. They leave for Washington Wednesday evening.

TO A CUBIST PORTRAIT.

BY J. M. H.

Wise guy, so twisted, gnarled and bent,
With bulging brow and eyes intent;
Thou living, breathing thing of paint,
Sinner perhaps, or seer, or saint,
Teach me the riddle of the great
And awful mystery of this state.
Whence come we? Whither do we go?
And when? Tell everything you know
Of sea and land, of heaven and earth,
Of love and lust, of death and birth.
Dig deep, old top, within thy brow;
Tell who I am and who art thou.
If I am living, thou art dead;
If thou art sane, my wits have fled.
I'll pay thee well, old chap, to glean
A few reflections from your bean.
I own a bank, I do, by heck;
A sand bank and—I pay by check.
So hurry up, O Cubist riddle,
And take your ends from out your middle.

Through an error not easily accounted for, Dr. John E. Gilman's name was distorted into James F. in last week's issue. This is the last publication on earth to call any man out of his name. The error is especially regrettable in the case of so loyal and generous a member of the club.

Restaurant service has been established for Sundays, beginning at noon and running through the night. Prices are low and the chow is first class. You may have it in the main dining room or in the grill, as you prefer.

THE DERELICT.

BY CLEM YORK.

Not hers the gleam of suns ahead,
 Of newer hopes, of fairer days;
 Her trust lies in the loss of dread,
 The loss of shame in virtue's stead,
 The loss of all her worldling ways
 When she is free among the dead.

A wife, but for the idle glance,
 Mayhap, that led her to the snare;
 But for the world's weird necromance
 That turned her where the Shadows dance
 And left her with the Shadows there,
 The captive of an evil chance.

A derelict on a darkened sea,
 She staggers to her final rest;
 While we who watch her misery
 Cry out "Thanks to the Powers that free
 Her soul in death! All's for the best!"
 And yet we hold her soul in fee.

Not hers the sin, but ours, that we
 Who know too well the primal cause,
 Dare not uproot the Gods that be,
 The gods we fain would never see,
 The gods whose power is in the laws—
 The gods we pray to constantly!

PRESS CLUB EATS.

A special dinner party was given in the ladies' dining room by Penny Ross of the Tribune as a surprise to Mrs. Ross on the sixth anniversary of their marriage. The eight at table came early and staid late.

The principals of the fifth school district had luncheon in the ladies' parlors Saturday, April 5th. Thirty were present. Harry C. Cox presided.

The Scrooby Club will have a regular luncheon in the Press Club house the first Monday in each month.

The Chicago Philosophical Round Table is to meet in the Press Club house once a month hereafter, beginning April 19th. Luncheon will be served from the club restaurant.

DePaul University annual banquet for about 150 will be had in the main dining room Friday, April 18th.

Last week, for the first time in many months, the restaurant better than broke even. The new management has made good. In a short time we will have the same big crowds at noon and evening we used to have in Madison street, but the range of choice is wider now than it was then, and the prices are no higher.

HOW NOT TO WRITE.

"Dad" spreads these points of avoidance in the Dallas Press Club Bull Dog. They should go in every city room, to every man who writes news stories. It is a pity something of the same sort cannot be done for headline writers, but their sad fortunes are beyond all hope. Sporting writers are a separate race. No sporting writer confining himself to plain English or the rules of grammar could hold his job a day.

Here is "Dad's" exposition of everyday bad breaks:

"Painfully" hurt.
 "Shot through the heart" with a Winchester, and died instantly.
 "Badly" shot.
 "Painfully" slashed with a razor.
 Killed "dead."
 "Dead" man lived two hours.
 None "were" injured—for "was" injured.
 "Painfully" lacerated.
 "Before" his death he made a statement.
 Bloodhounds "lost" the trail.
 Widow "lady."
 "Rapidly" nearing completion.
 "Completely" destroyed.
 "Thermometer" fell—for "mercury" or "temperature."
 Frost "fell"—for "formed."
 "Quietly" married.
 He leaves a "wife"—preferably "widow."
 "More perfect."
 Yesterday afternoon (or evening) at 7 "p. m."—for 7 o'clock.
 This morning at 10 "a. m."—for 10 o'clock.
 The committee "are," or party "are"—for committee "is," or party "is."
 The water pipes "burst"—for "burst."
 House "burned down," or "up."
 He "had" his leg broken; or "Bill Jones was riding to town, his horse slipped, falling upon his right leg, breaking it above the knee." Man or horse?
 "Last" sad rites.
 The "accident happened."
 "About" 15 or 20 years of age.
 "Present" incumbent.
 The bill was "finally passed"—for "passed finally."
 "Ex-Confederate" soldiers—for "Confederate ex-soldiers."
 Deputy Sheriffs, Notary Publics, Attorney Generals—for Deputies Sheriff, Notaries Public, Attorneys General.
 "Miss" So and So was popular among the younger set—when speaking of the bride, who is the "Mrs." So and So.
 Mr. and Mrs. Skiddoo have gone to Skeedeeville, where they will "live"—for "reside."
 "Don't" and "doesn't" used incorrectly—as "if the Commission 'don't' act promptly," for "doesn't."

R. W. Faulkner

D. L. Ettelson

Faulkner & Ettelson

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY

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THE REGENERATION OF HILSON.

(Continued from page 127.)

To the maid who answered his ring he modestly stated that he desired to see Mrs. Hilson on an urgent matter of business. That granted, he briefly stated his mission.

"But Mr. Hilson absolutely refuses to be interviewed. It has been his rule and practice all his life."

It was exactly the answer Chester had expected, and he was quite prepared to meet it.

"Mrs. Hilson, there are two sides to this thing. The one that concerns me is my bread and butter. I must get an interview with Mr. Hilson. I can't afford to lose my position, so if I can't get one straight, I'll have to manufacture it. That would cause the absolute loss of public confidence for Mr. Hilson. He can't afford it. I am satisfied that a few judicious words from you will arrange the matter. Won't you try?"

Mrs. Hilson did try, and shortly Chester stood in the presence of the great and silent man.

"So you finally sneaked in, against my desire to be left alone? Has a man no rights even in his own home? Of all the incorporated impudence and nerve, commend me to a newspaper reporter," thundered the railroad magnate.

Chester never flinched. Everything was working out according to his program. While Hilson paced the floor stroking his beard, Chester calmly took a chair and said bluntly:

"Mr. Hilson, my superior officers demand an interview from you, secured by me, and I have to obey. You ask obedience to your orders from your own men, so don't blame me if I am here by stratagem."

The remark struck home. Hilson stopped his agitated walk. He took a seat at his reading table, and growled: "What do you want me to say?"

Chester looked him squarely in the eye, and replied with marked deliberation, weighing each word with care—

"Mr. Hilson, your unreasonable reserve keeps up the present trouble. You are on a false pedestal. Your men want to talk to you and have your personal interest assured. The newspapers want to talk to you, and through you to the public, and you refuse for no good reason. Public men and public utilities owe a duty to the public. You have permitted anarchy to stalk through the land, and trade to be entirely paralyzed. Your personal affairs are your concern. But as a public man your public acts concern everybody. Newspapers merely reflect public sentiment. Your refusal to talk won't change that sentiment."

"But the Government must protect my railroad," said Hilson. "Anarchy will be put down."

"Perhaps, but it will be a big struggle, and get more bitter from day to day."

"The men are unreasonable. We must have the right to handle our business and control our employes in our own way."

"Isn't that a narrow view to take of big affairs?"

"Since you delight in becoming personal, I have nothing further to say. These are matters that concern no one but myself."

"Wrong again, Mr. Hilson. The public has some rights which even you must respect. The Globe will print an interview with you in the morning. If you do not give it, I will have to write, in my own poor way, my experiences in the presence of a great railroad man. And if I am forced to resort to this method and print your narrow views—well, I would not wish to answer for the results."

"You would dare do this?"

"Certainly. It's the nature of the business. Further, I will read you a story that will be printed on

the same page with my alleged interview. You will like it, for you have a great mind for statistics."

And Chester read page after page of the most fearful arraignment ever laid at the doors of a modern railroad. Reciting the number of killed and maimed persons caused by the daily wrecking of trains of all classes, even in times of peace on the system, the heaps of junk piled along the tracks through ruined rolling stock, the collapse of rotten bridges, the breaking of rails, and all the ills of a railway, but in profusion, and all caused by a parsimonious management which squeezed out dividends at the cost of maintenance, which overworked its men and underpaid them. The article wound up by showing that a number of divisions would require an entire rehabilitation to be of any value. The figures had been compiled from indisputable sources. The publication of the story meant the driving of Air Line securities to the bottom of the price list, and an end of Hilson's great financial policy.

Hilson listened, aghast. The sweat stood in beads upon his forehead.

"You would publish this?" he gasped. "It means ruin to us."

"Exactly, Mr. Hilson. That is what would happen. But it won't happen, for this night I intend to regenerate Hilson. Now you simply agree to meet with your men tomorrow, give me your views of the questions personally, and everything can be arranged."

Hilson had no choice. Tersely he stated his views, and finished by saying—

"You may announce that the president of the Air Line will meet the committee in the morning."

"And settle the strike?"

"Yes, and settle the strike."

"Good-night."

"By the way, Chester, I think I'll buy the Globe, and then—"

"And then, Mr. Hilson, I'll find other missions elsewhere."

Charlie, the new boy in the barber shop, is instructor for the 1913 dancing club, and has been with the Press Club for the last four weeks. He is the admitted champion of the states of Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee in both plain and fancy dancing, and can show New York a few things. He is willing to back his saltatory specialty against all comers and with no limit, can go to sleep standing up, and shines for sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of the price of a shave.

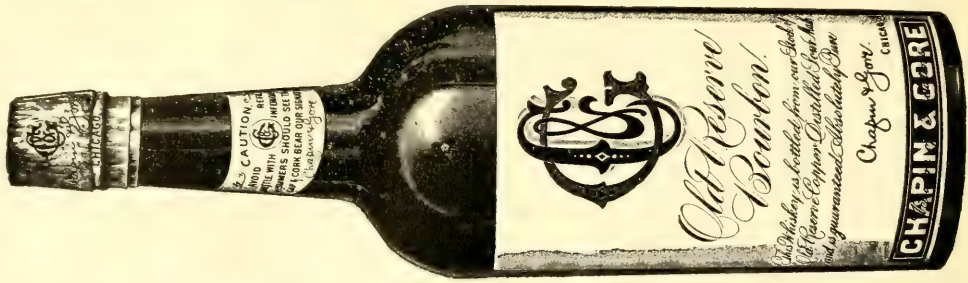
Don't be content with shunning wrong; great men are never great because they keep from breaking all the laws. It's what they do that makes them strong. You can't stand still; go forward, hew a blaze across the trees of life; for, whether yours be peace or strife, only your deeds ennoble you. Do something! Only cowards will say "It's quite enough to do no wrong." Stand up and fight—rewards belong to him whose deeds decide the fray!

CARLO MILLER

Would you have men play square with you, play fair with you, and bear with you in all the little weaknesses so easy to condemn? Then simply try to do the same—hold up your head and play the game, and when the others are to blame be sure to bear with them! Would you have men, when new to you, be true to you and do to you the things that faith and brother-love and nothing else impel? Then give them faith and brother-love and place sincerity above all other things, and it will prove that you have builded well!

—A. B. CONE.

What'll it be? **C. & G.** for me.



CHAPIN & GORE That is all you need to know about whiskey.

"OZZY" RETIRES.

Many pleasant memories follow the administration of B. Beecher Osburne, the retiring financial secretary. Mr. Osburne gave freely of his time and thought to the welfare of the club, and the results show themselves in many improved conditions. Personally, "Ozzy" was the most popular financial secretary the club has had.

Please take notice that the restaurant has begun to serve a better breakfast for forty cents than any public place will give you for twice the money.



If the Woman Who Loves You

Invited you to take dinner
with her,
And you let her understand
that you would be there at
a certain time,
And then you forgot to come
at all,
You would be a beast,
wouldn't you?

The Press Club Restaurant was established for your convenience and expects your support. Eat at

The Press Club Restaurant

A ROOM FOR THE RHUMMIES.

The most sensible suggestion yet made in respect of the new room that was the old office on the fourth floor is that it be turned over to the rum players. It has less ventilation than any other room in the house, and in the summer it will be hotter than the south gable of the place where some of us will have to go to live when we die; but no devoted rum player will care for that, and all rum players are devoted. They won't mind. Any other lot would.

FAITH.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE COOKE.

God, give me the courage to be what I am. If I differ tomorrow from what I am today, I shall have glory of the inconsistency if it daily reveals my true self. I would not put up the shutters of Hypocrisy nor draw the screen of Deceit. Let the World look into my soul. I shall be the better for it.

Bell



System

"Up to your ears in work?"

If you are not you ought to be—it's easy!

You furnish the grey matter and we will furnish the equipment to KEEP the work "up to your ears"!

Chicago Telephone Company
Bell Telephone Building Official 100

THE SCOOP

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Price 5c.

YOO-HOO! O SKIN-NAY! C'MON OVER!

Last Sunday's Scoop rehearsal showed the best attendance yet. But it was not enough. It will take the enthusiasm and presence of hundreds of Press Club members to put the show over as it must go. It calls for masses of men.

We want a crowd of three hundred men in the reviewing stand of the inauguration scene alone. Just men to fill the scene and do the whooping in their own accustomed way. They must be Press Club men.

Material for the parade will be provided by the police department and the Illinois National Guard. There will be a large turnout of cavalry and infantry. The navy will be represented by men of the reserve.

Services for many of the principal character parts have been volunteered by professional actors.

Surely it is not too much to ask the Press Club membership to put forth the little effort required to dress the stage, and furnish the enthusiasm which should greet the inauguration of a President of the United States.

Place for many Press Club members will be provided in the first part, which Clem Yore calls "A Night at a Press Club Stag." Every man who has attended a stag knows what is expected of him in that part. All of you are used to it. You have only to be natural, sing when required, and enjoy the specialties provided by George S. Wood, with the footlights for a background.

The Scoop committee does not ask any member to make any special effort to dress for the stage. In the stag scene, and also in the inau-



guration scene, everyday clothes will suffice. In fact they are necessary to make the picture natural. Such cases as require special costumes are taken care of by the costumer and stage director.

Some of the steady attendants at Scoop rehearsals come because they like to help in the making of a great big show. They like to watch its evolution, the modification of lines and entrances under the skilled direction of Mr. Frances. It's mighty interesting.

Some of them come because they feel the obligation that rests on all the Club members to help, to take whatever part may fit them, to give the producer the inspiration of their enthusiasm. They are loyal to the Press Club. They are the truly good ones. They shall earn their reward, in the satisfaction

that follows a good thing well done. BE A GOOD ONE.

Some have staid away because they did not appreciate how much the Club needs the backing of every member in this matter. They feel the spirit of "Let George do it." The trouble is that there have not been enough Georges. Come along and be a George.

This is the last issue of the Scoop previous to the show at the Auditorium—our last appeal to the membership to come in and push. The next big rehearsal will be held on Monday, April 21, at 7:30 p. m. YOU COME. YOU—YOURSELF. Sound the Yoo-hoo! Bring the other fellows. O, Skin-nay! C'mon over!"

WHAT THE PRESS WOMEN ARE DOING

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

It's a Grand Old World.

The ducks were flying northward all the week. Over the lake they swung, set in flickering Vs against Spring's own sky.

With my big black dog I walked through a street where trees have not yet given place to apartments. On every branch the buds were bursting into leaf. Before every building the grass shone delicately green.

The surge of our great unsalted sea came pulsing upon the ear with majestic rhythm. A million white-caps feathered the grey turbulency that unceasingly retreated into the blue horizon. A flock of geese flew low and fearlessly in the wake of the ducks, their necks outstretched and their wings flapping with patient steadiness. "Honk! Honk!" they cried—"Spring time, nesting time—Honk! Honk!" and melted into the north sky.

Who cares for the noise of the roller skates?

Who wouldn't walk charily around that valiantly waged game of marbles? "Knuckle down," you who look into the sky, and fill your lungs full of glad lake breeze! AWAY WITH YOUR GROUCHES!

Suppose you are still wearing your winter hat.

Seriously now, isn't that a small, small thing to grieve over?

(Get into that game of Hop Scotch. Try it. I dare you! You won't? You're too much afraid you'll be young again! Queer, how we put on our platitude-embroidered robes of convention, and shut out youth!)

ILLINOIS WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB.

It was a gay birthday party out at the Old People's Home last Saturday afternoon. "Aunt" Louisa Heath was eighty-four, but you would never have known it. Besides, there were one hundred and fifty ladies who live at the home. Of course in years, they must meet the requirements of admission; but if you could have heard the soft chuckles and the jolly laughs, or have seen the nimbleness with which everyone scrambled when the birthday supper was announced, you would have asked, forsooth:

"What is age?"

Oh! it was a *fine party*.

First Vice President Hattie Summerfield grew worried, because "Aunt Louisa" did not arrive in the rain. Everyone else was there. At last two valiant ones volunteered to go and bring her. Just as they were going out of the door, some one said:

"Here she is!" and out of the elevator stepped Aunt Louisa, alert and smiling. All the anxious time she had been visiting up stairs, having disdained escort.

Then there was a fine mustering of forces. Hattie Summerfield marshaled her clan, and with Aunt Louisa marched at the procession's head into the chapel. Some of us choked—we couldn't help it—when our honest little vice president faced the crowd, with Aunt Louisa on her right, and told how proud we are of her, and then gave her our own gift—eighty-four dollars, one for each of her years, ten of them in a pretty bag, and five dollars to be paid each month as long as the rest lasts. That will be in time for another birthday party, and we will have another good time.

There was a brief program. Two girls, pretty and little, showed us how the English minuet differs from the French. We all wished people could dance that way now.

Florence Kiper recited some child verses in her own unapproachable manner. Master Harry Budinger played

Still that grouch! Hubby didn't take you to the theater. He went with a crowd of fellows.

Why didn't you go with a crowd of girls?

("Girls," mind you! Not women. Never mind if you weigh three hundred and your hair is of wintry whiteness.)

You are a girl. Laugh in the springtime, laugh, laugh!

There comes a time when a grouch should be a state prison offense.

If you are still so unwise and so perverse, you foolish creature, as to find your woes all-engrossing, go west or northwest, where the people dwell like bees in a hive, or like animals in their burrows.

Go there, where wan-faced babies lie panting in dark rooms, where no current of God's air ever sweeps through.

Put on your winter hat and your very shabbiest clothes. You will feel less the contrast between their pitiful rags and your own comfortable estate. Watch the unending procession of fourteen-year old little ones who left school this Easter, and went to work.

(Fourteen is pretty young. What were you and I at fourteen? Suppose—just suppose—it were your little girl or your courageous lad!)

Roller skates, hop scotch, marbles, kites and ball-smashed windows! Let's pluck out our selfish spring grouches and hitch them to a big and gaudy balloon labeled "Vanity."

Whiff! They're away!—Up in the sky, where the atmosphere is light, they'll all blow up.

And we laugh, even though our laughs have their birth in our tears.

Jean Comerford

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

upon his bells with great precision and expression; and then we had a reception in the beautiful sun parlor on the first floor. The hostesses were Miss Summerfield and Mesdames Henson, Kiper, Laura S. Raab, Page Waller Eaton, Florence Gebhardt, Voorhees, Ammon Fogg, Thos. F. Hickey (who is vice president for the Fourth District Federation), John Thompson, vice president First District; Goldbeck, Manson, D. Harry Hammer, Charles Clark, Mills, and Robert Blue.

Mrs. Louis Betts was a luncheon guest at the club during the week. She looked at a portrait done years ago by her husband.

"He used to paint light," she said, "but it's a real likeness." He is a great artist now, Louis Betts. Maybe a hundred, two hundred years from now they will dig those Betts' portraits out from the dust of a shadowed corner and of one say, "Luther Laflin Mills. He was a State's Attorney. Whatever was a State's Attorney? We have no such office now. He is the Friend of the People. Those were very uncivilized times."

Mrs. Willard P. McEwen was a delegate from the Chicago Political Equality League to the Half Holiday Association meeting of last Saturday. The effort this year is to prevail upon the stores which during previous years have withstood onslaughts, to close their doors at one o'clock on Saturdays during the hot months. They are those correctly styled department stores, and the object of the meeting was to bring about an endless chain of letters, asking that the good be done. The definite fruits of the afternoon were a hundred thousand missives, assigned for mailing. Most of the Federated Clubs were represented.

Mrs. McEwen declares that her husband is a stauncher Political Equality Leaguer than she is.

Business meeting this afternoon. Be sure and come. Candidates, candidates.

"BOOTS" CLARKSON.

When Eugene Field and his loved Little Boy Blue drift into sight on the big Auditorium stage, there will appear the youngest member of the Scoop cast.

David B. Clarkson, Jr., is his name. "Boots" is what his father calls him. It is a fine tribute to manhood, that name, and this is the way it came about:

He was a wee and restless boy baby, and he must have been lonely for the sweet mother who went away with his coming. In the night his father held him and sang lullabies—man lullabies—and always they were of "boots."

Brave little red boots, stubby toed boots and high topped boots.

Or maybe it was the soul stirring notes of "Boots and saddles"; the call of patriotism, the ardor of sacrifice, that crept in sometimes.

Anyway, he is "Boots." A stout little lad of four, who last winter went all the way to Texas with his father and never once whimpered. Here's hoping he doesn't desert Eugene Field and run into the arms of his beloved Colonel Visscher! Most of the stage direction which concerns his part, is toward that end.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY OF THE PRESS CLUB SCOOP COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Charles Lederer, chairman; Mrs. Jean Comerford, Mrs. George Wood, Mrs. R. C. Fisher, Mrs. E. J. Baker, Mrs. William Johnson, Mrs. W. R. Humphreys, Mrs. E. H. Fox, Mrs. Frank Roderus, Mrs. J. U. Higinbotham, Mrs. Page Waller Eaton, Mrs. Edgar A. Hall, Mrs. A. Milo Bennett, Mrs. John A. Brown, Mrs. H. B. Bogg, Mrs. Douglas Malloch, Mrs. Leroy T. Goble, Mrs. J. F. Presnell, Mrs. Mason Warner, Mrs. Walter Washburne, Mrs. Walton Perkins, Mrs. Elton Lower, Mrs. W. C. Van Gilder, Mrs. John Stahl.

The autograph committee has received several more contributions from various celebrities. Recent additions to the collection come from Theodore Roosevelt; Edmond Warnery of the Chicago Grand Opera Company; William Howard Taft; Dr. Hugh Black, of Union Theological Seminary; Norman Hapgood; Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University; James R. Garfield, Gifford Pinchot, Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, Dr. Lyman Abbott, and Rev. Yutaka Minokuchi. Most of these autographs come with handsome photographs. A few are attached to interesting letters. The collection when complete, next week, will be sold for the benefit of the club treasury. They will be on view about Thursday next.

**OLD TIMES COME AGAIN.**

By ROY O. RANDALL.

Has the renaissance of the Press club ever been chronicled? In the beginning it indubitably was a press club, meaning a club of newspaper and magazine writers. Then came its medieval period when, as Joe Henderson once phrased it, "the bars were let down and the plumbers and cabmen of the town broke in." In this case, of course, Joe alluded to bars of the figurative kind. It is recalled that in the old, sad, glad, Madison street days a solemn hush (vertical file 123) would occasionally fall upon the mussy rondavoo and the dramatic editor of the Gas Fitters' Herald would inquire the cause. "A newspaper man has just been arrested and dragged into the club. They are now gently but firmly shoving him toward the big black bottle." But somehow he always escaped and a regular n. p. guy eventually became as rare as the Aztec dingbat. Then, almost in a day, came the reversion to type, the revival of the old form. First singly, then in pairs, in schools—new schools and old schools—the real writers returned. Today, from whist room on the third to bachelor chambers on the eighth, you will find them. From cub to cubist critic, from police to political profundities, from the obit. hind to star interviewer, all are among those present. They are draped over billiard tables, passing in review in front of Jeff & Saunders' emporium, slumbering in the library, touching amiable friends, inhaling bouillon in the refectory. The renaw-sahnce is on. The beaker's brimming. Prosit!

BOYS ALL OVER THE PLACE.

There was a healthy and happy irruption of hearty boys all over the club house Monday—as fine a lot of upstanding, clear-eyed young fellows as ever was seen. They were forty members of the Columbus Park Boys' Club of San Francisco, on their way around the world, and sharply alive to new sights and fresh impressions. Maj. Sidney S. Pixotto had them in charge and marched them straight from the Northwestern station to the club, band playing and colors flapping, with a big SCOOP show banner carried in the middle. President Charles N. Wheeler gave them welcome at a luncheon in the big dining room, and Dr. Cooke Adams followed with another and told the objects of their organization. They were accompanied by Judge Willis Brown of Utah, chairman of the National Youth Achievement Committee, Perry G. Holden of Chicago, the secretary, and the Reverend Doctor Grey.

Their club is a unit of the American Achievement Boys, an association with working branches throughout the country. They stacked their instruments in a room on the third floor and were guests of the Press Club during their stay, writing their letters here, holding their sessions with their officers, and generally making themselves completely at home, to the delight of everyone.

The descendants of Priscilla and John Alden sat down to a special dinner in the private dining room Thursday evening. Miss Caroline Huling, president of the Alden Kindred Mid-West Chapter, presided. About forty were present.

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

WHOOPE THE SCOOP!

Everything that rhymes with "Scoop,"
Inside or out the boomin' Loop,
Will help to boost it with a Whoop,
And lend a hand to cheer the Troupe—
Or else he'd better fly the Coop
Who can't whoop up the Press Club "Scoop."
W. L. V.

THAT TICKET ALLOTMENT.

Any member who does not sell out his book of ten exchange tickets to the Scoop performance may return those unsold. But the whole must be sold to entitle him to the extra complimentary ticket.

These tickets are not charged against house account, but are in an account by themselves, in which credit will be allowed for those remaining unsold.

COME OVER, PLEASE.

When the Scoop show was announced, two or three of the deplorable creatures who dominate the red-light district of the south side, unasked by any member of the club, sent checks of considerable size, obviously in the belief that they could buy some measure of protection for their dirty business. The checks were instantly returned, without comment.

But several members, moved undoubtedly by an indignation that would have been justified had the checks been kept, have been saying extremely harsh things on the assumption that they were. Some have gone so far as to antagonize the whole show on this erroneous ground, and many have refused to have anything to do with the sale of seats. There is time yet for a change of front in that behalf. To make it would be graceful.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION?

At the monthly meeting last Sunday a constitutional amendment was proposed by which the club would be put upon a footing of ready

cash payments, abolishing the present check system. The amendment will be up for action at the May meeting.

If the proposition does no more than stir up a buzzing in the hive it will have served a good purpose. It is variously viewed, and one result already shown is a question whether instead of amending the constitution it might not be wiped out altogether and replaced by a good set of working bylaws. This is no place for discussing that question. It has arisen among the younger members, and they may spring it themselves if they want to. Attached to its appearance is the stimulating fact that these members are taking more and more a lively and earnest interest in the club and its fortunes.

OF OUR THREE DEAD BROTHERS.

Last Sunday's memorial meeting brought out a finer and warmer expression of feeling than has been shown at any other since the one that was called in the old Clark street rooms the day after 'Gene Field passed away. That was an occasion not to be forgotten. Sunday's meeting was not so large, but it marked the loss of three good members, all in one month; and the proceedings were unusually interesting, unusually significant of the real life and spirit that moves under the surface of things with us. The addresses by John McGovern, Frank Comerford and Douglas Malloch were simple, yet eloquent because they gave voice to a most genuine sentiment. They touched with gentleness and humble hope upon the question of life beyond the grave. Understanding, moved by love, made them brotherly, kindly and sincere.

THE SCOOP SHOW POSTERS.

The Scoop is getting lots of publicity on the bill boards of Chicago, through courtesy of friends of the Club. The Mahin Advertising Company has secured for us the bulletin boards on all of the elevated stations in Chicago. The American Posting Service has given us about five hundred four-sheet stands throughout the city.

Briggs has designed an attractive poster which has been reproduced in two colors, and used as window cards in many stores. If the stores in your neighborhood have been overlooked, get a few of the cards from the promotion office on the third floor, and give your tradesmen a chance to show their appreciation of your custom. Most of the business men of the outlying districts are glad to help the show—and also glad to display the poster because "Skinnay" and his pals have friends all over Chicago.

RESURGAM!

EARL MARBLE, MAXWELL E. DICKSON, JOHN F. GEETING.

"Such quiet sleep has come to them.

The springs and summers pass,
Nor do they know if it be snow
Or daisies in the grass.

"All day the birches bend to hear
The river's undertone;
Across the hush a fluting thrush
Sings evensong alone.

"But down their dreams there drifts no sound.
The winds may sob and stir.
On the still breast of peace they rest,
And they are glad of her.

"They ask not any gift; they mind
Not any foot that fares;
Unheeded life passes by,
Such quiet sleep is theirs."

From the Minutes of a Memorial Meeting Held in the Club House Sunday, April 13, 1913.

In making note of the passing of Earl Marble, it is the sense of the Press Club that formal resolutions would be inadequate if not unfit. He was one of our elders, and so much an inward and intimate part of our daily affairs that he is missed as a wonted and dear presence. We cannot take farewell of him in set terms.

Earl came to us from an earlier generation, and brought with him the influence and memories of a time when American literature began to shape itself as a definite force. He was part of the traditions that bear the names of Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Thoreau and Emerson. Our younger members have been privileged by contact with the last of that illustrious group, though it well may be they knew nothing of that until death withdrew the touch. It is less to voice our sense of this very real loss than to preserve some memoranda as permanent as possible, that this memorial asks to be spread upon our official records.

Earl's biography needs no transcription here. It has wrought itself out in the history of a high soul, whose like we may not see again, and whose enfranchisement itself desired, in all readiness. It is not for us to more than touch upon the troubles that clouded so large a part of his earth journey, but rather to recognize the beauty and serenity of his mind, his very gentle nature, and the delicate gift of poesy by which he honestly sought to enrich his day and time; to be thankful that to us it has been given to know one so calm, so

patient, so unconscious of himself, so tender of others, and so quietly strong.

In the great lesson, to know, to will, to do, to suffer, to be silent, he was our master by unthought example. He was as one that suffering all, had suffered nothing, a man that fortune's buffets and rewards had ta'en with equal thanks. A tranquil spirit in a muddy world, radiating purity of thought and life and living, association with whom was cleansing and a blessing. And now "he has pitched his tent under the cypress tree. The tomb is his inexpugnable fortress, ever close by the gates of which he looks upon the hostile armaments and pains and penalties of tyrannous life placidly enough, and listens to its loudest threatenings with a still smile."

If ever man earned the reward of rest, he did. If ever man was mourned, he is. But if ever mourning were tempered with sympathy and understanding, ours is, for him.

It is resolved by the Press club of Chicago, in memorial meeting, that this expression of our affectionate sympathy be extended to the family of our lately lost friend and comrade, Maxwell E. Dickson. They have lost a devoted father, we an almost life-long associate, with whom our relations have been happy, whose memory with us will remain one of undimmed and helpful good fellowship. It is no slight thing, the passing of so good a man, whose record in newspaper work, covering so much more than a quarter of a century, stands unsmirched by so much as a single act that was not honest and sincere. He was loyal to his work, sound in every fibre of his character, an earnest, useful citizen of Chicago, to whose growth between 1872 and 1913 he gave the best of his abundant energies. This club was formed in November, 1879. He joined it early in 1880. With his exit some part of our history passes out. The hope that when one by one the rest of us will follow, each may leave behind him as fine and clean a record, is one we may well and prayerfully entertain.

Resolved, that the Press Club of Chicago shall spread upon its records this minute of the death of our highly esteemed and important member, John F. Geeting, a leader of the bar of this city, lecturer on Criminal Law of Northwestern University, author of several standard law works, and editor of the American Journal of Criminal Law. Judge Geeting's membership in this club conferred a peculiar distinction. His qualification as a working editor in an important field of journalism was high. His personal traits endeared him to us all. His departure deprives us of a beneficial presence, and leaves a sadly vacant place among us.

A CHANGE IN THE DIRECTORATE.

Stanley Twist's resignation from the directorate is a subject of general regret. It was made necessary by increasing pressure of Mr. Twist's business affairs. Rudolph Berliner was elected to the vacancy thus created. Mr. Berliner is an enthusiastic and tireless worker for the advancement of the club, and has given highly valuable aid in the preparatory stages of the Scoop show.

THE NERVOUS WRECK.

(SOMEBODY IN THE LOUISVILLE COURIER JOURNAL.)

He went, unto his great delight,
Into the country for the night.
At 3 a. m. the moon was bright
And then the ducks started.

They woke him from his slumber deep.
His temper it was hard to keep;
At 4 a. m. he fell asleep,
And then the roosters began.

It got his nerves upon the rack—
The roosters' crow, the ducklings' quack.
At 5 a. m. he beat it back
Unto the quiet city.

STANLEY WATERLOO'S NEW BOOK.

Doubleday-Page at New York and N. C. Black at London and Edinburgh will on an identical and early date bring out Stanley Waterloo's complement to The Story of Ab. This new work is not a sequel to or twin with Ab, but of kin in that it treats of the deluge as Ab treated the period of cave life. Stanley is a romancer, in the best and most valuable sense. He is not a scientist, but in dealing with the men and things of neolithic times he searches out underlying facts with thorough patience, so that his product has genuine scientific value.

There really was a deluge in the region covered by the Bible story. It came with a sudden depression of the entire Mediterranean basin, and a tremendous tidal inrush from the Atlantic. The subsidence was almost as rapid as the flood, for the original land levels were restored in one broad upheaval, leaving the land surfaces about as they are now. The story is laid in the scene and the days of that monstrous disturbance.

Stanley's meticulous passion for basic fact covered a Smithsonian archaeologist with gasping confusion what time he was chasing down the relation of stone axes to sabre-toothed tigers. The archaeologist hooted the idea that any such axes were made until long after the sabre-toothed brute had disappeared, and took him down to the museum to prove it. Before they left the museum Stanley had found and shown him a sabre-toothed skull carrying embedded the stone axe that had killed the tiger. Accuracy is one of Stanley's obsessions. "His taste exact for faultless fact amounts to a disease."

ONE ON AND ONE BY BILL NYE.

In the dear dead days over in Clark street, Bill Nye used to chum up with us whenever he hit the town, and then there were plenty of stories and much airy persiflage. It is fitting he should have representation in the Scoop show along with those other beloved Press Club members, Mark Twain and 'Gene Field, and Ben King.

Bill told us one evening of an experience in a little town where a German introduced him to the audience.

"Ladies, unt chentlemen," said this original, "I hef bin asked that I introduce Mr. Edkar Vilson Nye, vich iss going to make a lecture at you. I haf now done so, he vill now do so."

Bill was in LaCrosse once, when the government was improving the river front. He strayed into the enclosure just as a big pile driver let go. It brought him to a sudden seat on a piece of timber, and he sat there for an hour watching it work. Finally the contractor went over to ask him what he found about it that was so interesting, and got this naive information:

"I have been studying your machine a long while, and if it's worth anything to you, I believe I've invented a way to make that damn thing stay up."

OUR LATEST ACQUISITIONS.

The following named new members were elected at the monthly meeting, April 13:

Active.

W. P. Brophy, B. Beecher Osborne Sponsor.
George W. C. Bryant, Record Herald, W. N. Burkhardt Sponsor.
Wm. R. Bullion, Former Member, Wm. Frederic Nutt Sponsor.
Thurber W. Cushing, City News, P. F. Lowder Sponsor.
John G. DeLong, Tribune, W. A. Washburne Sponsor.
J. G. Furthmann, Examiner, Victor Eubank, Sponsor.
G. F. Lee, Tribune, John L. Lawson Sponsor.
Fred J. Matteson, Record Herald, W. H. Haselwood Sponsor.
H. C. Olsen, Tribune, Kellogg M. Patterson Sponsor.
Jack Palmer, Examiner, P. F. Lowder Sponsor.
J. G. Robert, Inter Ocean, John L. Weber Sponsor.
Philip Sampson, Western News, W. D. Eaton Sponsor.
S. F. Schumacher, Inter Ocean, H. Percy Millar Sponsor.
Chas. S. Washburne, Tribune, W. A. Washburne Sponsor.
R. F. Webster, City News, P. F. Lowder Sponsor.
W. Robert Foran, Journalist, Jay Cairns Sponsor.

Non-Resident.

Geo. F. Authier, Mark S. Watson Sponsor.
John L. Hill, Newspaperman, Geo. W. Wiggs Sponsor.
Wm. McCabe, Reporter, Chas. N. Wheeler Sponsor.
John F. Reynolds, South Bend Tribune, Reed L. Parker Sponsor.

R. W. Faulkner

D. L. Ettelson

Faulkner & Ettelson

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY

29 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET

Phone Central 5665

A PHIL SAWYER ETCHING.

On the back wall of the ground floor office of the club hangs a very fine picture, an etching by Phil Sawyer. It may with pride be shown to visitors.

As an etcher Phil Sawyer has done notable work, particularly in the field of reproducing certain phases of picturesque Chicago. Those who know the most modern metropolis only as a great commercial center may deny the existence of any picturesque elements in its life. These have judged superficially, as even a casual inspection of certain examples of Sawyer's work will prove. One of the most striking pictures he has given us is one known, prosaically, as "The 'L' Bridge," a study of deep shadows, mysterious river reflections and somber steel construction, as viewed in the evening, the central feature being the elevated structure crossing the Chicago river at Wells street. Other of his river studies show both the possibilities of the city's unfrequented ways and of the soul of the artist who instantly perceives them. Then he has shown his impressions of the ghetto, the west side markets, street types and various other elements in the life of a big town. Our particular interest as members of the Press Club centers, however, in his most recent creation—the Press Club building seen from a point south in Dearborn street, the picture above referred to. In his reproduction of the writers' club home Sawyer has employed no idealized conception. As well, he has omitted no element of glamour which may be sensed by the esthetic on a typically murky Chicago night. Here is no crude outline, but rather the inner significance of what the building symbolizes is made to show forth unmistakably. Here are incorporated, blended, an exterior of gloomy beauty with an interior cheer, fellowship, companionship of kindred souls. Give that picture of Sawyer's a little study. You will see that it discloses not only the external form of the Press Club home; the essence of the institution shines forth from it.

SOUVENIR DANCE.

Don't overlook the souvenir dance Saturday evening, April 19, beginning at 8:30. This is to be the banner dance of the season, full orchestra and all the necessary equipments to make it a grand success. Every member should make it a point to attend and invite his friends.

DANCE COMMITTEE.

It is a thousand to one shot that the Saturday Evening Post will eventually succeed in getting a picture of a girl on its first page of cover. Perseverance may accomplish wonders in any degree.

B. L. T. says nobody knows what electricity is, whereas Sir Oliver Lodge has limpidly defined it as "the manifestation of an attribute of matter." The Association of Commerce might mark an advance in current knowledge by substituting that dictum for the Latin motto, "Festina lente."

Sam Gerson has seats for two hundred members of the Press Club in the American Music Hall tonight. It is to be a special cabaret show, beginning after the regular performance, and running until morning. Four of our cartoonists will demonstrate a few of the things they can do best, and there will be a programme of other good numbers. The only exertion you have to make is to call at the theater for the tickets.

OUR DECORATIVE EPIGRAMS.

Some weeks ago Colonel Visscher was requested by the directors to collect a set of epigrams for the shield-panels in the frieze of the main dining hall. There are more than forty of these panels, and Colonel Visscher has provided thirty-six epigrams, wisely reserving space for later comers. Here are those selected. They will be submitted to the judgment of the directors before the next monthly meeting:

Paint me a picture, but leave out the paint.—Ben King.
Only for toil there could never be rest.—Nixon Waterman.

Love rules the world. Too often it is love for self.—Earl Marble.

Humor is a dewdrop on an autumn leaf.—Opie Read.
Give us, O God! to know.—Wm. Lightfoot Visscher.
Success and Fame are twins; Ambition their mother.—G. Frank Lydston.

Justice is sexless; Duty, like guilt, is personal.—Edward Everett Young.

Sing on, O Poet! while you may.—Eugene Field.
'Tis noble to labor, but low to slave.—Charles Eugene Banks.

Don't TELL me how good you are; SHOW me.—John U. Higinbotham.

The less a man knows the less he believes.—George F. Butler.

Let us spice the maturity of age with the geniality of youth.—Nathaniel I. Rubinkam.

Prepare yourself for the best, don't expect the worst.—David H. Reeder.

It's a pretty good world.—Stanley Waterloo.
My criticism of my friend is an infinite silence.—Clem Yore.

Music, the passions' most powerful influence, should receive generous encouragement.—Charles Ffrench.

Simplicity is the first element of greatness.—Wm. C. Van Gilder.

Genius; it is the fire beneath some night-fly's wing, making a star out of the risen worm.—John McGovern.

For us the thrush impassioned sings when morning spreads her amber wings.—Ernest McGaffey.

He saw but darkly yet, like one new-come to truth, and by her gleaming purity dazzled.—John Ritchie.

I met a dainty lady in the woods—that is, it seems to me I met her.—Frank Putnam.

The tenant in the House of Being sleeps too much.—Frank Comerford.

I have now climbed the staircase of my days.—Henry Guy Carleton.

Who receives help should remember it; who gives aid should forget.—Allan F. McIntyre.

Give me the right woman, the right dog, the right horse. You keep the rest.—Harry Irving Greene.

Man demonstrates the sovereignty of mind—God.—Barton A. Ulrich.

Don't think you know it all simply because the other fellow knows nothing.—(Author failed to give name.)

Starvation will tame the boldest.—John F. Finerty.

In the bright world everything seems possible.—George Horton.
 Young men are going out in the world; old men coming back.—Percival Pollard.
 The sun was high in the sky when the word came.—H. S. Canfield.
 The greatest religion recorded: friendship between man and man.—J. G. Davis.
 Think less of what the world owes you than of what you owe the world.—Will. Eaton.
 Better an optimist wrong than a pessimist right.—W. M. Knox.
 Criticism should not be a destroyer but an invigorator of ambition.—Sigmund Krausz.
 (Mark Hayne will paint his epigram on the shield allotted him, and illustrate it pictorially.)

SPECIAL COURSE DINNER.

Ladies' Night, April 19th.

April 19th

| | |
|---|---|
| | Radishes |
| Strained Gumbo en Tasse | Lake Trout, Saute Meniere |
| | Creamed Turkey with Green Peppers, on Toast |
| | Choice of |
| Roast Spring Lamb, Chasseur, Green Peas | |
| | or |
| Braised Fresh Beef Tongue, Polonaise | |
| French Fried Potatoes | New String Beans |
| | Peaches and Rice, a la Conde |
| Strawberry Ice Cream | Assorted Cakes |
| Roquefort Cheese | Bent's Crackers |
| | Demi tasse |

TWO MEN OF SOME DISTINCTION.

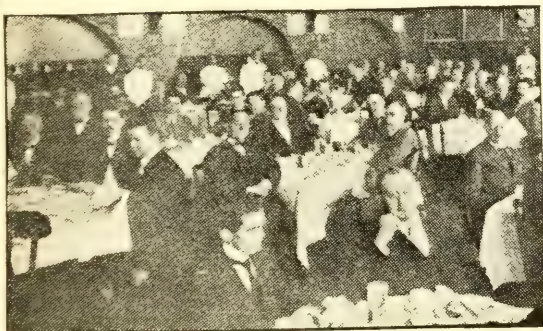
During this week the club has had for its guest the Baron von Teuber, who is now on his way to the upper waters of the Amazon, for the third time. For so young a man Baron von Teuber has covered more wild places and discovered more wild people than could well be believed if his record as a scientific explorer were not so widely known. He carries a moving picture camera on his expeditions and has had the singular good fortune to display before European anthropologists "living" reproductions of savages that never before were seen by a white man. Once he passed some weeks with a theretofore unheard of tribe of cannibals. His films have extraordinary value. Some of them give views of vast rivers in western Brazil that are not on the map, and have no names.

The Press Club has another man much of whose life has been passed among savages, for the most part in Africa. This is Capt. W. Robert Foran, recently of the British Army, now a journalist. Captain Foran was elected an active member of the club at the April meeting, and will be with us for some time to come, but Baron von Teuber will sail from New York May 10, and will be out of touch with civilization eighteen months at least.

GIVE IT UP?

By C. G. TAYLOR.

Life is funny, isn't it?
 Life is very droll.
 Lots of money, isn't it?
 And precious little soul.
 Life is funny.
 Shed your money.
 Pay the toll.
 Love is honey, isn't it?
 Love is very sweet.
 Heaven, sonny isn't it?
 And never time to eat.
 Love is honey—
 Takes you, sonny,
 Off your feet.
 Death is—death is—what is it?
 Just a beauty sleep?
 End of things or not, is it?
 Ah, well! That can keep.
 Life is funny!
 Love is honey!
 Death may reap.



If the Woman Who Loves You

Invited you to take dinner
 with her,
 And you let her understand
 that you would be there at
 a certain time,
 And then you forgot to come
 at all,
 You would be a beast,
 wouldn't you?

The Press Club Restaurant was established for your convenience and expects your support. Eat at

The Press Club Restaurant

Bell



System

"Up to your ears in work?"

If you are not you ought to be—it's easy!

You furnish the grey matter and we will furnish the equipment to KEEP the work "up to your ears"!

Chicago Telephone Company

Bell Telephone Building

Official 100

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II, No. 17.

Chicago, Saturday, April 26, 1913.

Price 5c.

Yoo-Hoo! Scoop the Scoop! Last Call!

This is the day of the Scoop. Strenuous efforts have been made to insure that our benefit be a success over the footlights as well as over the cashier's desk. The management has tried to live closely to the slogan "by and for the Press Club."

The Scoop will play both afternoon and evening. It will be a good show—lots of laugh, lots of lively interest, and a leaven of sentiment; a gleam of the memories that have enriched the Press Club's history.

There are some good seats left. It is not too late to go to the Auditorium and buy tickets for yourself and friends. The Scoop is worth the price of the tickets, and more.

The show will open with a prologue by Opie Read and Col. William Light-foot Visscher, which will impart to the audience some of the reasons for the greatness of Press Club members. Kirk Towns will sing. The prologue will make a picture that will justify every member in boasting to his friends that "I belong." The following characters will be impersonated: Mark Twain, Morris McHugh; Eugene Field, Willis Hall; Little Boy Blue, David B. Clarkson, Jr.; Ben King, Frank Tobin; Bill Nyë, Preston Crewe.

From the prologue, introduced by Frank Comerford, will spring "A Night at a Press Club Stag," by Clement Yore. It will be a familiar sight to the members, with the addition of a long list of specialties produced under the direction of George S. Wood, as follows:

Seeing Chicago: Clement Yore and Travelers.

Axel Christensen, "Czar of Ragtime"—Impersonation of Bert Williams in "He Was Certainly Going Some." Piano monologue.

Sadie Helf, All Chicago Favorite, in "A Garland of Roses."

Mrs. W. A. Evans, Negro Impersonations.



Bob Hall, extemporaneous Singer.

"Masque de la Jeunesse (Original)—Le Printemps, Marion Tracy; L'Amour, Ruth Kilbourn; La Joie, Dorothy Graham; (pupils of Mary Wood Hinman).

The olio speaks for itself. Read the list of numbers and anticipate the great treat in store.

Gilbert Shorter, Impressionist: "The Violinist and Lady of the Roses."

Chicago's Famous Cartoonists.

Vera Berliner, Violinist.

Sayde Pearl, Soprano.

A special orchestra of nearly 100 men will play an overture that will stir the Americanism in everyone, and fit him for the spectacle of Douglas Malloch's "Presidential Inauguration." This part will open with a real military parade, including cavalry, infantry and naval reserves. If it doesn't bring the audience to its feet, the fault won't lie with the

parade. The finish of the parade will be a real military band, the Eighth Regiment's brass whangers, who will lead Julius Frankenburg's creation of The Common People which Oppen likes to depict.

This is the start of the action of the satire. Washington police, office seekers, suffragettes and ambassadors will catch the eye and entertain the ear. Then the Taft entrance. Nothing like it since the dove came to Noah. Edwin Wallock reads the Taft lines, and gives the Shakespearean flavor that the words demand. Then Hadley of Missouri, Palmer Bowman's version of the Bull Mooser. Robert M. La Follette is played by Gilbert Shorter, the same Shorter who made Bob of Wisconsin famous in the convention scene last year. Harry Daniel as William Jennings Bryan. As member to member let us say that the Commoner staff would say "Hello Bill" just as us Elks do, if Harry were to walk into the office. Champ Clark, whose comedy and pathos is pictured by Clem Yore. Champ will get a pile of laughs.

Go to the show any way. Get your dinner at the Club .Come to supper after the Evening Performance. Be a Mixer. Help Celebrate.

Woodrow Wilson, acted by Axel Christensen, but not made up for the part, for Woodrow and Axel are twins. But Woodrow would pause and wonder how a college president could ever be so human. James Hamilton Lewis is played by W. K. Briggs, and his horse. Some fine entrances for Gibbs. Jack Martin plays Chief Justice White, and if Washington could see and hear Jack give the President the third degree, Washington would look on the supreme bench with a great deal more respect. Of course Theodore Roosevelt is there, and Geo. L. Cox plays him like the little modest violet which Theodore isn't. L. R. Merrell is the official announcer, and with his training for the Scoop he would make a corking good L guard. Some Washington police, too; there are Will E. Runn, A. Hero Nott, C. M. Scoot, O. U. McWeeney and T. Rusty played respectively by V. H. Halperin, S. Bleiwstein, C. O. Lejonstein, A. R. Pasetel and Otto Kney. Tom Quigley's Quartette will play

and sing the office seekers, yclept Works Butt Little, Will Daly Hunt, Adam Lofér and Philip Offen. And as for the suffragettes, there are svelte ones and one not so svelte. By name they are Uneeda Mann, Milly Tant, Hazel Brush and Lena Yett—played by E. T. Clypson, Chas. T. Mushton, Chester H. Fox and Walter A. Wood. The glitter of the diplomatic corps will come from the following stars of the first degree:

Chu Um Shirt, Chinese Ambassador, Wm. M. Johnson; his retinue from the new republic, Dr. Toy, Don Joy; Duke de Mixture, British Ambassador, R. A. Halley; Colorado Claro, Spanish Ambassador, L. T. Goble; Herr Umviskers, German Ambassador, Sigmund Krausz; Ivan Awfulthirst, Russian Ambassador, Noble M. Eberhart; M. Possible, French Ambassador, Edward Davieson; Gen. Slaughter, Mexican Ambassador, Franc R. E. Woodward.

REFUSING JOHN RITCHIE'S COPY.

Along the Miami river in Ohio floods are no more novelties than they are in the neighborhood of Kansas City. These later ones in both neighborhoods called away a dozen or more of the best feature men we have in the club, and so made an hiatus in the midnight life of the grill. It is always that way in the early spring months.

The Chronicle fired Charlie Seymour to Kansas City once when the river got—with ruthless disregard of his need for sleep and the souse that for the moment had himself some fathoms under. The advance expense money was all gone within a half hour after he got there, and he shot home a bulletin:

"One hundred people drowned. Wire one hundred dollars."

An hour later he sent another:

"Two hundred drowned. On second thought, wire me two hundred dollars."

John Ritchie's experience in a Miami rampage was different, but showed how very near the Final Power is, and that Its judgments are both swift and terrible.

He had piled up three thousand words in his best style, and shoved it across the ledge of the little railway station, where the only operator in the town was pumping a kev. A big, black storm was beginning to rumble outside.

"Cincinnati Enquirer," said he, quick, just like that. "Rush it."

The operator solemnly turned his head and looked at that wad of copy, and drawled in slow contempt:

"Who's gona pay fer't?"

"Wathels that to you?" snapped John. "Get it off."

"I wanna see the colora yer mon——"

The heaven rending roar was not over, nor the blue flame flashed out with its blast of sulphur smoke, before John had caught that singed and catapulted operator by the scruff of the neck as he came stern over appetite into the reverberating room, and shaken him good, with a warning:

"There, damn you, refuse my stuff again, will you!"

The Club Has a Rag Time Potentate.

By W. H. Wood.

In the list of names of players in the Scoop Show Axel Christensen is defined as The Czar of Ragtime. Axel stands mimetically for the President of the United States. That a Czar should also be a President was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.

WHY NOT, INDEED?

To the Editor:—The Press Club needs a system that would exclude outsiders from club privileges, unless properly vouched for by a regular member.

Almost every night and day of the week, men who are not members and who do not hold visitors' cards drink at the bar, play in the card rooms, and eat in the restaurant. Most of these outsiders are not accompanied by members on their visits. They just blow in, and no questions asked. Some of them are regulars.

If these outsiders want the club privileges, why don't they join and pay dues?

There is nobody to stop them at the door or elevator. Why not make it a rigid rule to exclude every outsider who does not hold a visitor's card? All other clubs have such a rule. Why not The Press Club?

EZRA KENDALL.

SPECIAL BILL OF FARE FOR TONIGHT, AFTER THE SCOOP SHOW.

TO ORDER (TEN MINUTES.)

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| Broiled LIVE BABY LOBSTER..... | \$.50 |
| One-half spring chicken broiled..... | .60 |
| Chicken paté..... | .40 |
| Lobster or crabmeat Newburg..... | .75 |
| Lobster or crabmeat paté..... | .60 |
| Lobster or crabmeat creamed..... | .60 |
| Chicken a la King..... | .90 |
| Welsh rarebit..... | .40 |

Cold "Specials."

| | |
|--|--------|
| Crabmeat or lobster cocktail..... | \$.35 |
| Grape fruit salad with French dressing..... | .40 |
| Lobster or crabmeat salad..... | .45 |
| Fresh fruit salad with mayonnaise..... | .35 |
| Chicken salad..... | .40 |
| Asparagus tips salad..... | .35 |
| Hearts of head lettuce..... | .20 |
| Sandwiches, meats, etc., as in regular bill. | |

In the main dining hall of the club, Sidney Hale entertained the members of the "Hindle Wakes" company and the Hull House Players at a post-midnight dinner Friday morning of last week. The spread was a large body of fine turkey, completely surrounded by other things that tasted as good as they looked. Mr. Hale is a member of the Press Club and of the Hull House company.

A BALLAD OF BEING BROKE.

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

(With affectionate thought of our many and carefree Adventurers, this is reproduced.)

When the last string snaps and a man goes broke

He turns to the woods or the sea;

He cuts clean loose from the home-bred folk,

While love and honor go up in smoke,

And life is a gamble, and death is a joke,

And the universe good to see.

There's a brand-new sort of a fate for him;

They may languish early and late for him;

The bird on the wing is a mate for him;

And the hawk on the hunt goes free.

There's the brown and the gloom of the forest track,

Where the deer goes ghostly by;

There's the starving camp and the dead-weight pack,

The moosehide lodge or the trapper's track

And a wolf's fierce life in the pine woods black,

And the freedom of the sky.

There's the plunging deck and the jarring screw,

And the oilskins bright with foam;

The stokehole's blaze and its naked crew,

Or the topsails drenched with the Gulf Stream dew,

And the sharp, salt breath of the landless blue,

Where a man forgets his home.

We know it, my friends of the "broke brigade,"

Pals of the plain and sea;

Single-handed and unafraid,

The artist of life and the fools of trade,

But we think we know how the game is played,

And we know where it's best to be.

There are some that may wait and pray for us;

There is luck that never will stay for us;

But the woods and the waves will make way for us,

When the "broke brigade" goes free.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

By JEAN COMERFORD.

One morning in the old Chicago Herald appeared some verses signed (say) Trixy Jones, and labeled "He Leadeth Me." Horatio Seymour was the editor, and he read them over approvingly. Not that he called them a real poem. No indeed; but that he had been jolted hard now and then in the lumber wagon of existence, and somehow they fitted in with his feelings.

"This a clever girl," he said to himself. "I'll ask her to write more."

Close on the reading of the poem came a fragile looking, dainty, gray-haired woman, whose big blue eyes looked out upon the world with a great comprehension.

"I'm Carlotta Perry," she said blithely, when the boy had admitted her. "Those verses are mine—I wrote them years ago. They were published with my name, but they've been stolen at least twenty-five times. Poetry thieves seem to have an especial fondness for them."

Horatio threw back his head and laughed—at himself.

"I paid good money for them," he said. "An old man came in a few days ago and showed them to me, carefully written in a schoolgirl hand. He told a hard luck story of actual necessity, and said his sixteen-year old daughter wrote them—I paid him five dollars for them."

"I was paid for them once," said Carlotta Perry. "So the price is all right if they really needed it."

"I'll make it right in the paper," replied Horatio, "and I'll publish no more of that young woman's poems."

Carlotta Perry, whom real critics declared to be a real poet, went out smiling. She always smiles, this winsome, wonderful mite of a poet woman, who is old now in years, but eternally young in soul. A goodly sized book of her verse was published so long ago that the copyright has expired. For many years her name was seen regularly in many great periodicals.

Her experiences with "He Leadeth Me" have been wonderful. Once a friend with whom she was visiting in St. Louis, proudly brought into her presence an illuminated card.

"Read it," she said gravely. "A friend sent it to me at Christmas. You will love it, for it expresses much that has been in your life."

Carlotta Perry sat speechless, looking at the beautifully printed card.

"What's the matter?" asked her friend anxiously. "Don't you care for it?"

"You'd be speechless, too," replied the poet, "if you were asked so earnestly and so unexpectedly to consider the beauties of your own stuff."

Just why a poem of semi-religious theme should have been so pulled away from its author is a puzzle.

Last February the same verses turned up again in a church paper (St. Alban's Palm). After them was printed the word "Anonymous." The Scoop takes pleasure in printing them once more with proper credit, and by consent of their author:

He Leadeth Me.

By CARLOTTA PERRY.

In pastures green? not always; sometimes He,
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be,

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,
Out of the sunshine into darkest night;
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright.

Only for this—I know He holds my hand;
So whether in the green or desert land
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? no, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm beats loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers in my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond the darkness lies the perfect day,
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So whether on the hilltops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

And more than this; where'er the pathway lead,
He gives to me no broken, helpless reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

KENDALL'S RIGHTEOUS KICK.

Ezra Kendall's kick about the wide open door lands upon a scandalously sore spot, for which reason it may startle a necessary even if a somewhat pained attention. It is a fact that strangers do walk into the club unchallenged and unrestrained. They get service at the buffet. Within a month one man whose application for membership had been rejected in open meeting came in with four or five of his friends, outsiders all, took possession of a table, bought drinks, and had the immortal cheek to ask several members to join him. Was he shown out? He was not. He went out when he was ready to go—he and his crowd.

The question is not concerned with what they did when they got in, but with their getting in at all. Nor is it concerned with the present or last preceding house management. It goes back to general oversight of an old working principle, the principle that the club is the down town home of its members, and in that sense as sacred to privacy as the home where lives the family. How long would any one of us tolerate a home system under which all and sundry from out the street might walk into any room, to any member of the family, without leave asked or given? Yet that identical thing happens in this house every day. Kendall does not kick without suggesting a remedy, which commends itself with a force that cannot be disputed. It is up to him to follow it with a concrete proposition before the board, or if not there, then before the club itself.

CAN THE BOHEMIA STUFF.

What is this Bohemia thing they are trying to put over us? The meanings attached to that word come down to us from a day when a man in our line of work was supposed to be incompetent and unworthy if he paid his bills and was sober more than once or twice a year. In some of the great cities of older countries the same word denotes the people of a delightful borderland between the best in social life and the best in literature and the other arts; but no such region is on the map of America. As locally exemplified, Bohemi-

ans are those who never wrote anything more literary than checks or telegrams, who meet where spaghetti is, to drink diluted hairdye and throw bread at women they do not know. The designation has no application to such a membership as ours, largely made up of "respectable married people with umbrellas," who really do write, who bathe, who patronize barbers, whose reputation does not rest upon tank capacity, and who do pay their bills. Something stronger than starch paste would be required to make it stick to us.

PLACARDS FOR THE LIBRARY.

"God Bless Our Flop."

"Conversation lower than a Bellow is Punishable with Piano Solos."

"If you Can't Outsnore a Sawmill, Take Your Naps in the Alley."

"The Penalty for Silence is Ten Years in a Boiler Yard."

"If You See a Book You Like, Don't Read it Here. Steal it."

"Any Magazine Less than Six Months Old Found in this Room Will Immediately be Devoured by the Library Committee."

"All Thought Abandon, ye who Enter Here."

HELPFUL DOCTOR NORTON.

Three times within the last few weeks the club has had to say a ceremonious good-bye to old and beloved members. On each of these occasions the Rev. W. B. Norton has officiated. Doctor Norton edits the church news for the Sunday Tribune. He is a newspaper man of experience and ability, as well as a clergyman, wherefore his ministrations are peculiarly grateful; a solace tender and sincere. Unofficially, he is the Press Club's chaplain. His sympathies are with us in every phase of our club life. He is a very present help in times of need. It is pleasant to say that his kindly good offices are fully appreciated, and to extend to him this expression of thanks.

Will the club member who wrote the "Cubist Riddle" verse in The Scoop of April 12, please get into communication with the editor?

The collection of autographed photographs of people famous in government, literature and stage art, made by Dr. Cooke Adams, will be sold at auction between acts at the Scoop show this evening.

A SHARPLY SUDDEN LOSS.

T. O. Thompson died Thursday morning in the Passavant hospital, of a stroke of paralysis.

"Tommy" was one of the first to join the Press Club after its organization in 1879. His service in newspaper work here had covered several years, even at that early time. It has been continuous ever since, save for a year or so when he was Secretary to Mayor Heath. He was a good man, a good friend, a good writer; and he has finished a life of good work, well done. His last request was that his funeral services be held in the Press Club house, and his body be laid away in the Press Club burial ground.

THE ADVENTURERS' CLUB OF CHICAGO.

W. D. Boyce entertained the Adventurers' Club of Chicago in the Union League Club at their fourth monthly dinner last Saturday night. Fully forty members and guests sat down to the best dinner and evening's entertainment the Club has yet enjoyed. The room was tastefully decorated with flags of all nations, in compliment to the international character of the assemblage.

After Mr. Boyce had cordially welcomed his guests, Mr. Hughes, who accompanied the host on his famous East African Balloonograph expedition, gave a most interesting lecture on that country, illustrated with excellent moving pictures and stereopticon slides of the natives, big game and scenery.

Baron von Teuber treated the diners to a humorous talk on his experiences in the wilds of South America, and Panama in particular. The information he was able to impart was remarkable and in the true spirit of the Club's ideals, which are to pass on to others less fortunate the benefit of your experiences in foreign lands. Several other members related some of their adventures before the evening came to a close.

The Adventurers' Club of Chicago is gathering into its fold many red-blooded members, and promises to shortly outrival its elder brother in New York so far as numerical strength is concerned. Although only organized in January, there are already some forty fully qualified members, and every day brings fresh applications from other countries. Prominent among the charter members, and more recently joined, are a good many from the Press Club of Chicago. The executive committee and Secretary are all Press Club men.

The objects of the Club are to foster a spirit of good-fellowship among all those who have "been somewhere and done something"—which includes active military or naval service, exploring off the beaten tracks, big game hunting, scientific expeditions, and general foreign travel. Cook's tourists are barred. The Club desires to enroll only those who have tasted the sweets of "wanderlust, and the true spirit of adventure in the highest sense of the word."

The New York chapter of the Club was organized in December, and already has about fifty members, among them many famous writers and explorers. Other chapters have been formed or are about to form in Montreal, New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Panama, Honolulu, Mexico City, London, Washington and Philadelphia. From all over the world are coming inquiries as to how to start kindred clubs and it looks as though the organization will assume an international character, so that real adventure lovers may go to any corner of the globe and find kindred spirits everywhere.

Among the Chicago members are Jay Cairns, Dr. G. Cooke Adams, Franc R. E. Woodward, Harry Irving Greene, Sigmund Krausz, W. Robert Foran, H. N. Cary, Chris. D. Hagerty, Clem Yore, Dwight L. Loughborough, Paul Cowles, W. D. Boyce, Ben Boyce, Medill McCormick, E. V. Kellett, Baron von Horvath, Phil A. Sawyer, Richard Henry Little, J. F. Bass, John T. McCutcheon, R. Berliner, G. Kavanaugh, Dr. George A. Dorsey, Prof. Fay Cooper Cole and many others with experience covering the whole of this planet.

A BALLYHOO.

By JOHN KELLY.

"Th' next pecthur, ladies an' gentlemen, is wan ye've been readin' a whole lot about lately entitled 'Septimber Morn.' Why it is called 'Septimber Morn' is more than I know. As Willum Shakespeare, the well known pote, wance said: 'A rose by anny other name would smell as swate.'

"'Septimber Morn' is the grandest pecthur projuded since the year o' the big wind. It is wan av the wurruled's greatest works av art. Annywan, aither male or faymale, with half an eye, an' that half shut, cud see that. Look at th' face av her. Did iver ye see a purtier wan in all yeer life? Ye did not! An' th' showlders! Be sure to lamp th' shoulders. They're th' rale goods. In fact th' whole simmetary av th' figure is wan av ravishin' beauty.

"Also pipe th'——Jerry, turn th' crank."

When You Make a Break.

By J. G. DAVIS.

When you see a man in trouble, you know that trouble because you read between the lines on his face. He is brainy. He is proud, and if you say to him gently, kindly, "you're in trouble, can I help you?" And he says, "Hell, what's eating you? I am feeling fine, go hence," you go, and you worry for your fool friend who could at least get surcease if he were not too far gone to feel a sympathetic grasp or know a touch of sympathy when it softly comes his way.

An Inquiry, or an Invitation?

To the Editor:—The best story ever printed in the Scoop was "The Fool Killer." Can we not have another by the same writer? McINTYRE.

Recent Visitors.

Morris McHugh, Chicago, guest of A. Milo Bennett.
Willis T. Hall, Chicago, guest of A. Milo Bennett.
R. E. Johnsen, Minn., guest of C. H. Compere.
E. F. Simpson, Chicago, guest of Victor Eubank.
Harry E. Heacock, Chicago, guest of R. Berliner.
W. K. Brader, Fort Wayne, guest of Jerome Power.
J. L. Roderiques, New York, guest of A. Milo Bennett.

Thos. A. Wells, Zanesville, O., guest of Mason Warner.

W. H. Williams, Ringling Circus, guest of A. H. Wagoner.

E. P. Norwood, Ringling Circus, guest of A. H. Wagoner.

Baron F. B. von Teuber, Vienna, guest of W. D. Eaton.

S. C. Keener, St. Louis, guest of F. S. Jacobs.

M. E. Bowles, New Orleans, guest of Banks Winter.

A. Stewart Ross, San Antonio, guest of L. R. Merrell.

Leander Richardson Returns.

Leander Richardson is in charge of the show at the Garrick theater. This is a return to fields familiar in elder years, and associates who have always prized him. He is a newspaper man of approved ability with a record covering half the world, all of it written in high places; and a dramatic author as well as a successful theatrical manager. The club is glad to welcome him once again.

Go See It.

The Palette and Chisel Club extends an invitation to Press Club members and their friends to view an exhibition of graphic arts, by Gustave Baumann of Nashville, Brown County, Indiana, and Louis O. Griffith of Chicago, any time between now and the 30th, at 59 East Van Buren street.

WHAT THE PRESS WOMEN ARE DOING

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Dreams are the stuff that Life is made of.

Joshua dreamed of freedom for his people, and, lo, not all the might of the Phararaohs could prevail.

Once Lincoln saw a slave girl sold from an auction block. Straightway he dreamed of Emancipation.

He who gainsays the might of dreams lacks scientific knowledge.

Dreams are but the Greater Mind's imaginings. There is but one basis for the fantastic fashionings of our dream fabrics and that is FACT. It is a curious truth that all dreams, all imaginings, are the CHILDREN OF EXPERIENCE. Otherwise Creation itself would be Chaos.

And the greatest Dreamer was the Nazarene. He dreamed for Eternity. For you—for me—for each of us who perforce keeps step in the endless and glorious march that is timed to the Music of the Spheres.

Such quaint dreams He had, the gentle Nazarene. Pagan or Christian, we credit him for that at least.

A few moments ago I read some of them over. They sound almost like realities, but when one looks around and cannot find them anywhere, one *knows* they are DREAMS—not for the NOW, but for a thousand years hence.

And they *seem* so simple, so easily understood.

There is that one about doing unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.

That sounds like good business honesty. It means paying your debts and keeping your promises, and not gossiping and generally thinking a lot of good of the other fellow, while you forget a lot about yourself.

All these things and *Then Some More—*

Else, let us look the issue squarely in the face and tell ourselves the truth concerning ourselves. *We Do Not Believe the Nazarene Spoke Truth when He Said That. The Thing Can Have no Other Aspect or Some Conditions Would Not Be.*

Churches and ministers cannot change it. They have tried two thousand years. Civilization makes a lot of platant boasts, but after all she is an unseeing hag for the most part, who puts on her garish robes and does up her grizzled locks in curl papers in order that she may call forth the acclamation of a few human beings she delights to name as her offspring. Now and then Justice and Love get them together in a nameless house set in a nameless street in a town that is nameless, and declare that one will be surgeon and the other healer of wounds when they cure the old woman's blindness.

But they have not dared. In the name of the Nazarene, one still makes question:

Tonight, any night, when the dusk closes in, let us stand on the street that leads north—the one which is known as the street of automobiles.

A great street it is; where beautiful buildings should be beautiful homes. There is the ever living lake, the green grass—and always the automobiles.

Oh, it's a brave vehicle, that great red car, as it glides along over the pavement. Not a jar, not a break, in the joyous monotony of the going. Great cushions lie around the man who owns it. In the cut-glass holder is a bunch of purple orchids. At the wheel, safe steersman for the great ship o' the land, is an appropriately caparisoned and satisfied chauffeur.

Even so, what then?

A man has a right to his automobile. He bought it. He made the money.

Of course:

But he rides home in a seven-passenger car every night, *alone.*

The chauffeur receives as much money each month as a railroad engineer did a few years ago. Five days a week the chauffeur carries one passenger. The railroad engineer carried thousands each week.

Along the street of automobiles pass others, *human beings.* Gaily the swiftly moving cars outstrip their toil weariness. Longing eyes gaze at the selfishly empty cushioned seats. The hag, Civilization, lolls in the most luxurious. Her grizzled curls bob, her blind eyes look through the plate glass windows at the procession of toilers.

Sometimes Justice and Love stand at the side of an empty car and look in. They look in only. Then they turn aside and tenderly lay their arms about some office-bent girl, whose nerves are awreck with home cares and toil cares, or they walk beside some pale-faced man, who cannot afford car fare because at home his babies await his coming.

But the almost empty automobiles glide on—glide on—glide on, beside the ever-living Lake—

The Nazarene—where is He?

What of His dreams?

Jean Comerford

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

The Women's Auxiliary and the Scoop Show.

The Women's Auxiliary has done great work this week. What with nearly fifty pretty girls and shelves full of candy and flowers, the women say they are going to make much money and give much joy to the lucky thousands who attend the Big Scoop today.

It has been a delightful experience, this helping out the Press Club a bit. Just look at the list of patrons. Reads like a charity ball list. Nine-tenths of them sent kindly little notes filled with good wishes. Only three, who were asked for their kindness, refused.

As for the florists and candy men, not one firm refused. This morning we are gathering up the donations and setting them in attractive order in the big Auditorium foyer.

We are going to offer bargains, but we are not going to hold anybody up. If a fellow feels that a box of sweets or a nosegay is an uneconomic article and that he would rather eat lemons than candy, we are going to permit him to masticate his sourness in peace.

But the real good fellow, we know, will see at once the rare bargains we offer.

(See next page.)

R. W. Faulkner

D. L. Ettelson

Faulkner & Ettelson

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY

29 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET

Phone Central 5665

Not all the lists of names are complete, which is too bad, but we gladly publish those we have:

Candy Manufacturers.

Farley Candy Company, 770 North Franklin street.
Günther Confection and Chocolate Company, 724 West Jackson boulevard.
Plows (Incorporated), 61 East Madison street.

Florists.

Wattbold, 737 Buckingham place.
Weiland & Risch, 151 North Wabash avenue.
Schiller's, 4509 Evanston avenue.
Stollery, 1046 Wilson avenue.
Fleischman Floral Company, 84 East Jackson boulevard.
A. Lange, 25 East Madison street.
Argyle Posey Shop, 1111 Argyle street.
Briggs, 228 West Madison street.
John Welsh, 1011 Montrose avenue.
Williams' Floral Shop, 102 South Wabash avenue.
J. C. Craig, 420 South Wabash avenue.
Lubliner & Tring, 23 East Randolph street.
Mangel, 17 East Monroe street.
Wieter Bros., 30 East Randolph street.
Hoerher Bros., 162 North Wabash avenue.
Kennicot Bros., 165 North Wabash avenue.
George Reinberg, 162 North Wabash avenue.
Poehlman, 70 East Randolph street.
Chicago Flower Growers' Association, 176 North Michigan avenue.
Harry C. Rowe, 20 East Monroe street.

Flower Girls.

Adelaide Sullivan, Lucy Strasberger, Gertrude Wallace, Clara Best, Ethel Giltin, Mabel Secrist, Eleanor Pickle, Marguerite Murray, Matile Waite, Marion Hochschild, Helen Ainslie, Alice Ainslie, Elizabeth Craig, Marjorie Howard, Regis Tripp, Mary Crawley, Dorothy Crawley, Dorothy Todd, Marie Todd, Mary Hinman, Ruth Golden, Bertha Pierce, Gladys Graham, Elaine Walter, Edna Throne, Florence Kiper, Miriam Kiper, Jane McCarthy, Rosella Corcoran, Eileen Collins, Florence Collins, Genevieve Connery, Margaret Rehling, Gertrude Herbert, Therese Herbert.

BORIS

BY JOHN MCGOVERN.

Let us describe Boris. He was short, fairly black, quick, and had a Mephistophelian yet pleasing eye. His eye was all there was of Boris. The Southerners, expert in practical ethnology, agreed that Boris was "the cunningest nigger" they had ever seen. Will Eaton thinks Boris is dead. I hope not—after all. He went with the club from Clark street over to Muzzey's.

In considering Boris, if you knew him, your emotions were of an eclectic order—you were some mixed up! You admired him because he really liked a white man better than did any other colored person you had met—and yet!

Boris, in fact, would cheat the eye-teeth out of you, before your very eyes and in your very teeth. If Boris had dealings with any member of the club—that is, if Boris served that member, and had to do with either the change or the charge—that member was cheated. It had to be! If Boris could not personally profit, he

perhaps bestowed the benefit of his black art on the club. It is not known.

If you wanted anything done surely and speedily (with its equally sure accompaniment of rascality) call Boris; and Boris was always in chief demand. Beside Boris—compared with Boris—all of other Africa was asleep, all the time. In the Commentaries of the Press Club All Africa was divided into two parts—the help and Boris. The help, when needed, was always in the kitchen, pantry, boiler-room—always in some remote recess—but Boris was at hand listening, for instance, delightedly to the repeating watch of the Eccentric Member. "Boris, do you hear dem bells? Well, I'm to throw a fit in just 75 quarter-seconds. Do you think you could save me?"—and Boris always rescued the good man (by means of the needed libation) within the narrow time allotted. "Boris, you damn rascal," Doc Manning would say benevolently, "I swear you do all the work about hyah. Get me Subway 100 on the telephone right away, sir—oh, you've got it already, have you?"

But, again, you might have given Boris a two-dollar bill to pay a charge of 25 cents. You might meanwhile be deeply interested in getting a complex thought to the mind of your companion. Boris, returning with the change, would arrive silently yet most rapidly, while you were certainly in the middle of a sentence. He would almost surreptitiously lay 75 cents before you and instantly have his back to you as if the transaction were ended. If you were thinking entirely of Boris, and had your stern eye upon him, at the expense of your argument or your politeness, he, wheeling about and ascertaining that he must pay further, would seem to naturally complete the transaction of ostentatiously laying down another dollar. He was so uncommonly expert in this manipulation, and so hypnotic in his procedure, that no member, on missing currency from his pocket, ever thought he had lost it by dropping it. He believed he had "paid" it to Boris!

Many of the ways of Boris were inscrutable. Why he did certain things—how he, Boris, profited thereby, even how he did them—never was revealed. But the fact that he was a thousand times the best servant—service *per se* considered—seemed to make his presence necessary. At a poker game, through a night's session, Major — and Jim — spaded out, and Boris served the order for the two drinks usually involved. This through the night. In the morning Boris brought up a stack of eighty charge-tickets, standing for eighty rounds of drinks, ordered and signed for by one or other of the festive twain. Both parties were still playing, and had no time for a stupendous piece of book-keeping like that, so well knowing Boris, Mr. B—, an obliging and worthy member not addicted to whisky, took upon himself to carefully audit and count the tickets. They bore the club's serial numbers and carried the hasty signatures of the two members; the account could not be protested, and was therefore paid—something like \$23 in all, as there were often more than two drinks to the order. Nobody who was present that night (and the auditing member had not drank at all) ever believed that the Major and Jim had poured

the quarter of eighty libations in all; and just why and how Boris offered this, his masterpiece, was never successfully theorized.

Boris, finally, had to be sacrificed, not because he himself cheated ruthlessly and incurably and impunily, but because he finally became so wicked as to teach lazy and good-for-nothing colored boys to cheat with some of the unexampled technique he had invented. It seemed they could learn that much, when nothing else could be taught to them.

Boris was fired. It was not the temperamental act of an irate Financial Secretary; it was then and is now the true and only verdict of each and every member of the club. So say we, all of us.

But, just before this famous oblation—(the fring of Boris)—there was a notable and characteristic episode. The club had a Pirate Cook. In addition to his culinary experience on the high seas under the black flag, he was an Anarchist. He looked both parts. His eyes were black and piercing, and his black hair, as coarse as broom-corn, stuck out radially from head, neck, and face. His gentlest smile was diabolical and terrible. To the learned travelers in the club who became convinced of the genuineness of his piratical career as he recited it, he would also calmly and casually lay down the "political" program of Terror which he had accepted from Michael Bakounin and Johann Most. His paprikas were red and glorious, but he as an Anarchist was not precisely an opportune man to have about, with President McKinley coming up on the elevator, so the Pirate Cook was discharged one day at that same elevator, and was not let back into the kitchen just then.

Months went by, the President came and went safely, and the members bemoaned the absence of the red dishes at dinner. O where now was the Pirate Cook? The longing for his *menus* seemed to increase, when one day he himself appeared, smiling like Apollyon and ready to be re-employed. He had been *chef* at the Poor House! He must, he said, be in Bohemia—somewhere. So the officers took their chances on all being poisoned, and with many lectures looking toward his going slow on Anarchy, and with much more feeling mention of his red sauces, the Board installed him over the big gas range that Johnny Waldo had just paid \$500 for.

Unhappily, the charitable *cuisine* at Dunning had lowered the zest of the red sauces. They were now flat, stale and unprofitable. The corps of colored waiters carried to the kitchen only the maledictions of the bitterly disappointed diners. And the waiters evidently conveyed the unhappy news to the terrifying lord of the ovens and burners with too much enthusiasm, for there was a sudden estrangement between the two departments, and the "boys" came in alarm to the fathers and asked them to go at once and see the Pirate Cook.

Opie, Homer, Johnny Flinn, Ritchie, Bramhall, Cobb, Lower, Waldo, Knox, Freeman, Doc Williams, Jim West, a curious yet grave procession, went forward to the kitchen, which in those days was in ambush behind the paying teller's cage. They peered in the door. There sat the Pirate Cook, sharpening a cleaver—put-

ting a razor-edge on a knife as long as a meat-block. His eyes were gleaming with expectation, like Salvini's green orbs looking on Booth's *Iago*. What was he about to do? Why, seeing they were the club fathers, and he liked them, he would tell them. He was going to kill every one of the colored waiters—every last one of them!—everybody *knew* they needed killing—everybody had *said* so! With this he went on feather-edging his sword, and the fathers stood dismissed. The pageant moved forward, heads bowed, to the parlor. Gentlemen, this was a serious matter! What could be done? *Nothing* could be done! Ignorance, stupidity, carelessness, tardiness, must eventually suffer!—the fathers pitied and liked the 'poor colored boys—*perhaps* they had merited a kinder fate!

Yet amid this Senatorial gloom a spark of light came into Opie's ever-happy eye. "Gentlemen," he said—"gentlemen, *after all*, we must consider that Boris will be included in this massacre! Boris' will be slain!"

That settled it. That was the silver lining to the dark cloud. The Senate adjourned out of respect to the forthcoming memory of the colored waiters—the memory of all 'save Boris.

But there was no massacre. The Pirate Cook cut nobody at all! Some four days after this unexpectedly peaceable denouement, the most effeminate colored boy that the club ever knew was ordered out of the kitchen where he had business, and the culinary Excalibur was again hoist *in terrorem* by the Pirate Cook. Thereupon the boy, Clarence, also picked up a cleaver and chased that Pirate Cook into what was called the fo'cas'l around on the east side of the house, where the beleaguered swasher was allowed to offer terms humiliating to both Piracy and Anarchy, and to go downstairs uncarved, but never to return. Clarence wouldn't even suffer him to make his sudden descent on the elevator with good old George, who pitied the downfallen, and had gently lowered many another once-great man.

A special "ladies' night" course dinner will be served in the club every Saturday evening until further notice.

A special shipment of live baby lobsters sent direct from Baltimore to the Press Club is a new feature established in the restaurant this week. The price is 50 cents each.

Bell



System

Get the man on the telephone, if the letter is obscure—one of those self-contradictory efforts of tired minds—and have an understanding.

But if he is a business man he can **talk** straight, that's certain. Question and answer will clarify the whole subject.

The Long Distance Telephone will clear the situation.

Chicago Telephone Company
Bell Telephone Building Official 100

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II, No. 18

Chicago, Saturday, May 3, 1913.

Price 5c.

"P-C" RANCH Scoop Round-Up

Chuck Wagon Mess! Come and Get It!

Saturday Night, May 10, 1913

"Casey" Cairns, Foreman
Bill Visscher

"Handsome Harry" Daniel
Rudy Berliner

"Apache Kid" Wood
"Dry Ed" Fox

"Frenzy Frank" Collins
"Old Doc" Comerford,
Sky Pilot

"Lumberjack" Malloch
"Daze" Yore

"Dave" Clarkson
"Windows" Kney

Dr. "Australia" Adams
"Megaphone" Merrell
"Timber Harry" Greene
"Frenchy" Woodward,
Camp Cook

The Ranch That Roped The Prize Steer, "SCOOP."
HELP US KILL THE FATTED CALF!

THE CLUB'S IMMORTAL SPIRIT.

Whatever may have been the heartburn, the worry and labor of preparing the Scoop show, the performance itself repaid all, and left only happy memories. Its amusement value was above the average; but aside from that and the very satisfactory financial results, there were things about it singularly significant of club character, of the range of ability and the deep sentiment of kindly, sane fellowship that give the organization its remarkable hold on life.

It is well enough known to be openly confessed that if the Press Club of Chicago had not as much tenacity of life as a south sea turtle, it would have died the death a dozen times. It has been disrupted by "strife in the state and schism in the temple," yet has unfailingly reintegrated to increased strength. It has seen great masses of its membership walk out and form new clubs, but these new clubs have in every case come meekly back and been swallowed up, with all their belongings—and sometimes their debts. It has outweathered many a sore storm where credit was blown away and the breakers were very near, yet always it has floated through to quiet weather and prospering breezes. You can't kill it.

The reason lies in that very versatility, that same sane, kindly fellowship, that perfect freedom of communion which is and always has been ours. The most beautiful touch in the whole of the Scoop performance was given when Opie and Will Visscher and Kirk Towns were found sitting before the club fireplace, entertaining thoughts and visions of old days, of old friends long passed away—when in the spirit Mark Twain, and Gene Field, and Bill Nye and Ben King looked in upon them, as might have looked a whole troop of others, men whose names linger gratefully in the world's remembrance. It was the spirit of the club, presented in the spirits of these great ones gone. Everyone in that big audience felt its tender, mystic touch. No one, member or friend, could have sensed that scene without being moved, without realizing the power of the bond that holds and always will hold us together.

If you could have watched the later scenes from the wings, another though lesser reason would have unconsciously displayed itself. Here was George Wood, directing stage, signaling the lights, and moving the actors; Clem Yore at the prompt stand with the book; and across the foots, Rudolph Berliner, leading the great orchestra as only a master can. Three club members, active or graduated newspaper men, running a gigantic company of *amateurs*, mind you, and putting it through without a skip or hitch.

The whole broad subject was gracefully and truthfully covered in the speech Frank Comerford delivered, beginning with a reference to

optimism is refreshed, faith born again. Pioneers in the untraveled wilderness of opinion where those who come after build Novel and Essay, History and Philosophy, the newspaper men are part of it all. The newspaper man and his brothers, the artist, the poet, the philosopher, the story teller and the musician, are kin. Side by side they home in the Press Club.

"Bohemia is not a carnival in which license is acclaimed wit by the maudlin, soured in stupidity. Bohemia is mental freedom. Never bad taste, man. The Press has been the conscience by means of which the world has learned its mistakes and advanced toward the heights. Back of the newspaper is the newspaper man, the unheralded worker for the common good. Poorly paid, uncompensated by fame, he is the daily foe of injustice, the constant worker for fair play. Often the confidant of statesmen, he dies with secrets locked in his bosom that might have shaken continents. His sense of honor gives one new faith in mankind. The newspaper man who will violate a confidence is a pariah among his fellows. The most zealous on the trail of a story, the most enthusiastic in quest of a scoop, will not betray to achieve. With the greatest opportunity for graft, he is seldomest among men found to be a grafter. Quick to recognize, keen to discover mediocrity and pretense, through his eyes the world sees itself and is better for the seeing. Through his ears the world hears its throbbing heart, and learns that it has one.

"The Press Club of Chicago is a camp where trailmakers meet, and in the fire glow tired those who have slipped away from us into the better beyond:

"The dream gatherers—poets, philosophers, artists—have threaded our yesterdays into a rosary of memories, each bead a trysting place for today's love. In each tryst our tears sleep in our smiles, even as that fallen star we call a dew drop sleeps on the bosom of a leaf. Regrets? We have none. Those who have gone from us have left only smiles. This is the unbroken camaraderie of the Press Club.

"The builders of dreams work in the shadows. They are the architects of our tomorrows. They toil that truth may find expression. They create that others may interpret—that all may understand. Their shadowland is the struggle; the struggle to live to write. Like every night lighter who brings illumination to the world's streets, when their work is done they once more pass into the shadows, there to live with their heartaches and sorrows. They give their light to the world. In the shadows they dwell alone.

"There are men unknown to social registrars, unlisted in the columns of Bradstreet, who mint ideas and give currency to ideals. They are makers for the solvency of civilization. Every movement toward a better and happier tomorrow has behind it the heart beat of the newspaper

bad manners nor ignorance. In Bohemia ideas are emancipated and swing into luminous ideals—the mirrorings of the star dappled skies.

“Strange too, that in this noose of steel we call the “Loop” which strangles the souls of men, there should survive, unmarred by the bitterness of the struggle for dollars, a band of men whose faith in human kind endures eternally.”

A MACEDONIAN CRY.

The following letter will be officially answered, but it is desired to give everyone a chance to make individual suggestions. Heaven knows the Press Club of Chicago has come through about every variety of experience possible to a living organization, from birth to sound maturity, and it is certain we can give the St. Louis boys a line of advice that should save them worlds of trouble, principally in respect of what not to do. Address yourselves to the Editor of the Scoop:

St. Louis, April 26, 1913.—Press Club, Chicago:—St. Louis newspapermen are in the throes of organizing a Press Club. We will appreciate it deeply if you will send us any details of organization through which your club has passed and any other helpful hints that might benefit us.

As chairman of the Ways and Means Committee I have been delegated to formulate a plan of organization. I know of no better way than to profit by the advice and experiences of other clubs. If you will be kind enough to send us anything in this line that might be of service to us I am sure we will be able to glean many valuable pointers.

In this connection we would like to know your experience with associate members, whether they are admitted, and on what basis, and any other plans your club adopts to raise finances.

Thanking you in advance for the trouble we are putting to you to, I remain, fraternally,

CRAWFORD HEAD,
Care St. Louis Republic.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CLUB'S SHOW.

“Seven Years After” was the billboard name of the big Scoop show pulled off by the San Francisco Press Club in the Cort theater of that town on the 19th—just a week ahead of ours. One of the members of this club sends clippings from the Frisco newspapers describing it, and covers the enclosures with this welcome though belated note:

Dear Press Club:—Greetings from California! Mrs. Barnes and I are having a bully trip.

I enclose clippings in re the San Francisco Press Club show, which may be of interest.

The San Francisco Press Club has fine quarters and is prosperous. Success to the Scoop.

W. R. BARNES.

Kind Words from a Kindly Man.

Dear Mr. Malloch:—I want to congratulate the Press Club on an extraordinary “Scoop” production. It certainly was a great credit to the Press Club and was enjoyed by everyone present. Kindly extend my congratulations to the rest of the Club.

Yours very truly,

JOHN A. GAUGER.

ENGLISH UNDEFINED.

(The editor of that famed and trusted trade paper, The Safe Blowers' Beacon of Truth, spent an afternoon at the Press Club as the guest of Gene Morgan and permitted his host to quote him in the subjoined tribute.)

Take it from me, lob, that Press Club is a darb, it's a darb. It's just the slab for a gun with a coop fever or a stir-bug, what's been moping up the stem with flatties sparkling on every corner, all the broads hep and toting mushes, and not a chance to sleeve a thimble in sight. He can float up to a nice, quiet flop, freeze his skimmer, his heater and his groper, and then settle down for a shot, a chin or a nice kip in the knowledge box. Nope, dicks ain't allowed. This is a gentleman's club.

The club is on Dearborn street, just off the main slipper drag, and we went up on a smoke flier like a pair of automatic supper guys. The first thing we did when we hit the gargling works was to step up and shoot a pair of rats, after which a working stiff with a bundle horned in and set us up to a couple of scuttles of keery-gow. He offered to fire me a torch, but I said, “Thanks, I'll stick to Sullivans.” But chee, lob, I've got to cut the hooch and Sullivans, 'cause I've got a bum pump. Last month I canned hitting the dabs off my wrist—but, then, that don't hauck you none about the Press Club.

We stalled around the joint till it was nearly time for the shorts to jam, I guess. We filled in with a swell mob, what knew a lot of big dicks and didn't love 'em none, and when that's the noise I can punch gun anywhere. They weren't all scribblers. There was one croaker and two mouthpieces in the mob, but they were nix on the low-down, you could see that, and I wouldn't be afraid of a welch on fall-do or a bum rap if they were trying to unpri me from doing a century.

While there I told 'em that story about Skinny Dutch, whose brother got croaked outside o' Shanahan's. Skinny knew who nicked the kid, but he didn't lay his lamps on the guy for a year. One night Skinny was at the ring-side of a fight at Milwaukee. He turned around, give a yelp and begin climbing over heads. When he got to a certain guy he went to his throat like a monkey to a fig.

“A pair of Dutch coppers glommed me,” Skinny always tells it. “They pried me off and pinched me. You see, they thought I was tryin' to nail a stone, but hell! I was only tryin' to kill the geezer.”

But I had to beat it from the Press Club after a while to spring a slipper-guy at Desplaines street. But I hated to lamm out so quick. Take it from me, it's some dump, lob, some dump.

Eats to the Sweets.

The forty young ladies who sold flowers and candies in the Auditorium theater last Saturday were entertained at supper in the club's main dining room after the evening performance. About a hundred club members and members of the ladies' auxiliary were with them. After supper the floor was cleared and an informal dance proceeded until sometime well on toward daylight. The occasion was the reverse of funeral.

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

THE SCOOP PROFITS.

Receipts and expenditures covering the Scoop show have not yet been adjusted in full detail, but the happy announcement may be made here that the net profits to the club are about \$12,000.

Members who received books of exchange tickets for the show and who have not yet reported upon them, are earnestly requested to do so at once. Return the unsold parts and get your credits for them.

COO-EE!

The big round-up a week from tonight will be the final echo to the Scoop show. Let it be a roarer. The police, the cavalry, the naval reserves, and the others who helped make up the inauguration spectacle, will be our guests, and we shall feed them full. Not with whimwhams and kickshaws of French cookery, but with good, plain, health making American chuck, the kind the cowmen have when they are out to call the cattle in. Everybody come-a-runin. It will be a free for all, in the widest sense. "Come and get it!"

THE OUTSIDE FOR OUTSIDERS.

"Ezra" Kendall's suggestion of a curé for the abuse he complained of last week is good so far as it goes, but it stops short of the effective point. A visit to any other first class club, and a half hour with the door man, would show simply and clearly what should be done to keep outsiders on the outside, and protect insiders from undesired interruptions or time-burning visitors. It would be in no way difficult to prevent an intruder from getting out of the elevator above the second floor, or emerging from the stair head at or above the third.

THE RESTAURANT.

When the figures in relation to the restaurant were read at the last monthly meeting they gave many members the impression that there had been a loss of about \$500 in the month. This was wrong. The figures were for the entire time the club has controlled its own eating department; and incidentally it might be noted that for the last few weeks there have been profits.

According to the experts, if it breaks even the restaurant will do more than does any other club-controlled restaurant in the loop. Furthermore, the eats are good.

THAT BOHEMIA STUFF.

Nobody could decently refuse the definition of Bohemia Frank Comerford offered in his speech from the Auditorium stage last Saturday, but while it may be the true one, it does not run with the generally accepted understanding, and therefore fails to commend the term as applied to this organization. No other club in this city has in its ranks a greater latent power for good. Nor has any a finer body of membership, a more earnest and forceful, a more completely respectable in even the conventional sense. Bohemia may have been a very good word once, but it has fallen into the state of the word Captain in Falstaff's day, when misapplication made it "as odious as the word 'occupy,' which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted." Away with it. We will none of it here.

CONCERNING VISITORS' CARDS.

To the Editor:—For many years the Press Club has been noted for its sincerely democratic spirit. Its wholesome atmosphere, free of snobbery and affectation, has received many tributes from speakers and writers both within and without the club. It is a quality that naturally calls forth admiration from all men of breadth and generosity and we trust there may be no diminishment of this spirit in the future. We believe, however, there may be danger in another, and opposite direction.

It is not at all necessary, in order to maintain this fine tradition, to admit, on visitors' cards, a miscellaneous lot of persons who have not the slightest sympathy with the ideals of the Press Club nor any sort of fraternalism with its members. We allude to the growing practice of opening the doors to numerous outsiders who are residents of Chicago or of Cook county. As every member should know, if he does not, this is in direct violation of a club rule which was made with the express purpose of excluding the many local seekers after club privileges who are not eligible to membership, or, if eligible, are unwilling to "pay the price." Those who have made application for membership are, of course, in another class and to them and their sponsors this criticism does not apply. Democracy does not mean commonness. Too easy accessibility may spell decadence. Revive the old rule and let us see it strictly enforced.

CLOSED DOOR.

Suggestion and Request.

To the Editor: Responding for myself to McIntyre's demand for more stories in The Fool Killer style, I would suggest less of that and more of Boris. Mr. McGovern caught the true club spirit in that story, and didn't slur anybody.

BERT GARWOOD.

THE MENDICANTS.

BLISS CARMAN IN THE LONDON WEEKLY SUN

We are as mendicants who wait
 Along the roadside in the sun;
 Tatters of yesterday and shreds
 Of morrow clothe us every one.

And some are dotards, who believe
 And glory in the days of old;
 While some are dreamers, harping still
 Upon an unknown age of gold.

Hopeless or witless! Not one heeds.
 As lavish Time comes down the way.
 And tosses in the suppliant hat
 One great, new-minted, gold today

But there be others, happier far,
 The vagabondish sons of God,
 Who know the players and the flowers,
 And care not how the world may plod.

They idle in the traffic lands,
 And loiter through the woods with spring;
 To them the glory of the earth
 Is but to hear a blackbird sing.

They, too, receive each one his day;
 But their wise hearts know many things
 Beyond the sating of desire,
 Above the dignity of kings.

One I remember kept his coin,
 And laughing flipped it in the air;
 But when two strolling pipe players
 Came by, he tossed it to the pair.

Spendthrift of joy, his childish heart
 Danced to their wild outlandish bars;
 Then supperless he laid him down
 That night and slept beneath the stars.

EXCLUDING THE GOTHs AND VANDALS.

Kendall Follows Up His Kick.

To the Editor:—In making my "kick" about outsiders taking advantage of the good nature of the club, I had no definite remedy in mind, but simply wanted to start the board of directors of the Press Club to thinking.

The constitution and by-laws prohibit outsiders from club privileges unless they are vouched for in proper form—that form is prescribed.

It would be a good idea to see that these laws are enforced. The progressive policies, followed by the board of directors during the past few months have greatly improved conditions, but there are many things which have not yet been attended to.

Would it not be a good idea to have a register at the elevator door, in which every visitor would be required to write his name and the name of his sponsor? I think this plan would keep undesirables from walking into the club rooms any time they take the notion.

Almost every day a newsboy comes into the club with a bundle of papers under his arm and walks into every room, trying to sell his papers to everyone present. The only places where this is allowed are the various railroad depots and bar rooms. How funny a newsboy would look in the Chicago Athletic Association, the University, or the Hamilton club!

"EZRA" KENDALL.

Rub Their Noses in the Law.

To the Editor:—This is to second the motion of Mr. "Ezra" Kendall that some system should be adopted to exclude from the precincts of the club, all outsiders who are not properly vouched, who come to 26 North Dearborn street to have some friend buy them a drink

or a bite of cold beans, and who take outrageous advantage of the club privileges.

The Press Club is for newspapermen. Evidently those in immediate charge of the club premises are not familiar with the club constitution and by-laws, or else they are indifferent to this continuous "Invasion of the Goths."

I would suggest that a careful perusal of the by-laws and aforesaid constitution, by every employe of the club, should be insisted upon by the officers now in authority. Not new laws, but a strict enforcement of the laws as they stand is needed.

Why should a newspaperman be forced to associate with nondescripts, in his own club? The Lord knows he meets enough of them outside! Anything for variety? Not that variety, thank you. The Press Club for men of the press! Outside for the outsiders.

Are you ready for the question, fellow sufferers?

EDWARD J. DOHERTY.

A Standpatter, Plus.

Mr. Hell Box Keeper:—As a member of the Club, I protest. Get a morgue. These kids are good brats. Cut out the junk and get something else for your limited space. Let them make their noise; let them screech, but in God's name let the echo die within the confines of our own walls. These boys are harmless, but do not give them the bit in their teeth; they will run amuck.

As a remedy I suggest you turn them over to Jeff, and consign their effusions to the dim mysteries of the past.

"PLUS."

NOTES BY WASHBURNE.

An interesting little book bearing on the title page the name of our fellow club member, James Aloysius Durkin, has made its appearance. It is entitled "The Auto Bandits," and is in Mr. Durkin's happiest vein. He intends to present an autographed copy to the club.

WANTED!—The address of the young person at the Scoop show who remarked on seeing Mr. Edwin Clipson in his inimitable impersonation of a militant suffraget: "They say he's real manly off the stage."

Fred Haxton, former city editor of the Chicago Journal and a veteran of the Tribune staff, is in the middle of our midst. He is located in Philadelphia now, and a busy bee in the advertising field. Incidentally he is up for non-resident membership.

Another applicant for membership is Harry Fisher, who has an advertising agency in the Boyce building, next door. He qualifies on the strength of years spent as a reporter in Pittsburgh.

Harvey Woodruff, sporting editor of the Tribune, was a caller this week preparatory to signing an application. Come on in, Woody, the water is fine. You'll find Ed. W. Smith of the American in up to his neck.

The Scoop last week referred to the Rev. W. B. Norton as the "unofficial" chaplain of the Press Club. This was an error. Doctor Norton is the official chaplain of the club, by virtue of a commission signed by President Wheeler.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Club turned out at the Scoop show and earned around \$125 by selling flowers and candy. And there was no commission to come out of it, either.

Wilson Weber Passes.

Norval Wilson Weber, youngest brother of Geo. W. Weber of the Chicago Press Club, died a few days ago at Pawnee, Ill. Norval Weber was a reporter on the Chicago Herald when it was started in 1881, and until health failed him was on the staff of the Philadelphia Item.

The children's slide on which Taft made his entrance on the Auditorium stage was furnished by W. S. Tottill, who kindly loaned it for the performances.

WHAT THE PRESS WOMEN ARE DOING

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

"Ye are the children of God."

"That all men are created equal."

First the Bible said it. After ages older philosophers had nearly said it. Later that cheerful and apparently well intentioned and carefully prepared document known as the Declaration of Independence repeated the meaning. I like to read the rhythmic conclusion of that grand old bill of rights:

"We pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

To maintain what?

Silly question. Equality between man and man, of course—women inclusive. If there were not some sort of evenness in the start, there would be none to maintain.

Liberty and Equality are one. Domination is the breeder of Fear.

In the House of Fear, Freedom has no dwelling place. Bravado may sometimes strut through the darksome rooms, may even laugh and make merry and wear the mask of Freedom.

But you know and I know that the two are eternally separate. The only companion to Liberty is Love, and where one is the other must be. From their sweet influence Boasting and Bravado hide themselves perforce.

Are we all liars?

OR ARE WE ALL THE CHILDREN OF GOD?

Is there one atom of Truth in the Declaration of Independence?

Plato, Socrates, Christ, Buddha, Emerson, the Constitution, the Calendared Saints, Mrs. Eddy, and all the Gospel Exponents from the Old Testament prophets to now, have laid down our common parentage as axiomatic. Materialists and Transcendentalists alike make no issue of the matter. Divinity may be attributeless to some and personal to others, but still our source is common.

Maybe the Declaration is not all falsehood. Perhaps that other plain statement is more fact than fancy.

WE ARE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Then what is the matter with us?

My brother does not speak to me when he meets me in the street.

Every self-respecting woman, particularly every young girl, is afraid of her brothers. Some dreadful woman may be her secondary fear, but back of it is a fear of MAN.

I do not speak to my sister when I meet her in the street.

I am afraid of something no one ever has been able to define, if I do. The more money I have, the more prominent my social position, the larger grows my fear of this intangible thing.

One day last week seventeen people rode twenty-six

minutes on a street car and not one spoke. If one smiled it was so quickly done that it eluded observation. They were all afraid to look into each other's eyes and declare for Human Rights. Beside each one stood a ghastly visaged fear that held them all in slavery quite as real as that which enchained the African in ante bellum days. Simple, honest Goodness became arrant cowardice, and was afraid to express itself.

Yet it is not natural for seventeen people to ride twenty-six minutes and not wish to speak. Life is too vital, too changing for that.

In a street I know there are many houses and many roly-poly children. All of them were once tiny, dimpled, crowing babies.

(Are they all the children of God?)

Just back is an alley where other children live. They are roly-poly, too, but they never play with the children who live in the street—those whose mothers are afraid of that same intangible something no one has ever been able to definitely name.

At church they learn first and above all of the equality of creation. Children are born Democrats. It takes a lot of fears to make them conventional.

Yet if I speak to my little brother or to my little sister when I meet them, their parents draw them close to protect them.

From what?

Where, how, does the monstrous situation come about?

Why have not the Children of God love for each other?

In the House of Fear, Vice flourishes unceasingly and rankly. Liberty has no place there, because here every breath is goodness and as Love is always her companion, so, too, is Honesty. They three, immortal, wonderful trio, wait for us at every turn, walk with us whatever maze we tread, yet our eyes do not see the radiance of their presence; our ears are deaf to the music of their song.

Must Christ be crucified again?

Shall we write a new Declaration?

Or shall we go on in our lies?

("Ye are the children of God.")

Jean Comerford

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

Mrs. Herman Reiwitch was among the missing ones last week. The Auxiliary lamented her absence often, and with much affection. A valiant and unselfish laborer is Mrs. Reiwitch in behalf of the Press Club—just about as unselfish and untiring as a woman can be.

We all felt sorry that just as she was planning for her Scoop party the little Alvin, six-year-old son of the family, fell ill. It is scarlet fever, in light form fortunately, but of course she went into quarantine in the apartment and is housed in two rooms with a trained nurse and the boy. Herman Reiwitch meanwhile occu-

pies the rest of the house and converses with his wife through the keyhole, or she opens a window while he makes fine pretense of serenading her. The postman carries a long letter almost every day, too, although of course, Mrs. Reiwitch cannot reply. The fellows declared that he was a pretty lonely husband last Saturday, and quite refused to act in the big production. The quarantine will last two or three weeks more, so telephonic visits from all of us are in order.

Mrs. Hall's Activities.

When the National Congress of Mothers and the Parent-Teachers' Association meet in Boston next month a member of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Press Club will occupy an important place. Mrs. Edgar A. Hall is the national chairman of Press and Publicity for the entire organization, which numbers many thousands and accomplishes much for the betterment of childhood. On the National Publicity Committee are 816 members in 38 state committees, and 182 members at large.

The chairmanship of such a body of men and women implies an unusual ability, and the women of the Press Club are rejoicing that Mrs. Hall is of their number. Besides, she has had entire charge of the advertising of the Seventeenth Annual Child Welfare Conference, which also meets in Boston.

One of the public awakenings achieved by these great organizations has been the opening to citizens of the school houses. One of their claims is that such buildings are by natural right the gathering place for civic associations. Some of the more thoughtful among them vouchsafe the information that political meetings might be held in school auditoriums without much injury either to parties or to citizenship. In fact, there are rational people who imagine that education and politics must enter into a combine before there is large accomplishment in the matter of cleaning away governmental corruption.

After all, the child is nothing if not a potential citizen. That being so, it would rationally seem that any activity with which he is ever likely to be associated might be subjected to honest discussion in the school house. The procedure might possibly be considered as a justifiable part of his education, since it would logically mean a bigger understanding of civics on the part of *both* his parents. One of the strong arguments in favor of political activity for women is the fact that men have for long had the field to themselves and now find themselves criticizing themselves for the very conditions they themselves have brought about.

Mrs. Hall will leave for Boston about May 12th. The conference will be held at the Copley-Plaza Hotel on May 15, 16, 17, 18.

Our Dr. Richard C. Fisher is in St. Luke's hospital, recovering from the effect of an operation for gall stones. He has been there about ten days, so that by now he is permitted to see callers.

COLONEL KELLOGG'S SECLUSION.

Colonel Kellogg is "not coming down any more." The word came Thursday. His eyes have been failing rapidly of late—those fine old eyes, that have looked upon so large a part of our country's history in the making. They have dimmed so much that he has been advised against venturing into the streets. His health is good, save for that one affliction.

There is no likelihood of his being left alone in the dark that has descended upon him, for his door is open, and his friends will be with him in numbers. But he has for so many years been so familiar a figure in the club, a member so well beloved for his sturdy, genial, generous nature, that he will be sadly missed. He lives at 2238 South Michigan avenue.

OUR OWN AMAZONS.



Messrs. Clipson and Wood, here daintily pictured forth, were two of the hits in the line of impersonation at the Big Show. This was not because they were conspicuously active, but because they were particularly attractive. All they had to do was just to look—just like that. Intelligence, determination and voting power radiated from them wherever they walked, stood, or sat. No manlier ladies ever put it across the foots in any theater.

W. N. Sharp, of the firm of Sharp & Smith, a life member of the Press Club, was a box holder at the Scoop show, and one of those who came up to express their delight over the performance. Mr. Sharp is one of the life members who take a lively and active interest in club affairs—an example well worthy the attention and emulation of others in that list.

There were extra large crowds in for lunch and dinner last Sunday. The restaurant is open every Sunday at noon and continues open through the night.

R. W. Faulkner

D. L. Ettelson

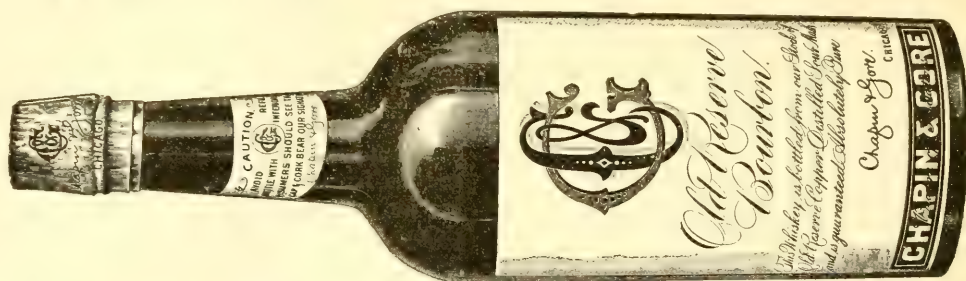
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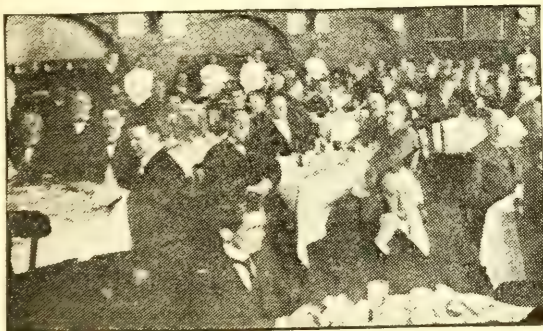
What'll it be? **C. & G.** for me.



CHAPIN & GORE That is all you need to know about whiskey.

Several contributions to the Press Club Scoop were made after the program went to press. Rueckheim Bros. & Eckstein made a handsome donation of candy for sale by the young ladies in the foyer, and should have had mention earlier.

Daniel Stern of this Club, for thirty-two years editor and manager of the American Artisan and Hardware Record, has the satisfaction of finding himself and his publication finally established in handsome and commodious offices in the new Karpen building. The Artisan has been a consistent, dignified, progressive trade journal, and as such has made a steady growth and prospered in proportion.



If the Woman Who Loves You

Invited you to take dinner
with her,
And you let her understand
that you would be there at
a certain time,
And then you forgot to come
at all,
You would be a beast,
wouldn't you?

The Press Club Restaurant was established for your convenience and expects your support. Eat at

The Press Club Restaurant

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,

of THE SCOOP, published weekly at Chicago, Ill., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Note.—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

Editor—W. D. Eaton, 26 N. Dearborn St.

Managing Editor—None.

Business Manager—W. Frederic Nutt, Chicago, Ill.

Publisher—Press Club of Chicago.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock)—Owner is a club. No stockholders.

Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: State Bank of Chicago holds \$50,000 bonds of club; Central Trust Co. holds \$27,000 bonds of club.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT,

Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of April, 1913.

MAURICE NELSON,

Notary Public.

(Seal.)

(My commission expires June 10, 1914.)

Bell



System

Get the man on the telephone, if the letter is obscure—one of those self-contradictory efforts of tired minds—and have an understanding.

But if he is a business man he can talk straight, that's certain. Question and answer will clarify the whole subject.

The Long Distance Telephone will clear the situation.

Chicago Telephone Company
Bell Telephone Building Official 100

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 21, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II, No. 19.

Chicago, Saturday, May 10, 1913.

Price 5c.

"P-C" RANCH COO-EE! SCOOP ROUND-UP!

Chuck Wagon Mess

Come and Get It

Saturday, May 10, at 8:30 P. M.

You are invited to join us in celebrating the record roping of the famous steer "SCOOP."

All the ranchers will be there. A wandering troupe of entertainers, "The A. Milo Bennett Scintillating Session of All Stars—2 Shows in 1," will offer cheer, with "Czar" Christensen and his famous Comedy Band, "The Ranchers' Sextette" in Fence Riding Ballads, with Col. Kirke Towns.

COME EARLY, FIT FER FEED.

Casey Cairns, Foreman
Bill Visscher
Rudy Berliner
Dry Ed Fox
Dave Clarkson
Doc Australia Adams
Frenzy Frank Collins

Timber Harry Greene
Old Doc Comerford, Sky Pilot
Lumberjack Malloch
Handsome Harry Daniel
Windows Kney
Megaphone Merrill
Gorilla Woodward, Camp Cook

Everything Free Gratis for Nothing at all. Your money is no good here tonight.

All comers will be frisked for concealed weapons. Those having none will be supplied. Where everybody packs a gat, all will sure be polite.

HELP US KILL AND EAT THE FATTED CALF,
"Which has been fattening for y'ars and y'ars and y'ars."

The Duke of York

By JOHN MCGOVERN.

One night Ben Truman and I had been at the White-chapel Club from 10 o'clock p. m. (when we timidly opened the door with the small-pox card on it), until 5 a. m. All the lawyers, judges, actors, and storytellers had sat around the big horse-shoe table upstairs. "The Reverend Doctor Almy" had returned from hottest Africa, with Ben King as a one-eyed tongue-tied convert chained to his earthly savior, and together they had sung the one-eyed, tongue-tied duet, following Doctor Almy's exigent appeal for funds to carry on the dear work. We had heard Soebeeck sound the piano, music afterward coming while his fingers were playing on only a harp in the air. We had heard Ben King, arrayed in full astrological canonicals, and acting as traveling healer, advise the fat man to go up the river and spawn. We had heard the retorts of Charlie Perkins and Doctor Williams—men with hair-trigger tongues. We had banqueted on every imaginable entree of wit and humor, and a few—say twenty people—had come down-stairs around the coffin-shaped table of council. There had sat among us all night a thin, young man resembling Walker Whiteside's *Hamlet*. He did not laugh. He seemed to be dwelling on the incestuous marriage of *Hamlet's* mother with his uncle. The boys got it in their heads that this solemn young man must be a great wit. They wore themselves out with imploring him to do us a round of something. He turned sadly from us. Alas! he could do nothing for us—would to God that he could! But, anon, happy hour!—in the loud-clanging Sunday morning of the *Record* and the *Herald* alley, with the affidavit circulation all dumping in noisy wagons, our young genius arose and slapped his palm on his forehead. "Now is the wintarr of our discontent," said he, "made glorious summarr by this sun of York; and all the clouds that lour'd on our house," said he, "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." It is a speech of forty lines, at least. Who *was* he? Nobody knew. Doctor Almy at once got behind the young elocutionist and did a cannon-ball act that must not be accurately described. The President of the Whitechapel, Charlie Seymour, and the Vice-President, Peter Dunne, sat together like two of Pullman's magistrates in the Federal Court, listening to Debs' lawyers. They gazed, without a smile, on the cannon-ball tosser, who enacted his enormous pantomime behind Richard the Third. The President of the Whitechapel arose. He offered his magisterial arm to the Vice-President. The sachems withdrew from sight to the saloon-bar adjoining the club. They poured a fortifying libation. They returned—the two staidest faces I have ever seen. They paced to the orator. He was already frothing. He was saying—"Unfinished, sent before me time into this breathing wor-ruld, scarce hawf made up." The President took one of the unfinished Duke's arms; the Vice-President took his other duke. They silently pressed him to a seat. They again seated themselves against the wall—grave and reverend

seigniors, with not even a twinkle of a roguish eye.

Some time afterward, when, in the "Black Hussar," the tenor singer died, was laid on a bier, and the afflicted basso and baritone, pathetically sounding their wo, carried out their dead, and when the dead tenor on the bier also joined in, splendidly, to complete the fine trio, I had the same desire to laugh for two days.

THE DISLOCATIONS OF ETAOIN SHRDLU.

Facility in handling slugs on the galleys or the stone leads sometimes to the bestowal of opaque incoherence upon plain running matter. That was what happened to the report of Frank Comerford's Auditorium address in last week's issue of this sheet. Because in its native state it was a beautiful bit of lucid truth, and therefore too good to be lost, the speech is here reproduced in its own proper sequence:

"The dream gatherers—poets, philosophers, artists—have threaded our yesterdays into a rosary of memories, each bead a trysting place for today's love. In each tryst our tears sleep in our smiles, even as that fallen star we call a dew drop sleeps on the bosom of a leaf. Regrets? We have none. Those who have gone from us have left only smiles. This is the unbroken camaraderie of the Press Club.

"The builders of dreams work in the shadows. They are the architects of our tomorrows. They toll that truth may find expression. They create that others may interpret—that all may understand. Their shadowland is the struggle; the struggle to live to write. Like every night lighter who brings illumination to the world's streets, when their work is done they once more pass into the shadows, there to live with their heartaches and sorrows. They give their light to the world. In the shadows they dwell alone.

"There are men unknown to social registrars, unlisted in the columns of Bradstreet, who mint ideas and give currency to ideals. They are makers for the solvency of civilization. Every movement toward a better and happier tomorrow has behind it the heart beat of the newspaper man. The Press has been the conscience by means of which the world has learned its mistakes and advanced toward the heights. Back of the newspaper is the newspaper man, the unheralded worker for the common good. Uncompensated by fame, he is the daily foe of injustice, the constant worker for fair play. Often the confidant of statesmen, he dies with secrets locked in his bosom that might have shaken continents. His sense of honor gives one new faith in mankind. The newspaper man who will violate a confidence is a pariah among his fellows. The most zealous on the trail of a story, the most enthusiastic in quest of a scoop, will not betray to achieve. With the greatest opportunity for graft, he is seldomest among men found to be a grafter. Quick to recognize worth, keen to discover mediocrity and pretense, through his eyes the world sees itself and is better for the seeing. Through his ears the world hears its throbbing heart, and learns that it has one.

"The Press Club of Chicago is a camp where trail-makers meet, and in the fire glow tired optimism is refreshed, faith born again. Pioneers in the untraveled wilderness of opinion where those who come after build Novel and Essay, History and Philosophy—the newspaper men are part of it all. The newspaper man and the artist, the poet, the philosopher, the story teller and the musician, are brothers. Side by side they home in the Press Club.

"Bohemia is not a carnival in which license is acclaimed wit by the maudlin, soured in stupidity. Bohemia is mental freedom. Never bad taste, bad manners nor ignorance. In Bohemia ideas are emancipated and

swing into luminous ideals—the mirrorings of the star dappled skies.

Strange, too, that in this noose of steel we call the "Loop which strangles the souls of men, there should survive, unmarred by the bitterness of the struggle for dollars, a band of men whose faith in human kind endures eternally."

THE FORELOPER.

(A once forgotten poem by Rudyard Kipling.)

The gull shall whistle in his wake, the blind wave break in fire.

He shall fulfill God's utmost will, unknowing his desire.
And he shall see new planets pass, and alien stars arise,
And give the gale his reckless sail in shadow of new skies.

Strong lust of gear shall drive him forth, and hunger arm his hand

To wring his food from deserts nude, his foothold from the sand.

His neighbors' smoke shall vex his eyes, their voices break his rest.

He shall go forth from south till north, sullen and dispossessed.

He shall desire solitude, and his desire shall bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a people, and a king.

He shall turn back on his own track, and by his scarce-cold camp,

There shall he meet the roaring street, the derrick, and the stamp.

And he shall blaze a nation's ways with hatchet and with brand.

Till on his last won wilderness, an Empire's bulwarks stand.

From the remote and least known corners of this world, fortuitously here as at a common stopping point in far journeys, a group of forelopers gathered around a table in one of the private dining rooms last week, dinner guests of Doctor Nutt. There was Baron von Teuber, not long ago an officer in the Austrian army, now faring to the Andean edges of Brazil for the third time with a moving film camera, after records of tribes and places heretofore unknown, for the joint benefit of that government, the ethnological societies of Europe, and the educational work of the Selig Polyscope—a mission full of more dangers than those that go with war; Captain Franklin, formerly a British officer, with a record for wild adventure in Africa and picturesque plunges into that field of exhibition which tries to show civilization how savage life is carried on; and Captain Foran, whose military experience covers six minor wars, the greater one in the Transvaal, and a period of government over some hundred thousand square miles on the equator, without sight of a white man, and with only the company of his own native troops. These are young men, the oldest only a little past forty. Franklin is facing the far east now, and Foran the north.

Our own Jay Cairns and Harry Greene were there, qualified companions of these three—Cairns by reason of a romantic if not exhilarating career as a soldier of fortune in revolutionary Central America, and Greene because of solitary wanderings in the north woods of Canada and the little known interiors of Newfoundland and Greenland. Doctor Nutt himself was secretary to Chinese Gordon and knew the breath of distant

climes before he turned this way and became a newspaper man in Cleveland.

It was such a group as could not have gathered in any other club in Chicago, for men of this kind are drawn to us through the action of a sort of law in psychical affinity. Their comparison of notes and matter of fact relation of experiences full of unconscious romance would have made a ripping good book of adventure in itself, yet there was no thought of shop-talk in any of it.

There is an adventurers' club, one of a chain that will soon encircle the globe. It had its origin at a meeting in the Press Club, and its members come to our house naturally, since it has no house of its own—nor really any need for one, since so many of our people are in it. It is a pleasure and an honor to extend our hospitalities to men of this stamp, whose love for the free life and the free spaces is doing so much to carry light among they that walk in darkness, and bring a knowledge of them to the dwellers in safe cities.

CANDIDATES FOR MEMBERSHIP.

The following applications for membership have been approved by the Board of Directors and are to be acted upon at the monthly meeting, May 11th.

Life.

George S. Foster; Sponsor, W. Frederic Nutt.

Active.

A. A. Baldwin, Inter Ocean; Sponsor, K. M. Paterson.

Harry R. Fisher, former newspaperman; Sponsor, W. A. Washburne.

George V. Foy, Examiner; Sponsor, Perley H. Boone.
Sam. P. Gerson, former member; Sponsor, Victor Eubank.

P. H. Hanney, former member; Sponsor, W. Frederic Nutt.

Kent A. Hunter, Examiner; Sponsor, Perley H. Boone.

Chas. J. McGuirk, Examiner; Sponsor, Les. F. Wilson.

Thornton L. Smith, Associated Press; Sponsor, J. C. Royle.

Jacquin Van Lait, American; Sponsor, W. A. Washburne.

Rudolph Bismarck von Liebock, Woman's World; Sponsor, John A. Campbell.

Non-Resident.

Fred. Buffer, news editor, Peoria, Sponsor, Chas. N. Wheeler.

Preston W. Crews, writer, Milwaukee, Sponsor, Les. F. Wilson.

Fred Haxton, advertising, Philadelphia, Sponsor, W. A. Washburne.

Daniel Webster Trotter, correspondent, Calgary, Alberta, Sponsor, John B. Jeffery.

D. H. Winget, editor and publisher, Clinton, Iowa, Sponsor, Wm. Lightfoot Visscher.

Prof. Doolin's Advancement.

Prof. Adrian M. Doolin, a member of the Press Club and principal of the Webster school, has been called by Governor Dunne to the State Board of Education. The appointment was made on Tuesday of this week.

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

By error, the bulletin board announced a special meeting today, for the election of a financial secretary to succeed B. Beecher Osburne. This election will occur in the regular course of business at the monthly meeting tomorrow.

Through some misunderstanding the regular meeting was announced for Sunday, the 18th. This is wrong. The meeting will be held as usual on the second Sunday of the month. In the present instance, the 11th.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE

Friday of next week the club will entertain at luncheon a group of most distinguished men, delegates to the conference to arrange an international celebration of a century of peace between the English-speaking peoples. The occasion will be memorable in our history. It is understood Lord Weardale and Sir George Reid will have something to say to the Press Club that will not be covered by addresses delivered before other organizations here or elsewhere.

Details are printed in another column. It is pointedly desired that members intending to be present reserve their places at tables immediately. Refer to the plans at the office of the club.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SLANG.

Someone has defined slang as language on probation. The supplementary sections of our standard dictionaries give proof to that definition. When a language stops growing, it begins to die. All living languages grow up from below, like all other living things. The most active impulses in ours come from those levels of population where the formal English vocabulary is limited, and impatience or inspiration finds a lawless but direct short cut to a meaning. Into this country come the baser forms of many foreign languages, each unintelligible to the others. Their speakers are thrown together so closely that interchange of thought is imperatively necessary, and out of that necessity a volunteer Volapuc is arising, infusing the general speech by insensible degrees, but widening continually. The patter of the underworld, sharp, incisive, sometimes sinister, joins the mixture. The new

word which is also a short cut compels its own adoption.

With a nervously energetic people such as ours, these adoptions are often immediate, and by common usage covering comparatively brief terms of time force themselves into the permanent body of our speech. Many are quaint, some are puzzling, most have a queer quality of humor, a few have the illuminative power of a lightning flash. From these last the language is mainly recruited.

The man whose ear catches and whose memory retains these probationaries, who can so utilize them as to make scenes and shades of character stand out through them as through no other media, is a genuine philologist and the friend of his time and country. Gene Morgan of the New York Press, a member of this club, is such an one. His contributions to The Scoop show that. They are compounded of fewer familiar and more new words than anything else that is being written today, yet nobody could mistake their meaning at any point, and their humor glows as it could not if cast in classic phrases. They are well worth attention from the cloistered scholars whose English is formal, but whose knowledge of the life around them, with its seething changes and its prehensile new expressions, is a sadly minus quantity.

TOMORROW'S IMPORTANT MEETING.

It is important to every active member of the Club that tomorrow's meeting be attended fully as possible. Action is to be taken on the proposed amendment to the constitution which if passed next month will abolish the present system of signing checks for service and put the club on a strictly cash footing.

Any change in the constitution may be far reaching, even to the seat of life. It almost says itself that all such propositions demand the most careful and deliberate consideration before they go to the bulletin board, as well as a good full vote when the voting time comes.

Can anyone tell why a title line set under a cut is called a caption?

Mighty Good Work.

Two stories on the front page in one day indicate a climbing writer, pretty well up the stair. John L. Lawson in Tuesday's Tribune touched that mark. One of his stories, the one that covered the happenings in the Union restaurant Monday night, reads like the stuff the New York Sun used to hand its public while Mr. Dana was alive. To say that is not to imply imitation, but to pay about as high a compliment as any newspaper man ever could earn.

It is good news that Doctor Fisher's convalescence is rapid, and that Colonel Kellogg's condition has considerably improved. The Colonel's friends are wearing a pathway to his door.

A CENTURY OF PEACE.

The Press Club Is to Entertain the British Delegates to the Conference for a Celebration of the Hundred Years of Amity Among Those Who Use the King's English.

The Club will give a luncheon on Friday, the 16th, at 12:30 o'clock, in honor of the British delegation to the International Conference called to arrange plans for the appropriate celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the treaty of Ghent, which marked the beginning of the unbroken era of peace among all English-speaking peoples. The guests of honor will include:

GREAT BRITAIN:—The Right Honorable Lord Wear-dale, chairman of the Interparliamentary Union; Captain the Honorable Sir Arthur Lawley, G. C. I. E., lieutenant governor of the Transvaal 1902-6, governor of Madras 1906-11; the Right Hon. the Earl Stanhope; the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Eustace Maxwell, P. C., LL.D., a lord of the treasury; the Hon. Charles Thomas Mills, M. P., partner in the banking house of Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co.; the Hon. Neil Primrose, M. P.; Arthur Shirley Benn, chairman highways committee, house of commons; James Allen Parker, M. P.; Moreton Frewen, M. P., writer on economic subjects; Henry Vivian, M. P.; H. S. Perris, M. A., secretary British peace committee.

CANADA:—Sir Edmund Walker, C. V. O., LL. D., president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce; Charles A. McGrath, M. P., one of the Canadian members of the International Boundaries Commission; Travers Lewis, K. C., D. C. L., of the University of Toronto; Raoul Dandurand, P. C.; Capt. Charles Frederick Hamilton, secretary of the Canadian committee.

AUSTRALIA:—The Right Hon. Sir George Houston Reid, P. C., G. C. W. G., D. C. L., High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia in London.

NEWFOUNDLAND:—The Right Hon. Sir Edward Morris, P. C., LL. D., premier of Newfoundland.

THE CITY OF GHENT, BELGIUM, where the famous treaty was signed on the 24th of December, 1814, will be represented by Alderman C. De Bruyne, high sheriff of Ghent, and Alphonse Van Werveke, Curator of the Museum of Ghent.

NEW YORK:—Dr. E. R. L. Gould, formerly of Johns Hopkins University; R. A. Smith, dock commissioner of New York City; William B. Howland, publisher of the Outlook; Andrew B. Humphrey, secretary of the American Peace and Arbitration League; John A. Stewart, chairman of the New York committee of the One Hundredth Anniversary of Peace Among the English Speaking Peoples.

The British delegation will be accompanied in their visit to Chicago by members of the American delegation, among them the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, former United States ambassador to Great Britain, honorary chairman of the American Conference Committee; Judge Alton B. Parker, Andrew B. Humphrey, John A. Stewart, chairman of the executive committee of the American National Peace Committee.

It is also probable that Andrew Carnegie, who is a life member of the Press Club, a prime factor in the peace movement, and an American delegate, will accompany the delegation.

The following committee of the day has been appointed to represent the Press Club:

Dr. G. Cooke-Adams, chairman; Paul Cowles, Associated Press; W. A. Washburne, Tribune; Wm. E. Moore, Inter Ocean; Victor F. Lawson, Daily News; John C. Shaffer, Evening Post; Jay Cairns, Record-Herald; Wm. J. Shanks, Examiner; Jack Little, American; K. M. Patterson, Journal; George Sutherland, Western British American; Herbert Vanderhoof, Canada Monthly.

As a record attendance is expected, members are re-

quested to book their seats early. All seats reserved. A plan of the tables may be seen at the office of the Club.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to hear the scholarly speech delivered by Sir George Reid, the genial high commissioner of Australia, last September, when he was the Club's guest of honor, will be glad to welcome him again as a member of the British delegation.

The Club committee wishes to acknowledge receipt of a copy of a pamphlet from Sir George, containing his highly interesting address delivered before the Royal Colonial Institute, London, entitled "Some Aspects of the Evolution of the British Empire."

AS ZULUS SEE AND SING IT.

Captain Franklin at the dinner given by Doctor Nutt to the adventurers told of the effect the Boer plan of Christian teaching had on the Zulus in the days before that war, and pointed the narrative with a song current among the converts, not flouting any matter of doctrine, but holding with simple honesty to their own belief in themselves. The Zulu in his native state and previous to sophistication is a good deal of a self-respecting gentleman. This is the song:

Black am as good as de white
Befoe de great king of kings,
For de black an' de white
Am one in His sight
When He serve dem out with wings.

Black am as good as de white.
For the holy book has said
Dat de first shall be last
And de boy be de baas
And de baas be de boy instead.

Black am as good as de white
When dey get to kingdom come,
And de white man's blowing de bugle
And de black man's beating de drum.

Black am as good as de white
When it comes to judgment day,
An' Peter is standing beside de gate—
He won't drive de nigger away.

The Eighth Regiment Band.

The Press Club takes this occasion to extend thanks to the members of the 8th Regiment Band and their director, W. E. Berry, for their valuable aid in the big show at the Auditorium. The band was present in full force at both performances, and played handsomely, without stint and without charge. This cheerful and spirited contribution to the entertainment was appreciated and enjoyed by both big audiences.

Thus Far, Good.

Christobal, Canal Zone, April 23.—To the Editor: After a cursory view of the canal, I approve it. Tomorrow I begin going over it more in detail and will then make my recommendations to Wilson and Congress.

PICK.

Fred. Pelham sailed for England a week ago today, in the Olympic, to be away until October. This is not a business trip, but a pursuit of rest and health after his severe illness of the last few months. Doctor Beaumont, ship's physician of the Olympic, is Fred's brother-in-law, and will be his host at his home near Southampton.

Mr. Edgar Payne invites Press Club members to view his exhibition of small pictures—principally of California—at the Palette and Chisel Club rooms, 59 East Van Buren Street, May 3d to 17th.

WHAT THE PRESS WOMEN ARE DOING

Between Ourselves.

"On the whole we do entirely agree with those old monks: 'Laborare est orare.'"

When the stars stand at midnight, some women go to work. One by one, they slip silently in at side doors of great downtown buildings. One by one they doff pitifully shabby out-of-door garments and put on their dirty garb o' toil. With red, swollen fingers, whose nails are worn to the tender quick, they 'take up their burdens of pails and scrub brushes. One by one they drop to their calloused knees and scrub and scrub and scrub.

Sullenly the brushes pass resistlessly back and forth over the dirt left by countless footsteps. Stoically, bent shouldered, uncombed, ungraceful, *uncomprehending*, the scrub women toil. In silence immutable they scrub and scrub, so that you and I may find no dirt next day to offend our fastidiousness.

Once, through the long hours of a night's work, I was one of them. We scrubbed a room where hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of beautiful paintings hung flauntingly. My partner was a wizened wisp of a Polish woman, whose knuckles were knotted from years of toil. We scrubbed our way to an Inness landscape that had caught the very soul of a sunset glow. In every area of painted shade lurked the mystery of twilight, the promise of night. And the sunset was but the transposition of a dawn so glorious as to seem ultimate.

My partner looked at it in that same immutable, stoical silence. No gleam of light came into her dulled eyes. No smile lightened the wrinkles that Life had etched into her yellowly pallid face. The scrub brush was in her dripping hand, the pail of suds at her side. An instant only she paused. Then she bent again toward the floor, and once more began to scrub and scrub and scrub. And behind her the tiled floor gleamed radiantly, cleanly white and blue.

After another moment of gazing at the picture, I, too, scrubbed and scrubbed. The swish as we dipped our brushes into the water was the only sound that varied the stillness. We finished the room, and again paused beside the picture. My partner looked at me with a great curiosity.

"The picture," said I, slowly, so she would know what I said—"it is beautiful."

She did not look at the Masterpiece but at me, and shook her head. "No understand," she said, slowly and wonderingly.

Laborare est orare.

In a long room day after day a man paints pictures. Great daubs of paint lie on his palette. On a table close by are dozens of brushes. Hundreds of clean canvases are piled in one corner. Hundreds of finished pictures hang upon the walls.

All day, hour in and hour out, minute after minute,

he stands there and paints his pictures. It's dab here, daub there, a stipple of ultra marine, a sweep of gray, a dash of white; nor left nor right he looks but endlessly strikes at the canvas before him. THE THING IS FINISHED. TEN FEET AWAY YOU FEEL THE CHARM OF A WINTER-LOCKED LAND.

Then, only then, he raises his head so that his sad eyes may see the hands of a clock that measures out resistless seconds.

"Four minutes," he murmurs half unconsciously, as he deftly picks up a fresh canvas and sets it on the empty easel. Once more he paints the same picture, in precisely the same manner.

And so he labors through the long days.

"Once," he says with a smile (*it is not good to see that smile!*) "I tried to paint real pictures. The artists said they *were* pictures."

He dabbed his biggest brush upon a daub of white, and stood with it poised in his hand.

"You see, I was a dreamer. There was a prayer in every twig, a song in every silence. They were not *big pictures*, of course, but maybe they would have been."

The big brush darted cruelly and unerringly upon the clean canvas. He half whispered the rest.

"Someone who loved me had to be taken care of," he finished patiently, "I took to this."

Steadily, deftly, the same Winter-locked land came upon the canvas.

"The price," I asked ashamedly.

"They average nine cents apiece," he said, as he picked up another brush.

"Some day," I ventured.

He shook his head. "The monotony has killed me," he replied. "All that is left is the something which makes these the most salable four-minute pictures in the United States."

Blue and gray and white, he laid on the third canvas that Winter-locked land. A wagon came rumbling up and two men piled the things high, to be carried away to the framer.

Laborare est orare.

Come back from the illimitable shores of yesterday, O Rare old Monks, who bent with love over the illumination of your manuscripts,

ELIEL & LOEB FIRE INSURANCE

1737 Insurance Exchange



CHICAGO

Wabash
3961



In cassock and cowl you planted the seeds in your gardens and went slowly and soft-footedly toward your vesper service when your day of labor was ended. With prayer you greeted the dawn, with song you passed the nooning, and at night, if, in the dusk of your old gardens, one star gleamed in the infinite blue, you felt the surety of the message.

Laborare est orare.

Some day when all the smiles of all the men who paint four-minute pictures are piled together, what will happen?

Laborare est orare.

Jean Comerford

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

The Women's Association of Commerce.

Much interest is attached to the somewhat new organization known as the Women's Association of Commerce, which enlists the services of several I. W. P. C. members as well as those of several of our valiant P. C. Auxiliary. Page Waller Eaton promised a story of their numerous activities for this issue. On the eleven o'clock mail delivery of the day this goes to press came a sweetly written letter from Mrs. Eaton, absolutely declining to write about herself, and adding, "When I started to write the story, I was suddenly filled with an inspiration, which was nothing more nor less than that you would do it much more effectively than I would. So I am sending you a prospectus."

So daintily and so deftly is the compliment launched that my happiness bids me agree. At the same time the lateness of the hour and the inexorability of the editor compel me to defer the use of the prospectus until some future issue.

Which reminds me that it may be well to again mention the rapt gratitude with which contributions are received. Small or large, tell us of your activities. If you want to express an opinion upon any subject, send it in. The more the merrier. Controversy is the spice of existence.

The I. O. D. B. E.

Our very charming and clever Mrs. George Cooke Adams is Regent of the Prince of Wales Chapter I. O. D. B. E. in Chicago, U. S. A. For fear you may not exactly comprehend the meaning of the title, it is probably well to state that it is the Imperial Order Daughters of the British Empire. I am reminded of their scope and worth at this instant because the invitations have been issued for their forthcoming luncheon at the Auditorium hotel. As this is the month of May, one may easily guess the date, which will be the twenty-fourth and of course the affair will be in honor of Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, whose birthday it was. Empire Day the British people love to call it now, and so doing make testimony of their loyalty to their best loved queen. The order itself is an organization of British women in lands of adoption as well as in portions of the Empire. The objects of the sisterhood are kindly and philanthropic and there is endeavor to foster love for the Homeland and to extend help and comfort to British men and women wherever found. Many young women have been aided by the organization, and one daughter of a British officer was given a four years' course in a celebrated school of music because of her phenomenal voice. The organization has been asked to co-operate with the Peace Committees in the British Empire and in the United States in the commemoration of the century of peace

among English speaking nations, which will have closed in 1914, with the centenary of the Treaty of Ghent.

The guests on the occasion of the luncheon may include gentlemen, and many members of the British Empire Association have accepted the invitation to be present.

Among the speakers of the day who will give short addresses appropriate to the occasion are the following:

Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Mrs. Frederick A. Dow, Hon. Horace W. Nugent, British Consul General, Mr. W. K. Pattison, President of the British Empire Association, Dr. John A. McGill, President St. Andrew's Society, Mr. Alfred J. Parker, President Order Sons of St. George, and Dr. Thomas A. Woodruff, President of the Canadian Club.

The musical part of the program will consist of vocal selections by Messrs. Kirke Towns and Stephen Bridge. The Regent of the Chapter, Mrs. George Cooke Adams, will preside. A reception in honor of the speakers and guests will precede the luncheon.

Card Party Day.

Next Tuesday will be the card party day. Be sure and come, no matter whether you play well or not. The prizes will be autographed books, and there will be a luncheon at twelve-thirty, which we should all attend if possible. Last month Mrs. Lederer made it a most enjoyable afternoon, and here's hoping at least fifty of us will be able to take the afternoon off. Some of us are bound to carry home some of those beautiful books. As for the luncheon, have you tried it lately?

BALLADE OF THE HEART TRUN DOWN.

BY GENE MORGAN.

Say, lemme roll a bum-lung stick

Come, loose de makin's, will yer, Lou?

Let's make de ozone 'round us thick—

Wit' all dem fickle frails I'm through.

What do I mean? I t'ought choo knew.

Dey've noised de stuff around de town,

I'm nutty, cul; I'm up de flue—

Me kid, me goil, has trun me down.

She's wise; dat's all. She turned de trick.

Las night she told me, "Beat it, you!"

I took de count an' trimmed me wick—

Wit' all dem fickle frails I'm through.

See? Dat's de kind o' dope I chew.

I've gone an' sloughed dat snug-fit gown.

No more de lovin' rag I'll do.

Me kid, me goil, has trun me down.

I dibbed her off dat I was sick—

Me pipes was soaked wit' barroom glue.

"You're soused!" she up an' bleats real quick

Wit' all dem fickle frails I'm through.

She said: "You're dusty!" so I blew.

An' den me peeve I tried to drown

In gow, an' skylarked in me stew:

"Me kid, me goil, has trun me down."

L'ENVOI.

Dame, yous go chase some carfare new!

(De sidewalk wags, me taste is brown.)

Wit' all dem fickle frails I'm through—

Me kid, me goil, has trun me down!

"Literary Bohemia."

"Roger first tried what was represented to him as New York's 'literary Bohemia' and found it neither literary nor Bohemian. Its bravado of freedom took the form of somewhat vulgarly risque remarks, harmlessly enough meant but having by reiteration a terrible power of suggestion to weak minds. Being nearly drawn in himself to do a grave wrong to his sense of honor and decency, he fled 'Bohemia' and all its ways." —Walter Pritchard Eaton in *Everybody's for May*.

Speeding Clipson On His Way.

More than fifty members of the Press Club attended an "au revoir" banquet given on Thursday night for Edwin Clipson on the eve of his departure for Europe, where he expects to spend the summer. Incidentally the feast was made the occasion for launching a boom for Mr. Clipson for a place on the board of directors upon his return in the fall.

W. A. Washburne was toastmaster and Paul E. Neumann made the presentation speech when Mr. Clipson was handed a diamond-studded cigarette case and a walking stick as a testimonial of appreciation of his inimitable work as a militant suffraget at the "Scoop."

After a quartet organized by Mark S. Watson sang "Auld Lang Syne," the guest of the evening made a real speech in which he declared his trip abroad would be as staff correspondent for the The Scoop. Col. Perley H. Boone, who followed Mr. Clipson, talked on "The Race Question." John Lovett spoke on "Gone But Not Forgotten." Walter C. Howey told dialect stories, and Joseph Garibaldi Davis sang.

Our Fetching Etcher.

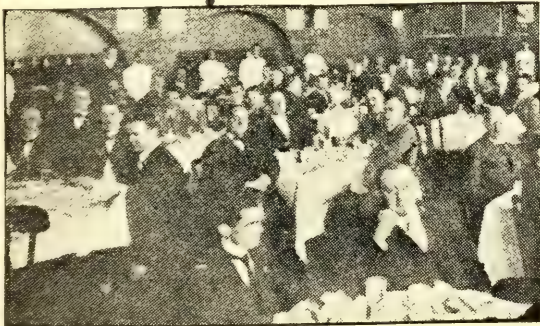
I certainly enjoy the Scoop.
Wherever I may be,
But it's difficult to get it,
When you're jumping like a flea

Sometimes I get the wanderlust,
And then I pull my freight—
For instance, now in Arkansas,
In water ninety-eight.

Though mocking birds are singing now,
My thoughts are oft of you,
The dear old, free old Press Club,
Where fellowship rings true.

PHIL SAWYER.

Hot Springs, Ark., 4th May.



If the Woman Who Loves You

Invited you to take dinner
with her,
And you let her understand
that you would be there at
a certain time,
And then you forgot to come
at all,
You would be a beast,
wouldn't you?

The Press Club Restaurant was established for your convenience and expects your support. Eat at

The Press Club Restaurant

SNARLS.

A perfect epigram is an expression of genius; that is, an illusive paradox. Opie Read is a perfect epigram.

It may have caused the death of J. Pierpont Morgan to find out how the Press Club ran its financial affairs for 34 years and still grew greater than he was.

Who said our parlor was a "flop?" Liar! It is a caucus room in a private sanitarium.

Some men are suspended and dropped and *know* it; some in exactly the same position are not like Dick Swiveler afraid to walk down that side of the street.

Sam Kiser says in the Post—

"With sweetly smiling lips she lies,
She puts the truth to shame;
A lying look is in her eyes.
When gazing into mine she sighs
And softly speaks my name."

Gee! Sam, are you trying to make a Woman a bigger liar than a Man? Forbid it, Sam, forbid it. It might come true, then where would our prestige go?

SNARLEYOW.

A Good Word at Parting.



After summing up the general results of the second annual Scoop show, it appears no less than fair to say the executive committee made no error in engaging Glen M. Grant to handle the outside business. Mr. Grant has specialized in the organization and management of arenic, dramatic and general amusement enterprises, and has made money at it for himself and for the concerns that have employed him. He is resourceful, energetic and a stayer, and good for his undertakings.

Mr. Geo. Hislop entertained sixteen friends at dinner Tuesday evening in the private dining room. The guests were members of the Round Table of the Unitarian church. It was the regular annual dinner.

The regular dance is announced for the evening of Saturday, the 24th.

Bell



System

A brief lull in the day's work—half an hour between engagements—suggests to the energetic man the possibility of putting through one more deal.

The interval may not be long enough to make a business call, but the telephone at your elbow suggests a means of making every minute count.

Speed up by Local or by Long Distance Telephone.

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Bell Telephone Building Official 100

THE SCOOP

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Price 5c.

THE SCOOP AND THE ROUNDUP

With the Roundup last Saturday evening, the second annual Scoop of the Press Club of Chicago passed gloriously into history, leaving behind it a net profit of around twelve thousand dollars.

This profit feature has interest on the sordid though necessary side of our club affairs, but the joy, the rapture, the delight, the exaltation and the pain of preparation and performance in the show itself will remain sharply cameoed upon the memory of the club members—a memory that will survive and be happier than ever, long after the money has gone the way of all cash, and the maw of Old Man Debit will be olivering for More.

To these brave lads, and the braver girls who came so manfully forward to help where they could (and didn't they help, just!) a third party, the important and generous public, owe another memory, having a sweet taste in the mouth—a memory of a crowded yet orderly spectacle, a succession of tender sentiment, broad comedy, beautiful music, outright farce, graceful movement, political travesty, and satire that went straight home but left no stinging.

That memory in our public is an asset, for the Press Club Scoop has by this last illumination become a fixed event in the life of the town. It is no immodest praise of ourselves to say so, nor a boast to let it be known that no other organization hereaway could have planned and carried out a project so ambitious in a manner so finished. The performers were amateurs, all but two or three. The book was written by two members of the club. All the actors in the big scenes were club members, so amenable to stage direction at skilled professional hands that in less time than is usually required to rehearse a regular production they sent every point across the foots, got their laughs where laughs belonged, pulled their applause, or touched the springs of sympathy with a deft tenderness that brought its quick response. And a Press Club man, Rudolph Berliner, conducted that big orchestra with a certainty and skill that passed him over the attention of the audience, who never dreamed that he was one of us, like those others on the stage.

That the book would be cleverly written everyone took as a matter of course, because this is a club of writers. But Douglas Malloch in his burlesque of the Presidential inauguration and Clem Yore in his prologue and the Stag, came out upon a new high level. The way Opie Read, Kirk Towns and Visscher, Morris McHugh and Willis Hall, Frank Tobin and Preston Crewe brought out that prologue will never be forgotten—nor will the sweet and wistful child-face of "Boots" Clarkson, as he stood there, a new embodiment of our beloved Gene Field's Little Boy Blue.

It would be spinning this thread too long, to go into particulars much farther; but Miss Berliner's violin solo, that remarkably clever darktown impersonation by Mrs. W. A. Evans, Marion Tracy's graceful dance, Gilbert Shorter's powerful bit of solo acting, and Miss Sayde Pearl's soprano song were collectively as good as a full evening's entertainment anywhere else. And the appearance of the four famous cartoonists, whose work is daily familiar to readers of Chicago newspapers, was like a look behind the scenes to most people in the house. Our George S. Woods directed stage for this section.

The whole inauguration section of the program was admirably handled. It gained spectacular power by the appearance of the mounted police (on foot), F troop from the First Cavalry (on horses), the naval reserve boys, and the Eighth regiment band. And the suffragets! They raised the roar of the evening.

Concerning the Roundup, why say anything? It came off in the club house, last Saturday night—all night—and everybody was there, so that everybody knows all about it. That's good newspaper sense, the same kind that was shown by the Heidelberg man who was left on the night desk of the Staatz when Max Horwitz was city editor, and let the paper come out next morning without a line about a half million dollar fire in the same street with the office, and took Max's outraged blow-up with mild surprise and the question

"What was the use of putting in a piece about that? It was right out there. Everybody saw it."

The cavalry cops and the cavalrymen and the naval

reserves came to it, and fed full. It was a better way of thanking them than the mere passing of a few smooth phrases. Yet the club thanks them again, and thanks all those who did so much for us.

Here, by way of fixing up a matter of fame, are given the names of those friendly participants:

Cast of "The Inauguration."

Author, Douglas Malloch. Staged by Oscar Eagle and Charles France, of the Selig Polyscope forces. Julius Frankenburg. Stage Manager.

Persons Present.

William Howard Taft, Retiring President.....
Edwin N. Wallock
 Herbert Hadley, from Missouri.....Palmer Bowman
 Robert M. LaFollette, from Wisconsin.....Gilbert Shorter
 William Jennings Bryan, of Washington, D. C.,
 at lastHarry Daniel
 Champ Clark, still Speaker of the House, but not
 very stillClement Yore
 Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States..
Axel Christensen
 James Hamilton Lewis, from Illinois.....W. K. Gibbs
 Chief Justice White.....Jack Martin
 Theodore Roosevelt, not so retiring.....Geo. L. Cox
 The Official Announcer.....L. R. Merrell
 The Common People.....Julius Frankenburg
 (Washington Police.)

Will E. Run.....V. H. Halperin
 A. Hero Nott.....S. Bleiweinstein
 C. M. Scott.....C. O. Lejonstein
 O. U. McWeeny.....A. R. Pastel
 T. Rusty.....Otto Kney

(Office Seekers.)

Works Butt Little, Will Daly Hunt, Adam Lofer, Phillip Offen.

(Suffragettes.)

Uneeda ManE. T. Clipson
 Milly Tant.....Chas. T. Mushton
 Hazel Brush.....Chester H. Fox
 Lena Yett.....Walter A. Wood
 Chu Um Shirt, Chinese Ambassador....Wm. M. Johnson
 His retinue from the new republic, Dr. Toy and
 Don Joy.

Duke de Mixture, British Ambassador.....R. A. Halley
 Colorado Claro, Spanish Ambassador.....L. T. Goble
 Herr Unviskers, German Ambassador..Sigmund Krausz
 Ivan Awfulthirst, Russian Ambassador.Noble M. Eberhart
 M. Possible, French Ambassador.....Edward Davidson
 Gen. Slaughter, Mexican Ambassador.F. R. E. Woodward
 LionThos. Flynn

Princeton Students, Yale Students, Newspaper Correspondents, Moving Picture Machine Operators, Telegraph Operators, Filipino Band, Spectators, Military Parade.

Troop F, First Cavalry.

Capt. Walter J. Fisher, commanding. First Lieut. Don M. Phelps. Second Lieut. Henry M. Geselbrocht.

First Sergeant G. E. Faugsted. Quartermaster Sergeant* F. H. Clarke. Sergeants G. H. Hebermehl, C. H. Drach, W. E. Hann, J. Anderson.

Corporals T. J. Cochrane, R. C. Walter, C. Thompson, J. C. Hestor, J. Brankin, J. C. Dorley.

Pack Master J. Donovan. Musician, W. H. Buchanan. Troopers, W. A. Armstrong, W. F. Bees, B. Blumberg, W. A. Brams, H. Coan, C. E. Duncan, R. W. Fickler, T. Fisher, G. F. Fitzgerald, E. F. Hanrahan, W. A. Hansen, L. C. Hoffman, W. A. Jacobson, S. Joseph, W. O. Kinberg, G. Knorr, A. Koster, H. F. Kroft, F. W. Krauch, L. Krinsky, M. Krueger, G. P. Lagergren, T. E. Loehr, E. R. Lillard, R. Meleney, A. L. Mouns, W. A. Mulcahy, J. C. Olsen, M. Peck, S. Peterson, C. G. Phelps, H. Redmon, R. B. Rogers, E. Sherry, I. Sherry, J. M. Sabin,

J. Steindler, D. K. Stoner, A. J. Struck, L. J. Struck, R. Wilder, H. C. Winter, J. E. Wolfe, W. W. Zass.

Mounted Police.

Capt. C. C. Healy. Acting Lieut. George H. Weideling, in command.

Officers F. C. Evens, bugler; John McGarry, guidon.

Officers M. B. Atwell, John O'Malley, James Walsh, Arthur Miller, color bearers.

Officers V. J. Woods, E. Nehls, D. Cairns, J. Riddell, E. Schaefer, P. Hohman, A. Anderson, E. Wilkens, P. Brady, J. McDonald, F. Falenta, H. Hanson, G. Standerwick, W. Garry, N. Parks, W. Proff, T. Carr, D. Smith, F. Casey, E. McCaffrey, G. Hall, M. Read, C. Nethery, J. Killackey.

Illinois Naval Reserve.

Lieut. J. D. Davidson, Lieut. J. G. E. Larson, Ensign A. E. Stover.

Second Division: F. C. Brown, C. Becker, J. Cucera, E. L. Henderson, C. O. Verstens, E. F. Hadley, W. Andrews, J. L. N. Hauge, William E. Graff, M. H. Powers, Ed. Corcoran, A. E. Andrews, C. J. Ohlgren, P. Swartzkopf, R. Sahlsberg, E. D. Snyder, E. R. Dosien, Robert Ehele.

Fourth Division: L. Eckman, N. L. Fortin, L. Finkelstein, J. Corrigan, E. Everette, A. Pye, A. Vavrik, E. B. Allen, C. Kane, G. Zajicek, E. Seaburg, H. Sohrbeck, W. Langhenry, G. Burkhardt, B. Agosts, F. Oliver, G. Jacobson.

Eighth Regiment Musicians.

Band: Double Bb. Bass—James B. Tucker, Charles Alexander. Eb. Bass—Richard Spriggs, Thomas Meyers. Baritone—Oliver Perry. Trombones—H. Knox, H. Massengale, H. Swift, C. Bias, R. S. Trautman, P. Beatty. Altos—J. A. Cromwell, William Pinckney, James W. Woodfork, Walter Smith. Cornets—H. Moore, Charles H. Dorsey, Hally Smith, Hugh Swift, L. New, T. Grande Pre. Baritone Saxophone—Charles Jackson. Alto Saxophone—Samuel Huffman. Bb. Clarinets—O. Low, O. Holden, J. Low, J. Davis, C. May, W. C. Sloan. Eb. Clarinet—B. S. Gaten. Snare Drums—J. Ed. Smith, George Smith. Cymbals—James Lawrence. Bass Drum—William Cole Thomas. Drum Major—W. E. Berry.

Drum Corps: G. Jackson, M. Dago, L. Chavis, J. Webb, S. Wright, C. Bolden, Sidney Williams, C. Williams.

Bugle Corps: Charles Walker, Milton Ford, M. Summers, J. Johnson, J. Jordan, Charles Johnson, H. L. Street.

A. Milo Bennett's Professional Artists.

At the Auditorium: Preston Crews, Willis T. Hall, Morris McHugh, Frank Tobin.

At the Roundup: Miss Edna May, Mr. Kane, ventriloquist; Lewis Kelsoe, comedian; Washman, magician.

THE COWBOY'S PLAIN.

By WILL VISSCHER.

I've roped a new girl and she charms me,
 Tho' sometimes her kickin' alarms me;
 She will and she won't, she does and she don't,
 And she puzzles and wuzzles me, plumb,
 By Gum!

Some day I will cinch my wild broncho,
 And wrap myself up in my poncho,
 And hit the wide plain, the sun and the rain,
 Where the Puzzles and Wuzzles can't come,
 By Gum!

Then maybe she'll write me a letter,
 And promise to treat me some better,
 Then home I will ride to make her my bride,
 And the Puzzles and Wuzzles can wuzzle,
 By Gum!

A SAGEBRUSH PRINTER.

BY J. M. H.

I met an old man on the street,
Whose feet could scarcely go;
"Gee whiz!" I cried, "that must be Pete
From far-off Idaho.

"He was the foreman of The Press,
And I the local Ed.
He's ninety years of age, I guess,
And surely should be dead."

I left him drunk, years, years ago,
In that far distant land;
"The same old drunk," I whispered low,
And took him by the hand.

"Why, Pete," I cried, "they're mighty few
As chipper as yourself;
Will 'thirty' ever come to you
And put you on the shelf?

"What is the secret of your love
Of this dark vale of woe?
You should be singing psalms above
Or shov'ling coal below.

"Why are you here at ninety years,
When better men are dead?"

"The secret of my youth appears
Quite plain to me," he said.

"I've lived for ninety years, alack!
Drunk half the time, by jinks!
I've changed from bad to good and back,
But never changed my drinks!"

"Then just this once," I cried in glee;
A drug store bar we made;
It was an awful thing to see
Old Pete drink lemonade.

It was a fatal change, and when
His type of life it pied,
He curled up on the floor, and then
Curled up again and died!

FROM AN EDITOR TO AN EDITOR.

Dear Big Stem:—Please let me slip you my thanks for that ducat to the round-up razzle last Saturday night at the scribblers' snare. Take it from me, gilly, it was the best Bill layout I've orbed since I struck sloughing daubs for the king of 'em all. It was all to the custard from the ballyhoo to the blower, and they all made good, from the Joe Doakes to the bible-backs. The spielers were great, and so were the kinkers, and the only thing an old-time red-neck could whimper about was that it seemed to be a Sunday run from the chuck tent.

I just blew in for a dukie, but O kid, the scoffin's were immense. Being among friends, and not a grift-guy in the mob, I didn't make the nixon-weedon-sirrah chirp across the evening, and I didn't pipe a gill to prow! even on the come-out. Everybody was doffing it on with beef-tender skimmers, wop wipes and phoney rods, although one jovie blew a real gat, and when they dibbed me his moniker was Clem Yore. I knew who was the real clem-guy of the mob, all right.

Although the big top was packed with 'em to the bail-rings, there wasn't a padroom windjammer on the lot.

All the time I was waitin' for a rosinback kink act. There was nothing burning on that lay, but I should worry a lot and hold a wild west show on it. Anyway, it was all to the merry, and it was a nice idea to furnish us bridewell tools to graze with. After the chandelier had blown I found out something that got my can-muncher. All through the night I had been squatting next to an oat flattie!

But it was grand all samee, and say, Mister Editor, any time I can do anything for you, like clawing a pretty prop or sending a proper stiff up in the air and beaning him, just let me know—just let me know.

PHINNEY THE EEL.

Editor, The Safe Blowers' Beacon of Truth.

HERE'S WHAT ST. LOUIS WANTS.

Ogden, Utah, May 8, 1913.—Dear Scoop:—I note by a careful reading of your columns that the St. Louis saints desire some points on the best way to make a press club. Pardon the liberty I take in providing them.

In the first place, you must take two or three men like old Franc Wilkie, wise enough to realize that the qualities of angel and devil persist in every one who has ability to earn a living by writing stuff fit to be read. You have to locate in a room or rooms on the third floor similar to the location of Clark and Madison, and walk up stairs. The elevator is impossible in the making of a press club. Then you have to assemble there people as nearly like John McGovern, Opie Read, Jo Henderson, Billy Knox, Two-Little-Pair Blakeley, John Ritchie, Will Visscher, Billy Taylor, Arthur Packard, Frank Johnson, Billy Nicholas, and Charles Eugene Banks as St. Louis can provide. You have to stay there through a number of years, struggling to live from month to month, being bound together by the hardships and the mutual effort to make income and outgo equal—and failing, only to have the miraculous and the impossible happen.

It is necessary to realize that a press club can be formed only by the conjunction of very luminous planets—like those I have named, and the host who went with them through days that were dark, and days that were fair—as Waterloo says in his really great poem, "The Gray Patrol." The men making a successful and permanently lasting press club have to be capable of good work—and to do it. They have to be loyal to their several offices, scooping each other whenever they can, and yet standing by each other in every other need. They have to want the press club to live.

After ten or fifteen years of such life, in such quarters, the press club may be regarded as established, and may move to rooms with an elevator service and an occasional sweeping and dusting.

I forgot Paul Hull. I forgot Charley Matthias. I forgot H. S. Canfield. God forgive me for that. Come to think, the plan is hopeless, for there are no such men as I mention here—in St. Louis or anywhere else in the world. They lived once, in Chicago. And because of that the only real Press Club on earth was made.

LEROY ARMSTRONG.

THE SCOOP

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TOUCHING THE CONSTITUTION.

At the meeting last Sunday the committee previously appointed to draft an amendment to the constitution was given further time. The change would abolish the present system of signing service checks and require all service to be paid in cash at the moment. It has drawn considerable private discussion and many suggestions, but these will count for little unless they crystallize in votes.

The whole question is old. The club in its thirty-four years of history has tried about every form of experiment possible with the subject matter, and somehow has mulled through, as it will in this case; but it calls for just as careful consideration as though it never had been heard of before. This is true of any proposal affecting the constitution in any particular.

The constitution may be changed by a majority vote of those present on the day of decision. No definite proportion of the entire active vote is required. Thus a bare quorum may make a change in the organic law affecting the whole body of membership, without recourse save through a process similar to the original one, and subject to a similar decision by a possible small minority. For that reason there should be a full representation at the June meeting.

THAT CAPTION WORD.

Last week's question about the use of the word caption to designate a title line under a cut has brought out numerous retorts that a line in that place is not a caption, but a sub-title, or a line under cut. None of which is news, nor an answer to the question, why is it called a caption? Is there an answer outside its being a common and slovenly custom of furtive origin, having no lawful excuse for being? Is there?

FOR ABATEMENT OF SILENCE.

The old order of things is being sorely disturbed. For over a week the library has been diverted from its legitimate use as an open forum and cave of the winds, and almost completely abandoned to a reading lot, without so much as a word to throw at each other. Only

two or three of the old, familiar rows occurred, and none of these lasted over a half hour, save for one evening, when the members of a dinner party gaily emptied the room of the dumb ones, and were delightfully uproarious until well along toward twelve. It should be easy to remember that there are many other rooms in the building where anyone can be silent, but only one library to make a noise in.

The "J. M. H." whose verses appear in this issue, is a graduated printer and newspaper man, and a life member of the Press Club. He is engaged in what they call serious affairs—as though newspaper work were frivolous, the gowks!—and only works his muse when the muse is willing. He wrote the "Cubist Riddle" thing in the Scoop of April 12. He is good. Likewise he is a violet of the shrinking variety, and therefore hides his name beneath the mossy stone of professional confidence.

THE PEACE DELEGATES.

Friday's occurrences in the club house were significant of many matters having very high world importance. It is almost ninety-nine years since the last shot was fired between armies speaking English. The nations of that tongue have grown mighty in their common amity. When the treaty of Ghent was signed there were but two. Now there are several in fact, and more in essence, all of them great, with waxing greatness, but over them all float still only the two old flags. They have welded a bond of power, prosperity, and genuine enlightenment around the globe; have stood as one for honest liberty and the furtherance of the arts of peace, and shall so stand until this cycle of the world has been completed. Their peoples are the most dominant that ever lived in the tides of time.

Under our roof and at our table we had an assemblage of eminent men, representing English governments that a hundred years ago had not been dreamed of. It was pregnant of lofty meanings that these men should meet here in the home of the press of a great English speaking world city, standing where a swamp was in the day they are to celebrate, and should come face to face, as brothers having common views, with common understandings and ties of commerce, law and literature so strong that we shall never again dare quarrel. It was a meeting on the plain ground of common sense, and therefore happy and clear minded.

It was natural these men should come to us. The doors of every club in Chicago were open to them, and eager hands reached out from every door. The Press Club has a meaning in their eyes farther reaching than most others, and was glad to welcome them—will be glad to throw its influence and give its work toward advancing the sane and happy purpose of their mission.

"THE ORIGIN OF THE PRESS CLUB."

In the official program of the Scoop show appeared this statement, headed "The Germ of the Press Club":

"Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, a non-resident member of the Press Club, wrote as follows about the origin of the Press Club:

"The story of the origin of the Press Club, I think, is pretty well known, but I am pleased to add my version.

"The Chicago Press Club, which was one of the first, if not the first, of its kind in the United States, grew out of an evening which Mark Twain, Franc B. Wilkie and myself were spending together. Clements suggested the idea, and Wilkie and I took it up immediately.

"One of the first contributions made to the library was a set of Mark Twain's books inscribed by him to the club. He frequently referred in his later years to the pleasure it gave him to remember that in the old days he had been the inspiration of the founding of the club."

That statement is undoubtedly in correct line with Mr. Stone's memory of the facts—so far as it goes. It does not go far enough to cover all the facts.

The suggestion that led to the organization of this club was made by Sam Steele of the Chicago Times, late in September, 1879. Sam's initiative was followed up continuously until the club came into being.

At that time the Owl Club, a highly prosperous and wide open institution, occupied all but the street floor of McVicker's theater building. The Owl Club had been organized three years before, the original membership being restricted to newspapermen and other writers, and actors, musicians and followers of the graphic arts. Its first year was royally happy, but inclusively impetuous. Dissolution was averted through an inspiration of W. K. Sullivan, then city editor of the Journal. He proposed to throw down the bars and admit anyone who got less than five blackballs.

This prevailed, and thereupon gaily appeared a vast flock of free-handed, opulent and irreligious new members, for the most part board of trade men, who set things whirling at a rate so dizzy that by the end of the next year we professional members found ourselves out of breath and scared. We had Frankensteined ourselves, and started something we couldn't control. Action was too swift and the air too rich for most of us. The next few months engendered a desire for another try at the real thing, and by natural selection, unnecessary to particularize, this desire found its open protagonist in Sam.

Coming down the stairway one day that September, I met Sam going up. He stopped me and said he had made up his mind to the break, and that Dave Henderson and Jim Chisholm, Joe Dunlop, Guy Magee and several others were with him. I had been one of the three organizers of the Owl Club, and for that reason I was not very powerfully drawn to the idea just then, but its merit was too obvious for argument.

Though the matter was kept in agitation, nothing really definite was done until November. Then, about the time the Army of the Cumberland met in Chicago

to welcome General Grant home from his tour of the world, a meeting was informally arranged.

The night after the historic banquet in the Palmer house to Grant, Logan, Sherman and Sheridan, Mark Twain drifted into the Owl Club and about twenty of us sat up with him until around seven o'clock next morning. It was a night of glory, but there was no mention of a new club.

The informal meeting to consider the new club was held the night next following, in Jim Simms' place, 159 Clark street, on the east side of the way, opposite Thornton's House of David and the arcade that leads to La Salle street. Simms kept a plain and homely bar, with sand on the floor, a shuffle-board feature, and a side room to the south. He was a Scotsman, popular all round, and Sam Steele's especial friend.

Sam was there. So were Johnnie Ballantyne, Elwyn Barron, Melville E. Stone, Dave Henderson, Jim Chisholm, Fremont O. Bennett, Ray Patterson, Joseph R. Dunlop, Frank McClenthan, Jim Maitland, Frank Cunningham, Tod Cowles, W. K. Sullivan and maybe a few others of the best known newspaper men, whose names just now escape memory. Mark Twain came with Sam, who had called for him at his hotel. I was not present, being stuck for an all night job. I was on the Times. I heard the story next day.

It was not particularly engaged with Mark Twain, but rather with the difficulty of restraining Sam Steele from bursting forth in undesired song. Sam was one of the Vernon-Steeles of Cheshire. In boyhood he had been intended for a career in the church. The intention became a paving stone, but meanwhile he had earned some distinction as a boy chorister, having a sweet treble pipe which in maturity became a light high tenor. Any degree of illumination set this tenor going, and that night there was some mild illumination, generally diffused, and by no means focused upon melody as a thing indispensable. Sam's angel flutings had to be rudely choked off, several times. The intimate feature next to this was a general agreement, bitterly reminiscent of certain occurrences in the Owl Club, that anyone coming into a press club in evening clothes should be first walked on and then thrown out. It was all good natured and very funny.

When the business of considering the new club had been taken up, it was explained to Mark Twain, and he was asked what he thought of it. He said it was a mighty good idea, and that he could see no reason why it should not go through. That was all there was to his share of it. He made no suggestion, but cordially approved the one that had been moot for several weeks.

The organization followed at a meeting held in one of the private parlors of the Tremont house. All those I have named as being in the Clark street meeting were there, save Ray Patterson and Jim Maitland, and in addition Franc Wilkie and two or three others came. (I think Lawrence Hardy was one.)

Franc Wilkie was called to the chair and Elwyn Barron was made secretary. Preliminary arrangements were made, committees were appointed, and the Club was born. Joe Dunlop was a committee of one to find quarters. He secured the room in the Morrison block

at Madison and Clark streets that for more than a year was the Club's home. Afterward other rooms were added, until we occupied all of two floors, and part of another.

Our subsequent club history is well enough known. This story concerns itself only with the origin as it really was, and has no thought of seriously disturbing the pleasing, even flattering legend attributing that origin to a source so illustrious. The myth is too firmly fixed, too alluring, to be now desired away.

If Melville Stone says a thing is so, why, so it is. But the germ being there as he describes, it was a germ occulted, for it lay unknown while the work was going on. I wish it had been otherwise, because Mark Twain was the greatest we have had among us; and heaven knows our roll of great ones is neither short, nor pitched in any minor key.

W. D. EATON.

To the best of my recollection, the foregoing statement is accurate. I think with the writer that a few others were present at the meeting in Simms' and at the meeting for organization.

JOSEPH R. DUNLOP.

Should Be the Peotone Phoenix.

Across the top of a copy of the Peotone Vidette Editor Adams writes to the Scoop, "This edition cost us more money and labor than any other we ever got out; but it went out on time to every subscriber." It is printed in ten point on an eighth-sheet of 28x42, work and turn, evidently on a Gordon, and is dated May 9th. The explanation is furnished by an account of a fire that on the morning of the 8th burned out the plant and half the business section of Peotone besides. Editor Adams has the felicitations of his brother members of the Press Club upon the pluck and resourcefulness that in face of this calamity enabled him on publication day to get there just the same.

Murder as a Fine Art.

"The Fine Art of Murder, as Assisted by Concealed Weapons—Abuses and Remedies" will be the interesting subject to be discussed by the Lawyers' Association of Illinois at the Press Club on Saturday, May 24, at 1 p. m.

In view of the frequent crimes against human life which can be directly traced to the illicit carrying of concealed arms by irresponsible persons, the subject is a most timely one, and it is to be hoped that some effective remedy will be suggested in this discussion. It should be of paramount interest not only to the legal fraternity, but to members of the newspaper profession.

Judge Kickham Scanlan will lead the debate. With our Edward Maher, President of the Association, and other legal lights within the fold of the Press Club, a lively and expert threshing out of the matter ought to develop.

J. Hamplov Baumgartner, a non-resident and highly esteemed member, honored the club with a visit Wednesday.

WHAT THE PRESS WOMEN ARE DOING

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Now women who wore white robes were there. They danced upon the grass, and gathered flowers. In her strong arms one carried a crowing baby. And one walked with the sweet heaviness of coming motherhood. The wind strayed with love through her hair. *In love an oak tree let fall its glossiest leaf upon her.* Stepping bravely from the shadow of her dread, she lifted her eyes so that they looked at white feather clouds adrift against the sky. *The sunshine lay about her with love.*

Then there were children in this wondrous place who romped with their bare feet and about the lengths of their lithe little bodies were laid no garments that bound them.

(And all the women wore white robes.)

A great eyed owl sat upon the lowest limb of a laburnum tree. Underneath, holding her Book that she loved, was a woman who looked up now and then from the pages that she read, at the women and the children who played the day long in this wondrous place.

Sure it was, the grass was green and the city so far away that you could not hear her call. All you knew of her was memory, and you were glad that the birds sang.

When it was the noontide she that was housewife made ready the meal. Other housewives were her helpers. All of them laughed and made merry as they ate their bread and drank their milk.

And it was when the sun was highest in the heaven that two women came a-wandering that way. While the white robed women were at their meal, they stole into the wondrous place and watched the merriment.

But their robes were scarlet. In the noontide sun it shone a cruel color. The women drooped with weariness and while their lips smiled there were tears in their eyes.

She who read her Book saw them first.

"Are you hungry, my sisters?" she made question.

She that was housewife made a place for them and

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served them food. A child cried out with joy at the scarlet of their robes. The one that was older of the two lifted him in her arms and held him close. She laid her painted cheek against his yellow hair.

Came now the robe mistress of the wondrous place. "I have your garments ready," she told them softly. "Here where we are women all and so are honest, all wear white."

The one of the strangers who was young simpered and looked anxious.

"The fit of it," she said. "Mine are always made by Madame Z."

She that read her Book walked near.

"It could be an ugly fit," she said. "In the scarlet that holds you fast, you cannot romp with us in the afternoon."

So all wore white and were happy until the sun sank low. The wild things of the wood came that way and were not afraid. For music there was ever the bird songs.

And still the owl, in wisdom, sat upon the laburnum branch.

When it was the time of evening, the white robed women and the children clasped hands and their voices chanted in sweet harmony a song of goodness. That in the noontide two had worn scarlet, no one remembered.

Then came the dusk and each made ready to go where her home was. Then it was found that the women who had doffed their robes of flame had no homes. These who had come to the wondrous place in their white garments were grieved that it was so.

One laid her arms around the woman whose cheeks had been painted.

"You are my sister," she said, "but I cannot take you home with me. My husband will not permit me to walk through the street where scarlet women dwell."

Said the housewife, "My flat is large and I love you, but the landlord would surely find it out."

In anger the two cried out, "We will wear our robes of white all the days through, so that you will be our sisters. The red is a hurt to our eyes and our lives are weary. Here we have been free and you have loved us."

She that read her Book spoke: "Under the sky, in the sunshine, where women meet together, we are not afraid," she said, "so we know our sisters and love truth. But when our day of freedom is over it is the men who love us that claim our lies. Their seal of fear is upon us, and we dare not love our sisters. Upon these things we think and think, but ever we are silent, for does not MAN build our houses and give us our food? So long has he been master, we are swift in our lies to him.

"But when we dance in this wondrous place, we are honest and make known our love for our sisters."

The white-robed women went then by devious ways back to the city. They greeted the men who loved them and made no mention of the scarlet robed women who had come to the Wondrous Place.

And they, the two that had danced with the others in the afternoon, heavy heartedly put on their scarlet. In the darkness they stole through the streets until they came to their dwelling place.

From out of the doors that shut in the white robed women came many men who loved them.

They, too, stole through the streets and they, too, came at last to the house that was dwelling place for the scarlet-robed women.

PRAY, MY SISTERS, WAS THE THEME THAT EACH WHITE-ROBED WOMAN WOVE INTO HER NIGHT SONG. EACH ONE KNEW THAT WHEN THERE WERE PRAYERS ENOUGH, WOMEN WOULD ALL BE SISTERS IN THE CRUELTY OF THE TOWN AS IN THE HAPPINESS OF THE WONDROUS PLACE WHERE THEY ALL WERE HAPPY IN THE AFTERNOON.

Jean Comerford

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

THANKS TO THE HELPFUL WOMEN.

In reparation of a mix-up in the lists as they appeared in the program, the names of the girls and women who did such valiant service for the Big Scoop are here given in full:

The Girls Who Sold Flowers and Sweets.

Helen Ainslie, Alice Ainslie, Clara Best, Elizabeth Craig, Mary Crawley, Dorothy Crawley, Mildred Clark, Dorothy Todd, Marie Todd, Ethel Gilton, Ruth Golden, Marion Hochschild, Marjorie Howard, Mary Hinman, Claudia McQuiston, Edna Meil, Minerva Ogden, Eleanor Pickle, Bertha Pierce, Adelaide Sullivan, Mabel Secrist, Edna Throne, Elaine Walter, Edna Wyle, Gertrude Wallace, Matilda Waite, Lucy Strasberger, Marguerite Murray, Miss Elizabeth Burling, Miss Sue Burling, Miss Gertrude Flude, Miss Dorothy Fleck, Mrs. James M. Sessions, Mrs. W. Thomas, Miss Alida McDermid, Miss Constance Mudge, Miss Dorothy Penrice, Miss Daisy Mair, Miss Gladys Mair, Miss Olive Kransz, Harriet C. Peters, Juliet Sweet, Gladys Johnson, Katherine Synon, Mary A. Cole, Susie Sexton, Mrs. Carroll, May Browne, Mrs. Walter Krichbaum, Mrs. Roy Hawthorne, Margaret Edwards, Florence Kiper, Miriam Kiper, Jane McCarthy, Florence Collins, Eileen Collins, Rosella Corcoran, Gertrude Shea.

Women's Auxiliary Committee of the Press Club.

Mesdames Charles Lederer, chairman; Frank Comerford, George Wood, R. C. Fisher, E. J. Baker, William Johnson, W. R. Humphreys, E. H. Fox, Frank Roderus, J. U. Higinbotham, Edgar A. Hall, A. Milo Bennett, John A. Brown, H. B. Bogg, Douglas Malloch, A. R. Johnston, E. F. Carry, Page Waller Eaton, G. Cooke-Adams, Henry B. Chamberlin, George Shaw-Cook, Barratt O'Hara, Sigmund Krausz, Frederick A. Stock, Frederick Upham, Charles N. Wheeler, Homer J. Carr, Charles Sergel, Harry Olson, Joseph Weissenbach, Spencer Ward, E. Ravenbyrne, Opie Read, James E. Stuart, Melville Clark, Leroy T. Goble, J. F. Presnell, Mason Warner, Walter Washburne, Walton Perkins, Elton Lower, W. C. Van Gilder, John Stahl, Herman Relwitch, George Louis, Clair Briggs, M. L. McKinley, Winfield Dudley.

For the Illinois Woman's Press Association.

Jean Comerford, chairman; Helen Bennett, Record-Herald; Mary O'Connor Newell, Record-Herald; Ethel Maud Colson, Record-Herald; Maud I. G. Oliver, Record-Herald; Katherine Synon, Record-Herald; Harriet Monroe, Tribune; Caroline Kirkland, Tribune; Georgine Faulkner, Tribune; Delany Holden, Tribune; Mary G. Murphy, Inter Ocean; Gertrude Willett, Inter Ocean; Mabel Seymour, Journal; Mary Synon, Journal; Emma P. Scott, Evening Post; Addie Farrer Andre, News; Florence Kiper, Mrs. Marcus Kavanaugh, Miss Hattie Summelfield, Florence Gebhardt, Page Waller Eaton, Carlotta Perry, Laura S. Raab, Maud Swalm Evans, Mrs. Opie Read,

Mrs. Robert Blue, Myrtle Dean Clark, Mrs. William Swift Holabird, Mrs. D. Harry Hammer, Agnes Grant Manson, Mrs. Harold McCormick, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, Jane Addams, Caroline Huling, Jean Waldron Van Vlissingen, Mrs. M. H. Hensen.

PRESS CLUB VISITORS.

E. C. Rayner, Chicago, guest of Chas. F. Blakely.
W. H. Stipple, New York, guest of H. A. Bowman.
Chas. Rann Kennedy, London, guest of A. Milo Bennett.

George Vivian, London, guest of A. Milo Bennett.
A. L. Dyke, St. Louis, guest of W. H. Wood.
H. W. Dennie, Kalamazoo, guest of Paul Neumann.
William Navigato, Chicago, guest of Frank Comerford.

Joseph Parvin, Chicago, guest of H. M. Shabad.
G. C. Lee, New York, guest of Wm. M. T. Sherwood.
John L. Low, Seattle, guest of B. A. Ulrich.
J. Shesgreen, New York, guest of W. D. Eaton.
Bernard Fairfax, New York, guest of W. Robert Foran.

OBIT. T. O. THOMPSON. A. M. BARNHART.

The resolutions here following were passed by a rising vote at a memorial meeting following the regular business session of the Club on Sunday last:

Whereas, Since our last meeting our old friend and fellow member, T. O. Thompson, has been liberated from fleshly bonds and so passed from our view,

It is resolved that the Press Club of Chicago directs to be placed on its records an appreciation of his genuine worth, his long and honorable career as a newspaperman, his many endearing qualities; and to give thanks for memories of his comradeship, all happy, some recent, some coming down the years from the very beginning of our life as an organization, for he was one of the first group to join us upon the issuance of our original charter.

We sympathize with the wife who lost part of her own daily life when he went away. For ourselves, we speak in the words of one of our own orators, who said of such as he that they "have threaded our yesterdays into a rosary of memories, each bead a trysting place for today's love. In each tryst our tears sleep in our smiles, even as that fallen star we call a dewdrop sleeps in the bosom of a leaf. Regrets? We have none. Those who have gone from us have left only smiles. This is the unbroken camaraderie of the Press Club."

Arthur Middleton Barnhart, a long time member of the Press Club, died Tuesday at his residence, 4455 Drexel boulevard.

Mr. Barnhart was born at Hartfield, Chautauqua county, N. Y., on Feb. 17, 1844, and was educated in newspaper work in newspaper offices in Iowa owned and conducted by his brother and himself.

For forty-three years he was president and chief stockholder of Barnhart Bros. & Spindler, type founders, in this city.

For several years he was a member of the executive committee of the Legislative Voters' league and Civic federation. At the time of his death he was a trustee of Wesley hospital, St. James' M. E. church, and a governor of the Art Institute.

The club will be represented at the funeral, which will take place on Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from St. James' M. E. church. Burial will be at Rosehill.

The Endeavor Eternal.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we
Breathe cheaply in the common air;
The dust we trample heedlessly
Throbbd once in saints and heroes rare,
Who perished, opening for their race
New pathways to the commonplace.

Creeping Senectitude.

Clark Thomas reports a visit to Senator Mason's office at a moment when Al. Hammer was also present, and the twain were comparing memories. Hammer became mournful.

"I wish you'd go in with me and buy a place I know about, where there's a big tree beside a clear brook, with a distillery on one side and a brewery on the other, and a stock farm in front and a chicken ranch behind, so that we could sit in the shade and watch all four of 'em in action and talk about the fun we used to have."

Whereto Mason: "That's the first wheeze of senectitude I've ever heard out of you. You've got to the point where you want to want to."

A. L. Dyke of St. Louis, the man who wrote the first book on automobiles in this country, was a visitor at the Club on Monday. He stopped here on his way to Europe, where he expects to spend a month or two. He is the American representative of the Car Illustrated.

At a good little Stag Smoker some good little pictures suitable for wedding gifts will be auctioned the first Wednesday night in June, in the Palette and Chisel Club.



A brief lull in the day's work—half an hour between engagements—suggests to the energetic man the possibility of putting through one more deal.

The interval may not be long enough to make a business call, but the telephone at your elbow suggests a means of making every minute count.

Speed up by Local or by Long Distance Telephone.

Chicago Telephone Company
Bell Telephone Building Official 100

THE SCOOP

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The Peace Delegates at the Press Club

A Plain Statement of the Position of This Country In Respect of War.

Whatever their experience elsewhere may have been, the British delegates we had with us last week found in this club a degree of candor and mutuality of understanding that meant very much more than mere courtesy. They were met with level eyes and heard the attitude of this country toward the peace ideal set forth in plain terms. What was said by our speaker, Frank Comerford, and in the general discussion that followed the formal luncheon, may be summarized to this effect:

Peace means the conservation of world happiness, the supremacy of right. It is fitting that the English speaking people of the world should take the lead in the movement for its universal establishment. We are interested not only in peace between the British Empire and our Republic, but we are concerned in the peace of all men. The significance of the celebration of one hundred years of peace between that empire and this republic is in the example it gives to the world. Civilized men everywhere will welcome a new world era in which peace and its blessing shall be the inheritance of all the nations and justice shall prevail over the rule of might.

We are proud of the history of our country. We have never waged war for territorial aggrandizement. We have never fought for dollars. We have fought unselfishly for principle. We have fought selfishly in defense of our national honor. We have never fought except when compelled to fight. We brought peace to Cuba. We brought more peace to the Philippine Islands than they had known for four hundred years.

Our militant Monroe Doctrine is the world's greatest peace measure. It has made for peace on the continents of North and South America. We shall not abandon this doctrine.

The Panama Canal, despite any present controversy and misunderstanding, will in time become a great guarantee of the peace of nations and the freedom of commerce. Our national honor is pledged that the Panama Canal will be used in the furtherance and maintenance

of peace, and in support of that pledge we offer our history.

We know that peace cannot be maintained by the conduct or attitude of a single nation. When a controversy arises between nations both parties to the misunderstanding must be committed to its solution by peaceful means. We shall in every such controversy seek a peaceful adjustment, but if the other contracting party ignores our overtures, questions our national integrity or attacks our honor, we shall be compelled to accept war, and in accepting it shall fight for national honor and for peace. We expect the nations that profess belief in peace will not encourage war by financing trouble and encouraging war for commercial or other advantage.

A possibility of such a war is now impending. Japan has not a cause for war. The laws of Japan deny to the American the right to own real estate in Japan. California exercising her sovereignty in a purely internal matter, placed the Japanese on the same footing in this country that the American has in Japan. California has decided to deny to the Japanese the right to own land in that state. This is not a discrimination against Japan. It is entirely reciprocal. It cannot be contended that California's action is a violation of our treaty with Japan. Japan may use California as a pretext, and following the precedent established with Russia, make war without a previous declaration. She may attempt to seize the Philippines. It is believed that should she move against us she will attempt the taking of Hawaii, using her large Japanese population there to support the operation of landing and taking the Islands.

One thing would seem to stand between Japan and war. It is her financial condition. Her war debt at the present time is approximately one billion and a half. Her revenues amount to approximately two hundred and thirty-five million a year. About twenty-five per cent of her total revenue is required annually to meet her war debt obligations. Japan

must be financed if it is her ambition to disturb the world peace by making war on us. Her financial status does not warrant the extension of credit. The world knows the facts. The statesmanship of the world today is asking where Japan will get the money and what will be the underlying cause of financing a nation which is without the commercial rating warranting the credit? It is openly surmised that she will turn toward England or Germany—toward Germany logically, toward England possibly, with the encouragement of England's recent action in Mexico. Germany for many years has been in need of an outlet for her growing population and the expansion of her markets abroad. The area of the imperial federation of states is totally inadequate for either. Germany needs colonies and needs them badly. Germans are compelled to leave the fatherland and take up their lives in other countries under other flags. This is a loss of both men and revenue to Germany. If she had an outlet in the way of colonies her immigration would turn in that direction and the Empire would still retain the citizenship of those who leave the fatherland, and draw revenue and enormous commercial advantage from their home making in the colonies. Looking over the map of the world it is easy to infer that Germany's eye has fallen upon South America. Adamantine against her encroachment has stood the Monroe doctrine. Will Germany enter a deal by which she is to finance Japan with the understanding that one of the objects of a war will be to compel the United States to abandon that doctrine?

England is insisting that we do not fortify the Panama Canal and that we open it to the ships of the world on the same terms that we open it to our own ships, notwithstanding the fact that we bought the land and created the Canal at a fabulous cost of both dollars and men. England's greatness is on the seas. An unfortified canal opened to English ships would have a tremendous meaning in the commercial future of England. What will be the effect upon world peace if Japan tempts England with the consideration that for dollars with which to wage war on us she will make one of the objects of the war an unfortified Panama Canal open to English ships and all other ships on the same terms with American ships?

But England herself has a Pacific coast on this continent. She would face the embarrassment of a feeling among the people of the Canadian west, especially of British Columbia, identical with that of our people on that same coast. It is not easily conceivable that she could in any event, or for the sake of any future commercial advantage, finance Japan in an enterprise so baseless.

But Japanese subjects are fairly abundant

all along the Coast, and in the northern coast countries of South America. These are soldiers all, practically, and patriotic to the point of fanaticism. It is possible that with a partial European backing, or even none at all, she might assemble these forces and by a bold movement, swiftly made, seize the canal and hold it for ransom with money and a legislative backdown. She need waft no army across the sea to enable such a seizure, but operate simultaneously upon the Philippines and our other island possessions in the Pacific.

On the other hand, and hopefully in respect of avoiding war, it is apparent that with our own canal, built by our own brawn and by our own brains, and paid for by our own dollars, if used by us wisely for our own best interests without discriminating against any one, and surely without discriminating against ourselves by giving to others who did not contribute towards the making of the canal the same rights that we have who did build it, we will be in a position to maintain our commercial supremacy in the new world and guarantee its peace. Our navy could be moved from ocean to ocean through our own fortified canal to meet any situation that might arise. We can make the canal a most powerful influence in the peace of all the world.

It should be remembered by those who believe in peace that the American people as a people and as a government will not surrender national rights, abandon national honor, even for peace. Those who are for peace must be for honorable peace and must stand with us as we are willing to stand with them in demanding a frank and sincere world diplomacy. We shall decline to deal with any nation that employs back room diplomacy while it has a front yard of morality. The world of nations must act in the open when dealing with each other. We are willing to take the lead in playing the game with our hands above the table.

This was the substance of the talk in these rooms that day. It is believed to state the position of the United States as it has not been stated by any other body of men by which the British commissioners have been received.

LAST CHANCE FOR A DANCE.

This Saturday night, May twenty-fourth, the season's last dance in the banquet hall of the club will come off. After this date the dances will be held in one of the dancing pavilions in the parks, so be sure to come to this one and bring HER with you.

Dancing will begin at 8:30 o'clock and will last—well, until the milkman climbs the back steps. The per person price is fifty cents, half a dollar or five dimes. Lots of fun and a few new wrinkles.

WHAT THE PRESS WOMEN ARE DOING

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Who works his will, darkens his mind.

In the darkness of her room, a woman looked out at the stars. Life had carried her far and at last flung her adrift upon the flood tide of her suffering. She clenched her hands so that the nails dug into the palms. Great sobs shook her pain-racked body. Her will to do was gone, her discouragement complete.

What the particular trouble was matters little—we have all been there.

"I tried," said the woman, "to master my Fate."

On the wall, framed, hung Henley's famous poem.

"I have done my duty as I found it. Of work I have made no complaint. My will has always been strong enough to master my desires. I have been honest, intelligent and painstaking. Now, I am nothing."

She leaned out of the window (This is a true story, if you please) and breathed the night air tinged with the salt of the ocean. No moon shone, but hundreds of stars shone upon her. Fascinated, she looked steadily upward until it seemed that life illimitable opened for her. Beyond the star depths she saw were others that she dimly sensed.

Set serenely were the Pleiades, six calm sisters awaiting the coming of their lost seventh. Venus, evening star, had begun to set. Upon them all, the woman looked—and ceased her sobbings. She stretched her arms toward the constellation in longing.

"Tell me the secret," she said softly, with the star-shine in her eyes. "You are always there, you six true stars. Can you tell me why Venus is so methodically evening star?"

She laughed at herself for the question. Then she followed it with another.

"And tell me why I am so forsaken?" she begged.

No sound came up from the street. The sea breeze stirred softly around her. In her eyes was still the star-shine. In all the city there were but the woman and the stars.

Then her Reason fell from around her. In the dark she forgot her body and became a Mind. The thing she had always decried and flaunted as undesirable, leaped from bondage. She knew that her woman's *Intuition* is Reality.

"You are always there," she said again. "Life makes no mistakes with you."

Slowly she turned her eyes so that they looked at Venus, glorious forerunner of night. •

"You," whispered the woman, for the might of her understanding became almost oppressive and spoken words seemed futile, "*You never swing away.*"

"In all creation, man is the only thing that seems to wander out of the system eternal."

Softly she came back into the room and made her ready for sleeping. Her fears and her discouragement had dropped away.

"There is no wandering out of the system," she said. "Man is too small in the Universe to be permitted to make chaos of creation. As the stars swing true in the skies, so does human life run faithful to its Beginning."

WHO WORKS HIS WILL DARKENS HIS MIND.

It was Socrates who said it, ages ago. Then Plato after him. The woman found her life niche next day. Since that evening with the stars, life has been glorified to her. I am reminded of it all by an article on Intuitionism in the last Current Opinion.

Jean Comerford

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

The Business Woman's Magazine.

A rather nifty publication, the Business Woman's Magazine, reaches me. It is the official organ of the Woman's Association of Commerce, which is one of the newer organizations of women, and is a getting together for business benefit. Civics and philanthropy, of course, enter in.

But the object generally is a high commercialism, purely feminine in scope. Indeed, it would seem that nothing could be finer than an association of business women for mutual benefit. Should this organization, as its supporters hope, reach around the world, the value to women would be inestimable. The President is Florence King, who is a practicing attorney as well as a woman who comprehends thoroughly the needs of the modern woman.

Two Illinois Women's Press Association members, Page Waller Eaton and Jean Masson, are mainstays of the Association. The official publication is edited by Miss Masson. In the current number Mrs. Eaton contributes a free, running piece of description, entitled "A Bit of Old Sussex." As she has spent a considerable time there, the narrative is first hand, and the illustrations beautiful.

The Association holds luncheons monthly on the second Tuesday, and there are always interesting speakers.

Mrs. Hall's Reply to Mr. Cope.

A dispatch to the Tribune from Boston contained prominent mention of our Mrs. E. A. Hall. The occasion was the meeting of the National Congress of Mothers and a resolution that had just been offered, thanking the press for its attitude and assistance. The day before, Henry F. Cope of Chicago had made wholesale condemnation of newspapers as factors in home life. In defense of the press Mrs. Hall took up the cudgels.

"The newspaper is one of the chief educators of today," she said, "and its value as such cannot be overestimated. In many homes it is the Bible and text book. We breathe the newspapers every day, taking into our system their opinions, their pictures of life, and we are largely formed by them.

"On the other hand, we help create them; our habits, tastes and wishes determine the course, and they, through voicing the news of the right minded majority, protect society."

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

OUR VISITORS FROM ENGLAND.

The British delegates to the conference for arranging a celebration of the treaty of Ghent had a reception in this club differing in many ways from any other of their many experiences in that kind. They were late in arriving and had later engagements, but they overstaid their own time limit by an hour or more, in interested informal discussion with individual members.

We have men here who in the last few years have covered wars in distant scenes, and whose work by its very nature has given them understanding of many things not patent to the world. We have many others whose touch with the opinions and temper of our whole people is intimate and current. It was good for such visitors to meet these men, the like of whom they could not find assembled elsewhere. Aside from the exchange of greetings regular to similar functions, there was a deal of plain talk, some of it in set speech, but more in personal interchange of views.

The summary which appears on the first page this week may seem one-sided, but it reflects the facts.

Our visitors were in a receptive rather than an imparting frame of mind. They questioned freely where they questioned at all, and were freely answered. Their mission was a happy and a peaceful one, but they are men who loom large in their own government, and nothing said here came amiss to any of them. The discussion lasted for a little while after their departure, but it was all worth while.

The Club is glad to have had them here. It is glad always to welcome serious men of any importance, who want to know what only such a membership as ours can tell them.

THE BOOK PLATE COLLECTION.

When you strike a collector on the subject of his hobby you have Moses and that rock of his set back to minus. The book-plate committee is obliged to discriminate between the responses to its request for specimens, and is making excursions into that region of art on its own account. Though the work is new, chairman Goble of the committee has an excellent showing of really beautiful plates, many

of them interesting on account of the names and libraries, and all of them fine exhibits of design and workmanship. The Press Club's own plate is now in the engraver's hands, so that next week's issue of the Scoop may be able to show an impression. A department of the collection has been set aside for the plates of club members. The committee desires their co-operation, and a plate copy from each.

OUTSIDERS, KEEP OUTSIDE.

A week ago today there appeared upon the elevator gate on the street floor a card bearing this welcome legend:

SPECIAL NOTICE!

The rooms of the Press Club of Chicago are exclusively for the use of its members and their guests, who are provided with visitors' cards.

Persons desiring to communicate with members are requested to give their names at the office.

New members and all visitors are required to show their cards before entering the elevator.

By order of the Board of Directors.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT,
Financial Secretary.

An information desk, in charge of an office man to whom all the club members are known, has been installed opposite the telephone board. Between the vigilance of this man and the prominence of the notice, the long endured nuisance of intrusive outsiders should come to an end. Abatement has already been shown.

The directors are anxious to meet the lawful wishes of the members if those wishes are made known. The Club paper is open at all times to those who have reasonable criticism to make or suggestions to offer. Through free expression, amendment is always possible.

PLAINTIVE BUT ELOQUENT.

To a wall of the writing room some long-suffering brother has affixed a placard, in timid penciling and mild display, which says that "Silence is Golden. This is a Gold Standard room. If you have any silver patter, jingle it at Jeff."

This worm-turning is belated but not surprising. There are two things that are too much for understanding: the accumulation of fluff in the human pocket; and the concentration of clamor at the only points in this highly human club where silence is necessary. Scientific search for causes and legislative action for prevention are indicated here.

THE ADVENTURER.

(This poem of insight by an unknown writer is brought forward here with the thought of our guests and fellow members who are of the brotherhood of world wanderers, and seekers after strange chances or wider knowledge in far countries.)

He has been one with the external night,
 One with the wind and sunrise and the sea;
 The silent stars have pierced him with their light
 From dateless, fathomless immensity.
 He has been one with lowland streams that pass
 By tortuous ways to dim untravel'd coasts—
 One with the fading leaf, the seeded grass,
 One with the world's enigmas and its ghosts.

He hath been here and there, a homeless shade,
 Treading in paths of obstacle and mire;
 He hath been in the wilderness and made
 A haunt of northern ice and tropic fire.
 Soils have defiled his feet, for he hath trod
 Morass and bog of the uncharted wild;
 Yet stayed his spirit very near to God,
 And in his heart the wonder of a child.

The distances of dusk have summoned him
 And sunsets lured him to a vague emprise;
 He hath pursued the rainbow's failing rim,
 And passed into the mist of upland skies.
 Much might he tell us with affluent skill
 Of that which he hath seen and felt and heard,
 But Silence hath subdued him to her will,
 And of her secrets there can be no word.

THE SEVERITY OF BILL NICHOLAS.

Last time Bill Nicholas and his stammer came on from New York an army man well known to the club was under discussion in the grill respecting a court martial that had absolved him of looting a church in the Philippines, after it had been shown that he was only taking charge of what a bunch of soused marines had seized with unwashed hands. The priest had listened to him with the cold unbelief of a paying teller, and called the guard. For reasons unknown but fixed, Nic has hated this army man with soulful fervor these many years. He swore and said with conviction:

"Wro-ongfully acquitted. The ship hadn't more'n hit the dock when he was over the ra-rail and into a church, and in five minutes he was out again with a gold Sa-aint Pe-e-cter under one arm and a silver Saint Pau-au-aul under the other, and he didn't leave a thing behind him but a bra-ra-rass Jesus that he couldn't lift."

Gone, but Not Lost.

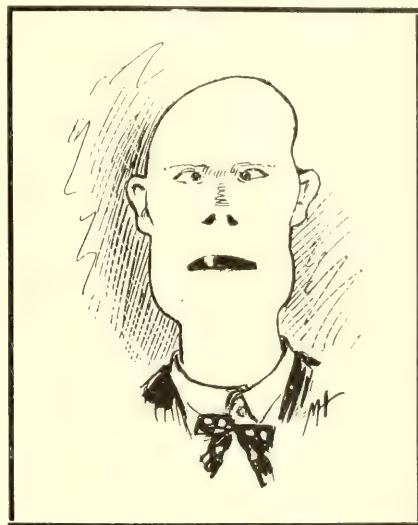
Dr. George F. Butler, poet, author of many standard works on medicine, lecturer, scintillator of epigram, skilled physician and accomplished physicist, has resigned his position as consultant to the city health board and given up his Chicago practice, to take charge of the great new sanitarium at Kramer, Indiana. That town and institution are not so far away that the Club is going to lose him, but his wonted companionship and his wise and cheerful helpfulness will be missed.

"THAT CAPTION WORD."

Last week's question about the use of the word caption to designate a title under a cut has brought out numerous retorts that a line in that place is not a caption, but a sub-title, or a line under cut. None of which is news, nor an answer to the question, why it is called a caption? Is there an answer outside of its being a common and slovenly custom of furtive origin, having no lawful excuse for being? Is there? Last week's Scoop.

Dear Scoop:—The answer is plain. The title line under a cut is not called a caption by anyone who knows. It's a sub-caption. Example:

*MAN WHO WRONGLY CALLS SUB-CAPTION A CAPTION.



†PETER JONES, PRIZE BONEHEAD.

*Peter Jones, known as the prize bonehead, calls a sub-caption a caption. He stands corrected.

*Caption.

†Sub-caption.

°Under lines or text.

Does this make the caption-sup-caption tangle clear?

WASHBURN.

(Yes—to the extent of classifying those who call it a caption.)

CLOSING THE DOOR.

Dear Scoop:—Everybody is glad to see the notice posted in the lobby about outsiders and visitors, but does it go as far as it should?

In every other important club the members are protected in their privacy. Why not so with us? It is a long step in the right direction to require unknown callers to give their names. But why doesn't the attendant find out whether the member wants to see a caller before letting the caller know whether he is in? The same of telephone calls. And it should be made a rigid rule that no message be taken from any caller who does not give his name, and state the nature of his business.

CLOSED DOOR.

If you want to know the human race, read the newspapers and magazines it publishes. Therein you find humanity's self-expression.—*Hearst's Magazine for May.*

AN ALTRUIST I' THE FOREST.

BY JOHN RITCHIE.

[From the little town of Hugo, Oregon, comes this story, with a remembrance for everyone in the Press Club. John is truly a veteran member, and a loving, loyal one—a newspaper man from the soles of his feet to the top of the noble dome where his hair used to be; one of the kind that thinks in terms of copy. He is over yonder in retirement for the betterment of his health, but he can't help writing, and this bit shows that his style is with him yet, quite unimpaired.]

Gunny-sacks and altruism make a strange combination, but I have found it in full bloom here in the wildest part of the freak state of Oregon.

The map of this section of the United States shows a shoe-string of railroad reaching from Portland to San Francisco and paralleling the coast line of the Pacific at an average distance of about sixty miles. It is the only road running north and south through a tract of wilderness seven or eight hundred miles wide east and west. Consequently it is the favored avenue of the hordes of hoboes who drift north in the spring and straggle back in the fall—following the example furnished by the migratory birds. Its title of "Hobo Highway" is richly earned; and on this highway I have had some very odd adventures with these human birds of passage.

Although most of them are wild-eyed foreigners, enemies of all government, whining and threatening because the United States fails to provide them with food and shelter, I have found among them university graduates gone to the bad, professional men on their uppers, dope fiends and a general assortment of the riff-raff who hang as a malodorous fringe on the outer edge of law-abiding society. And in this motley collection I have discovered and captured one altruist—or he has captured me; I hardly know which.

My route from the little railroad station of Hugo to what I call "home" lies along about a mile of the track, and then a climb of half a mile up the mountain over a dim trail through the woods.

Quite late at night about ten days ago I walked the track on my way home from Hugo. The sky was starless and a drizzling rain added loneliness to the journey. A light wind sang a mournful song among the foliage of the surrounding forest, in dismal harmony with the weird music of the coyotes on the neighboring ridges. With the lantern swinging in my left hand, my shadow with its enormous legs plodded along on my right and seemed like gigantic human company.

At a point near where I turn off into the trail the railroad passes over a gulch on a high embankment. As I made my way over this a raucous voice came up out of the gloom:

"I say up there! Wait a moment, neighbor! I want to talk with you!"

Thinking it was some hobo who had transformed himself into a road-agent, I got ready for business and answered his hail:

"What do you want? Talk quick!"

"Have you any gunny-sacks?"

"Gunny-sacks be damned! Come up out of that and let me have a look at you."

"Don't shoot. I am coming."

In a moment the upper end of him appeared in the dim light, and as he gradually rose out of the darkness, before his feet reached my level he towered high above me—the longest and thinnest apparition of a human being I have ever seen. He looked like a flag-pole wrapped in a clinging shroud, and he seemed to have two sets of arms; the lower pair, located about midway of his person, flapping greswomely as he made his way upward. With this uncanny spectre looming up before me, I was conscious of a little thrill of fear and said to myself:

"Good Lord! What am I up against now?"

Taking in as much of him as I could see, I inquired:

"What the deuce are you, anyway?—human, or a nightmare?"

"I am only an altruist—a humble altruist."

"Of course; so am I; but what's your other name?"

"Geoffrey R. Plantagenet. Be pleased to breathe it softly, brother. Other ears than ours may be listening in the gloom."

"All right, Jeff. Is there much more of you down below there?"

"Not much—I will ~~we~~ with you presently—just another step—there!"

"What's that wrapped around you—a hobble skirt, a shroud or a cravenette?"

"Two cravenettes, brother. My stature requires them—one superimposed on the other and secured with safety-pins. To state it accurately, the lower edge of the upper one is attached to the upper edge of the lower one; and these side appendages, that look like fins, are only the sleeves of the lower garment. I assure you, friend, I need more than cravenettes."

The significance of this statement I learned a few minutes later.

"What do you want gunny-sacks for?"

"I can show you better than I can explain it, if you will kindly favor me with your company to my temporary abode over there."

He pointed through the darkness toward an abandoned shack, which I knew stood fifty or sixty yards from the track; and I also knew that it had furnished shelter to many a "tourist" along the right of way.

"Why can't you tell me here?"

He leaned over toward me, like a church spire stooping down to talk to a lamp-post, and whispered:

"It is a secret that I would not willingly divulge to the general public."

I shot him a question:

"Got your gang down there?"

"I have no gang, my friend. I am alone; not only here but in the world at large."

He was so meek and his language so well chosen that after a natural hesitation, I determined to go with him, but with a warning that on the least evidence of treachery he would have auger-holes bored in his slats.

We scrambled down the side of the hill, he in front and I following with the lantern in one hand and my artillery in the other, and in a few moments reached the shack. He passed in, lit a candle and invited me to join him, which I did.

Then for the first time I obtained a view of his features. It was not a bad face, but horribly weak—pop-eyed, narrow browed, with a very long and abnormally hooked nose—a nose that seemed to be peering over a small tow-colored mustache at the chin, which receded almost into his neck.

"My card," he said, handing me a slip of paper on which appeared, in writing, "Geoffrey R. Plantagenet." "That 'R,'" he continued, "stands for Rex. It is a state secret and involves the welfare of nations. Be

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seated," he directed, with a courteous wave of the hand toward an empty dynamite box.

I drew the box into position where I could sit with my back to the wall and face the door and the lone window beside it.

"Now, divulge, Rex, if such be your august pleasure."

He moved farther into the candle light, with his back toward me, and busied himself with the safety pins.

"It is a story of ingratitude—the ingratitude of a dog—Bob Crockett's Rover. And I have been so kind to that animal, too. Why, this very day I offered him a prepared piece of meat which, had he eaten it, would have forever eased his mind on the subject of his fleas. No, sir; Rover Crockett will never again be guest of mine."

"That's all right, Rex, but get around to the necessity for gunny-sacks."

"It is a story without words." He drew aside part of the lower cravenette and continued: "The calamity is before you in all its gory details."

It was. There was a hiatus where the bulbous part of his nether garment should have been, and a casual inspection revealed Rover Crockett's autograph, inscribed with claws and teeth on the exposed surface.

"You observe?" he inquired.

I observed.

"How did you acquire this picturesque display?" I asked.

"Several days ago I learned that Bob Crockett had more chickens than he could attend to, and in my desire to promote his welfare I determined to remove the cause of his trouble—"

"Did you notify Bob in advance?"

"Certainly not. Possibly you are aware that a few years ago the Indians were wont to chase his father all over this country, and now, whenever Bob hears a noise in his hen coop at night he shouts 'Injuns!' and grabs his rifle. Knowing this absurd peculiarity of his, in order to save him the remorse which would follow the use of that gun on me, I approached the coop with more than ordinary caution. I thought I had secured the eternal silence of that false friend, Rover Crockett, but I discovered otherwise."

"While reaching for a pullet the thought occurred to me that the pullet had some rights in the premises, and it became my duty to retire with rapidity to some place where I could debate the question and reach a just conclusion. I have often observed that I think much more clearly when elevated some distance above the surface of the earth, and so, with great celerity I ascended a neighboring apple tree. I omitted to say that immediately before and during my ascension I was conscious of a commotion in the vicinity, and when I had reached an altitude which enabled me to think calmly, to my great surprise I discovered that black-hearted traitor, Rover Crockett, charging madly about with an evident desire to partake of my emaciated frame. And then, above the clamor of the beast, I heard the appalling cry of 'Injuns!'"

"Did your Uncle Geoffrey remain on his airy judgment seat? Let Echo with her thousand voices loudly answer NO! He descended with alacrity and challenged his pseudo friend, Rover Crockett, to a trial of speed. In contests of this nature I am a very fleet-footed person—as I have learned from long experience—and in this foot-race I maintained a position slightly in advance of my competitor until we reached the barbed wire fence. Unavoidably detained there a few moments, I emerged at length with the result which you have so kindly inspected. Defeated I am in my effort to assist my fellow man, yet I rejoice that my rapid decision and swift action not only gave Rover Crockett a brief season of joy, but saved Bob Crockett from lifelong remorse. That is my reward."

"A very painful reward, it seems to me," I suggested.

"True, my physical condition is not the apogee of comfort; but I must say, brother, that were it not for my knowledge of science it would be much more de-

plorable than it is. You are aware there is a certain degree of pleasure derived from looking at an injured finger, or a sore toe, for instance, because you can see the extent of the injury and contemplate the beautiful process of healing. In my case here one is denied that pleasure unless he is a contortionist. Unfortunately, I am not a contortionist; but, mind you, right at that point science comes to my aid."

He produced three pieces of a broken looking glass, and went on:

"You know with what ease you see your back hair with two mirrors in a barber shop, of course. In my own case here I apply the same principle, with due regard to the angles of incidence and the angles of reflection, and thus with these three mirrors I obtain a view of the lacerated premises fully equal to that which you obtain with your direct vision."

"Well," I said, "that's enough for tonight. I must go now, Jeff."

"Rex, please; not that vulgar 'Jeff.' Before we part have you any suggestions to make with regard to first aid?"

"Why, yes. I'll bring down some vaseline and soft rags with the gunny-sacks in the morning. In the meantime, I would recommend that you rub the injured area vigorously with poison oak leaves, which may or may not neutralize any possible venom from the dog's teeth, and supplement that treatment with a copious application of tabasco sauce, which will superinduce a physical activity on your part that will accelerate your circulation and avert all danger of taking cold."

"Many thanks. I will make a note of it, and will apply your remedies at some definite date in a convenient future."

I thought he was poking fun at me, and probably he was, but the look of vacant good nature never left his pop-eyed face.

"Well, good night, old man," I said, as I stepped toward the door.

"One moment, please," he urged. "I would be recreant to my own creed were I to permit your departure without requiting your brotherly assistance. I have a rare treat for you. I will read you a few poems of my own, that—"

"Nix on the poems, Rex—at least, not tonight."

"Then I will recount to you the fortunes of a fallen royal house; the history of a submerged dynasty, whose scions, under the surface, keep equal pace with the usurpers who figure in the eye of the world."

"Some other time, Remy. Good night."

As I moved away I saw a part of his uncouth figure outlined on the yellow candle light in the doorway, and heard his voice:

"Blessed is he that hath nothing, for of such is your humble servant, Geoffrey R. Plantagenet."

Purely Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Arend Van Vlissingen found themselves in the newspapers lately. The occasion was a Futurist party to which they had bidden their friends. The three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Peers did some plastic dancing that was little short of marvelous. As Jean Waldron, Mrs. Van Vlissingen was first teacher to Isadora Duncan, and I believe it was at a Press Club affair that dancer first attracted attention. Titian-haired Roschen Turck-Baker, whose mother edits and publishes "Correct English," is pupil in chief to Mrs. Van Vlissingen just now. Both Mrs. Van Vlissingen and Mrs. Turck-Baker are members of the Illinois Women's Press Association.

That very public-spirited though very quiet woman, Mrs. Seymour Stedman, has been interested in her husband's work at Springfield, especially with reference to the proposition concerned with woman's suffrage. Mrs. Stedman's earnest contribution of time and work to the preparation and success of the Press Club Scoop was important and is gratefully remembered.

TO YOUR HEALTH.

BY LEON ARD.

Each to the best that is in him,
 Each to his own soul's call;
 In the broad world's ken there are many men,
 And you cannot please them all.

Each to his thought and his doing,
 So what may be thought and done
 Were a thing to bide, and not to hide
 'Neath the light of the honest sun.

Each to his joy and his sorrow—
 And every heart knoweth the twain;
 But with faith 'twere found, in the day's swift round,
 We gain the more through pain.

Then think and do with a daring—
 To prompting within your soul;
 Love with your might, and 'twill all come right,
 Though you fail in some part of the whole.

Life's scheme is a thing unfathomed
 As yet by mortal mind;
 But there's one fact certain this side of the curtain—
 We're safe in being kind.

Congratulations All Round.

J. R. Taylor, of the Inter Ocean, has been selected to read the official ode at the opening of the West Virginia State Semi-Centennial celebration on June 20. Mr. Taylor will be the guest of the State Semi-Centennial Com-

mission. Although no prize was offered for the opening official ode in the recent competition, the Commission has evidenced its appreciation of Mr. Taylor's effort by a generous honorarium.

Bad News of Bertrand.

Eugene Bertrand of the New York World suffered a stroke of paralysis on Wednesday last, and is in danger of losing his life. He is well remembered in the club by reason of his many years of work on the great Chicago dailies, beginning away back and coming down to what seems a very little while ago. For a long time he was Sunday editor of the Tribune, but he served as well on the Herald and the Chronicle. He left Chicago to take his present place on the staff of the World, and has distinguished himself in that office. The stroke would seem to have been brought on by overwork.

Arizona Nightingales in the Library.

Members desirous of exchanging totally unimportant views on questions of the ethics are especially requested to occupy opposite sides of the library, and carry on these discussions in vocal volume sufficient to arrest all mental processes in other occupants of the room, who are not and by no possibility could be otherwise interested, not even profanely. It is particularly desired that the official designation of the library as a reading and rest room be put to deserved derision in practice, and its use as a field of culture for complete discourtesy earnestly promoted. The difference between this and other clubs, fairly well known in all other ways, can never be made completely evident until this one point has been fully carried.

A visitor of last week was Mrs. Joseph Cummins, who is the daughter of Ike Fleming, once a familiar light around the Press Club. As Hattie Fleming, Mrs. Cummins is remembered by many members. She used to recite and dance for many entertainments and with her wonderful gold red curls was a striking young girl. Her mother has been ill for a year or two and the daughter has spent much time with her in Washington, where the Flemings now reside, as well as in Bermuda and in Florida.



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THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II, No. 22.

Chicago, Saturday, May 31, 1913.

Price 5c.

The Press Club Bookplate

A bookplate is the most convenient and individual way of indicating the ownership of a book. A bookplate, be it a zinc, a halftone, a color process, an engraving, an etching, or a photogravure, generally includes not only the name of the possessor, but a complete design of some sort, usually developing one or more features of its owner's personality.

The accompanying reproduction of the Press Club's new bookplate is a combination half-tone and zinc from Phil Sawyer's remarkable etching on copper, and Carl Junge's border design and lettering. The plate in this size will be used in each of the club books. The original, a really beautiful work of art, hangs in the office on the main floor of the Club house.

For exchange with collectors the Club has a larger reproduction in photogravure on deckled art paper.

A few Club members who own personal plates have responded to last week's request for copies to be used in the Club collection. Beginning with the next issue of the Scoop some member's plate will be reproduced each week.

In sending your plate, please note the date of the design and the name of the artist who made it, and give the meaning of any symbolism it exhibits.

The history of book plates has been asked for in several letters since last week's editorial note regarding the Club collection. The answer is here submitted in a few paragraphs

written by Lyle Solomon Baer of Streator, to whom the Club is indebted for some seventy plates by American designers:

"The use of a book plate is as old as the use of books themselves. Before the printing press was revised, books were drawn, letter by letter, from cover to cover.

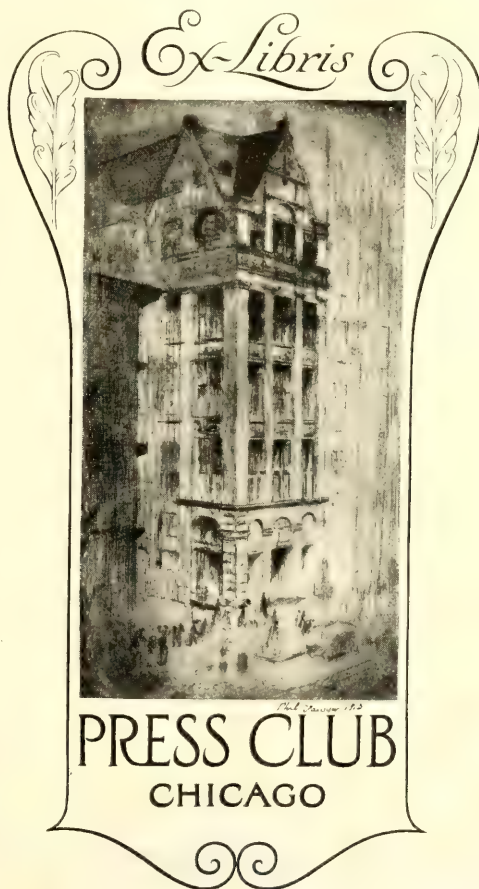
"The work was done by scholarly monks. Indeed, it could be done by no one else, since education was not popular outside the church. In that day, therefore, there were no best sellers. Few people could read what had been written. To have produced a set or two of Dickens would have required a lifetime of labor. A book in those days meant as much to the man who produced it as would a masterpiece to one of our modern artists.

"Being thus the work of his own hand, it became the custom for a monk permanently to affix his name to the book he had made. His signature took the form of a design at the beginning of the volume in which was

worked a motto or some insignia of his family. In this custom we find the origin of book plates in the year of 1480.

"Among book plate designers are found some of the world's most illustrious masters: Albrecht Durer, Hans Holbein and Hogarth. Paul Revere is the name of a book plate designer well known to Americans. Originals of these masters are today priceless.

"Today, every lover of books, every owner of a library, has or should have his own book plate. The design may represent his family



motto, crest or coat of arms, or it may represent some phase of work to which one has devoted one's life—science, art or the professions. Many book plates take for a basis of design some beloved hobby of their owner, as that of the bibliophile, angler, philosopher, traveler, or student of nature."

BROTHERS OF THE BOOK.

A pretty leaflet, briefly setting forth the fact and purposes of a society calling itself the Brothers of the Book has just been issued. It is interesting for its own sake, and especially to the Press Club by reason of our membership being largely represented in the organization. Among other things the leaflet gives this information:

The Brothers of the Book is a society (not a local club) which from time to time issues privately printed books, brochures, etc., to its members.

The subject-matter of the publications is unlimited in scope, and may range from the light and frivolous to the serious and important—but must always pass the test of being distinctly worth while. Members, therefore, have the opportunity of subscribing for books quite out of the ordinary—not to be obtained through usual channels.

The spirit which animates the brotherhood finds expression in the Rules of the Order. Here are a few of them:

II.—The purpose of the order is the encouragement of bookish goodfellowship, with the occasional publication of a worthy book.

IX.—The brethren comprise, idealists, poets, dreamers, bards, artists, artificers, collectors, players, writers and craftsmen; all chosen from amongst good bookish people.

X.—The publications of the Brothers of the Book, with occasional exceptions, are exclusively for the members of the order; but members are under no obligation to subscribe for issues except as they individually so elect.

XII.—And now let it be well and truly known, that no destroyer of ideals, no disturber of visions, and no iconoclast of any kind ever shall be counted as one of the Brothers of the Book.

The leaflet is sent only to persons of known bookish proclivities, who have been passed upon as eligible to membership; therefore, if you who read these lines desire to become one of the Brothers of the Book, and enjoy its privileges, you are cordially invited to write to the Scrivener, Laurence C. Woodworth, Fine Arts Building, Chicago. Members, upon joining the order, pay the sum of two dollars, which covers the initiation fee. The annual dues are one dollar.

Briefly, the Brothers of the Book is an informal organization of booklovers, who find an outlet for their bookish enthusiasm in putting forth interesting publications for the pleasant diversion of their fellow members. Membership in the order appeals to men and women who love books, literature, and life.

As She Is Drunked.

Told by Ed. Pickard, on his return from the Canal Zone: A Chinaman had a sign up that said, "American Bar. Cookies and Ginricktails."

PERENNIAL WALLINGFORD.

If you think George Randolph Chester has written himself out on Wallingford, read his latest book, "Wallingford in His Prime." Here are a few lines gathered from it haphazard:

"As careless as an old maid eating shad in the dark."

"I never get pickled, and if I did, I wouldn't even talk with my fingers."

"Like quitting with the most chips in a parlor poker game where the white ones are sold by the pound."

"She'd fall for it like a Guinea bootblack to a grand opera ticket."

"You must have chosen a church with as fussy a service as seven garçons and a head waiter making a Suzette pancake."

"He had a smile on him that would make a bulldog purr."

"I thought church workers were a lot of old fluffs, but I never saw a more masculine looking set of men in the very best bar rooms."

"You're the only husband I ever really loved. The others only had money, but you've got brains. I wouldn't be a widow again for a million dollars alimony."

"I own this property with its \$85,000 worth of mortgage, but there's many a time I've felt like trading it for the price of a new suit of clothes, a dinner with a pretty girl, a skin full of champagne and a bottle of prussic acid."

"At about the last minute they'll probably try something, but it'll be so coarse that you couldn't sift it through a hoop."

"A persimmon-faced man with a reckless necktie."

"Studying each other with the intentness of a starving cat at a doubtful mouse hole."

"As nervous as a burglar in a room full of loose boards."

"A stingy man once had a cent.

He couldn't die till it was spent.

He never drank, nor ate nor bet,

And so the grouch is living yet."

"I never knew anybody who looked like that. I sleep too well."

"That silk hat brigade buys its groceries on credit, and uses all its cash for taxis."

The book crackles metaphor and epigram, caustic, funny and wise. Through the courtesy of Bobbs-Merrill it is on the big table in the library. Lead yourself to it. It is good stuff.

George D. Bangs, general superintendent of Pinkertons Agency, New York, lunched on Monday with our J. Edward Bangs.

The Philosophical Round Table will get around itself in the private dining rooms this evening, for the last dinner of the season.

John Alden's Kindred had their monthly meeting and dinner in the club last Tuesday.

Mr. Ashley entertained about a hundred members of the Prairie Club at dinner in the main dining hall on Wednesday evening.

A GLASS CASE AND SOME HISTORY.

In the middle eighties, every newspaper in Chicago made a daily duty of jumping on the neck of an alderman then prevalent, whose name was Frank Hildreth. This Hildreth man had a streak of weird humor in him. His sole retort was to buy the largest and thickest Bible he could find, and present it to the Press Club. The Club received it in the spirit of his intent, and locked it up in an especially made glass case, where it lay in state for many years. The last time the case was opened was shortly before the move away from Madison street, when Charlie Pickard wanted to get back at John Fay or some other encyclopaedic precision with an accurate quotation from and count of the words in St. Luke's story of the announcement to the shepherds. This was the only Bible that could then be found on the premises, and it was liberated with difficulty and redeposited with trouble.

By what means it got out of that case and Captain Meredith's book got in, nobody seems to know, nor is it discoverable where it went or is. Meredith's book is there, however, and the Bible is not. The two were of about the same dimensions.

The case and its contents stand on top of the grandfather's clock—the clock that was diplomatically given to the Club by the Illinois Women's Press League about ten years ago, to head off action averse to a renewal of their privileges in respect of the Club rooms. This clock is in the library.

Captain Meredith used to be chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington. Before that he was superintendent for the Western Bank Note Company here in Chicago. From the birth of the Press Club he has been our consistent and helpful friend. At present he is the only man who holds a visitor's card without terminal date.

While he was chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing he collected all the plates of portraits and vignettes that had been made and used there up to 1889, and had two impressions taken from each. These he had bound, in two books. One of the books he sent to us. It occupies the glass case. The other is in the library of the Bureau. There is no third, in all the world.

Our copy is extremely valuable, but it is more than that, for the plates are exquisitely beautiful, the finest examples of the highest skill in steel engraving, an art that would seem to have reached its climax twenty-odd years ago, and then fallen into decline. They include portraits of all the Presidents down to Cleveland, and of many illustrious soldiers, cabinet members, senators, and famous department heads. There is a considerable number of allegorical designs, emblems and battle pieces.

The Club has other art belongings, that one of these days will be catalogued and possibly restored to view. Some of the portraits of our former presidents were painted by renowned artists in their best days, and would appraise highly in critical estimation and financial worth. There are etchings and monochromes bearing celebrated signatures, and original drawings by some of the best men we have had. This may be

news to many members, but it means a good deal in the way of tangible assets, to say nothing of the less definite but infinitely finer element of sentiment. And the Meredith book is possibly the most interesting of all. Who knows what became of the Hildreth Bible?

A BLOOMING BIG THING.

In the preparation of a magazine story, Kellogg M. Patterson of the Press Club has interested himself actively in the standing of local commercial flower growers among the florists of the country, and incidentally has dug up some remarkable facts. One of these concerns the reason why American Beauty roses grow here as nowhere else—long stemmed, full bloomed, and fragrant as the spicy zephyrs of Araby the blest. It lies in those plant ailments which enable the soil of Illinois to grow the most abundant corn (maize) in the world.

Statistics as such are seldom exhilarating or romantic. But in the local domain of flowers these following will interest almost anyone:

Cook County (Chicago) uses more glass fronts in greenhouses and stores than any other county in the United States; approximately 10,000,000 square feet.

Chicago has the three largest greenhouses in America.

The value of cut flowers sold at wholesale in Chicago in the last year, \$2,500,000.

Chicago draws its cut flower supplies from both coasts, and Chicago cut flowers go everywhere—north, south, west and east.

Chicago has 29 wholesale cut flower houses, 18 selling on commission, 11 selling their own stock.

Chicago has more florists' supply houses than any other city in America.

Chicago has more manufacturers of greenhouse building materials than any other city in the United States.

Chicago has more manufacturers of greenhouse boilers and greenhouse heating specialties than any other one city in America.

Chicago has more dealers in greenhouse glass than any other city in this country.

Chicago manufactures more florists' fertilizers than any other city.

Chicago imports more bulbs than any inland city, has the largest wholesale seedsmen and the largest grass seed dealers.

Chicago has large nurseries and many wholesale plantsmen.

Chicago is, indeed, "the Great Central Market," where may be had every article needed by a florist, and yet Chicago florists, wholesale and retail, buy more than is bought by florists in any other city.

Next time anyone says too much about Chicago noises and winds, slap his face with a flower. We may be smoky and we may be slambang, but when it comes to things of least offense and highest beauty, we have it all over the rest of them.

It is the opinion of George Ade that while a bald head may be a misfortune, whiskers are a man's own fault.

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

FAREWELL AND HAIL.

Sincere good wishes from every member of the Club follow Joe Henderson in his retirement from the post of Librarian and withdrawal to the country. For some time past his waning health has been a subject of anxiety to all his friends. They hope for his early restoration and return.

Joe has been in continuous membership more than thirty years. It is probable he knows and is known by more of us than anyone else; and not one of us but holds him in warm esteem. Everybody will be glad to see him here again.

Leroy Goble has been appointed acting Librarian, and has begun a new catalog, carrying forward the work from the point at which Henderson found himself obliged to give it up. This appointment was logical, Mr. Goble being a bookman and chairman of the special committee on book plates. In connection with his new work he has consented to take charge of book reviews for this publication.

WHERE IS THE NUTCRACKER?

"Caption" having been disposed of as an osseous occipitation, the bell rings for an explanation of the use of decimated where obliterated or shot to pieces is intended; of the appearance of a hyphen in the word today; and of the reason why no list of sufferers in an accident is taken to mean anything without a statement of each sufferer's age. This last is positively cryptic.

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

Why not use the third floor for billiards, cards, shuffle board and sleeping rooms, and fit up the present billiard room as a newspaper exchange, where newspaper men, tradepaper men and others could meet and talk shop? Why not?

AN IMPORTANT VALUATION.

The Fidelity Appraisal Company of Milwaukee has been engaged to appraise all the property of the club. This includes guarantee of adjusting fire losses upon a business basis, and

will enable the club to know just what its assets amount to, aside from sentimental values.

THE DOUBLE SECRETARYSHIP.

At the May meeting of the Club Dr. Wm. Frederic Nutt was unanimously elected Financial Secretary, succeeding B. Beecher Osburn, who had retired. The action confirmed his temporary assignment to the place by the board. Doctor Nutt was already the Recording Secretary. He so remains, for the present, assuming double duties and a more than doubled responsibility. The whole management of the Club is in his hands, now, subject to the board.

BOHEMIA, NOT.

This bit is from a rattling good story of a man's first newspaper experiences in New York, just finished in the Saturday Evening Post. It is self-evidently true, and as Hugh Keogh used to say, as "absobloodylutely" true of Chicago and other great cities as of New York:

"I had looked in vain for the Bohemian newspaper man who I had been led to suppose was so common a type in New York. All my life I had been deluded by a notion that newspaper men in New York were a carefree, reckless, gifted, irresponsible, dashing race, who regularly fraternized together over mugs of musty ale in fascinating little dramshops. Perhaps there was a time when this condition existed, but personally I don't believe it ever did.

"It is true that, outside his office, a newspaper man may lead pretty much the sort of life he fancies; and so long as he attends to his duties, neither his employers, his superiors nor his associates will feel called upon to regulate his private moralities for him. The strange discipline of the place, which appears so slack and irregular to the onlooker, and which in reality is so rigid and exacting, doesn't follow him after he puts on his hat and coat at quitting time; but he cannot drink to excess and expect to get ahead or to stay ahead. Newspaper owners do not want drunkards on their staffs any more than successful men in any other line of business want them. Real newspaper men are never Bohemians, and they despise men who pose as Bohemians. They are mainly hard-working, steady-paced persons, with families to support; and when they get through work they go home to their families and stay there.

More and Better Illumination.

Among the other improvements incidental to the general renovation of the Club house will be a substitution of ground glass inverted globes for the old style open ones. This will give a perfect diffusion of light, without that irritating point-glare of tungsten filament which is unavoidable where exposed bulbs are used.

WE ALL KNOW THEM.

What would we do without the men
 Who view all things with great alarm?
 O, send us more such voices, then,
 To keep us from all threatening harm—
 Like old Doc. Bunk, that tireless battler,
 Who classes house flies with the rattler.

We go our way in peace at morn,
 But we would die ere night, past doubt,
 If there were no alarmists born
 To tell us where we must look out,
 Who old Doc. Scarem's voice is scorning
 When he lifts up a skeeter warning.

The magazines all teem with views
 About the deadly things that lurk;
 One's hair stands up when comes the news
 Of some new menace that's at work.
 And thus with horrors, printed gaily,
 Do the alarmists cheer us daily.

A GRAND LITTLE HOUSE CLEANING.

Here is an end to the comfortable dirt that has so long impressed visitors as the first noticeable thing about the Club house rooms. Beginning with the fourth floor, the entire interior is to be cleaned, redecorated, and brightened up. The grill and lounge and the billiard room were taken in hand this week. A new carpet is spreading itself over the floor of the lounge. The billiard room floor is being renewed and polished, and the dear old rag that has worn itself threadbare under many excited feet all round the tables is giving place to broad pathways of clean linoleum. The fifth floor will be the next case attended to. The library ceiling and frieze are to be done afresh, the furniture upholstered into respectability, and the books and cabinets given a thorough going over. The private dining rooms on the fifth will require less attention than any others in the house, but the main dining hall will call for a lot of re-touching, and the shields or panels under the cornice will be picked out in a color strong enough to give bold relief to the mottoes and epigrams gathered by Colonel Visscher for their decoration. The sleeping rooms will be thoroughly renovated and the ventilation put right. All this will take a little time—enough to avert the shock of a too sudden access of sweetness and light, yet not too much for the impatient spirit of our many misophobists.

The Right Time, Sure.

Harry Irving Greene looked disgustedly at the clock in the library. The time was half past two. The clock had just struck ten. It has lost its mind and control of its inwards through competition with other fountains of noise in that palace of cacophony. Said Harry: "It strikes ten. You look at the hands, and they say half past two. So you know it must be seven minutes of six."

JOHNNIE COMES MARCHING HOME.

After sixteen years of government service in the east, John E. Wilkie is returning to Chicago and his own Club.

On Wednesday last he resigned his commission as chief of special agents in the Customs Bureau, to accept the post of assistant to Henry A. Blair, chairman of the board of directors of the Chicago Railways Company. At the request of Secretary McAdoo of the Treasury Department, the resignation will not become effective until the end of June, when certain customs investigation of which he has charge will have been closed. It was accepted in a letter in which Secretary McAdoo said:

"I regret your determination to quit the service, as I had looked forward to a continuation of your work in the department, but I can readily understand your desire to take advantage of the business offer which you tell me is the occasion of your resignation."

"Johnnie" may be said to have inherited rights in the Press Club. His father, Franc Wilkie, was also the father of the Club, a power in bringing it together, and its first President. John himself was President in 1892. When he went away it was to become head of the United States secret service. In that position he distinguished himself by uncovering and driving out the spies of Spain just before our war with that country, and in breaking down the strongest and most dangerous organizations of counterfeiterers that ever infested the land. It was Secretary MacVeagh who gave him charge of the Customs special agents, and through him put an end to the wholesale systems of smuggling and undervaluation that had been pestering and pilfering from the government for years, especially at the port of New York.

"Johnnie" began his newspaper work on the Chicago Times, under Wilbur F. Storey, and while his father was the real force behind that paper. Afterward he served the Tribune, largely in feature work. Some of his exploits in that line are well remembered, in even these short-memory days. For instance, his extraordinary account of a Hindu fakir's performance with a rope and a boy, and its exposure through the agency of a camera—sensitive emulsions being exempt from hypnotic influence. This clever story was told so calmly and with such verisimilitude that it went all over the globe and drew learned comment from great investigators, and from scientific journals of the first rank. He got letters about it from everywhere, for years—possibly is still getting them. He was one of the best all 'round men this town ever developed.

Everyone in the Press Club will be delighted to see him here again, to have him home once more, this time, let us all hope, to stay.

Dan Invites the Whole Club.

Our fellow member Daniel Stern is out with a cordial invitation to everyone to be with him this (Saturday) afternoon at the opening of the new home of his publication, the American Artisan and Hardware Record, on the ninth floor of the Karpen building, Michigan boulevard and Eldridge court.

WHAT THE PRESS WOMEN ARE DOING

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Hail, Harriet Monroe!

She assails tradition, please us, with a pen as delicately wielded as may be, but as surely as David wielded the sling that smote Goliath.

"Poetry," her endowed magazine, is the medium wherewithal she chooses to come back at her critics. All women of the press have been glad with her in its success, but now seems the time for a word or two of comment.

Two or three months ago was published here something written by that wandering genius, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay—republished by permission of Miss Monroe, and called General Booth Enters Into Heaven.

Rhythmically and rhymically, the composition was perfect. Additionally it was the soul of the Salvation Army made lyric. There was not a verb transposed nor an adjective misused. Phrases arrayed themselves in sounding pageant, and I for one, felt something of the militant ardor which must have inspired the grand old general.

But the composition beat down the grand old English tradition with a sledge hammer.

Of its merits there were no half way opinions. Some people declared it was not poetry at all. Some said it was great poetry.

This poem has been but one of Miss Monroe's declarations of independence in the publication of her magazine. Set beside the truly traditional, she found much that entered into a newer beauty. Her catholicity compels justice. She recognizes that art has no finite measurements.

Came the critics, who most of them could neither dimly see nor smatteringly comprehend aught save their trusted traditional form.

In her May magazine Miss Monroe comes back at them. Says she straightforwardly:

"Tradition, however old and grand, ceases to be of use the moment its walls are strong enough to break a butterfly's wing or keep a fairy immured."

And again: "Art is not a Mosaic dispensation from Mount Sinai, but a creation of men's minds."

All of which seems particularly potent when reflected upon in the columns of The Scoop. If there is an untraditional journal atop the earth, it should be this Press Club organ.

Tradition is the lens through which we see darkly and distortedly. Things which in themselves possess true beauty, need no tradition to recommend them.

Every saint was a breaker of traditions.

Every Master of any Art lays them low before he achieves truly.

The blight of the world is lack of individuality. Where the bell sheep leads the ewes and wethers follow. Sometimes he is a hardened old goat like the

animal at the stockyards who leads them up an incline and into the slaughtering pen.

For years he has performed that cheerful office, has that uncanny goat. It is traditional that sheep-kind will follow him.

When Wagner welded discords into sublime harmony, musical Germany stood aghast. The rest of the world did not even consider him that much. It took a mad king to hear his greatness; mad Ludwig of Bavaria, who in this commonwealth of Illinois would have been shut up in an insane asylum. No gossamer winged fairies were immured in the hide-bound music traditions of Germany, but the majestic war maidens, the Valkyrie, whose song shall endure so long as hearts beat responsive to harmony.

Today the people of his land kneel before their roadside shrines and pray that they may have another Ludwig for king.

They pray for Ludwig as they sing the songs of Wagner.

Nowadays it is the super-sane individuals who set tradition in its proper place—those who are strong in themselves, and not in the faiths of the yesterdays. Those who know that no tradition was ever finally strong enough to shut in Divinity.

Long life and bountiful strength to Harriet Monroe!

Jean Comerford

Address communications to Jean Comerford, 812 Eastwood avenue.

Women Who Keep a Secret.

Once all the social editors of nearly all the Chicago newspapers were at luncheon together:

"Girls," said one, "I am consumed with curiosity concerning the P. E. O. Can anyone here tell me what those letters stand for?"

Each editor shook her head and sadly made confession that she had been utterly unable to find out.

It is a refutation of an antique argument, that P. E. O.—the argument that women cannot keep secrets. Although many thousands of women know just what the letters stand for, no one has ever told. The

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P. E. O. is the largest exclusively woman's secret organization in the world. It has an official publication and a badge. Its work is educational, and the founders were seven young women at Wesleyan University, Mount Pleasant, Iowa. This was in 1869. Down to date, no woman has unlocked her lips to tell the meaning of the magic letters P. E. O.

Mrs. Zoe P. Johnson, who is wife to Press Club member and Riverview publicity man, William M., is a member of Chapter A, Illinois. At a recent meeting of the State Grand Chapter at Carthage, Ill., she read a clever paper upon the "Legal Status of Women in Illinois." Requested by the program committee to refrain from the discussion of woman suffrage, she succeeded in establishing clearly that women have about the same legal status as men in this state. One difference is in the coming of age, which is twenty-one for man and eighteen for girls.

A clause in the statutes reads, "No person shall be precluded or debarred from any occupation, profession or employment (except military) on account of sex."

It is this extension of favors which is often urged as an argument against woman suffrage.

"What more do they want?" is the pertinent question asked by the Illinois antis.

There is the question. *What more?* And why?

The Bob Joneses.

Mrs. R. R. Jones has had a "for sale" sign nailed to her front porch. "Bob," her husband, is more enthusiastic than ever over his Canadian farm. It was a far jump from the managing editor's chair of the Inter-Ocean, but Mr. Jones seems to have made it with ease. He wears a beard, plows assiduously and hopes to reap gloriously. His only complaint is lonesomeness—chiefly of course, for his wife and the sturdy Jones boys. Partly, maybe, for his P. C. pals.

But he means to stick, and less and less feels the call of Chicago.

As soon as the Leland avenue house is disposed of, Mrs. Jones will ship all the lares and penates to Canada, and there will be a family reunion.

OUR FRIEND FROM DALLAS.

Charles W. Holman, editor of Farm and Ranch, and one of the founders of the Dallas Press Club, was introduced to the Club by David B. Clarkson about three months ago, and has reluctantly gone home. He was secretary of the national conference on marketing and farm credits, the first organized expression of an important movement in the one basic industry, and was here several weeks before the conference came off last month. The conference was brought about through the efforts of the co-operating farm papers, and held under its auspices. Mr. Holman is an active force in those papers.

During his stay he gave the Club as much time as he could spare, and has taken south with him for the benefit of the Dallas Club a good many points from our history. Two of these show how to be happy though broke, and the value of continuous kicking.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE AMBITION OF MARK TRUITT, by Henry Russell Miller, author of His Rise to Power and The Man Higher Up.—This is a powerful tale of a man, who by the force of his own character, his perseverance and strength, rises from a lowly station to one of wealth and prestige. The author deals with a big idea and treats skilfully the cause of the industrial worker. It is the song of steel, sung by thousands, but led by an heroic man and an heroic woman. 12 mo., cloth, \$1.35 net. Bobbs-Merrill.

WAR, by John Luther Long, author of Madame Butterfly, etc.—A touching romance of the civil war tenderly retold by a quaint old German, Stephen Vonner. It is full of the pathos of a time that mingled the sorrow of dire disappointments and the consoling cheer of accomplishment. Illustrated in full color by N. C. Wyeth. 12 mo., cloth, \$1.30 net. Bobbs-Merrill.

THE CATFISH, by Charles Marriott, "For the Catfish is the Demon of the Deep and Keeps Things Lively."—The life of a man, from early childhood until middle manhood and marriage, is revealed with poetic delicacy and subtle insight in this powerful novel. It is a story of magnificent encounters of sex that give proof of the power of good womanhood over a man. The Catfish is one of the greatest realistic-idealistic novels that have appeared in recent years. Large 12 mo., cloth, \$1.35 net. Bobbs-Merrill.

HIS LOVE STORY, by Marie Van Vorst, author of The Girl from His Town, The Broken Bell, etc.—Mingling the tender feeling of a French idyl with the stern resolve of a frontier drama, Marie Van Vorst has made this a brilliant novel of romance and adventure. Illustrated with six pictures in full color by Howard Chandler Christy. Decorations, including end papers, by Bertha Stuart. 12 mo., cloth, \$1.20 net. Bobbs-Merrill.

IN ANOTHER MOMENT, by Charles Belmont Davis, author of The Stage Door, The Lodger Overhead, etc.—A girl and a man, very much in love, both young, refined, intelligent, capable and ambitious, come to New York from their little home town. Mr. Davis paints a vivid picture of Gotham's Great White Way. Deftly he holds the interest in suspense, the reader breathless for what may happen—in another moment. Illustrated by Wallace Morgan. 12 mo., cloth, \$1.25 net. Bobbs-Merrill.

The Possibility of Deeper Depths.

While our Captain Meredith was chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing his eye was caught by a poignantly Irish name on the pay roll. It was something like Nora O'Brien Kilbannon. He was inside the cashier's window on a pay day when this name was called and answered by a woman so black that charcoal would have made a white mark on her. He stopped things right there, and asked her if that was really her name. She said it was. He scratched his head and thought a moment and then asked her if she was Irish. She went up in the air like a flash and cracked back at him:

"Mah Gawd, man, ain't it bad enough to be a niggah?"

ACROSS THE RIVER FROM WINDSOR.

(An appreciation by J. U. H. Excerpts expurgated from private correspondence.)

Dear ———:—We would have written you before but we had packed your address at the bottom of the barrel of china, wanted the dishes to rest on something yielding, and we did not want to unpack the dishes just for that so we waited until we could have a skiagraph made through the bottom of the barrel. That requires a bright day and it has rained so much since we have been here, but we developed the skiagraph today and there it was. Modern science is a miracle worker.

Well, to change from lying to facts, hard as it is, we reached here May 14 under a gray sky and took our baggage to the Fuller Hotel and started out in the rain to look for headquarters. The French have no word for "home" and Detroit was settled by the French. It has doubled its population in the last decade and has not increased its housing capacity in proportion. We wanted an apartment house with cafe and visited the two or three which the city admits, and found them all filled to the garret with cots in the halls for the ever-present convention delegate. Finally we located these rooms, found that the table was good, and are camped here awaiting the opening of an annex about July 1st, where they will give us better quarters and leave us fewer dollars. We are very evatanguay on the matter of expense (business of paying two cents for a P. M. newspaper) and have learned that it costs more to live here than in Chicago, that is, for necessities.

Yours,

J. U. H.

SNARLS.

If the real inner motive of some people's action in this city were suddenly flashed to public opinion, they would be condemned to straddle a slippery elm log bare backed, and turned adrift in the middle of lake Michigan, with a northeast wind to help them back home.

Ed. Maher says Colonel Davis writes right, but cannot talk right. Sigmund Krausz says he never knew he wrote well, but thinks he can talk bully. Which is who?

Colonel Visscher is one of the few that can both talk and write A.A.I.

Stanley Waterloo can write well but sometimes cannot talk at all.

Which did the most harm, the vice commission or the slant busybody who engineered that flimsy yarn on my friend Barrat O'Hara?

You cannot *force* love, peace, hatred or happiness, amalgamation between labor and capital, anyone's religious opinion, honesty in politics, or Woodrow Wilson. Nature does it—not force.

This club is always worrying about something. Why not adopt as a motto, "System and order are the first laws of nature"?

SNARLEYOW.

Arrangements have been made by the Board of Directors to have portable fire extinguishers on all floors of the building. This will decrease the risk of fire, and lower the rate of insurance.

HE KNEW WHAT HE WANTED.

Leander Richardson told the Amen corner of the fourth floor this story of Thornton and a crony who had a room in a boarding house near Second avenue in New York, and shut themselves up there for the closing week of a saturated souse that had been making history on the rialto. The last forty-eight hours they made no noise. The landlady, Irish and sympathetic, grew uneasy and tried to get in. They had locked the door and plugged the lock. She brought a chair and looked through the transom. They were on their backs in the middle of the floor, o'erstrewn quite with dead bottles, cigarette stubs and clothing, and were babbling to each other feebly.

"Is anything the matter with ye, boys?" she asked.

"There is, Madame," said Thornton, sepulchrally, without moving.

"Can I do annything for yez?"

"You can, Madame."

"What is ut?"

"You can go out and hire us a snake charmer."

We Have Reformed That Indifferently.

Dear Scoop:—A young and active member of the Press Club walked into the library the other night, picked up a magazine and dropped it quick. A guest who noted the sudden pallor that came over him made inquiries. He was told that a venerable tradition of the Club had gone to smash. The magazine was a current issue!

Such rare specimens as the August and September 1912 numbers of several of the big monthlies may be seen here by the curious, and it is hoped that the issues of July, 1912, will soon be dished up.

A curious fact in this connection is the prompt payment made by the Club for new magazines.

EDWARD J. DOHERTY.

(Doherty's point is well taken, but not so well as it would have been two weeks ago. The condition complained of is at the present moment in course of careful correction.)

A telephone booth is to be erected in the main entrance, where the information desk now stands. This will be a long distance line, and independent of the switchboard, so that it will always be available. The service will be the best in the city.

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Your Proposition has merit. You have faith in it. An earnest straightforward telephone talk will put it through.

It is not necessary, nor is it always advisable, to disturb a busy man of affairs by a call in person.

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THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II, No. 23.

Chicago, Saturday, June 7, 1913.

Price 5c.

The Press Club and Its Power

More than any other organization in the northern states, the Press Club of Chicago is a growing power in the commercial, economic and political affairs of the middle west and west. The reason for this lies in the peculiar quality of its membership.

Originally, it was a club of newspaper and other writers. In effect it is that now. Its membership includes nearly all the men actively engaged in newspaper work here and in the west, and its government remains in their hands. But during the last ten of its thirty-four years, and largely because of the continuous contact of its members with leaders of activity in every department of current life, it has attracted members from all, until its councils are shared and its influence augmented by a most remarkable grouping of minds, representative of all that is best and most valuable in the forces that are moving the world today.

It has a significance peculiarly its own, and has become a permanent and highly important institution of far more than local scope.

As a club, it is not a shaper of public policies, political or other. But it is distinctively the home and meeting ground of the men by whose daily work the newspapers of Chicago are brought out; and Chicago is the fourth city of the world.

Their combined industry expresses every day all there is of opinion, aspiration and realization in the swiftly changing elements of these formative times. No man nor party nor interest can use it for any special purpose, least of all for publicity. But the responsibility and the power of the public press are carried by its individual members, each in his own position and the work it demands; and carried with a jealous conscience.

The quality of intellect and honesty their work requires gives them at once a mutual sympathy and a hold on things, and makes possible their cohesion as an organized body.

Those qualities have led some of them to high successes in other fields.

Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, was president of the

Club, and a member of the Tribune staff, before his genius in finance disclosed itself and Secretary Gage called him to the treasury at Washington.

John E. Wilkie served on the Tribune before he became chief of the United States secret service.

The late William E. Curtis was president of the Club and managing editor of the Inter Ocean before he entered on the career of world travel that made him famous.

Frank Wayland Palmer was editor successively of the Inter Ocean and the Herald before he was appointed public printer and brought the government's printing office up to be the largest and most efficient on earth.

Frederick F. Cook, a member of the Press Club, had many years of service on Chicago newspapers before he went to New York to manage the work and finances of the Associated Charities.

Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, one of the Club's founders, was editor of the Daily News when he was elected to that extraordinarily important position, to build up the first complete and inflexibly accurate news service that ever has been known.

The list of Press Club men who have won high distinction on merits that were first made known in their work on the newspapers of this town is both long and very honorable. The roster will show many names familiar to any one who is at all acquainted with the high business concerns and directing forces of the nation.

William Jennings Bryan is a newspaper man as well as a lawyer. So was Senator Lewis, and so also former Vice President Fairbanks. They were and are devoted Press Club members. So are the actual heads of most of the leading dailies, the editors of some of the great magazines, and the most successful and influential of that group of American writers who have broad vision and profound perception of the causes that underlie the development of trade, finance and industry—such men as Will Payne, Forrest Crissey, Trumbull White and George Harvey. These and others

like them, all members of this Club, address world audiences, and express an enormous directing influence in world affairs.

No other club can show so many great names in business and the learned professions, side by side with so many who have earned renown as authors and journalists. Mark Twain, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Reilly, Ben King, Opie Read, Stanley Waterloo, Henry Watterson, Bob Burdette and a brilliant line of others were and are our men.

By a law in psychology equivalent to the material law of chemical affinity, the club has drawn to itself the best and most commanding from all the higher walks. The value of the association is evident. It sinks all differences of belief or opinion, and coheres by virtue of common catholicity and a single though silent purpose for the greatest good.

It exists as a combination of multifarious powers, not as a power combined for pressure in any one direction. That is why it means so much to the city, the larger half of the nation, and the time in which we live.

It stands upon a sound foundation of material possessions. It owns the club house and all its contents. The assets are easily appraisable in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million. Its estate is growing in value from year to year. Its membership and its meaning are holding a growth equal at all points with the growth of the city and the magnificent empire of which the city is the commercial and financial capital.

Any man of consequence may well be proud to be in and of it. The years of its finest utility are yet before it; and this is the best assurance that it shall prosper and endure.

TWO NIGHTS OF GLORY.

Tuesday evening The Adventurers' Club said goodbye to Baron von Teuber at a dinner in the private rooms. Baron von Teuber has been a most heartily welcome guest of the Club these several weeks. Everyone is sorry to see him go, and everyone earnestly hopes for his safe return from Brazil in 1915.

He is to revisit the wild country along the head waters of the Amazon. It will be his third journey through those vast and almost wholly unknown regions—and he goes alone. A long, arduous, dangerous enterprise, with a terrible lure for such as this soldier, scholar, artist and explorer. God have him in His keeping!

Saturday evening, a week ago, in the main hall, the Club entertained at dinner those members of the Selig staff who helped us so nobly with the big show. It was such an assemblage as you seldom see. Do you recall the abject figure of the Common People, the poor and heavy laden little man who was chivied by the police whenever he ventured into view? A funnily pathetic figure, even in a burlesque. The actor's name is Frankenberg. He is a mild and thoughtful man, spectacted, and under forty.

Two places away from him sat Captain Franklin. Al-

most across the table sat Paul Newman, of The Tribune. These three had met before, in Cape Colony, during the Boer war. Franklin and Newman were British officers. Frankenberg was with the Boers, Cape Colony being British, the Boers who lived and warred there were called rebels.

In comparing notes following the discovery that they had been in the same actions, it came out that Franklin had a photograph of a group of rebel prisoners, taken just as they were brought into the British lines. Frankenberg's picture was in it. He and the others were almost immediately sent to the coast and thence shipped to the island of St. Helena, where they were kept a year. Frankenberg remembered all that—indeed yes. But he countered when Newman told about trying to get a train load of some two hundred wounded to the rear, and seeing the whole train rolled into the ditch because the Boers had ripped up a part of the track in a particularly nasty place. Frankenberg promptly supplied details from the Boer side of that incident. He was the officer whose party had slipped in and torn up the rails.

And there was Clem Yore, with tales of service in the Philippines, and others who had followed other flags into the smoke of other inconvenient fields. It was a grand night. And "night" says it, for this party, newly stuck on each other and each full of memories the others had helped to build, did not dissolve until broad day.

THE N. P. A. CONVENTION.

A considerable number of the members of the Press Club of Chicago are also members of the National Press Association which will hold its convention at Colorado Springs, Colo., beginning June 16th.

From Chicago the following have announced their intention to go to the convention: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lederer, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roderus.

Following is a list of delegates from the Illinois Woman's Press Association who will attend: Mrs. Estelle Ryan Snyder, Executive Committee; Miss Mary Murphy, Inter Ocean; Mrs. Addie Andrew Inman, Daily News; Mrs. Delaney Holden, American; Miss Caroline Huling; Mrs. Harvey Helm.

Alternates: Mrs. Page Waller Eaton, Women's Association of Commerce; Mrs. Mate Palmer, Banner of Gold Magazine; Mary O'Connor Newell, Record Herald; Mrs. Effie Webster, Journal.

Any members of the Press Club desiring to take advantage of the low rates and enjoy the hospitality of the Colorado people during the tour may have the privilege of joining the party by becoming members of the N. P. A. The annual dues are only \$2. Any active member of any association or press club is eligible to membership. Press Club members desiring to accompany the party should notify Frank Roderus, the editor of American Sugar Industry, at the office of that paper in the Hearst building, Madison street.

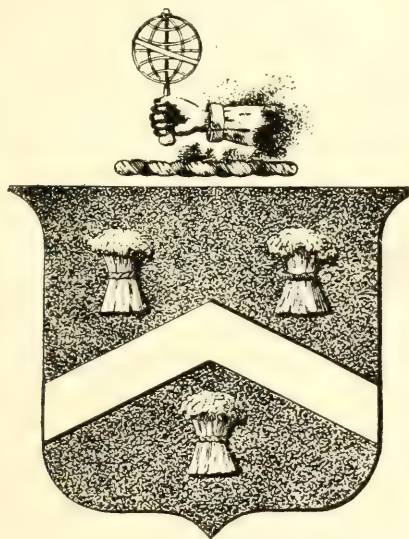
Harry L. Saylor, for years manager of the City News Bureau, died last Saturday at Indianapolis and was buried on Monday at Shelbyville, Ind.

EUGENE FIELD'S BOOKPLATE.

It will be fresh information to most of the members that our enskied and immortal Gene Field was of a family distinguished in England, but the fact stands anomalous in the life of that most democratic of Americans, that very gentle man, of habits so informal and sympathies so deeply human. It recalls Sam Gerridge in the old play "Caste" where he frankly admits his economic position. "I'm a workin' man myself, but I don't 'owl about it."

Zachariah Field, the first of the family to emigrate to America, arrived here about 1630. He settled in Dorchester, and was largely engaged in trade with the Indians, his children and grandchildren being identified with the early history of New England.

The genealogy of the family Field is traced back as far as the fifteenth century. Formerly the name was spelled "de la Field," meaning lands where trees had been felled, in contradistinction to wood or forest land. During the fourteenth century, the prefix "de la" was dropped in consequence of the wars with France having made it unpopular, and the name Field generally substituted.



John Field, the astronomer, the most illustrious known ancestor of the family, was born in London in 1520, and was a contemporary of Copernicus; the latter died in 1543, and his great work on the Revolution of the Celestial Orbs was published the same year. In 1556, John Field published the first astronomical tables, calculated on the basis of the Copernican discoveries, that ever appeared in England. He received a patent for this service, and Philip and Mary authorized him "to bear as a crest over his family arms" what in the language of heraldry is described as "a dexter arm, habited gules, issuing from clouds fessewise proper, holding an armillary sphere or. The golden sphere indicates the splendor of the Copernican discovery. The original family arms were sable, a chevron between three wheat sheaves argent."

Gene used only the original coat-of-arms as his book plate.

WHY?

BY CLEMENT YORE.

Alone she sits in her silent cell,
Bereft as the world laughs by.
Alone she dreams; and who can tell
The Who, the Where, the Why?
You may regulate and legislate.
You may print and publish, too.
The human heart's a thing apart
From laws by such as you.

* * *

You may theorize upon the spawn
Of the kithless God on high
You'll lose thought's castle to a pawn—
Mere Who, or Where, or Why.
You may cogitate and speculate,
You may drink of learning much.
The only art springs from the heart.
'Tis killed by Reason's touch.
Archaic night in ghastly mist
Hung crimson in the sky.
There was no sound that one could list—
Nor Who, nor Where, nor Why.
The infinite rock felt the soundless shock.
There was no sea nor shore—
But one lone God the silence trod,
Sexless and gaunt; no more.
Formless he was in the pathless dark.
Visionless was his eye.
How came I here, was his remark,
Oh Who? Oh Where? Oh Why?

* * *

As babes we come and want to play.
We grow, we moil, we try.
The echo will come back away—
Oh Who? Oh Where? Oh Why?

Solomon En Souse.

Leander Richardson hands out another story, where Jimmy Thornton furnished the cracker at the end.

An uxorious actor tore all disheveled into the Cadillac bar one afternoon and landed his woes in the middle of the sandhedrim, with a frantic plea for advice. He had suspected all was not well with his wife, and in this frame of mind had trailed her to a sixth avenue hotel, and found her in company with an exceeding black bellhop from another house. He had raised merry and dramatic bloom of Eblis for a while and then sought this helpful company.

Some counseled that he shoot the black boy, others that he shoot the lady, others that he seek redress at law. To these he responded with beatings of breast and brow.

"I cannot. O, I cannot, I love her so. What shall I do? O, what shall I do?"

Thornton, profoundly soused and gravely judicial, turned solemnly and said:

"If what you have told us is true, I would advise you to black up and go home."

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

THE JUNE MEETING.

At the regular board meeting last Monday the interim appointment of Leroy T. Goble to be librarian was confirmed, and Mark S. Watson of the Tribune was designated to fill the vacancy in the directorate caused by the retirement of Mr. Lawson. The Club may at its discretion confirm Mr. Watson in this position by special election, or let it stand until the annual election in September. Mr. Watson's was the only name brought forward, not because there were no others who desired the place and could have filled it well, but because it appeared that even these preferred him. He is an efficient newspaper man, as a Club fellow is highly esteemed, and in business judgment has shown a most excellent quality.

A considerable list of applicants for membership will have to be acted upon at this meeting, and for that if for no other reason, it is hoped the members will make an especial effort to be present—in force. This question of membership has a growing importance. It should be given careful thought and fearless action.

BEGGING A FAVOR.

Earl Derr Biggers, a newcomer on the book counters and a very welcome one, has produced in his "Seven Keys to Baldpate," a work to which the Club members have given the highest possible stamp of approval. The two copies that were placed on the big table have faded like the thin clouds that lightly blew above Persepolis. They have joined the innumerable fresh magazines which linger about the library like out of town guests in haste to catch a train.

The first chapters of the Biggers story abounded in excellent burlesque and proved that the author has a smashing appreciation of oddity in character and an unflagging inventive genius in combining the dramatic and the ludicrous. It is fondly hoped that the fellows who became enamored of it will outlive the infatuation and quietly register their loss of interest by returning those copies and giving the rest of the members a chance to get acquainted with this keen new author's work.

While the topic is on, it may be permissible to plead that the gentlemen who stole "An Affair of Dishonor" and two other new books a few days ago shall sneak them back.

CANDIDATES FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership from the following have been approved by the Board of Directors, and will be voted on at the regular monthly meeting, June 8, at 4 p. m.:

Life.

Charles France, Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

Active.

Herbert Brande, City News Bureau; R. F. Webster, Sponsor.

Palmer Brown, Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

Oscar Eagle, Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

Thos. Flynn, Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

Julius Frankenburg, Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

W. K. Gibbs, American Lumberman; Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

Jefferson Jones, City News Bureau; Perly H. Boone, Sponsor.

Clarence W. Leigh, Contributor; Gordon G. Burdick, Sponsor.

Bert Lennon, Copy Reader, Medical Journal; Perley H. Boone, Sponsor.

M. A. Levy, Journal; Jerome Power, Sponsor.

Jack Martin, Playwright; Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

James Russell Park, Tribune; Marquis James, Sponsor.

Thos. H. Russell, Former Member; W. D. Eaton, Sponsor.

Edwin N. Wallock, Scenario Writer; Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

Non-Resident.

F. J. Franklin, Author; W. H. Wood, Sponsor.

Dr. G. I. Kheiralla, Author; Geo. W. Wiggs, Sponsor.

Thomas W. Wood, Contributor; Kellogg M. Patterson, Sponsor.

FINANCIAL SECRETARY'S REPORT JUNE 1, 1913.

Floating Indebtedness.

| | Accounts Payable. | Notes Payable. | Total. |
|--------------------|-------------------|----------------|-------------|
| April 1, 1913..... | \$7,959.83 | \$3,500.00 | \$11,459.83 |
| May 1, 1913..... | 7,583.88 | 3,500.00 | 11,083.88 |
| June 1, 1913..... | 6,897.61 | 3,500.00 | 10,397.61 |

Department Report.

| | Bar & Cy. | Cafe. | Dorm. | P. & P. |
|---------------|-----------------|----------|----------|---------|
| March, 1913.. | \$458.64 (Loss) | \$456.84 | \$159.60 | \$58.35 |
| April, 1913.. | \$352.73 (Loss) | 114.17 | 159.04 | 48.20 |
| May, 1913.... | 358.37 (Loss) | 309.62 | 199.49 | 82.60 |

Statement of Condition.

| | Assets. | Liabilities. | Assets over Liabilities. |
|------------------|--------------|--------------|--------------------------|
| April 1, 1913... | \$262,223.61 | \$113,958.37 | \$148,265.24 |
| May 1, 1913.... | 262,367.91 | 113,272.80 | 149,095.11 |
| June 1, 1913.... | 257,308.95 | 109,196.56 | 148,112.39 |

Membership.

| | Life. | Active. | Non-Res. | Honor. | Act. Ret. | Total. |
|------------------|-------|---------|----------|--------|-----------|--------|
| April 1, 1913... | 496 | 501 | 283 | 10 | 6 | 1,296 |
| May 1, 1913.... | 496 | 501 | 283 | 10 | 6 | 1,296 |
| June 1, 1913.... | 497 | 500 | 286 | 10 | 6 | 1,299 |

Analysis of Scoop Show Balance.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-------------|
| Bank balance, June 1, 1913..... | \$ 3,025.17 |
| Transfer to General Fund..... | 2,549.25 |
| Interest State Bank..... | 1,375.00 |
| Taxes | 3,982.90 |
| License | 500.00 |
| House accounts | 642.10 |
| Other accounts | 25.00 |

Total\$12,099.42

WHADDA YUH KNOW ABOUT THAT?

By GENE MORGAN.

I'm soft and tender-hearted, tho' my knucks, they is like flint.

Whene'er I blacks an optic, it's just 'cause I like the tint.

I loves the Common People, so I never robs a mint.

Whadda yuh know about that?

I've trimmed a million suckers, clear from Broadway to the coast,

Some I sived to divvy, but I robbed and beat the most. But I never croaked a jailer, 'cause I knew he was my host.

Whadda yuh know about that?

I used to halt express trains—I was just a jolly kid. An' I never croaked a passenger what did as he was bid. An' just before I hit the trail I always raised my lid.

Whadda yuh know about that?

But as I grew some older, crackin' cribs became my lay, I often scragged the watchman, but I moved his stiff away.

When that nitro-soup is spreadin' it is hard on mortal clay.

Whadda yuh know about that?

I like to stick up strangers what is strollin' in the night. An' I never, never hurts 'em when they don't show signs o' fight.

When I have to pull the trigger, cul, I always pull it light.

Whadda yuh know about that?

One night we robbed a bar room and we croaked a sassy souse.

Then we cleaned the Dayton piano and we gave the boobs the rouse.

But we all bought tin-roof high balls, which o' course is on the house.

Whadda yuh know about that?

I guess I hate a copper worse'n anything on earth. It gives me joy to plant my hoof against a flattie's girth. But when I see one's conk caved in I never shows my mirth.

Whadda yuh know about that?

Yes, my heart is soft an' tender an' my nature's full o' mush.

An' them sad things gets me weepin' like a looney, leaky lush,

Why, I never slugged a blind man as I took away his cush!

Whadda yuh know about that?

CACUS RECARNATE IN THE BASEMENT.

To Doctor Nutt, immersed in worry at his desk last Tuesday morning, violently appeared Jackson, engineer and head janitor, demanding to know what he could do about it, and got no light.

"It" was the last freak of a standing and elusive Hoodoo. Jackson's nerves are not what they were a month ago, before the Hoodoo organized itself for serious work.

There was then a lock on the door in the alley, where freight is delivered. The lock disappeared. Jackson bought a new one of improved pattern, with a key. Lock and key dematerialized mysteriously while Jackson was on the upper floors looking after a bit of plumbing. When he came down and found the door open, he said appropriate things, and then went out and bought still another lock with a key designed to hold at bay all save those who had been taught to work it.

The Hoodoo sawed out that whole contraption and went away with it. Jackson said things still more appropriate, and made further expenditure upon a lock of occult construction with a key positively hostile to strangers, and a chain. Tuesday morning about ten

o'clock he found the jamb end of the chain dangling free, and nothing whatever where the rest of the outfit had been. Hereupon Jackson knew he was up against the machinations of some unearthly and malign force, and having turned ash color and returned to chocolate, he tried to say something and failed of all but an incoherence, burlbling sacred names. Then in a helpless rage he appealed unto the Doctor, demanding official rescue from this most unjust and unholy thing that had fallen upon him. The Doctor said he would investigate. He is investigating now.

The Hoodoo has an impish sense of humor, directed at Jackson, and costly to the club. For three months there has been a quiet but persistent disappearance of electric bulbs from all over the place. Above the second floor, only one or two would be taken at a time, but in the basement, which is Jackson's own domain, a clean sweep would be made about once a week. After the third swipe, Jackson bought a cabinet with a lock, and every morning as soon as daylight came, he unscrewed all the bulbs, locked them up, and put the cabinet in hiding, with fine cunning—which did not avail, for to the Hoodoo all things are open. The box and all that in it was dissolved in an unwatched moment.

Jackson went on buying more bulbs and was figuring that he had the intangible thief beaten out, when the line of attack was extended to include the locks on the back door. Jackson is a large, strong, peaceable and good natured man, slow to ire and free from superstition. But he is a type of that patient man whose fury must be feared, and if ever this spirit of Cacus recarnates itself in that basement where Jackson's arm may reach him, he is going to have such an experience as will make his native and hot sulphur home desired more fervently than ever was the lap of mother by an errant child.

Cashier Parker reads all the detective stories in the Popular and People's magazines. Appealed to for a theory in this exceeding strange case, he thought a moment and then said darkly, "Inside job." Aha!

SNARLS.

A woman passes through a swinging elevated door, and lets it slam back in his face. A man holds it back obsequiously and if she is good to look at, leers at her with his most engaging smile.

Jean Comerford is great. The sympathetic chords she strikes with her stuff make even a grouch like me believe there is once in a while a woman who both thinks and feels.

Cho-Yo the Jap is not a Jap—strange paradox—but believes California is right and that anything is right which helps the uplift and progress of this government. He is a philosopher and cosmopolite who believes in building, not tearing down, and that a Jap war with this country is impossible.

Jay Cairns believes there are many educated and smooth liars in this Club. Don't get jealous, Jay, because your fairies are not real to the naked eye like theirs. Remember that to be a refined, never doubted, educated liar requires genius and would be a great honor to which you may yet arrive with your active, facile, splendid brain and your beautifully sympathetic manner.

SNARLEYOW.

Hooray for the St. Louis Press Club.

The most elaborate carnival staged in St. Louis in years will be held at Delmar Garden July 16, under the auspices of the Press Club of St. Louis, according to a report submitted at a meeting of the Press Club at the Planters' Hotel Friday of last week. The St. Louis boys are getting together in good shape, and starting off with a boom that ought to take the public with them. Anything we can do—and all that, only we mean it.

THE GREAT STAG SAYS:

(These are a few judgments by the noble Stag of Ten who looks upon the great hall from the front of the music gallery, and thinks of things that would astonish even Herbert Vanderhoof, who brought him in from the vast Canadian wilds and gave him membership among us, four years ago.)

"The woods are made for the hunters of dreams—

The streams for the fishers of song—

To those who hunt for the gunless game,

The woods and streams belong."

"Underbrush and mosquitoes! The herd is hungry! They flock in like deer after a starvation winter. My head is weary with this tufted humiliation that is set between my antlers. Pray remove it."

"I can't," said I, helplessly. "It's a Boston fern and it's decoration. Such attempts lend cheerfulness to the scene."

"Quicksands and rattlesnakes! Reflection makes me sad. I, who once was lord of the land, whose stride was fleetest and whose antlers were most beautifully three pronged, now find myself a subject for their antic decorations. Often under the stars I've made my way through fragrant fern brakes, but never dreamed I that one of the vegetables potted should be set atop my helpless head. If he who caught me broadside with that Winchester piece of lead could see me now, his eyes would water. To change one's habitation because of such as he is no shame. But this—moo—moo—gopher holes! hornets! Had the taxidermist not stuffed me so solidly and had the carpenter not fixed me here upon the balcony so securely, I would drop into their unguarded midst, so strong is my protest."

Berliner's Orchestra played God Save the King. Came solemnly in the Ambassadors of Peace. A bit of breeze stirred the red and blue and white of England that hung upon the wall of the dining hall. Gently it strayed, too, among the folds of the other flag whose colors are red and white and blue. Mutely my friend waited the passing of the music.

"Tis a staunch tune," he whispered. "I think you sing it better here. Your song is of the country and not of a man. And at that I have heard of but one of your presidents who is a hunter of might. Once I saw him here, and marked that he is bison nicked and snarls occasionally, like an angered bob cat. Odd, by the great horned owl, that you have no patriotism among your animals. In the country of my birth, when the king goes hunting, tigers and foxes and deer offer themselves willing sacrifices for his august approbation. My cousin, a Warwickshire red deer, told me that she heard a water bird pipe one day that her entire prayer was to be numbered among a day's kill at the hands of his majesty."

"Here, I am, told, even those awkward and curious animals, the grizzly bears, openly defied the president when he went hunting. Bunch grass and lily pads! but life is diverse in its meanings!"

Berliner's Orchestra played the Star Spangled Banner. There was clitter of forks and clatter of knives. Sadly my friend looked upon the scene.

"Were I there, with a green tuft of bunch grass before me, I might show them manners, in their eating. Why should they use their front hoofs for lifting their food into their mouths? Small wonder they no longer walk properly upon four feet! The degeneration of their hoofs seems unbelievable. But rarely one of them has knowledge of the gentle art of nibbling. They gobble chunks of food, and they gurgled down that curious red liquid as sea cows swallow live fish. It is a strange loco—that red liquid. Many times have I seen the wisest ones of their herd become foolish as suckling fawns after quaffing it. And I have seen them wabbling of limb and heavy headed. Can you tell me why they gurgled it?"

"Those whose knowledge is truly great, cannot tell," said I. "For myself, I think it is because they know no better."

"One there was who came here, did not quaff the red liquid. His face is like that of an eagle. There was a story told which concerned a doe—a slim and beautiful doe, who had run away from the prairies into the dirt of the city streets. The eagle-faced man did not smile at the tale. His small glass stood empty beside his plate. His voice was like the falling of water when he spoke. By my antlers, I love the man! He told them a doe was a doe, and not all their tales told between the gurgling of their wine could make her less. From my high place here, I could see into his capacious right hand pocket. There I saw a rule, neatly folded, and being alive, although dead, I read the inscription, which is this: 'Warranted to measure the Heavens as well as the earth. The upper edge is for right. The lower is for wrong.' The last time the eagle-faced man came was not long ago. I heard them say that now he is king of a large herd. It pleased me much that I could look into his eyes and see his honesty. 'Twere quite as well, I think, did other men carry rules like his in their pockets."

Deft girls took away the food and left only the wine. The tables gleamed, long lines of white. Dr. Cooke-Adams arose. My friend sighed.

"He is my brother by birthright," he whispered. "For four years have I perched here, loving and wondering and counting. At first the counting was sport—now 'tis agony. I had to begin counting, you know. There was no other way. The anxiety is horrible. I would not have my brother say the awful word that surely must come before the feed ends."

Dr. Cooke-Adams finished his speech. The first Peace Delegate arose. In the second sentence, my friend snorted.

"Two thousand seven hundred sixteen," he counted monotonously. "Never mind listening. It won't be worth it. That profane, that awful lying word, kills every speech in which it appears. In four years, 2,716 times I have heard it, from savants and from ignorami. 'Tis the one word that makes all men kin in stupidity. No man is so great but he succumbs to its inanity."

"Peace is it, they bellow about—what is their Peace, forsooth? Nothing but a killing, and more killing. The doughtiest Dove praiser among them is the greatest hunter, no doubt. Swamp grass and bullberries! There is the WORD!"

"Two thousand seven hundred seventeen times I have heard it here in this very dining hall—that ghastly deadener of eloquence, that ghoully lie, UNEXPECTED."

He stood in his place, solemnly, the British Peace promoter. With a fine dilating of his nostrils my friend looked at him in superciliousness.

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"They will all do it now," he whispered. "All save the Press Club stag, who answers back. His antlers are always ready for an encounter anyway. Often have I seen them wound deep when his cause was just. A lynx is he—always ready for a spring upon an enemy, but able always to cut out friends from the herd.

"Mark the kangaroo faced person at the left there. His mother was a doe of beauty, whose ancestors knew magic. I am told they gave her seventeen tons of gold and silver when she mated with his father. And the father is king of a large herd, I hear from my cousin, the red deer. Moo, moo. Starshine and wampum! There is the word again—two thousand seven hundred eighteen, that makes. See yon man who lifts his head high and has about him the air of both a deer hound and a big Newfoundland pup! I never saw his hair set calmly upon his head. Often, I hear, his loved ones at home run a comb through its mazes, but he undoes the noble work with his fingers. Him, now, I have never heard mouth the ghastly word. Not he. He *knows* forever and ever that he will be cut out of the bunch, no matter where or when, and told to rise in his place and 'say a few words.' And he is no hunter. Once I heard him say, seated at table in the corner there, that when he disarmed armies he would disarm them altogether. By the spirit of the woods, the thing would mean peace among animal kind! We have no real love of being killed. Do not misjudge my attitude. For me has been reserved the Fate Magnificent. I am mortally immortal. Once I was King of the Plains and the Forest—the only 'Stag of ten' in all the country 'round. One whom the does loved and the hunters sought. There you have the penalty for handsomeness. One is always much loved by the does and much sought by the hunters. Many times have I seen it here, and often I have felt like crying out, 'Jump out, you silly stag! Get out of sight in the brush! She's coming at you broadside! You fine, free, daredevil animal, before a month you'll be in captivity!'"

One by one the men who had come to the Peace convention arose. Men of the Press and men of Science, of the Drama and of Art; they all marched down stairs. Primrose, son of Roseberry, whose mother is a Rothschild, glanced up as he passed.

"Deuced fine stag's head," he remarked.

"He has a fine taste," whispered my friend. "Although I am now a citizen of the Press Club, I still love my Canadian home. I recognize my kin when they come, although they are not orators, save a few like the opossum-headed but lion-minded man from Australia. Had he been here today, the word—the ghastly word—would not have been —"

Now the girls had cleared the tables and gone their ways. The room was empty. Calm eyed, the great stag of ten looked down upon the place where the guests had been.

"They have gone to the living of their philosophies," he said. "Some day it will be as the Great Man said, 'There will be no killing. I would give my immortality for the hastening of that day.'"

Silence fell in the great room. I stole softly away from the music gallery. He was thinking—that calm-eyed stag—thinking—thinking. The things he knows no pen can transcribe, no man can comprehend.

Jean Comerford

A Protracted Indifference.

Prevalent kicks over the varying temperatures of these weeks brings back what Mark Twain said about the same thing a long while back: that to his personal knowledge everyone had been complaining of the weather for almost fifty years, and there hadn't been a damn thing done about it yet.

COME YE DISCONSOLATE.

Dear Scoop:—Breathes there a man with tongue so bold, that he will boast of 'scripts unsold? 'Scripts which he knows blame well are good?

Yes, he breathes, and I have heard him loudly breathe about our halls, and rail against unappreciative editors. For his benefit please run the enclosed "Words," which I find in the last issue of The Smart Set. I believe that magazine could be published for some years on really good stuff which our members have failed to sell.

L. T. GOBLE.

It seems incredible, in a country where the authors are forever complaining of not receiving intelligent appreciation from editors, that it should be difficult for a magazine to get hold of first-class matter, when the one standard of that magazine's acceptance is merit.

But that is just the case with The Smart Set. We find it difficult to get hold of stories, or poems or essays—and especially one-act plays—that we consider sufficiently meritorious to publish. The best material in this issue of the magazine did not come in voluntarily; and for the past month not a dozen stories of high order have been submitted to this office, despite the fact that we have received contributions from practically all the best known authors.

It is no doubt true that timid editors have discouraged authors from sending out their best and less conventional literary wares—but no author should be discouraged until his manuscript has visited every magazine. And we might add—what is more to the point—until it has visited the Smart Set office.

In this issue of The Smart Set there are four stories which have been turned down by practically every magazine of any importance in America. We are not ashamed to accept stories with a past. In fact, we are rather proud when we discover a fine piece of work which has failed to meet with an amiable reception elsewhere. Why is this the case? Because we hold, as a colorable theory, that the public will read and pay for the best.

A great number of manuscripts submitted to magazines are rejected because of the timid and puritanical policies of those magazines. The editor of this magazine is after the best stories which are being written today, and is willing to publish them, no matter what their themes.

Positively, merit and sincerity are the only requisites which are demanded of authors.

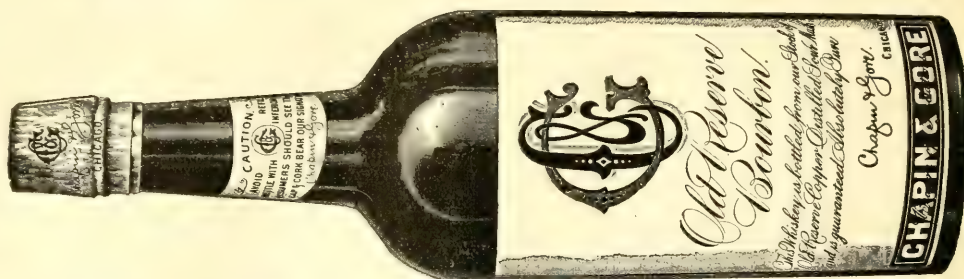
This word to authors, therefore, is an appeal to those writers who are sensible of their capabilities, and who are in possession of manuscripts which are really worth while, but which have met with an unfavorable reception because of their unconventionality. We want stories of this nature. We know that they exist in America, and that the majority of authors would rather write stories which are a sincere expression of themselves than write down to the popular level at the behest of editors.

And it's not a matter of big names. The query is often made: "Has an unknown writer any chance to break into the magazine field?" It is unfortunate that there should ever be occasion for such a question. But it is not to be wondered at, for the query must rise naturally in a reader's mind when he looks through the great monthly output of periodicals and sees how the editors cling conservatively to the old writers whose works represent a rigid conventionalism of theme and treatment.

We want every efficient author in America to know that if he has a story which he feels he must write, no matter what the theme may be, it will find an outlet, provided that story is a sincere and commendable piece of work; and manuscripts will be read and passed upon promptly, payment being made weekly for all accepted material.

We want to make of The Smart Set not only the best magazine in America, but something entirely new—the

What'll it be? **C. & G.** for me.



CHAPIN & GORE That is all you need to know about whiskey.

sort of magazine that Europe has been able to support, but which so far has not yet been attempted in America. The old maids of both sexes have always influenced more or less American literary art, with the result that we have not kept pace with the literature overseas. Our best writers have been discouraged and their work has been stultified.

Here then is an opportunity for American writers to show what is in them—to write the thing which they have wanted to write, but which they have laid aside because of its unmarketability with the conventional magazines.

A word in explanation, lest this statement should be misunderstood: The Smart Set is not after sensational or risqué stories. It is after genuine stories, stories which reflect life truthfully; and if these stories are genuine, their subject matter will not militate against them.

To be sure, this is a great advance in American editorial policies. But the times have changed. Public appreciation has become finer. Interest in life has become keener. Today there are thousands of people in this country who demand a magazine of the highest order, who do not cling to the idea of happy endings, who do not demand that a story deal exclusively with "nice" people, and who do not look for the pointing of a moral in their fiction.

In America something has remained undone in the magazine publishing business. The Smart Set proposes to do it.

The Fulminations of Edward Everett Young.

Our Edward Everett Young is coming up from Aztec, New Mexico, to pay the Club a visit. Colonel Young (why Colonel, when he isn't even a nut?) has been fluttering their dove cotes at the Capitol by firing in a memorial to the Congress demanding an enforcement of President Wilson's declared policy in conservation of natural resources. Both houses of the New Mexico legislature passed the memorial, which is probably the most caustic output of our most caustic member, and as such should be admired by the lot of us. But that same lot looks forward to hearing him in incaustic recital of certain Chinese transactions on the Pacific coast what time he was in the middle of their midst.

Karl McVittie Nearing Home.

The Chicago papers last week reported the arrival of Karl McVittie and his wife at Tokio, Japan, on their world girdling honeymoon trip. They were to sail for Vancouver in a few days and inside of a month Karl will be telling all about it in a way that will at once make him eligible for membership in the Adventurers Club. Karl and his wife went out to the Orient on

the maiden trip of one of the new Empress steamers which are going into the Pacific service of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Good Big Work.

When the Roosevelt case was on at Marquette last week, there was a newspaper representation that looked like a national convention and some remarkably lively work was done. Our John Fay of the New York World managed six thousand words a day of a quality that drew from his home office this wire, dated May 27th:

"Wish to congratulate you on admirable story this morning. Keep up that vein with all possible local color."
"RALPH PULITZER."

This was much more than praise from Sir Hubert, as anyone knows who knows the chief of that paper—and John kept it up, as the record shows.

CLUB BILL OF FARE.

SATURDAY EVENING.

| | |
|------------------------------------|------------------|
| Radishes. | Spring Onions. |
| Consomme en Cup. | |
| Blue Fish Menier. | |
| Turkey Cutlets, cream sauce. | |
| Braised Beef with fresh Mushrooms. | |
| Roast Leg of Veal with dressing. | |
| New Asparagus. | Mashed Potatoes. |
| Garden Salad. | |
| Vanilla Ice Cream. | |
| Cake. | |
| Brie Cheese. | Bent's Crackers. |
| | Demitasse. |

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Official 100

THE SCOOP

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The Press Club's Widening Influence

Arrangements now pending will enable this publication to double in size within the next few weeks and at the same time acquire the only safe condition possible in the affairs of any publication. That is, an earning power in excess of its cost.

The interests of the Club and their expression in the Scoop have reached a point where this growth comes of itself. The Scoop is first of all the Press Club paper; but it could not be that in any real sense without at the same time being a paper for newspaper men, wherever such men be.

The Club is the one distinctively newspaper organization in this country. It groups together the actual newspaper men of this great world-

city, and such a selection of leaders in other professions and activities as are most naturally drawn to contact with newspaper workers. It is a dominant influence in many directions, and the one place in this metropolis where newspaper men from other places find the associations most helpful to themselves. The circulation of the Club paper is spreading fast and far among newspaper men all over the land, as well as among people here at home whose tastes and sympathies run with ours. The accession of these non-resident editors and publicity people is becoming general. The Club would be gratified to see it made sweepingly inclusive, and to that end invites them in as fast as they like to come.

AUFWIEDERSEHEN, CHARLIE FAYE!

"Charlie"—Charles M.—Faye crossed the Great Divide on Sunday last. It is much, and after all, too little to say that Faye was distinctively a newspaper man. His distinguishing characteristic was that he was devoted to his profession to the exclusion of everything else, and his loyalty to his employer's interests was beyond question.

Born in New York in 1851, he was sixty-two years old at the time of his death. His earlier experience in the west was in connection with newspapers in Aurora, Peoria and Joliet. Later he became the New York correspondent of the Morning News, city editor of the Daily News, and finally managing editor of that paper.

The writer of this brief tribute to his memory first met Charlie Faye on an excursion over the newly built Santa Fe line in 1875. At that time the road was completed only as far as Grenada, near the Arkansas river, just beyond the Kansas-Colorado state line. The Santa Fe on that occasion took about six hundred newspaper men from all parts of the United States over the road. The country was wild and almost uninhabited. Faye at that time was editor of an Aurora paper. He had a heavy fell of blonde hair, brushed and patted down very smoothly. He was very red cheeked and was full of light-heartedness and jocularity. He was the light and life of a group on the trains—there were three of them—and the leading spirit in "opening up" the new country which the Santa Fe was giving to the world.

Probably his devotion to his calling, his zeal for work, his thoroughness, were the beginnings of the malady that brought about his untimely end. For many years he was an habitue, promoter and officer of the Press Club, and his picture is not only in the large group of framed photographs of the Club's members

for 1898, but is enshrined in the memories of those who were members of the Club at that time.

Mr. Faye was for years closely identified with the Club, serving on the board of directors and contributing to the Club's growth and welfare in other ways. Later he became prominent in the affairs of the Chicago Athletic Association as a director, member of the annex building committee, and as president in 1907. His genius for systematic detail was much appreciated by his fellow members in both Clubs.

Melville E. Stone, general manager of The Associated Press, telegraphed the following from New York:

"I am profoundly grieved to learn of the death of Charles M. Faye. From information that came to me from time to time I knew of his serious illness and was aware that he might not recover. The shock following the announcement of his demise was, nevertheless, very great. He was a faithful, earnest and loyal journalist. His ideals were of the best and his devotion to these ideals was unrelenting. Not only the craft, but the public, has suffered a distinct loss."

Sic Itur ad Astra.

BY CY WARMAN.

There is no death,
The flowers bloom;
Their sweet perfume
Floats o'er the night—
The hills are white.

The summer birds have sped away.
The summer days are dead, they say.
But when the spring comes back, the wren
Sings sweet, the flowers bloom again.

There is no death.
We fall asleep
And wake to weep.
Youth's happy springtime wears away.
With voices weak, our hair grows gray;
But after that last sleep, ah then,
We know that man must live again.
There is no death!

OUR NUMISMATICIAN.

Sigmund Krausz of the Press Club has just finished the manuscript of a new book entitled "The Coins of the Roman Republic." It is a rather ambitious effort and intended to replace, in some measure, the voluminous work of Babelon and Cohen, the noted French numismatists, on the same subject. Thus far no similar book has been published in the United States, while those of English writers have not given the matter of the Republican coin issues of Rome any special attention.

Mr. Krausz hopes, therefore, to have filled a want of numismatists and collectors in the English speaking world, and to have supplied this branch of numismatic science with a manual and reference work that will be appreciated. Ground for this hope is furnished by the fact that, while it is not as cumbersome as the works of the French authorities, Mr. Krausz's book contains in condensed form and in practical arrangement all the information pertaining to that interesting series of coins covering the time between the foundation of Rome to the assumption of the title of "Augustus" by Octavianus Caesar—the end of the Roman Republic.

Its English text and the probability of its being published at a considerably lower price than the French reference works, is another reason why the book should commend itself in the United States and in Great Britain and her dependencies.

SNARLS.

Most so-called great reformers are either erratic fools, egotistical notoriety seekers, political grafters, or absorbed dreamers of the impossible. Real reformation comes from a deep under current of general disgust, expressed with autoethonous power.

Geo. Weber's last weekly (May 31st), "Wages and White Slavery," is as full of truth as the sermon on the mount. It is better than many columns of front page stuff (that was mostly slop) we have read on the same subject in the dailies. Glad you get out of brain rending statistics once in a while, George.

There is a member of this Club whose silence is so profound, whose reticence and seclusion to himself and within himself is so positive and persistent that from curiosity I have ascended to worship, and now regard him as a modern Buddha, who said, "I see no evil. I think no evil. I speak no evil of anyone." During the curiosity stage I asked who he was. My informant said: "Can't remember his name. Awful nice man." (He looks it.) "Seems to like seclusion." I warn all ye iconoclasts and assassins of peace and quiet not to disturb this man, the only member, so far, I have noticed, who seems to recognize what a reading room is for.

SNARLEYOW.

Could Anything Be Fairer?

FAIR OAKS, CAL., May 30, 1913.
Honorable Editor Chief, Shiney-Like-Moon Scoop,
Chicago-San, Illinois Province, U. S.

Highly Regarded Sir: Collier Weekly, in New York San, say Nipponese not clubbable with great masses of greatest Caucasian club in world. Does not this show narrow and contracted spirit in editorial enunciation? Now, Nipponese very altruistic; highly so. We get altruistic in Leland Stanford young man university. We think we very clubbable, though intensely humble and most intolerably insignificant in such highness company, and we demand equal treatment with most favored nation and club admission free everywhere. Also seats way up in restaurant and down front in theatre and lower 7 in Pullman easy sleep car. Also churches, which are more altruistic in talk than eating or sleeping place, but not always do so. We are most unworthy and obtrusively deprecating

people, but highly sensitive on honor and very proud of having tripped up Russia when she lost her wind, and we insist and demand on being clubbable.

With considerations of utmost punctiliousness,

TOGO ICHIWISHI,

Nipponese Schoolboy to Hon. Luminary Jordan.

Texas Press Club Papers.

The Houston Press Club issues a paper of its own and calls it the Ballyhoo. The second number is here. Texas is coming out strong on press clubs and club papers. The Dallas Bulldog and the Houston Ballyhoo are all alive. The Dallas paper, especially, makes a remarkable showing of interest.

Azorean Fashion Note.

From St. Michael, Azores, Clipson sends a picture showing two women overdressed to the extreme of opacity and adds as a note that they exhibit the insignia of matronship in the Azores. "Think," he says, "of adding this to the burdens of matrimony. Militant suffragism does not exist, but would be almost justifiable here."

Obiter Dicta.

If you want to get Washburne's hump up ask him "What's the matter? Lost your dog?" He hasn't.

Bob Maxwell, copy desk man and the lawn tennis white hope, is going to challenge Champion, McLoughlin.

Ask Eddie Fullerton about rhum, but mind you spell it that way.

City Editor Speed of the Record-Herald won't let his reporters read copy. On some of the papers they are not allowed to write it. These be giddy-paced times.

Gone to Interview the Sphinx?

Chase S. Osborn, former governor of Michigan, a veteran newspaper man, and an honored member of the Press Club of Chicago, accompanied by Mrs. Osborn, is touring Egypt and sends the Press Club word from there. He is taking a well-earned rest after strenuous service in the governor's chair.

Another Press Club Baby.

John A. Bruder of the Tribune, who is a Club member, became the father of an eight-pound boy on Wednesday week. He says John junior will join as soon as he is old enough.

The Sluggard.

BY J. M. H.

I've chased in vain the Golden Fleece,
Up hill and down, both day and night
From youth to age; I'll never cease
To follow it with all my might.

I've sought it far, I've sought it near,
I've striven hard to gain the prize
That others may have won. I fear
I'm much too slow or much too wise.

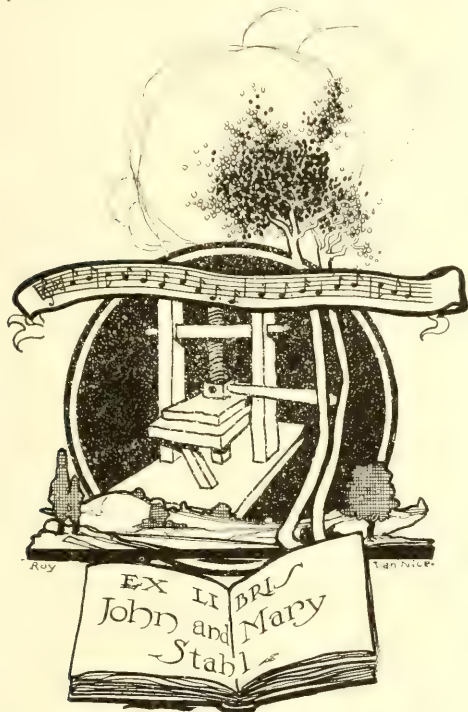
For tireless zeal I'm hard to beat,
And yet I'm miles and miles behind
The chaps who chase it with their feet;
I've always chased it in my mind!

Another of Our Voyagers.

H. A. Bowman entertained a large group of his friends at dinner in the Club last Wednesday evening to say good-bye before his departure toward Europe. He is to be away two months.

EX LIBRIS, JOHN AND MARY.

In the house of John and Mary Stahl there is a library of somewhat more than two thousand books—not a big collection, but one made with conscientious care and with sole reference to literary values along definite lines. In that sort, it may be called one of the best in Chicago. The Stahl book plate, in its simple conjunction of names, is in itself a note of character, and a fine indication of quality in the contents of the library cases.



John M. Stahl was a member of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat staff as far back as 1883, when Joe McCullough was at his best, and the paper represented the powerful and fearless personality of that really great man. Not long after, he specialized in the journalism of agronomy, and so shaped gradually a career of unusual usefulness. He became president of the Farmers' National Congress and editor of the Illinois Farmer and Farmers' Call. The bent may be said to have been inherited, for he was born in a pioneer's cabin, and in boyhood took his books to the field to study while the horses were cooling off. All his earlier stories were thought out on the farm and written at night.

In later years he became a leader in all that has accomplished so much in advancing and improving the country's one basic industry—not by seeking, but by logical selection. He was the first to propose rural mail delivery, and he followed and forced the proposition without ceasing until it became a fact. In this he had at his back the Farmers' Congress, whose energies he concentrated upon that one end.

Mr. Stahl has steadily refused political office. His name was put forward for the high place of Secretary of Agriculture in President Wilson's cabinet, but the call was of no effect, though the compliment implied was gracious, grateful, and well deserved.

Of late he has given much attention to social and economic subjects and has published several articles on them in the magazines, and frequently appears on the platform to discuss these subjects.

Mr. Stahl has been ever since it was founded a member of the executive committee of the National Civic Federation; president of the League for Rural Wel-

fare; he is a life member of the American Flag Association; a life member of the Farmers' National Congress; a member of the Art Institute of Chicago and of the Municipal Art League of Chicago; a member of the Brothers of the Book and bursar of the Writers' Guild; member of the Chicago Motor Club and the Press Club of Chicago; member of the National Economic League; member of the National Geographic Society; member of the Sons of the American Revolution; a Granger and member of many agricultural and good roads organizations.

A Story Worth While.

The American Elevator and Grain Trade is running the "History of Grain and the Grain Trade, from Remote Ages," by John McGovern. The series began in the January number of that publication and will run through twenty monthly issues.

Saskatchewan Cotton.

A story is going the rounds of the newspaper offices concerning R. R. Jones (our Bob), late managing editor of the Inter Ocean, now a cultivator of wheat on a big ranch near Regina, Saskatchewan—said ranch being owned by a group of Chicago newspapermen, of whom he is the one bright and fixed star.

George Hartford of the Inter Ocean happened to pass through Jones' bailiwick a week or so ago and found him dressed in blue overalls, with a beard reaching below his waist line and rendering unnecessary the use of collar, tie or laundered shirt, superintending a gang of laborers digging a trench of sufficient size to swallow a battleship.

"How goes it?" quoth Hartford.

"Fine," responded Jones, "only some never-to-be-sufficiently-objugated seed dealer sent me a lot of cotton seed instead of wheat, and how was I to know the difference? I didn't know anything about it until forty acres had been planted to cotton. God help the cotton in Saskatchewan and the man who played the trick!"

The Lawyers Will Lunch.

The Lawyers' Association of Illinois will assemble for a monthly meeting and a luncheon in the main dining hall of the Club this Saturday. Our Edward Maher, president of the association, will hold down the chair. A. Milo Bennett of the Press Club will furnish an entertainment by two of his professional friends in the library at 1 o'clock, before the luncheon. At table Coroner Peter M. Hoffman will speak on the methods of that office, and Congressman Martin B. Madden will address himself to the subject, "The Forces of the Mississippi Valley—The Duty of the Lawyers' Association of Illinois." This will be the last meeting of the season. The next will come off in September, but in the interim committee work will be carried on in the Press Club committee rooms.

A Cross-Check in Geniuses.

Sam Small, Jr., son of the famous evangelist and known from coast to coast, is now in Chicago endeavoring to bring the Examiner up to the standard William Randolph Hearst has set for his New York papers, on which Sam has been a feature for years. Mr. Hearst has forgiven Sam for abruptly leaving the New York American and going over to the World, where he "broke" the famous story which led to the Rosenthal murder, the conviction of Police Lieutenant Becker and an upheaval in the New York police force.

Justin McGrath, city editor of the New York American, has been in town a week or more, exchanging place with Andy Lawrence, managing editor of the Chicago Examiner, who was summoned to New York by Mr. Hearst to impart some Chicago color to the New York publication.

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

TO OUT-OF-TOWN ELIGIBLES.

Everyone connected with the press in America should be a member of the Press Club and have a permanent home of his own in the heart of Chicago, where he may come and go as he pleases and enjoy all the comforts, conveniences and material necessities of entertainment at moderate cost.

The Press Club of Chicago is the clearing house of the press and the rendezvous of famous men. Here you will find journalists, playwrights, politicians, distinguished foreign visitors and men of power in every department of publicity, business and the professions.

It is the abiding place of just the people all newspaper men want to meet, the bureau of information they particularly desire. It is managed by efficient officials and served by trained attendants, who understand the wants of members and who carefully look after mail, telegrams and inquiries.

Every convenience of information and communication is at hand. Out-of-town members may invite their friends to the Club and entertain them. Comforts and good cheer are boundless. Ladies will be at home in the spacious parlors and dining rooms, and will meet the wives and daughters of other members in an atmosphere of congenial association.

To the fraternity of the press, membership in the Press Club of Chicago pays dividends that are far above money values. The Club emblem is at once an introduction, a guaranty and a badge of honor and dignity everywhere.

The Club has already a large list of non-resident members, and gladly extends the chance of affiliation to as many more, to be availed of before the initial cost of such membership is increased.

CHICAGO'S THEATRICAL FUTURE.

A. Milo Bennett, a Press Club member, recently ran a somewhat remarkable story in the New York Dramatic Mirror, Harrison Gray Fiske's paper, the most important and carefully edited theatrical journal in America. The article is reproduced in the current number of The Literary Digest, with interesting comment.

Mr. Bennett predicts that Chicago is overtaking New York as a theatrical producing centre and will shortly become the dramatic metropolis. Basing his argument on facts and figures set forth in a report of the Chicago Association of Commerce, he says that "already Chicago is being recognized as the natural focus of the demands of the country at large, and is found to reflect more accurately the artistic tastes of all sections and their consequent demands upon theatrical producers than any other point." Mr. Bennett does not rest upon that dogmatic statement, but follows up with an array of singularly forcible facts which come almost in the nature of a surprise. The money values involved, the number of theatres (579 counting all sorts), the number of actors employed, the bookings of vaudeville, the receipts, rentals and number of patrons, are given in detail.

Who would have thought, for example, that over four thousand actors are steadily employed in Chicago, or that the total number of people steadily employed in strictly theatrical work here exceeds sixteen thousand?

Or that our theatres entertain an average of forty thousand people daily? Or that our total permanent investment in theatrical property exceeds \$46,000,000?

There are many revealing side lights in Mr. Bennett's story. The Literary Digest is on the library table. It will pay anyone to read its review.

BELATED BUT SINCERE THANKS.

Through one of those errors of makeup which every publication must sometimes find itself up against, credit for the data accompanying Eugene Field's book-plate in last week's issue did not appear. It was distinctly due to Mr. Kirch, editor of The Lantern, a cleverly bookish magazine, and one that is making fine progress. Mr. Kirch is a highly esteemed member of the Press Club.

NEW MEMBERS.

The gentlemen named below were unanimously elected to membership in the Press Club at the regular meeting last Sunday:

Life.

Charles France, Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

Active.

Herbert Brande, City News Bureau; R. F. Webster, Sponsor.

Palmer Brown, Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

Oscar Eagle, Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

Thos. Flynn, Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

Julius Frankenburg, Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

W. K. Gibbs, American Lumberman; Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

Jefferson Jones, City News Bureau; Perly H. Boone, Sponsor.

Clarence W. Leigh, Contributor; Gordon G. Burdick, Sponsor.

Bert Lennon, Copy Reader, Medical Journal; Perley H. Boone, Sponsor.

M. A. Levy, Journal; Jerome Power, Sponsor.

Jack Martin, Playwright; Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

James Russell Park, Tribune; Marquis James, Sponsor.

Edwin N. Wallock, Scenario Writer; Scoop Executive Committee, Sponsor.

Non-Resident.
F. J. Franklin, Author; W. H. Wood, Sponsor.
Dr. G. I. Kheiralla, Author; Geo. W. Wiggs, Sponsor.
Thomas W. Wood, Contributor; Kellogg M. Patterson, Sponsor.

The Playgoers' Club.

The Press Club has again been honored through one of its members. Mr. Harry Daniel, whose William Jennings Bryan made a hit in the last Scoop show, will appear as leading man in support of Madame Agathe Barsescu, the renowned German actress, on the occasion of her first appearances on the English speaking stage. This will be on the evenings of June 16th and 17th, in the Little Theatre, under the auspices of the play producing department of the Playgoers' Club of Chicago.

The American.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

When Fate

Was at thy making, and endowed thy soul
With many gifts and costly, she forgot
To mix with those a genius for repose.
Therefore a sting is ever in thy blood,
And in thy marrow a sublime unrest.

JUNE.

BY EDMOND LOUIS DELESTRY.

Behold, the morning dawns with rosy blushes
 And glittering dew reflects the sunny beams;
 The robin red breast and the lark and thrushes
 Awaken you at last from sweetest dreams.
 The gentle dove is sweetly crooning
 A love lay to its waiting mate;
 All earth's in glorious melody attuning,
 Awake! before the morning's beauties fade.

In the glorious splendor now the sun arising
 His fiery darts light up with colors bright
 The azure sky; and moon and stars surprising.
 They quickly vanish at the conquering light.
 Come; let us hasten to the leafy bowers
 Or where in verdure clad the fields appear,
 To gather up the blue and golden flowers.
 Roses and June! The month of love is here.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PARROT & Co., BY HAROLD MACGRATH. In his typical manner the author has transplanted his characters from New York to a far-away land where they act out his story in a new and strange atmosphere that brings freshness and color to his tale.

The scenes are laid in the Far East. The hero is a mysterious young American—above all a gentleman—young enough to dare, and old enough to love, and experienced enough to understand. The heroine is an American girl who possesses all of the chic and charm, the grace and beauty of a MacGrath heroine. Beside them are the hero's faithful native servant and his pet parrot, Rajah, to whom he looks Crusoe-like for sympathy and consolation. Dash and go characterize the action, which develops unflinching entertainment. Illustrated by Andre Castaigne and A. W. Brown. Bobbs-Merrill. 12mo, Cloth, \$1.30 net.

THE VALIANTS OF VIRGINIA, BY HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES, author of *Hearts Courageous*, *Satan Sanderson*, *The Castaway*, etc. The new Hallie Erminie Rives novel is a holding love-story. Take a young man, full of force and fire, born and bred in the North, though son of a Southern father. Bring him up in utter ignorance of the passionate ideals of the Southland, of his father's own youth and of the tragic duel which sent him forever from his people. On the death of his father, let race instinct, or merely the young man's whim, send him back to the beautiful Piedmont Valley of Virginia to reopen the old historic family mansion and to fall in love with the daughter of the woman for whose sake his father had suffered ostracism and had lived and died in exile, and things begin to happen. Illustrated by Andre Castaigne. Bobbs-Merrill. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.35 net.

The Brothers of the Book.

PETER AND THE FAIRIES, by Arthur Henry, is a combination of a delightful fairy tale and an idyllic modern romance, the reading of which has given the Scrivener so much joy that he wishes to share it with his fellow members.

The book has about sixty pages, printed in 14-point Caslon, on hand-made paper, bound in Italian hand-made paper covered boards, with parchment back, and title in gold.

Please notify the Scrivener, of the Brothers of the Book, Fine Arts Building, if you desire copies, at once. The price of the book is one dollar.

The edition is strictly limited, being based upon the present membership of the Brotherhood, and the volume may suggest itself as desirable for a remembrance. It will make an exclusive gift, as subscriptions will be received only from members of the Brothers of the Book.

One of the pleasures of the Scrivener is to plan

and produce something unusual for the brethren and their friends at Christmastide. This last season it took the form of a faithful reproduction of an odd little Colonial book, "The Squire's Recipes," of which it is known that only one hundred and fifty copies ever were printed.

In this book were set forth, in quaint type, and in the picturesque language of the Revolutionary period, a dozen recipes for drinks, ranging from the old-fashioned cherry bounce to alluring wassails, swizzles, and the wicked "pirate tippie." Each recipe was preceded by an anecdote of historical interest, telling how the doughty old New England squire, Calvin Banning, devised and served the concoction.

The binding was in half leather, in the Colonial manner, and the paper, San Marco, an Italian hand-made. This was the first book printed in America on this exceptionally attractive paper.

Referring to this book, The Chicago Evening Post said, "The volume is as attractive a thing as the season has brought forth, in type, paper and binding."

The book was offered to members at the nominal price of one dollar. Only a few copies remain, but these may be had by new members at the original subscription price.

DOCTOR GILMAN'S FINE DONATION.

The concluding (and just issued) four volumes of Dr. John Gilman's handsome gift of a complete set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* were delivered early in the week, and the whole twenty-four volume work is now on the library shelves. This gift rounds up the nucleus of what will shortly be the best working reference library owned by any organization of newspaper writers. The Club desires to express thanks to Dr. Gilman in this public manner.

A Nonpartisan Gift.

Chicago, June 7, 1913.—Le Roy Truman Goble, Esq., Librarian pro tem, ad lib, ex-officio, cum grano salis, Press Club—Dear Brighteyes: Here are some books which are strictly moral, amorphous and neatly bound in impossible colors. They are for the library. Don't take them home and get them mixed up with book plates and the family Bible.

I wondered how I could get rid of these books, as I am getting ready for the *hegira dolores*, and happily, I hit on giving them to the Club. I used to give books like these to Joe Henderson, but they had a depressing influence on him, being so dry. I think they also lacked chromatic affinity. So they have been accumulating. Many blessings on you for stowing these, and I hope you choke.

Respectlessly, OTTO KNEY.

(The books accompanying the foregoing frank and flattering note are reports of the transactions of the American Electrochemical Society in 1910 and 1911, three volumes; and of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers in 1910, two volumes. They are valuable additions to the technical section of the Club library.)

Glad Tidings.

Harry Irving Greene is in receipt of this note, dated 32 South Second street, Richmond, Indiana, the 7th:

My dear Harry: Greetings from hoosierdom. I am happily situated and feeling fine, but I do miss the Press Club bunch, and incidentally the handiwork of Jim and Jeff. Regards to Jay Cairns and all the boys.
 J. F. HENDERSON.

He misses not so much as he is missed, but everyone will be pleased to know his health is amending. The Club looks forward to his return, not only to our house, but to his wonted vigor and usefulness.

The Deepest Dark.

Any man who will steal books and magazines from his own club is capable of murder or reversible cuffs. Yet there are such men.

WHAT THE PRESS WOMEN ARE DOING

THE GREAT STAG SAYS:

(These are a few judgments by the noble Stag of Ten who looks upon the great hall from the front of the music gallery, and thinks of things that would astonish even Herbert Vanderhoof, who brought him in from the vast Canadian wilds and gave him membership among us, four years ago.)

"Now, tell me this; much have I pondered over it in the silences: Why do the animals set such store upon their talking? The put together bleatings they call words serve little purpose oftener than they serve great. In the forest or upon the plain, such babbling of sounds would be amiss."

Pansy the cat crawled up in her window. A Kitten scurried madly across the floor in chase of a feathery bit of paper. When the Kitten caught the paper it quietly exterminated its prey. Then it sat upon the floor and mewled loudly up at its mother, asleep on her window sill. The Stag heaved one of his prodigious sighs. Because no one was there and sunshine flecked the floor, I had stolen in for a visit. "Mew," said the Kitten, "mew, mew."

"Hear that!" quoth the Great Stag. "Tell me honestly, now. You know what that means. Is there not more, much more of music in it than in their vaunted speech? They have learned words that mean the things they say they despise. Yet they use them. How many lies they tell, only the Manitou knows. Long since I knew that the greatest mathematician that lives cannot count their fabrications whole, nor classify their fractional falsehoods. And all of it comes about because of words. I never knew even a sneaking Coyote to lie when I was the pride of the herd. All animals who walk on four feet are truth-tellers. They are the only truth-tellers in the world."

"Sometimes, by my lost hoofs, here on my perch, I snort with sardonic laughter at their machinations!"

"Last night at the table, whose cover the kitten plays with now, were four of our best loved stags. They had followed the trail all day, and found feeding time a blessing. By the moccasin tracks of a redskin! Their words made curious meanings. Said he that is somewhat too fat for this season, 'The way to get him to open his mouth is to flatter him. I never knew a fellow more susceptible to the gentle art.' Funny, with all his achievements, isn't it?"

"Then the four fell a-saying words and their meaning was the power of the curious thing they called 'flattery.' Word after word came forth from their mouths and really the talk seemed a precious waste of time. And cruel, too, for I have seen them enough to know that no man cares for lies. I doubt if there be a rattlesnake alive who could so plan ungraciousness."

"All of this, of course, is because of words. One there was here who said that two-legged animals are superior to four-footed ones, because with upright bearing came speech. I am reflecting that if an animal cannot cut flattery out of his language the odds are the other way as to superiority. In Elk language it would not be possible for one animal to flatter another. Once I ran a race with a young stag. The way was across a valley, through a forest and with a lake to swim. He did not win the race, but when we met I did not bleat to him that he was a fine racer, anyway. His was the lesson, mine was the victory. Since the oldest rock pine was a seedling, young stags have fancied the race is all to them."

Pansy the cat leaped from her window. Lethely she

stole down the hall and up the stairs. I heard her purring softly as she reached the music gallery—while she laid her pink tongue upon her quaintest fur marking. I waited.

"Bob cats and timber wolves!" swore the Great Stag, yet his eyes were calm. "When I reflect much upon these things my temper rises. One night last winter there was a banquet and the does were there. One I marked was slim like a yearling. Her words had music in them. He that sat beside her was a warped and wizened animal. A piece of rock was set into his shirt front. It shone like a piece of the rainbow when he took it out and give it into the hands of the girl. From the silly thing her eyes caught the rainbow light. He that was wizened, and could not run if he tried, looked at the doe with longing. She turned her big eyes that way."

"'You are not handsome,' she said softly, 'you are distinguished.' And he, the knock-kneed creature, be-lieved it!"

"In elk land no doe could say the thing. And what should anyone care for a silly pebble set in a rim of gold?"

"Words are the makers of cowards! No man have I heard talk dare stand by all he says. Did you not hear that well muscled stag bellow his challenge to another half as well muscled? 'Let him keep out of my way,' he bellowed. 'No man can call me a liar. When next we meet I will wipe up the floor with him!'"

"That very night he proved his words were lies. Two does came in with the stag whose words had caused the trouble. He that is well muscled quietly sat him down alone at a table and read a paper. No elk would have foregone his fray, because, forsooth, of the presence of a couple of goodly does. And in elk land no stag is a liar, because no lies are there."

Pansy the cat had cleaned her fur to her satisfaction. Brown and yellow and gray, she sat at my feet purring, purring.

Said my friend the Stag, "By a blood-mad panther! You must not think me a pessimist. 'Tis only that I wonder why their words take on such cruel meanings. Those who know most words abuse them most."

"Last night when each had said his words and thoughts were afloat in the silent air, came stealing in through the window one whom I knew long ago. Often when the heat of noon lay thick around, I have lain me to rest in a fragrant fern brake and he has crept to my side and played sweet music for me upon his pipes. A wise animal he, with hoofs like mine and head of man. I have heard sweet music here in the gallery, but none so wondrous great as his. I think it is the same as the words. Their music is naught but sounds that hide the call of the Manitou."

Now Pansy the cat took it into her head to act queerly. She leaped upon the railing and crept out upon the Great Stag's neck. She purred more gently

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still, until it was a soft and murmuring bit of music. One paw she reached out and softly stroked the Great Stag's ear.

Said the Stag, "Softly, you may believe, he whom I knew long ago came through the window. He danced down the room and paused beside one whom the rest had left behind. In the dusk I saw him lift his pipe and blow one sweet note straight into the ear of him that sat alone.

"I marked that eyes growing dim gleamed like fire-flies. While the beast man danced down the stairs, he that had been alone raised his white-haired head.

"I hear," he said. And in his voice was the echo of that sweet reed call. 'I hear, O, Pan, as I have always heard. Where are you, best loved Dream god? Once you came often and played fantastic tunes for me. Now you come seldom and play but that one sweet call.'"

Pansy the cat crept back to the music gallery. With her pink tongue she had cleaned a fleck of dust from the Great Elk's neck. The kittens gambled about her, as she went sturdily down the stairs. The roar of the street could be heard insistent over the silence, but all of it blended into one harmony. Whatever discordances mar the pavement, none of it reaches so high as the fifth floor dining hall.

"He danced through all the empty library. He played his pipe in every corner; he sat upon every chair. When he came back he told me what he had done: how he laughed into the big fireplace and played so sweet and yet so stridently that the echo should stay forever. For a time he had mad revel with the books. Some he beat, and cried out he had not played the call for the men who wrote them. And when his reveling was over he danced up the stairs and leaped upon a table. Then he played—by the Great Manitou, how he played, while his hoofs beat merry time! 'I have made it my table,' he sang—'mine, mine! Not all their processions of words can drown the echo of my pipe. 'Tis many years since I have been here. I've kept me fast to the woods and the torrents. I've helped the shepherds herd their sheep and I've piped for children. Now I am come again where men are. I—Pan! The beast of me is Truth. Hear my call!'

"Gaily he danced out of the window, with never a farewell, so I know he will come again—and soon—with his mighty man's head and his hoofs of beast. And so I know their words will some day be all music.

"But would you believe it? This morning he who is a well favored stag, but given to versifying, I heard tell his friend that he had written another poem. And it was all about the Pranks of Pan in the city streets!"

In the silence that fell, we listened—the Stag and I. Clear and faint as a note from the far skies when there is no cloud anywhere, we heard it—the call of Pan.

Jean Comenford

I. W. P. C. ANNUAL ELECTION.

Politically, it was decreed months ago that Ethel Colson should be elected president. There was applause when the committee placed her in nomination. There was much more when her election was made unanimous.

Much loved newspaper girl is our Ethel Colson. A staunch little character, a brilliant writer. While E. L. Schumann is in Europe, the entire literary editorship of the Record-Herald devolves upon her. When someone telephoned the news of her election and asked her to come over to the Press Club, where the election was held, for a period of jubilation, she said she couldn't. Her "Sunday copy had to be in by 4 o'clock."

Possibly she is the best paid woman poet in Chicago, even if Mrs. Seabury and Florence Kiper do run close. She is not a builder of rhymes, is President Ethel Colson, either. The verses she writes are simply sung and natural.

And for gentle and loving kindness, one finds it hard to match her. A fine thing it is to have a new president whom we both love and have pride in.

And right here let's reflect a moment upon Mary Eleanor O'Donnell. For three more or less peaceful terms she has piloted the association, thus downing traditions that lie around third terms. Under her administration practically all the women writers in Chicago have become members. She has represented us always with tact and cleverness, and as a presiding officer she has few equals. Moreover, she is a truly brilliant journalist, another of whom we have been proud in the midst of our affection. Here's a happy long life to her!

For first vice president another loved woman is in office: Mate Palmer, who was once president, and who edits the Banner of Gold. The other local vice president is Ida McGlone Gibson of the Scrips-McRay forces. Stunning woman is Mrs. Gibson, charming withal, and clever. Everyone was rejoicing that she has made up her mind to take active part in next year's work.

Another happy selection was Harriet Monroe for chairman of the poet's section. This means another capable and brilliant interested member. Carrie Jacobs-Bond is chairman of the publishers' section, Mary O'Connor Newell of the reporters, and Mrs. Marcus Kavanaugh of the contributors. To those who do not know, it may be well to state that the latter is a story writer of unusual power whose pen name is Herminie Templeton.

Estelle Ryan Snyder was elected to the treasurership, after serving several years ago in the same position. Mrs. A. W. Holmes, the retiring treasurer, assumes chairmanship of the finance committee, which is pleasing to the members, who realize fully her high worth as an officer.

Mirtle Dean Clark is chairman of program, another wise selection; and Delany Holden of house committee. For recording secretary Maude Swalm Evans succeeds herself, and Laura S. Raab is chairman of membership. Other officers are Mrs. Agnes Mauson, Miss Ruth Herrick, and Caroline Huling.

The meeting was largely attended and the interest keen, although the harmony was rather complete.

Personal Notes.

A visitor of recent date was Harriet De Ment Packard, whose father was Richmond Sheffield De Ment, a well known writer. Mrs. Packard and W. D. Eaton had a reunion when they met because of the friendship between him and her father. She is a singer of repute and for several years has managed a school of music in the west, of somewhat unusually large proportions.

Mrs. Packard has recently arranged a program of songs for vaudeville next year. Most of the numbers will be Carrie Jacobs-Bond's compositions. An interesting bit of news, however, for the Press Club is the announcement that the opening song will be Mrs. Bond's music but Col. Vischer's enchanting "Little Shoe," for the song poem.

Those who heard the violin played by Miss Berliner, sister to "Ruddy," the big Scoop manager and conductor of the big orchestra for that successful affair, are saddened by a bit of news which concerns her.

Last week in Hot Springs, Arkansas, a careless elevator operator succeeded in smashing her violin into kindling wood.

Miss Berliner is an artiste of rare gifts, and the loss of the instrument, which was an old and very valuable one with many musical associations, has left her lonely. Whether she receives equitable adjustment of the loss

from the hotel remains to be seen—in a monetary sense, that is.

The Winnetka Trio.

Mary Synon is again in evidence in Scribner's Magazine. Her latest Canadian story, "Mrs. Callender Sings," is as clever as anything she has done. A Winnetkan now is she, and sister Katherine of the Sunday Record-Herald, and the aunt with whom they live. They have a fine cottage with a yard and garden, and Mary vows that the going to work at 7:30 is enjoyment. She is an example of the inconsistency that attaches to most newspaper folks. When she resigned from the Journal, she had six stories of Northwest life already written. The six were accepted at once by Scribner's at \$1,200 for the bunch. Everyone said:

"Now watch Mary Synon. She is free of newspaper grind. She will produce things."

Did she? Not a bit. For a year she simply couldn't write. She needed the impetus of the newspaper office. Then she went back to the Journal. Result, "Mrs. Callender Sings."

Moral: What?

From Our Contributor to The Atlantic

Ponta Delgada, St. Michael, Azores, 5-23-13.—DEAR SCOOP:—The volcanic accident which placed this bunch of infernal junk in the path of Mediterranean steamers, gave Portugal a colony, the southern cables a relay station and the world its most delicious pineapples. Have never heard the Portuguese extolled for cleanliness, yet they have built and maintain here a town of 25,000 people which in all physical aspects is spotless and may well have served as the inspiration of soap ad poets.

Stucco houses calcimined in varying tints, mostly pink, white and blue, creep from a sapphire water line to terraced vineyards and verdured hills; an opalescent gem in an emerald setting. The paving blocks of volcanic rock are scrubbed to a whiteness matching the sands of the shore. And strange to say the people do not mar the immaculate picture, but adorn it with their bright and picturesque costumes and their troops of clean, healthy children. But what are you going to say of a newspaper which has access to two cables and yet carries no telegraph news? The White Star line which owes so much to the wireless and maintains a perfectly good apparatus on all steamers, seems to use it principally for personal gossip between captains. Such morsels as the state of the weather 600 miles north while we are going south, how do you like your new cook and are the artichokes ripe in Madeira. Not a line yet on our steamer of anything of international import. Six days out of the U. S. A. and not a baseball score nor a line about the war in Paterson, N. J., or the doings of O'Hara's commission.

We left those Cubs and Sox in a critical position. Naturally there was a rush to get ashore at the Azores. For myself: Hot foot to get a newspaper and a Portuguese to read it. Considering that the principal town in the Azores has a population of 25,000 while there are 150,000 people immediately adjacent, we thought it reasonable to expect a paper that printed news. Being steamer day and an event of importance, we would not have been surprised at an extra with Neumann heads and Pegler leads. My command of the Latin tongues has often amazed my friends, and although I called it *journalario* and newspaperissimo, I asked no less than twelve natives before I was directed to the local temple of truth.

Number twelve wanted to know why I did not speak English. He works for the Wabash railway at Springfield, Illinois, and is visiting his old home. Said he had heard the press abused, but never had heard it called such names as I used. His interest is in the percentages of the Three Lamp league, having a brother playing short stop on one of the teams. Was forced to side

step a kiss when I dug up a week-old Tribune for him. It is the latest news on the island and the local editor is jealous. He refused to print telegraph on account of the expense. Will not even strive to get a cable leak now and then. Cigars and drinks for cable operators also cost money. His leading local story today concerns the runaway of Jose Fernandez' sheep cart and the upsetting of an old beggar woman in front of the cathedral. He adds editorially that Jose should be taken before the alcalde (J. P.) for driving a fractious mutton. Market news is confined to pineapples and hemp. Society news is limited and sports are principally reminiscent of the regatta of 1910. For ads there are the business cards of steamship lines, barbers, wine merchants and vendors of curios and lottery tickets. My friend has just translated a beautiful editorial in equilibrium. It balances perfectly between republican sentiment and the reviving royalism.

The islands boast a real bandit. He swoops down on the settlements at irregular intervals and then proceeds to Oporto or Lisbon to spend the profits of his industry. Maybe he will make a raid soon. The editor has most pleasurable anticipations. He whispers also that a revolution may occur. "Ah, then there will be news." And his eyes gleam with the light of the true fanatic.

E. F. CLIPSON.

Later.—Gibraltar, 5-27-13.—Wireless Flash.—Gibraltar in the offing. The Prudential sign has been erased. CLIPSON.

One Small Pair.

An assistant district attorney, says the Argonaut, was conducting a case in the criminal court. A large, rough-shouldered negro was in the witness chair.

"An' then," said the witness, "we all went down in the alley an' shot a few crap."

"Ah," said the attorney, swinging his eyeglass impressively. "Now, sir, I want you to address the jury and tell them just how you deal craps."

"Wass that?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes.

"Address the jury, sir," thundered the attorney, "and tell them just how you deal craps."

"Lemme outen heah," said the witness, uneasily. "Firs' thing I know this gemman gwine ask me how to drink a sandwich."

There was another man in another story into whom it had been laboriously pounded what mathematics, politics, gymnastics and ethics is. After a few moments of gloomy thought he came back with this crusher: "Say! Which of you wise guys can give me the singular of dandruff?"

Mark Skinner Watson, elected a director at the board meeting last week, appeared at the Tribune office on Wednesday wearing what the staff understands to be the uniform of his new rank—white striped trousers and a shirtwaist.

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THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Price 5c.

On Our Luminous Wings

The next celebration in the Club, and the last of the season, may be put for the present in the catalog of moveable feasts. It will come off when the current and very thorough work of renovation shall have been completed.

Renovation is a better word than redecoration in this case. Youth is being renewed. The rooms are in process of cleaning and re-furnishing throughout. Everything is being done in the most recent manner and the most approved style. For the first time the Club House will be sanitary, handsome, and easily kept fresh and clean. It will stand comparison with other first class club houses anywhere in North America.

Everybody knows what a nuisance house cleaning is. Ours is being done a part at a time, so that comforts are only shifted, not

shut off. Cheerful acceptance of such inconveniences as keeping off a freshly varnished floor, and transferring loud talk from the library to the third floor, has characterized the whole proceedings. The members are taking the whole thing as a new sort of blow-out, and enjoying it accordingly.

The Club is in high prosperity and fettle. Its accession to dignified public importance, and the steady increase of membership through sheer force of inherent attraction and without throwing out drags, are the best evidences of its vigor, its usefulness, and the warm loyalty of all its members, from the veterans to the breeziest of the younger men. The good old Press Club has found itself, and realized the finding. Its future is all before it, not a whit in the past. Everyone of us is proud of it, and proud to be a member.

THE BRAIN STORMERS.

Col. W. J. Cochran, Paul Williams and L. F. Wilson have acquired a sailboat which they harbor near Wilson avenue. The Tribune boys have named the yacht the Cheese. Bill Cochran is the skipper.

Charley Gotthart, the Tribune's expert investigator, would like to be engaged at enormous expense to ascertain who "borrows" the new books and magazines from the Club library. He says he would welcome the assignment. He has it, with a deadline on results.

De Lysle I. Cass, who broke into the Press Club through his editorships of the Boot and Shoe Recorder, The Novelty News, Office Outfitter and Hardware Record, has recently put over a number of short stories and a serial with the Frank A. Munsey people. They have asked him to expand one of his yarns into an 80,000 word novel. Cass has discovered that the atmosphere stuff brings very material returns. Not knocking nobody nor nothing nohow about temperature.

Arthur James Pegler has dramatized Virginia Brooks Washburne's Little Lost Sister. So far as the Club is concerned, Arthur James seems to have become a little lost brother.

From the way Ed. Clipson is skipping about Europe some of the Club members are considering having his name changed to Skipson. He has sent picture postals from Madeira, the Azores, Naples and all points south and west. Instead of Honest Ed, the men who are booming him for a place on the directorate in the fall are speaking of him as Handsome Ed. This is the latest quirk in politics since women got the ballot.

George V. Foy has become one of the Club's best little scouts. Within the last month he has led a half dozen active newspaper men into the Club fold and by sprinkling a bit of high-life lotion among holdouts on the Examiner staff has stirred up more prospects. He is a scout not to be scouted at.

Ben (Ezra) Kendall, Col. Perley H. Boone and Thornton Smith, committee in charge, are seeking some responsible Club member upon whom all can agree to referee the coming Press Club badger fight. J. P. Pierson, Floyd Gibbons, E. J. Doherty and Ed Roberts are acting as scouts for the committee. Suggestions are desired.

Victor Eubank is reading copy on the Examiner desk.

Guy F. Lee, John Alcock and Will J. Cleary are working on a Beginner's Guide to The Rhum Game. John Lovett says no guide post to the third floor is necessary.

Lee Smits, copyreader on the Post, has captured a new title. He is associate editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Ray H. Leek has jumped the local and joined the Sunday staff of the Record-Herald. You find him all over the place. He is doing a little of everything from feature stories to make-up.

The Not Very Reverend Wilbur Burkhardt, religious editor of the Record-Herald, is looking over the corn fields out home in Iowa. He calls it a vacation.

Charles Carpenter, night police reporter for twenty years on the Record-Herald, is the happiest man in the game. He has landed a day job—assistant to John

Spellman, day city editor. Every evening he throws his hat in the air and takes his wife to the movies. She, too, is some jubilant.

Over at the Record-Herald Jay Cairns and Hal. Lytle are singing a new saga entitled "Dan, Dan." It has to do with soap and towels. Sullivan is going to sue them for slander.

Slats Slater of the Record-Herald pulled a beautiful fish story on the boss when he returned Monday from his vacation at Lake Delavan. "You see, I caught a fine bass for you, Mr. Speed," said Slats, "and I'd have it here right now, but I couldn't get any ice to pack it in, so I ate it myself."

Frank Fleming, formerly western representative of The Hotel Reporter, has succeeded Charles Carpenter on the night police trick for the Record-Herald.

Kirkland, night city editor at the Record-Herald, is some judge of music. At 10:30 last Tuesday night Slats Slater and Grover Sexton began warbling "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Kirk said, "Go Home."

Clarence Snyder has switched from the Record-Herald copy desk to that of the Examiner.

W. F. Whitcomb, society editor of the Record-Herald, has returned from a week's Bryan-hi-ball debauch.

IT WOULDN'T REPRODUCE.

Grand Rapids, Mich., June 17, 1913.—DEAR SCOOP:—I am sending you under separate cover a picture which will be interesting to many of the members of the Club, even should you not find it possible to reproduce it in half tone. The recent death of Charles M. Faye suggested to me that I dig this up from among my curiosities. I was also reminded of the picture by a paragraph you had two or three weeks ago about Billy Nicholas.

In various biographical sketches which have recently appeared concerning Mr. Faye, no mention has been made of his having been in Minneapolis. He worked with me on the Minneapolis Tribune just prior to his going to Chicago to take the position on the News which he filled for so many years. He came to Minneapolis in 1879 or 1880 with George K. Shaw, with whom he had been associated in Bay City, Mich. They contemplated starting a morning paper in Minneapolis but were induced to take positions on the Tribune, which was then an evening paper, and were transferred to the morning Tribune when it started.

During that time William S. King, for many years postmaster of the United States Senate and finally elected to Congress but never seated because of his connection with the Pacific Mail scandal, managed the fair which was given in Minneapolis. As a publicity stunt he induced Professor King of Philadelphia to construct an enormous balloon and it was announced by Professor King that he would sail in the balloon from Minneapolis to Philadelphia. Several newspapers throughout the country were induced to send representatives to make the trip with Professor King, and the Weather Bureau was also notified to send a representative to make studies during the trip.

The individuals arranged in front of the balloon are Professor King and the men who were to go with him. The professor is the long whiskered man wearing the straw hat. Next to him stand Luther L. Holden, who was then connected with the Boston Herald. Mr. Holden was an experienced man among the aeronauts and had made something like thirty ascensions before this one. After Mr. Holden left the Herald he was with Raymond & Whitman Company for many years, and traveled widely. He has been dead for several years.

Next to him stands the representative of the Weather Bureau. The fourth figure I believe is Billy Nicholas and facing him is Charles M. Faye. The young man with the sideburns is James Creelman, who was

then connected with the New York Herald. Nicholas was with the Chicago Times and Faye represented the Minneapolis Tribune. The slender figure wearing the Dutch comedy hat is Ed. R. Johnstone, who was then city editor of the Pioneer Press, and who is still active in newspaper work.

There was considerable delay in getting the balloon off. The wind prevented for a day or two, but the ascension was finally made. The balloon rose majestically and settled down on the opposite side of the river in Ramsey county, after having traveled about six miles. You can imagine that with as many bright men as made up that party, a good many things were doing. In the first place Nicholas and Faye, both of whom had an impediment of speech, took a great dislike to each other. Each thought the other was geying him. When Ed. Johnstone heard them trying to talk to each other for the first time, he shook his head and said, "I don't know about going up with those two fellows. If they get to talking with each other, they'll make the damn thing wobble."

After the balloon settled down in the cow pasture over in Ramsey county where the aeronauts stayed for a couple of days, being unable to make the trip finally, they were mercilessly ridiculed by the evening newspaper men. All the men who had taken passage in the balloon were morning paper men, and for two days you can imagine that the evening papers had a lot of fun out of it.

The air travelers made their home at a farm house, and time hung heavily on their hands. Holden told me several years afterward that he never had so much fun as he did when it was decided that each man should tell the story of his life. Under the sharp fire of the other five, the victim would be interviewed and a lot of real history was told. I presume many of Faye's acquaintances have heard him tell about that trip. It was about the time when air ships began to be discussed.

I have never chanced to run across either Mr. Creelman or Mr. Nicholas in the thirty or more years that have passed and had lost all track of Mr. Nicholas until I saw the paragraph in the recent number of the Scoop.

Both Johnstone and Holden took on flesh in later years. The last time I saw Johnstone he was fat and prosperous. Gray had hardly begun to streak his bright red hair, and his wit was as keen and ready as ever. It has not been my fortune in the thirty or more years that have elapsed to run across either Creelman or Nicholas, but of course I know they are still in the harness and doing fine work.

J. NEWTON NIND.

WE NEED TO LIVE.

DOUGLAS MALLOCH IN THE PILOT, NORFOLK, VA.

We need to live—for life is more
Than eating, drinking, wearing,
Than seeking pleasure door to door
And hither, thither, faring,
By artificial dress and speech
We teach the world to doubt us,
And cry for riches out of reach
While joy lies all about us.

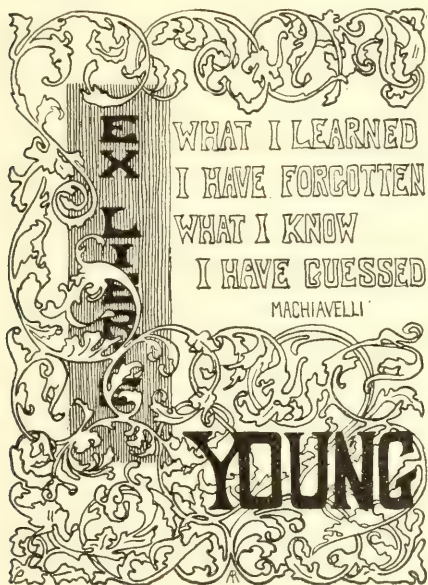
We need to love—for life is more
Than drinking, wearing, eating,
The outer mortal striving for,
The inner mortal cheating.
The tinsel things of life we clutch
While skies are blue above us,
While here beside us at our touch
Are those who long to love us.

We need to learn—for life is more
Than wearing, eating, drinking—
A little less of later lore
And more of early thinking.
We need to live and love and learn
The simple things to cheer us,
To truth established to return
And learn the lesson near us.

MEMORY AND PERCEPTION.

DEAR PRESS CLUB:—I enclose my book plate in response to your general alarm. It is the first work of the sort of Miss Amy Rolfe, youngest daughter of Professor Rolfe, of the University of Illinois, an extremely young girl at the time. She is strictly an amateur, but has extraordinary ability in decorative design and portraiture. She didn't even know what a book plate was up to the making of this one. She had heard me say that I had a boy named after me, a book dedicated to me, and now all I needed to make me happy was a book plate. Sincerely,

W. F. YOUNG.



Mr. Young's letter has the one quality that runs through the minds and methods of all trained newspapermen—the quality known as Human Interest. Natural aptitude landed him on the city staff of an Aurora daily twenty-eight years ago, shortly after he had emerged from the University of Chicago. The experience then begun has proceeded along his life line down to this, his forty-sixth year, but his qualifications have widened into a singularly broad power to gauge accurately the work of other men, and this led him into the publishing side of the game, in the which side he has gained reputation and a firmly established position. Since 1902 he has managed the Chicago branch of Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co., of Boston.

Mr. Young is a member of The Press Club of Chicago; of the National Educational Association, and of the National Association for the Promotion of Industrial Education. The most remarkable thing about him that occurs in those books which give account of prominent Chicago men is this brief statement—"Recreation, fishing." That of itself is a character sketch, needing no details to make its meaning clear.

NEW BOOKS.

Prof. William R. Shepherd, of the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University speaks in terms of high praise of the edition, just published by the Putnams, of *The Political Debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas*, to which George Haven Putnam, Litt. D., contributes an introduction. "All teachers of the later history of the United States," says Prof. Shepherd, "must feel grateful for the publication of so convenient a collection of those debates, which had so transcendent an influence on the development of this country."

The Putnams have just published a volume entitled *The Psychology of Revolution* by Gustave Le Bon, author of *The Crowd*. It is a book which no man in public life who takes his work seriously can afford to leave unstudied. It is a scientific inquiry of keen penetration into psychology of revolution. The author shows in an extremely convincing way how the mind of the masses, the collective mind, is moved through a leader, and how always the momentum goes far beyond the desire of its leader, how force, once let loose, cannot be controlled, but passes inevitably into anarchy. It is both lucid and convincing.

Stewart Caven, author of *Palmers Green*, recently published by the Putnams, was born in London of Irish parents twenty-eight years ago. He was educated at Old Hall, Ware, taking the philosophical and part of the theological courses. Since returning to London five years ago, he has tried many occupations, including a clerkship in a well-known philanthropic institution. Then, by the kindly influence of a famous ex-Lord Mayor, he drifted into a backwater of journalism on the staff of a great London daily, where he found time to write *Palmers Green*.

Strindberg and Poe.—C. E. Lawrence, in commenting on Strindberg's *Inferno*, which in America is appearing under the Putnam imprint, calls attention to the fact that Strindberg was a victim to himself, that life to him was an insistent ordeal of suffering. Mr. Lawrence goes on to point out an interesting parallel and at the same time a line of cleavage between Strindberg and Poe:

There have been not a few counterparts to this morbid self-torturing. Amongst artists and men of letters, Edgar Allan Poe was a victim in some ways comparable with Strindberg. His miseries, however, found expression, not in autobiography, which must have emphasized the torture, but in those works of somber imagination which first gave greatness to American literature. Poe's dark wretchedness was, anyhow, the fruit of such circumstances as any man may have to meet. In Strindberg's case it was mainly of his own invention. Piece by piece he built the rack on which he stretched and tore his aching limbs. When opportunity for release was offered, he would see some casual, trivial incident, enough to close the prison door again.

Mr. Lawrence in closing thus characterizes the *Inferno*:

It is a living addition to the library of works of self-revealing despair; and is second to none of them for its poignant pathos and intimate revelation.

Telestrabismus.

From *Hot Weather Hints* in *London Punch*: "Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox sends the following illuminating quatrain, penetrated with the noble optimism which is at the root of all her lyrical utterance:

"Let us be patient though the heat is torrid,
And as we mop the much-perspiring forehead,
Determined not to be faint-hearted croakers,
Think of the sufferings of Red Sea stokers!"

Four thousand miles from its point of expression appears sufficient to transmute optimism into self-complacency. And *Punch* is a gay little transmuter.

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WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

RESERVE YOUR MOVING PICTURE RIGHTS.

In its June issue The Bulletin of The Authors' League of America brings out a few points of lively interest to all writers whose work is susceptible of treatment for the movies. The demand for film scenarios is avid, and moving picture rights often pay the author of a story a price larger than that originally paid by the publisher. The Bulletin offers a series of "don'ts" that are worth reprinting here:

Don't give away your photo-play rights in selling a story for magazine or book publication.

Don't include them in a dramatic contract without some clause similar to that governing stock rights.

Don't sell them to the first bidder.

Don't sell them for cash if you can secure a continuing interest in the film. It may be of value ten years hence.

Don't decide that your story will not make a motion-picture. It may contain values which you do not see.

Don't decide that your story will make a good photo play until you understand something about the requirements and limitations of the business. Remember, every film must be passed by the National Board of Censors.

Don't forget that your story must be told in pantomime.

Don't turn your photo-play rights over to the stranger who offers to adapt and handle your stories for one-half the proceeds.

Don't forget that you probably sold "all rights" to your story when you signed that receipt.

Don't sell the producer a right which you don't own and make him buy it over again from the present owner. He won't like it.

A good many members of the Press Club are turning out short story fiction that would make first rate motion picture stuff—and don't know it. The public has wearied of cowboy and sensational films, and the producers are raking the country for good human interest dope, and for humorous pictures of real life. This opens a way to an important increase of income to anyone who has or can learn the knack of scenario writing. There are a few fundamental rules of form that must be followed, but these are easy to understand and will be cheerfully furnished by THE SCOOP to any member who will ask for them.

Delighted to Oblige.

NOTE.—The February issue is the latest number of Steam Machinery that we find among our trade journals. The magazine contains some of the best parodies of the year as well as other evidence of such able editorship that we trust the later copies will find their way to the Club.

Dear Scoop: Run the above note, mark a copy and send it to Steam Machinery, Duluth, Minn. It ought to insure receipt of that Steam Whistle of a sheet.

LEROY T. GOBLE.

SNARLS.

Once there was a newcomer in an Arizona sheep country who thought he could gather financial fliegen-deblätter by starting a bar beside a rain tank where the droves came down to drink. He got him a shack; two empty barrels connected by a board; a shelf, and a case of good, strong, manly liquor, and did business just once with every herder that come down with a drove. Just once. They would take an adult dose, swallow it quick, look disgusted, and go away. It didn't tech the spot. He had to do something or go bust. "So," said he unto himself, "I'll mix 'em a drink that'll ring the bell."

Into a barrel of water from the pool he dumped blue-stone, sulphuric acid, copper scraps, a pair of old boots, a keg of nails, and a batch of sheep dip, and painted a sign that said he had liquid fire on tap.

The first herder thereafter came in and took a sip, and smiled, and took a dipperful, and went outside, whooped, jumped in the air and cracked his heels three times, announced that he ate a cowman every morning, embraced and kissed the proprietor, hit the floor and slept three hours.

Then gat he up and girded up his loins, and spake and said unto this man:

"Angel face, come across with a bucket of that there trantla milk," and got it, and whirled a dervish dance of ecstasy, and sallied forth with buoyant haste, and stole its own sheep, and hid them in the brush.

Now, this story suggests a matter to me. Some kin folk of that herder drift into the Press Club library and steal their own books and magazines, and occult them with most lamentable success. Their own books, mind you—for to whom do those books and magazines belong if not to the members? But where do they get that kind of booze? Not in this Club. Not by a jugful. Not by a spoonful. Not a-tall. It must be in 'em. It's in the blood. Help! Eugenics!

SNARLEYOW.

THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB.

An event of more than usual importance and one that is of particular interest to the members of this Club was the first appearance in English of Madame Barsescu and the first appearance on the dramatic stage of our Harry Daniel, at the Little Theater last Monday and Tuesday evenings.

The play presented was a miniature drama, The Statue, by Constantin Rencu, and this was its first hearing on any stage. The most varied and strongest emotions and passions are depicted in the short half hour of this little play. That Madam Barsescu played the lead with consummate skill and wonderful art was the opinion of her audience as attested by the applause and curtain calls that followed the play.

Mr. Daniel, as the philandering husband, played a thankless part with skill, and is to be congratulated on his showing.

The Blanche of Miss Hickox was very well conceived and worked out with good technique, but her sympathy with the wife was too deep and the veneer was too much like the real thing.

Madame Barsescu also appeared in a scene from "Phedre" and in a reading in German of The Jewess of Worms. A word of praise and commendation must be said for the music. Mrs. Frederikson at the piano and Mr. Frederikson with his violin added much to the enjoyment of the occasion and showed themselves to be artists of more than usual ability and finesse.

W. U. FRANEY.

THE TOILERS.

BY CLAUDE L. PENROSE.

"We have the payne and traueyle, rayne and wynd in the felde."—John Ball (Fourteenth Century).

Slaves of the scythe and the sickle, to work as the season's run;

Binding the sheaves in the harvest, bathed in the heat of the sun;

Ploughing the fields in the springtime—when shall our work be done?

For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,

"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."

Swept by the winds of winter, soaked and sodden with rains,

Our burden is hard in the bearing; we are smitten of dolorous pains;

We gather our Lord's good harvest, but what see we of its gains?

For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,

"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."

With never a hope of resting, sorely driven are we;
And we drive the kine to their grazing, fair or foul let it be;

And we cease not for age nor for sickness, nor for infirmity.

For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,

"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."

We drink salt sweat to refresh us, and labor we take for our bread;

And weariness closes our eyelids before the daylight be sped;

And we hear deep sobs in the night time, and the sounds of tears that are shed,

For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,

"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."

Cruelty, lust, oppression, and hard, unpunished crime—
These are the bars from freedom, past which we needs must climb;

And ye who hear us know it, hearing the cry of our time:

For each hide turned by our ploughing, and all the corn that it yields,

"We have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields."

A Lull in the Program.

At a recent Antiquarian Booksellers' banquet in London, Mrs. Florence L. Barclay, author of *The Rosary*, *The Following of the Star*, *The Upas Tree*, etc., made a neat speech, which she commenced by telling this anecdote against herself. "A week or two ago," she said, "I was asked by the very enterprising Scoutmaster of a troop of boy scouts, who were getting up a concert in our neighborhood, if I would contribute a speech to the program, and I agreed to do so. When the program was shown me, I found my name down against the one word 'speech,' but I found that before and after it were all sorts of excitements, Red Indians appearing, and Cowboys and some of the classic characters of literature who almost deserve to

be called 'antiquarian,' such as Old Mother Hubbard and Jack and Jill, and various other well-known people. So I said, 'I am afraid my speech will be an anticlimax. I think you had better let me off.' 'Oh, no,' they said, 'we must have your speech. It will be such a blessing to have a lull.'"

The Closed Door Again.

Dear Scoop: I have noticed with much satisfaction the remarks and letters in your pages concerning telephone calls and the suggestions regarding the method of handling those of our friends and alleged friends who call in person. There is no reason why the members of the Press Club of Chicago should not expect the same rules to be carried out in regard to these matters that are enforced by every other club of any standing in this or any other city.

Kicking is not a happy vocation by any means, and many of us dislike registering our feelings in order to bring about the desired results. While conditions have been improved to some extent, they are still lax, and we suggest that a firm hand is needed in order to enforce the demand for names from visitors and those calling over the phone. Each and every employee should have instructions that under no circumstances can a call be taken or a visitor announced unless the name is transmitted to the member before being informed whether the member is in or desires to see the caller. If the employee cannot carry out these instructions at all times he surely is not worthy of drawing any further compensation from our organization.

We would not allow rules to be disobeyed in our various lines of business, and there is no reason why it should be overlooked on a matter so important and a rule so easily enforced.

Then, again, the employee should be backed up in every respect. It is possible that some member who is not in the habit of coming around often might be challenged for his card, and it would probably mean a kick from the other direction. Tact is necessary, especially if the doubted party is with friends, and it would be well for those in the employ of the club to watch for the chance to ask while his friends are not in a position to hear the challenge. As it is now, there are still those outsiders who have been coming up unannounced who "bull" the boys by assuming that their friends are expecting them or that "it's all right. I'll just go up and look for him myself." Let's have a firm hand on these things and let the boys understand that a name must be taken before a telephone call is accepted or a visitor announced.

Can't we get a little action on this?

CLOSED DOOR.

Who's Who in the Press Club.

HENRY NATHANIEL CARY, secretary Chicago Newspaper Publishers' Association, b., Racine, Wis., Feb. 11, 1858; public school education at Lacynge, Kan. m., Kenosha, Wis., in 1895, Susie L. Wustenfeldt. Learned printers' trade on Lacynge Journal 1872-6; removed to Milwaukee 1876; reporter 1880-2, managing editor Milwaukee Sentinel 1882-3; night editor Chicago Tribune; managing editor Chicago Times 1889-92; gen. western manager New York Associated Press 1892; managing editor New York Times, 1893-6; managing editor St. Louis Post-Dispatch, 1897; in Cuba in charge of field staff New York World, 1898; publisher The Verdict, New York, 1899-1900; managing editor New York Morning Telegraph, 1903, later publisher same; gen. manager Detroit Free Press, 1907; managing editor St. Louis Republic until two years ago, when he came to Chicago as secretary of the Publishers' Association. Member Press Club, Chicago Athletic Association, Detroit Club (Detroit), Pen Club, Lotos Club (New York), Adventurers' Club.

WHAT THE PRESS WOMEN ARE DOING

THE GREAT GOD PAN

"Once," quoth Pan, "I dwelt upon a shining height and had toes as pink as a six-weeks' infant's should be. My birthday no one can tell. I am as old as the oldest poet is young. Yet I am a dancing child that loves the sunlight. More, I am a wildwood creature that knows the language of all animal creatures, and sometimes, when men need most a message from the angels that have dwelling place in Heaven's uttermost heights, they meet me upon a velvety road, where the moon shines in radiant fullness. List their song—for song is the speech of angels; I play it upon the pipe I have latest made—my pipe of reed, that all your clumsy man-made instruments but copy. Again and again I play it—that song of angels. While I play, we make merry."

"Angels," said I. Somewhere in the corner of the Press Club library an Orthodox shade stirred uneasily, as do some mortals when other mortals start truth telling, sometimes.

"Angels," quoth Pan. "It was with them I dwelt upon the shining heights. I had no pipe of reed then. My lessons were from an angel who worked with fantastic care upon the instruments he made. I am not sure, but I think he fashioned first the pea, so that men might write. He sent it down by a centaur. You know the centaurs, once dwelt upon those same shining heights. When men first began to dream and the animals decided to only live, several of us were deputed to come down. The King declared and all the others so voted (it's a constitutional monarchy—that place where angels dwell, only the King's Reign is eternal) that as man sprang from beast, we should dwell upon earth half man, half beast. So we chose head and hands human, and came. Hundreds of centaurs were necessary, for they went when war called, where philosophers drooled out their unmelodic prose, where dead gold was minted into live coin, where doctors dug herbs and made them into medicine. Chiron and I were fast friends. He wanted to bind my goat's hoof with his plant. I had cut it on a jagged piece of flint. I laughed and played my pipe as I danced. Then lo, the blood had ceased to flow. My wound was healed."

"But the angels," said I. "Dear and loving Pan, you are not half man, then; you are half angel."

"So are you," quoth Pan, and nimbly skipped into one of the big leather chairs. "An angel is neither man nor woman."

"Neither brute nor human," quoted I audaciously. "Right," cried he. "I piped it into his ear, poor fellow. We had many a loving session. No man like Poe, for the rhythm, although he heard my tunes but seldom. We always had a discussion as to my clothes. He insisted when I came a-visiting him, I should wear mourning. So he was not a poet. In true poesy there is no mourning. Poetry is the jeweled chain that stretches from earth to angel land. Some poets slice out one link. They turn it and jingle it against all the world ugliness. Then they set it down upon their paper, bejeweled still, if you please, but irrevocably bereft of its own. Such a one is here—in this Club. It was a weary journey for me to come here. My hoofs are pavement sore. My music dies almost, in the din of your streets. But he called, this man, and I came. He lay a-dreaming on the couch there. Softly I crept up and softly blew my pipe. A bee that had come with me to be my friend in traveling, buzzed softly about."

"He heard—the man who dreamed—and he awakened. With fine fire in his soul he walked across to

the table and began to write. All the while I played upon my pipes softly, and my friend, the bee, buzzed about gently. Quite to his side I crept, and piped him a tune of a shepherd alone with his flock upon a sunlighted hill. A shepherd, who played upon a pipe like my own, until his flock so loved his music that they gamboled in time to its beats, nor minded the summer heat nor the weary climbs when one pasture had been eaten bare and another must be found. Of this I piped and the man who dreamed, *heard*.

"He heard, but the thing he wrote was naught but pretty rhymes—and fantastic rhythms. Of blood he wrote, and bone and flesh—of overmuch wine, and death, death, death! It was a battle between my pipe and the beast in him. A thousand times I played the call for him, but he that had called me, Pan, to blow for him my pipe of reed, gave no heed. So the thing he wrote was not poetry. That you cannot measure, cannot weigh, cannot define."

"But, Pan," said I. "Dear Pan, there are rules in school books."

"Rules?" cried Pan, and played upon his pipe a strain that was first a dandelion unfolding in the morning sunlight, and afterward a peal of thunder that was blended into the roar of a waterfall. Upon his face was an expression such as the Nazarene must have worn when he called the little children. From his eyes shone light that irradiated the dusk.

Softly now he played upon his pipe, and the strain was of two—man and woman—that battled side by side in a seething torrent. Soon the foul water passed, and the two, mud and lime stained, still hand in hand, made toward the mountain heights.

Still he played. A million million grass blades swayed to the rhythm, and ages away, stars trembled happily, while birds sent out their night calls.

He played. One after another the men came into the library. They sat them down and each listened as his ears were made. Pan's eyes gleamed. His goat's hoofs pattered nimbly as he danced among them.

Once he came my way again (for I could not stay in the library, since rightly, it is man's own Domain—I had gone into the room where women may congregate).

"They hear," he cried. "They all hear. But I must laugh—ha ha! It will be a fine story for relation upon the shining heights. Ha ha!"

Through all the building his laugh rang, until the very walls caught the merriment.

"He for whom I played hardest, whom I sought most, offered to purchase me a dress suit so that I might be presentable in society. So vain is he, he would make me a creature of his vanity, and set me on exhibition."

"And he for whom I played next hardest, he said: 'Come, Pan, old fellow. Let's go on a killing expedition. I will bring down deer and bear and puma. By

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the dozen I will bring them down, and we will make it into poetry. You will play your pipe while I kill."

"And he, you know him whom I mean—the man who trails the woods and loves their loneliness—said he: 'Pan, old scout, let's hit the trail and keep our eyes ever on the ground. At most we'll not look above the tree tops. Below the tallest tree, you have all that makes life worth living.'

"And there was yet another, he who wears fantastic shirts, he offered to loan me a scarlet necktie.

"All the while I played my maddest, prettiest, sweetest tunes.

"Did you see the two that were old? They heard and played no modern pranks with me. One stole away and sang a song of a brown baby, and the other once brought down the stars into a flower-dotted field."

"I know, Pan," I cried. "That was a bit of immortality."

"Right," said Pan, soberly. "I never played that tune again. No other could sing it so well. 'Twas the fragrant breath of one of my kine herds; the sweet coolness of night, the glory of the faroff skies made one with the glory of the clover and daisy fields. Measure that with your school-book rules if you can."

"I cannot," I pleaded. "No one can. Today's measure stick is inches longer than that of yesterday, but no one reads tomorrow."

Then Pan played his last tune—his last for that visit, I mean. "I mourn for one," he said. The strain he played was like the sound of wind-struck pine branches.

"He knows the tunes I play. He knows them all. He knows that the King who rules the Shining Heights is Love, and that through all the ages, upon my pipe of reed I have played His call."

"Yet," he said, "that man who knows poetry, who loves Truth, said as I finished my piping, 'Pan, old man, come down stairs and have a drink.'"

It was a mournful strain he next played, not of the dead or dying, but of things that live and do not die. It was of floral petals adrift, upon the ocean of butterflyes imprisoned, song birds made dumb; of fairies grown old and children tortured. All of this Pan played from his pipe of reed.

"I am away," he said. "In the topmost room of a skyscraper waits a girl. Her fingers all day hold long seams that she pulls through a never-stopping machine. In the dust and heat and noise she dreams of me and the music I make, and so now I go to play my sweetest, wildest tune for her. She shall see scarlet and yellow poppies nodding in the sunlight. She shall breathe thyme and rosemary and rose perfume. She shall hear the waterfall and see its majesty. Great white ships shall sail the sea for her. Her tired body shall be laved by crystal streams; her worn heart shall thrill to the greatness of life."

Half sadly, he looked in upon the members that had gathered in the library.

"I will come again," he cried. "Often I will come. More and newer times, I will play for them. Greater, merrier and more loving times. They shall hear my call clear, and dance with me."

Then he played good night upon his wondrous pipe, and you may hear the notes yet, if you stand in the very center of the library and listen hard.

Jean Comenford

Suffrage and Sympathy.

Concerning suffrage. Ask any one of Edith Kirkwood's friends what word explains her best, and you will hear reply quickly, womanliness. She never even wore a masculinely tailored garb, did our Edith Kirkwood, society editor of the Tribune, all around lovable as well as clever woman. Every night she hurries

home to six-year-old son Sammy, whose father passed away before he was born. The mother love in her is abounding and glorious. She's neat, she's witty, too, and honest and fine.

Said she concerning suffrage: "I wasn't a militant. I thought sometimes they were too eager, even here. With me it was just a question of human rights in theory."

"But now, that it has come—" Very serious and with much motherhood of Sammy apparent looked Edith at this point, "now that it has come, I shall vote and I shall feel it a large and necessary responsibility."

A good many women feel the same way. It looks as if there will be several sorts of ballot box stuffing next spring, when the women make known their choices for alderman. A few earnest prayers will help some.

Incidentally, the newspapers all find a new vacancy in their staffs. Woman political editor would seem to be the correct nomenclature for the new person. Just now the suffrage writers and club editors are doing the work, but later in campaigns this will be impossible.

In Memoriam. Florence Gebhardt.

A memorial service will be held for Florence Gebhardt on the evening of June 24. The I. W. P. Memorial Committee consists of Mrs. Agnes Grant-Manson, Mrs. William Duff-Haynie and Hattie Summerfield. We have all of us felt deeply the loss of Mrs. Gebhardt so deeply that we have not felt like talking about it much.

Ethel Colson presided for the first time over a meeting of the I. W. P. C. last Wednesday night. She was a little frightened, she said, although no one would have known it. A social hour followed the meeting, to which new members had been bidden.

Fetch Over the Canoe.

Several years ago Will. Visscher wrote a little book that was beautifully illustrated and handsomely printed, entitled "Fetch Over the Canoe." Its subtitle was "The Story of a Song." For reasons of his own the author would not allow the book to be placed on sale. Such copies as were bound he gave to a few personal friends. Those friends have been so insistent that the pretty volume should be made public and have been so cordial and sincere in its praise that he has caused a few hundred copies of it to be prepared, to the end that anyone who desires a copy may secure it by purchase from him. He may be communicated with on the subject by letter or phone, at the Press Club. See advertisement in the Scoop.

To Hoots With the Kibosh!

Harry L. Hewes, formerly of the Pioneer Press, has joined the copyreading crew at the Record-Herald. He sits next to George King. Just to help friendship he invited King to join him in a libation.

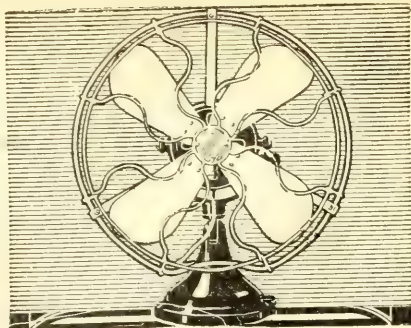
They lined up in Mr. Brevoort's glass house and libated. Then Hewes felt for the kale. The pocket was empty.

"Here, hold my watch," said Hewes to the man. Then host and guest started on a scientific sleuthing expedition at the Record-Herald that began with the hell-box and continued to the press room.

They found the kale—a ten spot (on Friday the thirteenth, too)—under the edge of a mat at the elevator door. Then—well, they enhanced friendship.

Handsome Mark Watson, the new director, bought a box of cigars on Monday!

Walter C. Howey, city editor of the Tribune, now vacationing at Atlantic City, has discovered what the wild waves are saying. They are saying it to the beach. It is, "You haven't got the sand to come back at us."



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They Fed on Honeydew.

Friday evening, the 13th, saw assembled in one of the private dining rooms a party of bookplate hunters and book writers and working editors, thus described in the scroll that was laid at each place:

Carl S. Junge—Juggler of lights and shades, a necromancer who sets his stage in black and white, producing his entertainment with brush and pencil as head puppets—leading Marionettes.

William Eaton—Presenting the unique and hitherto unknown combination of editor and promoter of a big financial proposition.

Dwight Loughborough—Until recently a famous captain with the Associated Press, now Editor-in-Chief and Manager of the Chicago Magazine.

Wallace Rice—Author and contributor, in spite of which he is a man of letters. Too, he has a far-reaching reputation as a guide to Bohemia.

Dr. W. Frederic Nutt—A fellow of infinite beauty and adornment who, though thus handicapped, is making great success as secretary and manager of the Press Club. Not long since he was known country-wide as a collector of cameos.

Lawrence Woodworth—Sometime influential in the publication of many delightful little volumes of idealistic literature; now as Scrivener of The Brothers of the Book he is moving spirit in an enterprise of similar moment.

Leroy T. Goble—Careful and well equipped collector of bookplates, skilled librarian, honored and honoring by his presence in such a group.

No lot of better story tellers has sat around a table in Chicago since the historic night when Eugene Field entertained Harry Dixie in the old Richelieu.

Fetch Over the Canoe

A Story of a Song

By William Lightfoot Visscher

All who have read it say it is a delightful little book.

Apply to the author at 26 N. Dearborn Street
THE PRICE IS ONE DOLLAR

A World Trade Directory.

The bulletin of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States reports that the world trade directory, issued by the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, is being revised and hereafter will be published in sections arranged geographically. The section for South America will be the first part issued in the new form.

At the request of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce, the consular bureau of the state department has sent to all consular officers stationed in South America a special classification under which possible buyers of American goods are to be listed. This classification, which contains about 170 heads, will assist consuls in listing importers and dealers with an accuracy that will increase the effectiveness of the directory.

The world trade directory places before American business men the names and addresses of foreign business houses and the kinds of goods they handle which might be supplied by American manufacturers and merchants. The lists are arranged under the principal articles of commerce, such as boots and shoes, men's clothing, cotton goods, electrical apparatus, hardware, rubber goods, vegetables, etc.

The new directory will contain names of co-operative associations, government purchasing offices, railways, plantations, mining companies, contractors and builders, and other persons and agencies that are actual or possible purchasers. It will also contain the names and addresses of chambers of commerce.

Complete Protection in Copyright.

Duffield Osburn, secretary of the Authors' Club (New York), has addressed to the members of that organization a letter that may mean a good deal to many members of the Press Club. Here it is, in full:

"The law as to the scope of magazine copyrights, formulated in the judges' opinions in the recent case of *Dam vs. La Shelle*, 175 Federal Reports 902, seems of sufficient interest to members to warrant this notice. Briefly, these opinions are to the effect that a magazine copyright covers the matter contained in each number only to the extent to which such matter is the property of the magazine. It therefore follows that in the case of a story, of which only the magazine rights have been sold by the author, the magazine copyright leaves him absolutely unprotected in his dramatic and, theoretically at least, in his book rights. To save whatever he reserves, he must take copyright, also, in his own name, fulfilling the necessary formalities, such as paying a separate fee, depositing two copies in the Library of Congress, and seeing that his notice of copyright appears upon the story when published in the magazine.

"A simpler method is for the author to convey all his rights to the magazine, receiving back an obligation to retransfer to him, on demand, book, dramatic rights, etc. The point is that the magazine must have full ownership, when it takes out its copyright, in order to make that copyright generally effective."

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You can see the tall sky-line of a great city with its thousands of offices full of people, from a point several miles distant.

But when you wish to "see" one of those people on business, resort to the telephone. Its range is not restricted by fog nor by the earth's curvature.

Anyone with ears to hear in the United States or Southern Canada, may be "seen" by Long Distance Telephone.

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THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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An Interchange of Newspaper Interests

It is the earnest desire of The Press Club of Chicago to cover faithfully and in full the immense field of **usefulness** presented by the changing conditions of these fertile times—to make its house the homing place of all whose work is along lines similar to our own, and to bind here, in one place, the interests that are at the heart of the order now forming.

Primarily, The Scoop is a Press Club paper, but to be that thoroughly it must be a newspaper paper; and after that, a paper that shall reflect the best there is in Chicago and the whole middle west and west—the best in thought, in literature and the arts and professions, even as that best builds into the up-growth of national life. This is the aim and function of the Press Club, and the Club is wholly alive to it.

The thorough renovation of the Club building and the rearrangement of its rooms is giving us for the first time the chance we have always looked for. Newspapermen from the other cities can now come into membership with us and have in our house, which will be their own as much as ours, a better and far more pleasant place to transact their business

than they've had up to this time. The Club has already a large number of non-resident members, editors and publishers of high class newspapers and special journals. There is no reason why responsible men in our line, who live elsewhere, should not have the same advantages. They can make their appointments here, find immediate telephone service for town or long distance, have the use of the best and most complete newspaper and periodical files in America, bring over the representatives of the advertising agencies, and generally do all they come here to do in a house and in quarters especially designed for those purposes. And they can entertain their friends in one of the handsomest clubs to be found anywhere between Sandy Hook and San Francisco.

We are not going to drop a rope over any such men, but we want them to help themselves by enlarging an acquaintance among newspaper men, metropolitan or rural, either on the business or editorial side of publicity. Through such a contact would arise a ferment of mind that more than anything else would affect and direct the changes now at work in politics, in the psychology of life, and the whole body of national affairs.

"THE PAPER FIRST."

In last week's issue of The Editor and Publisher comment was made upon the case of Gregory T. Humes, of the New York World, who was killed in the recent railway accident at Stamford, Connecticut.

Mr. Humes, who was returning from a visit to his mother at Pine Orchard, Connecticut, was pinned down by wreckage and was rescued with difficulty. As he was carried out, suffering terribly from a crushed pelvis and compound fractures of both ankles, he said to those who were carrying him: "Call up the New York World right away and tell them there is a wreck here—a big story. Also tell them I'm sorry I won't be able to work on the story because I'm smashed up. Call up my mother, too." Having done his duty—the first thing that flashed into his newspaper mind—he collapsed and seventeen hours later he died without having regained consciousness.

The spirit that led Gregory Humes, stricken unto death and suffering excruciating pain, to think of his paper even a few seconds before he thought of the mother he loved and had just left, is the spirit that actuates every real newspaper man. And it is even a greater loyalty than that which actuates the soldier

who merely follows orders. It is an ever present something that subordinates all other sentiments and interests to the joy of service and to the keenest sense of duty. It is that part of a newspaper man's mental make-up which keeps him everlastingly vigilant, even in his hours of leisure. Because of it he is never really off duty. Even veteran editors and long-trained reporters cannot explain it, although they know they possess it and will frequently, when a bit tired of the grind, bemoan the fact that they do.

In other professions and in business men can enjoy an entire relaxation not vouchsafed to the newspaper worker. No live reporter, even during his vacation, forgets for a moment that he is a reporter; and if his pleasures are interrupted by his suddenly running across a "scoop" he deserts the recreation for the story as a matter of course. The thought of donig otherwise would never enter his head.

Gregory Humes was this sort of a reporter. He was a tireless, thorough, clean and conscientious newspaper man. His work on the World, with which he was connected since 1904, won the admiration of his associates. He set an example of loyalty and faithfulness to the paper he served that should be followed by newspaper men everywhere.

SNARLS.

BY SNARLEYOW.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede ye, tent it.
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith, he'll prent it.

After five months we are still cleaning house and nobody to blame. Doctor Nutt says it's simply a concatenation of circumstances that we are still tearing up floors, painting, varnishing, moving one room to another, making barricades of step-ladders and "don't-touch-me" bric-a-brac. Disturbing the bugs: Pinching bugs, dormier beetles, snapping bugs—called sometimes death watch beetles—who wander all over, every once in awhile breaking their heads to hit a reverberant board with a dynamite swat that is ghostlike when you are alone, and if you are asleep jumps you spasmodically to clutch anything that will kill, and kill quick. But—the water still comes down at Lodore, the brook still goes on forever to the sea; so here's hoping that soon, quite soon, the racket will subside into a musical murmur that will enable the jumping bug to metamorphose into a water bug and seek surcease from ugly visions in his usual haven of rest, the library.

The best thing said in "The Virginian" is where the cowboy meets the pompous eastern bishop. The cowboy knew only the religion of nature, space and the unread majesty of the Universe as it rolled by his awed vision in the cathedral silence of a starlit night on the plains. He knew nothing of creed and church; had never heard one nor attended the other.

"Say, Bishop, how many kinds of religions are there in the world?"

"Oh, a good many. Something over two hundred, I should judge."

"Great Jehosaphat! Two hundred religions and only one God!"

The cowboy struck a great truth; one God, one religion, one Christ, one Confucius, one Shakespeare, one Lincoln, one Mahomet—all beacon-lights illuminating the one broad path to the one God, the one religion.

Harrold Vynne said, "Here's to the woman that's good, God bless her."

I say, "Here's to the woman that's bad, God help her."

He said, "For though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow."

Old Bro. Voliva lectured last Sunday on the question, "Who are the Fools?" That's nothing to make a long talk about, Vol. Ask another. For instance, "Why are the fools?" which is easy and long anticipated by the Mad Hatter's counter question, "Why not?" Or maybe, "What Fools We Mortals Be," copy-right by Puck. And—whisper, Vol. Why don't you give us your number? Old man Elijah Dowie gave his. He was Elijah II. Are you Vol. II or Vol. I? And if not, why not? Or, contrariwise. We watch your smoke, Vol. You interest us strangely. But as concerns the fool question, there is a famous and a broad conclusion:

"The world hath such a store of fools
That he that would not see an ass
Must stay at home, and bolt his door,
And break his looking glass."

From which it would appear that foolishness suffuses all and varies only in degree, never in essence. Once there was a Press Club man who issued a magazine and therein wrote editorials the which he signed "The Fool." Yet out of those editorials emerged a jewel of words that still sparkles upon the outstretched finger of all Time: "A crooning note, by accident found, wherewith the animal love for human kind which she teaches her young. This is the flowering of the dog spirit." A Delphic, not to say cryptic thing, on which might be founded more cults and from which might arise more brain spouts than ever the works of Robert Browning or the vaticinations of Elijah II could have educed. There may be a working suggestion in this. If you see it, Vol, go to it. And so command a now so waning world attention.

BACK TO THE HOME!

H. T. COOKE, IN THE NEW YORK SUN.

O you girls and women in factories and shops, in offices and schools, you eight millions of self-supporting women in this big country of ours, back to the home! Back to the only homes you know; keep your aged father's nose to the grindstone to give you food and board and clothes; back to sponge upon the married brother, who is already hard pressed to feed and clothe the little ones dependent upon him; back to the consumptive husband, who will have to return to the killing work in the factory to keep you in the home; back, every one of you!

Back to the home, Jane Addams and Julia Lathrop! Back to your useless embroidery, your tatting and your darning. Back, Maude Nathan and Florence Kelley! Back to your bridge and your parties and your clothes; make yourselves attractive to men—that is the only duty of women; forget the troubles and sorrows of your working sisters; back to the home!

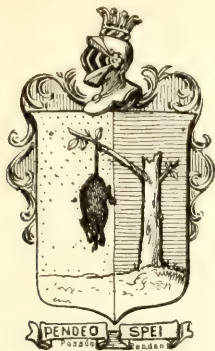
Back, you older women, whose sons have flown the nest, whose daughters have found nests of their own; remain in the home where there are no longer any children to look after, and few duties to fill up your time; back to your gossip with the neighbors, your talk of aches and pains and servants; back to the home!

Remember that cajolery is better than straightforwardness; sweetness is better than usefulness; influence is better than power; it is better to be pretty than to be wise. Never forget to trade on your sex, dear woman; back to the home!

Dr. W. E. Brown, who gets out the Monday sermon supplement of the Inter Ocean, found a prominent Chicago preacher misquoting St. Paul in a sermon he sent in for publication. Dr. Brown changed it; the minister noted the correction, and the doctor proved the error. The minister has sent no more of his sermons for publication.

R. J. Casey, a Chicago newspaperman who has been doing the one night stands down in Texas and the West, has joined the Inter Ocean copy desk. Just one more step—join the Press Club.

THE POSSUM HANGS ON THE FAMILY TREE.



PENDEO SPEI.

"I hang to hope," that you will see,
This book belongs, in fee, to me.
Please bring it back, and 'scape the gang
That act as if they hope to hang.
—William Lightfoot Visscher.

It happened to be true that from the maternal as well as the paternal side of this book-plate owner's lineage he would have inherited a coat-of-arms. But his people have been Americans for more than two hundred and fifty years and he is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of democracy that the use of a coat of arms in this republic seems supremely ridiculous to him, even if he had a place to put such a thing.

He was possessed of the spirit of humor that sees the amusing side of such affairs, and in a fit of satire, for the fund of the thing, evolved a rough drawing as his coat of arms, the artistic detail of which was brought out by Mr. Von Hofsten, then of the Record-Herald art staff.

This coat of arms was in heraldic character throughout, the owner, however, using the 'possum of his native Kentucky as the animal that should grace his escutcheon, and he placed the pocketed creature "pendant" as contradistinguished from the lion couchant, the tiger rampant or the rooster exultant, and so on, in heraldry—because the 'possum's favorite position is that of hanging contentedly by its prehensile tail to the limb of a convenient bush, preferably a paw paw bush in paw paw time, or a persimmon tree in persimmon time.

The motto: "I Hang to Hope," suggests, very naturally, itself and not the converse, "I hope to hang," as Opie Reid persists in interpreting the Latin for Visscher.

This cut was used for years as a pleasantry on the owner's letter-heads, and later was enlarged to be used as a mark of ownership of his books, before he had ever heard of *ex libris* or book plates *per se*. He used it that way because he found it easier to mark his books so than by writing his name in each volume. Besides, it was a little more unique and ornamental than a stencil plate or stamp.

COMMON SENSE CO-OPERATION.

George W. Weber, in his *Weber's Weekly*, has made this plain statement of a few facts that should be blended in a broad, concerted action for the good of this city and the splendid empire it dominates:

The Chicago Association of Commerce is doing much for the advancement of the material interests of Chicago.

The success which the association has met with, the growing interest in its work, and the expanding of its fields of usefulness, lead promptly to the conclusion that Chicago's material welfare hereafter will be courageously safeguarded and advanced.

In addition to the material and civic requirements of Chicago, its literary and artistic interests should be promoted.

By this I mean that at the same time we are building up our commerce we should advance in literature, art, education and polite accomplishments. A great people should not be given over to money-getting alone. This notoriety has operated to crowd into the background the merit of Chicago's position as a center of intellectual efforts and accomplishments. Chicago should aspire to be not merely a Liverpool—or a Manchester—but a city like Paris, where both the tradesman and the scholar, the industrialist and the artist, abide and abound.

It has always appeared to me that the Press Club of Chicago is naturally the nucleus about which the uncommercial interests of Chicago should consolidate.

More than any other club in Chicago the Press Club opens its doors to and embraces the bellettrists of Chicago. Its membership includes literary producers of all sorts, playwrights, musicians, actors—indeed, all those who traffic in thoughts rather than things. Among its members at this time are W. J. Bryan, Victor F. Lawson, W. R. Hearst and others whose names are known as far as the English language. In addition to its notable membership, it has entertained more distinguished persons than all other organizations in Chicago—McKinley, Edwin Arnold, Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Henry M. Stanley, Sarah Bernhardt, John Hay, Henry Irving, General Booth, Robert Mantell, Wong Ching Foo, Thomas Nast, George W. Childs. Recently, at a luncheon tendered to him by the Press Club, former Vice President Fairbanks said:

"I am deeply sensible of the fact that I have never known Chicago at her best until today; I have never known the real force of her strength and the secret of her renown. Chicago is here. The Press Club is Chicago incarnate."

Speaking to the club members at a recent banquet tendered to him, Mr. W. J. Bryan said:

"There is a thought that came to me today when I found myself in the presence of such an unexpected number of you newspaper men—members of what, I understand, is the largest organization of newspaper men in the world. And this is the thought that sprung into my mind. Here is a gathering of men who are the peers of any who can be gathered together in any assembly of newspaper men in this country, and the newspaper men are individually the peers of any group of people we have in the land."

It is easy to understand that with Chicago vigorously reaching after trade there needs to be a club such as the Press Club, which is not founded on wealth or position, but which has for its basis creative and appreciative intellectuality.

It is a fact that those who are interested in the future development of Chicago can, and properly should, assist in the upbuilding of the uncommercial attractions of the city. The Press Club and the Association of Commerce may properly and profitably largely blend much of their individual membership and still pursue their different methods of upbuilding Chicago. Even those few who never lose sight of profit and loss must, in the perspicacity of their business wisdom, see that it will pay.

THE SCOOP

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MOTION PICTURE PLAYS.

In last week's issue of *The Scoop* attention was directed to a new market for the work of book and short-story writers, and of news writers who show a sense of human interest in newspaper stories. The *Bulletin of the Authors' League of America* in its number for June 18 has an illuminating story about it, written by our Rex Beach, the salencies of which are here reproduced:

While the business of motion photography is by no means new, it is only within comparatively recent times that there has been a general demand for scenarios and plots. Within the last two or three years authors have found a new and unsuspected source of revenue in the sale of "Cinema" rights to their short stories, and although the returns were usually small, they formed a welcome addition to the writer's income. Prices frequently depended more upon the advertising value of the author's name than upon the character of the material and ranged from \$15 to \$150; nevertheless many persons not engaged in the usual forms of literary work have reaped a substantial harvest from that source. Up to the present subjects have been commonly confined to one reel of 1,000 feet in length, but owing to the rapid development of the motion-picture business there has arisen a demand for more pretentious photo plays, for feature films of multiple reel length, and, in consequence, many famous books and dramas have been, and are being, photographed.

The demand is logical and promises to be permanent, hence the producer finds himself in need of good subjects, and the author is beginning to recognize his photo-play rights as something more than an insignificant by-product of his labor.

It has been the picture producer's practice to pay cash for his plots, but royalty arrangements covering "feature films" are now being made. The latter method has its drawbacks, for, owing to the existence of a middleman, it is more difficult for the photo playwright to share in the full returns of his work than it is for the author of a book or play. The book publisher or theatrical producer distributes his goods directly to the public and the author receives a royalty on the retail price of the book in the one instance, and on the box office receipts in the other. The motion picture manufacturer, on the contrary, does not sell his films to the theatre or to the public, except in certain cases noted later, but to an "exchange" or series of exchanges, which in turn leases to the exhibitor. Under this practice, therefore, the author receives a percentage only upon the rental or purchase price paid by the exchange to the manufacturer.

The exception above referred to, under which the author may more nearly share in the full returns from his photo play, is when state rights, foreign rights, etc., to "feature films" are sold or leased for cash without passing through the hands of the exchanges. It may be seen, therefore, that while a sale on a royalty basis is in some ways unsatisfactory from the author's standpoint, it is on the whole preferable to a cash sale.

This whole subject is of much higher importance

than most men capable of taking it up have realized. It offers so fair and (after the necessary craftsmanship has been mastered) so certain a way to add to one's income that in the interest of Press Club members who might just as well as not be using it to add twenty-five to fifty per cent to their yearly earnings. *The Scoop* will give it the space and explication it deserves, and urge its merits as they should be urged. To overlook good money that might just as well be had is too like stepping over a roll of your own in the street.

E. RINGOBRAUGH.

A prejudiced member writes over that name an embittered complaint that an Irishman following his patriotic principles across the new rugs in the lounging room would look like a soused Scotsman doing a sword dance. Red and green are so emplaced in the patterns that to stamp on one and tread lovingly on the other would compel that humiliating exhibition, rather than which he would either walk all the way around both of them or divert his direction to the next room west and demand palliation in fiery liquids.

No matter what your own views may be, nor from what world race you derive your present allotment of life, fairness bids respect for the views and derivation of others more or less (as the case may be) unfortunate. Therefore, requisition should be made upon the Club government for two rings of lions' tails, one to be hung upon each of the pillars in the lounge where, this good though disgruntled member may twist them every time he comes in. That should even things up a bit and enhance the general harmony.

DON'T BOTHER WITH FAKERS.

In advocating cultivation of the motion picture market for writers, it is just as well to advise against paying any attention whatever to people who advertise courses of instruction in the art of scenario writing. They can do you no good and you will have to pay them for that reverse of service. The acquirement of mere mechanical form will never make a scenario writer of one who is not a writer to begin with. Nobody can write scenario who has not an intuitive perception of dramatic and narrative values, and money paid for so-called instruction in photo-play work is money worse than burned, because it stings as it departs. To a man or woman having that perception, the acquirement of form is easy. Pass up the fake instructor.

This Week's Visitors.

Eric Adolph Dimo, New York, guest of Wm. Frederic Nutt; Richard Sterling, Los Angeles, guest of A. Milo Bennett; George Kuester, Chicago, guest of A. Milo Bennett; Brigham Royce, New York, guest of A. Milo Bennett; A. H. Cadwallader, San Antonio, guest of C. D. Hagerty; H. L. Davidson, New York, guest of A. Milo Bennett; Arthur F. Warde, New York, guest of W. D. Eaton; J. D. Turnbaugh, Mt. Carroll, guest of Willis Melville; Archibald K. Stevenson, Chicago, guest of Wm. Frederic Nutt.

WHEN MOONLIKE ORE THE HAZURE SEAS.

This tenderly beautiful love-cry is reproduced to assist the earnest and honest but thus far solely catarrhal efforts toward dialect English by one of our most efficient officers. It was written by the late William Makepeace Thackeray, some of whose works have not yet been abstracted from the Club library.

When moonlike ore the hazure seas

In soft effulgence swells,

When silver jews and balmy breaze

Bend down the Lily's bells;

When calm and deap, the rosy sleep

Has lapt your soal in dreems,

R Hangeline! R lady mine!

Dost thou remember Jeemes?

I mark thee in the Marble All

Where England's loveliest shine—

I say the fairest of them hall

Is Lady Hangeline.

My soul, in desolate eclipse

With recollection teems,

And then I hask, with weeping lips,

Dost thou remember Jeemes?

Away! I may not tell thee hall

This soughring heart endures—

There is a lonely sperrit-call

That Sorrow never cures;

There is a little, little Star

That still above me beams;

It is the Star of Ope—but ar!

Dost thou remember Jeemes?

ABOUT BOOKS.

"Find out what books your friend reads and you'll know what manner of man or woman you have for a friend. Books are a sure indication of inner wealth or poverty of character of their readers. Books contain the wisdom—as well as the foolishness—of the ages. The greatest thoughts, the deepest experiences, the results of the most profound and prolonged experiments, are all embalmed in books. Grow useful from books.

"The character of a man is shown by the books he selects. The character of a nation is largely determined by the books that its men and women read. The wealth of the world is in its books, not in its gold and silver and precious stones and structures and lands. Grow useful from books.

"Good books are real. They are cross-sections of life. They tell the truth and conceal nothing. You take or leave what such a book teaches. You know, without asking, its true value. You think, act, walk, work, live with it. For the time you are of it—a part. You live over the thought that the writer lived. Though long years in his grave again he breathes, and warmth is in his blood again. How marvelous is a book! Grow useful from books.

"Good books make sympathy a world trait. Progress is but the accumulation of book power. Books gone, the world would rot away. Good books will put poetry and music into your smallest tasks. Grow useful from books.

"The world's greatest doers have been the world's greatest readers. 'Read again,' said Napoleon to an officer on board the ship that was taking him into exile forever. 'Read again' the poets; devour Ossian. Poets lift up the soul, and give to man a colossal greatness. Grow useful from books.

"Read good books regularly and systematically. Do but this and you will be surprised at your intellectual growth and influence. Learn books. Love books. Live books. Grow useful from books."

"The Fear of Living."

People who are interested in social problems would do well to follow Marion Reedy's advice and read Henri Bordeaux's novel, "The Fear of Living," just issued in English, with a splendid preface by Rene Doumic, by E. P. Dutton, New York. The French Academy crowned this work. It is now in its thirty-eighth edition. Mostly it is the story of a mother who faces life bravely in all the sorrow, the gradual withdrawing of material support which life brings. She represents endurance, sacrifice, immolation to duty, sustained only by old-fashioned faith—a faith evidently not gone cold in "godless" France. She is a colossus of character among a lot of shallow, vain hedonists who take always the easiest way, the line of least resistance, the course of self-indulgence—a veritable Niobe. Reedy describes her as a great, bracing influence on any reader. For the "fear of living"—a phase of "too much love of living"—is just what's the matter with most people. We don't want to taste life to the full. We want all the honey, none of the gall. Our pity for others is a luxury. Our sympathy springs from the fact that the pain of others hurts us. We don't want to suffer for what we get and we grow flaccid, fooling ourselves with lies. We are softened to a mush and do not even think for fear thinking will hurt us. All this the story drives home. And it's all true in art, in economics, in politics. We don't face facts. We want them sugared or gilded. We are gelded as to will and we avoid the hard, ugly, bitter things until, when we can dodge them no more, we are unfit to tackle them and go to pieces. The Fear of Living blows the mind clear of all bastard sentiment, and makes room for sound thought and genuine sympathy. This gospel works for self-sustenance. It demolishes the theory that we can be

THE LANTERN

A Magazine of Discarded Truth and Rejected Fiction, trimmed and lighted as often as the moon is dark for the Disciples of Diogenes.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1913:

Troubadours and Book Plates.
A Song of Wishing, by Leon Mead.
Liars, Three Scenes, by Guido Bruno.
The Soul of the Master, by N. J. King.
Notes.

Sample Copies Fifteen Cents

THE LANTERN, Mortimer Building, Chicago

coddled into happiness. It fits us for life on those terms of life which are ultimately ineluctable. And it doesn't harden us either.

A Great Big Picture Story.

Northern Arizona is obliquely split by the most titanic crack on all Earth's surface, the chasm known as The Grand Canyon of the Colorado river. No man ever has described it, nor will any man, ever. No one ever will put it on canvas, because it is too awful and too big. Saint Luke or the authors of the first chapter of Genesis might have told about it, or even Pliny the Younger, because those men had power to present transcendent things in simple terms; but that art is lost. The best and only even partly adequate idea of that wonder of all wonders is presented in a series of photographs that appear in the American Magazine for July. They were taken by two young men, Emery and Ellsworth Kolb, who went down the river between August, 1911, and January, 1912, all the way from Green River, Utah, to Needles, California. They took with them not only cameras but a moving picture machine, and got the first motion pictures ever secured of men actually fighting for their lives in white water. No one who has not seen the Colorado in its course through the bottom of the canyon can imagine the terrors and perils of that trip. The pictures are superb, and more like the real thing than any others yet achieved by anyone. They constitute one of the best magazine stories of the year. The Kolb boys with their pluck and their cameras have all the descriptive writers faded away to so many shadows of as many shades.

Take A Sporting Chance on This?

The American Magazine offers three prizes for five hundred words on "How I Saved My First Hundred Dollars." Competition closes July 15th. First prize, \$20; second and third, \$10 each. All you have to do is first save up a hundred dollars (possibly most rapidly by abstaining from rum); then with five words cover each dollar (no more, no less), then send the story (not the dollars) to the American Magazine Editorial Department, 381 Fourth avenue, New York. Somebody is going to grab off that first prize. Why not you? Or why? You can get more than the money's worth in the Pleasures of Hope, even if you don't show in the finish.

Film in Factory Demonstration.

It is odd that a publication conspicuously and tirelessly devoted to one special line of activity or thought should overlook the most mountainous feature in its own horizon. Yet this is precisely what happens with the good, big, successful and handsome magazine, Advertising and Selling. The June issue has a long, convincing and well illustrated article on Factory Demonstration as Advertising, in which no mention whatever is made of the vast and growing use of moving picture film for that identical purpose. The film transfers the factory, with all its departments and all its operations, to the store of a customer thousands of miles away, and does it more convincingly than it

could by bringing the customer across the continent for a personal inspection of the physical factory itself. The growth of film demonstration in many lines of trade and factory work has been so great within the last twelve months that today it is using up more millions of feet of film than all the moving picture shows put together. It has been so rapid and pressing a growth that the manufacturers of film stock are put to it unto the uttermost limit to make film fast enough. This club has several members who have dropped their old work to take up this new line, and are making more money than ever they had hoped for—and there are at least twenty-five or thirty other firms in the business in Chicago alone. Nobody knows how many in the country at large. Advertising and Selling is overlooking the most powerful advertising and selling element that ever came to the aid of the salesman.

David B. Clarkson's Ambitions.

One of our Press Club members would seem to be in a fair way to realize an ambition in which George Alfred Townsend failed. He has bought a large tract of land at Corpus Christi, Texas, facing the bay, and proposes there to establish a manorial home in which he may at all times entertain his friends. These are nearly all newspaper men or authors of books, for the most part members of this club. The Corpus Christi Caller and Daily Herald of the 13th gave his plans in full, while he was on the ground getting them into action. He is a Texan by birth, an agronomist on the side, a highly successful bookman and only thirty-six. Last year he endowed an experimental department in the Texas College of Agriculture and Mechanics, to find out a way whereby Texas cotton may be made to grow a longer staple.

Arthur Bowen, who has been among the absent ones for a long period, is here again, this time as a member of the Examiner's staff of cartoonists. All who remember Art, and we all do, will be glad to see his name enrolled once more on our active list. Few are more congenial, and as for the musical end, Art is a singer and a willing entertainer. Let's hope the Examiner boys will not be slow bringing him around and getting his application.

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WHAT THE PRESS WOMEN ARE DOING

PANSY THE CAT.

"Some rules are made to be broken," declared Pansy.

She sat decorously upon her furry haunches and carefully finished washing her face. With gracious curving of her velvety paw she dealt with her satiny right ear. To most people it sounds like soft mewling. Only those who are wise indeed know the speech of Pansy, the P. C. cat.

"Character must be strong enough to override rules. Law is for the weak, not for the strong. Only he who lives his life as he desires may call his existence worth while. Mew, mew."

She lifted her delicate little nose a trifle arrogantly. With a slow and sinuous stretching of her lithe little body she walked sedately to the library door.

"Mew, mew," she vowed, standing there, "the Antis are right. Women could not go to war. They have no real courage. A week ago last night a mouse ran out of the dining room. A woman, a fat and ponderous female, screeched and she rolled up on the leather settee there. Her fright was so genuine that I took pity upon her and captured the insignificant piece of animal audacity. I make it my custom to quietly exterminate all small ill-bred animals. No mouse of common sense and good taste would venture upon the fifth floor. One of my particular friends was stroking my fur the other day, when a man who is not my friend made a disagreeable remark concerning my presence. (There are some captious grouches who do that, you know.) My friend just looked up at the other calmly and said a bit of a poem.

"Each thing in its place is best."

Then he cuddled me up against his shoulder and remarked about the beauty of my markings, and all the while the other wore a discontented and almost disgusted look.

"Cats are all well enough," he said, "but one gets tired of them when they are everywhere present."

Pansy stuck out her pink tongue and her sharp little white teeth gleamed as she smiled a satisfied and truly feminine little cat smile. Her two round and yellow eyes stared blandly, and as the light struck them, the pupils narrowed into thin black lines.

"It is the way with many men," she mewed. "A female is well enough in her place. And as for my markings, a great man was here day before yesterday. He has twenty-seven cats and kittens. He saw at once that I am a beautiful cat. Self-praise, you know,

is bad taste, else I would tell you his exact words. This morning I saw the badly-bred man at breakfast. Just to make plain my position in the club, I rubbed against his trouser legs and sprinkled him with hairs. Then I sat down a few feet away and purred as loudly as I could, Have you heard me purr? There are two ways of doing it, you know. All females know them. They are born with the knoweldge. One is like this:"

Like the little sleep gurgles of a wee human baby was Pansy's gentle purr—soft and cajoling and filled with fine affection. Back and forth she went, curving lithely against my skirt.

"You purr so," she mewed, "when you have a real love in you. But this:"

Faith she is a canny cat, is Pansy of the P. C. It was a rattle and a chuckle, that unmelodious purr—a chuckle, a rattle and with a skillful and triumphant intermingling of plain cat spite.

"Trouble, trouble," she mewed, "that is the variety of purr that makes it. Let one whose soul is so obtuse he denies my very right to existence, once snugly ensconce himself in a big chair and open his magazine—skip, leap! I land on his back! There I purr and make believe affection while he writhes. To throw me down would be brutal. Besides my pitiful mews would bring a storm about him from his friends. So he endures in silence and his soul is chastened. Some there are who blame me and this is arrant nonsense. The blame should be for his point of view, not mine. Such a man needs a female to chasten him. And smart as they fancy themselves, let me whisper to you my best and dearest secret. To you I whisper it, because one female understands another, and collectively and individually, no male ever comprehended any of us."

Round and round she went, curvetting and fussing—with her two yellow eyes, big and naive. When she stretched out a dainty paw her claws were neatly sheathed.

"Mew, mew, fluff-fluff!" she pirouetted and twisted and leapt in air. "They are of great wisdom, the dear Tom cats," she mewed. "Often I've laid snugly at night beside the library fire while they told of their conquests by brawn and brain. I've heard them say in their talks that females are weaklings and creatures of no thought. Once when the conversation interested me much, I crept out from under a chair and leaped upon the lap of the man nearest the blaze. I purred and purred—my softest, most loving song. From one to the other I went. Some laid a hand upon me to stroke me and some made no sign. For some I have love, for some I have hate; yet I purred for all."

She sat her down again upon her haunches, and again her white teeth gleamed in a merry cat smile.

"There was not one," she mewed, "who in his wisdom could tell the make-believe purr from the purr of real love. Until he has learned so much, what man has cause to boast his smartness? Indeed, I note always that he who talks most, judges least, for judgment is a matter of time and one can think only in the silences. That is one of the reasons for the greatness of cats. As a rule, they say little. In the matter of

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silence, none equals us. Were cats in command you would need no anti-noise crusade. Of all animals man is the only noisy walker. Sometimes I wonder if the reason for it is his wickedness. If he were silent-footed, as we are, he might be subjected to great grief. Noisy approach is a necessary warning when two people are discussing a third. Now, as for me, they never know what I am hearing. I know practically all their secrets, which gives me standing. That is what I meant by strong character. Find out all the secrets that people have and you need fear no one."

Boldly she went, did Pansy the cat, to the wide library door. There she paused.

"See that sign," she mewed. "There you have a rule made to be broken—one observable only in the breach, 'THIS ROOM IS FOR GENTLEMEN EXCLUSIVELY.' See me!"

Straight into the library went Pansy. "Dare you to come!" she mewed. "They do not molest me, you see. It wouldn't be good for them if they did. I'd tell a few of their secrets. I'd show up a few of their chins; no one knows more about chins than I do. It's the advantage of my viewpoint. And as for socks and trouser legs—well, let me tell you, I could say some things about them that would make you sit up and think."

Up and down went Pansy's head in tremendous nodding.

"And as for shoe heels! A man may make all the world believe he is an angel, but once let a clever and beautiful cat like myself get within seeing distance, and his dissimulation is useless. *The meanest man in this club has the straightest shoe heels.* He called a boy one day and demanded my removal. His remark was that he didn't like cats for dinner. And the best friend I have hemmed up his trousers every once in a while until they got so short he couldn't do it again. Now he cuts off the threads every day or so. Whenever I come around I try to pretend they are new trousers.

"Females are always doing that, you know—always pretending—pretending things are all right. It's the thing that counts when the males are down and out. One day I purred five hours at a stretch because I knew the fellow was hungry and ashamed to tell. Another lost his job and the only one in all the crowd he told was me. He knew no matter how far he had to go, a female sticks. Even when he got boozy and so generally gone to pieces they let him out, I used to meet him in the alley and purr a little for him. I suppose they would have thrown me out if they dared.

"I wouldn't have cared if I could have gone when Joe Henderson did. Of them all, he is the only one that understands my devotion. Life was a blank for three days after he went. Kirk Towns tried to sing away my sorrow, but it was no use. Milo Bennett offered me an engagement in vaudeville. He felt sure I could make good. Judge Olson invited me to come and sit with him on the bench. And let me tell you something very especial: Chief McWeeny has tried to engage my services at least twenty times. I could save

him a great deal of labor. That's where I've been wise, getting into all their secrets, family, business, sartorial—all! As for that rule posted so gaily before the library door, watch me continue to break it. I live my own life. I recognize no law but my own sweet will. Without me the Club would go to smash. There has not been a meeting of the directors this year at which I have not been present. Every action during the year has been solely at my dictation. President Wheeler calls me into consultation the moment he arrives. Jay Cairnes dare not disobey me. I know the dread secret of his trouser hems all right. It would be treachery to tell it, but he knows. Only this afternoon, the most literary Tom Cat here stated boldly that I must either be set up on a pedestal and worshiped or silently murdered.

"From top to bottom, every Tom Cat in this club dances to my mew."

In glee she raced out of the library. In mad abandon she capered after an empty spool that lay there.

"Watch me land in the middle of that nice white table!" she mewed. "Where is the law that can stop my capering on a white table?"

From somewhere came a woman. Down on Pansy descended a hand. It was none too gentle, her landing on the floor.

Said the woman: "Pansy, stay in your place and take care of your kittens."

And up on the settee curled Pansy with a kitten on either side of her. All of them were purring. Man after man looked at them as they passed on their way to the dining room.

Jean Comerford

Gossip.

SCENE.—Corner of fourth floor big office, Record-Herald. Furnishings: Estelline Bennett's desk. Her chair. Many pictures of Society Ladies thrust carelessly into pigeon-holes. A telephone. High stacks of society notices, sent in mostly by climbers. The real things know their own importance too well to volunteer information. There is also a big bunch of posies

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sent by a lady who has had a little publicity and, realizing its engaging sweetness, desireth more.

Concomitant to the chair is Miss Bennett. She is of serious nature. So serious that she comprehendeth fully the humorous incidents that enter into the life of a society editor. Likewise she hath a good judgment that proclaims her a worthy mentor.

Approaches the office boy. He beareth a notice, boldly written in angular hand. Sternness sits upon Miss Bennett.

"Another sorority notice!" she exclaims. After one firm stand, "Who brought it?"

"Two girls from Lakeview High," quoth the office boy.

"Are they there?"

"No. They left it and hurried away."

With a flash of her blue eyes and determination in her aspect, spoke this little society editor:

"If any more *children* come here with sorority notices, *send them in to me!* The board of education does not permit sororities, and I will not encourage *children to break LAWS.*"

After all, it is not so trivial a happening as one might fancy. There are many sorts of journalism and many ways of breaking the law.

In the current issue of the Chicago Magazine, now edited by Adventurer Dwight Loughborough, our very charming Mrs. George Cook-Adams is contributor of a ghost story. It is a human little tale of love, and quaintly told. Some of us perhaps would not recognize her as Julie Weston Adams, which is the signature attached to her story.

Miss Lucy Huffaker, Chicago and New York newspaper woman, will relieve Miss Amy Paulding as society editor of the Inter Ocean for the first two weeks in July.

Mrs. Samuel Blair, of Carthage, Mo., is visiting her son, Sam Blair, Jr., of the Inter Ocean.

Royal Recognition of Honors Already Won.

In the latest distribution of birthday honors a baronetcy was bestowed by King George upon a good friend of this club, James M. Barrie. The author of that best and most faithful of all newspaper novels, "When a Man's Single," began his life work in a newspaper office somewhere in the midland counties of England, and won his way to a job as literary critic in London, where his first shot heard round the world was fired at Marie Corelli. He said her work was good reading but bad literature; whereupon she shrieked her justly celebrated shriek of rage against critics in general, with variations vituperating him in particular. He survived that fearsome action to write many books that are real literature, and some plays that have perennial life—like "Peter Pan," that wonderful expression of the spirit of childhood which has been revived every year since its first production, and is likely to be revived every year hereafter until the Children of All Ages for whom it was written will cease to be children of any age. His Majesty King

George has shown a degree of good sense that would be creditable to anybody in thus doing what he could, by way of extending this distinction to so fine a writer; and has confirmed himself in the esteem of all good people everywhere by making a Knight of Forbes Robertson at the same time.

But the Star of Hope Still Shines.

DEAR SCOOP: The other night Sammy Blair, Duke Yarwood, and myself were up on the fourth floor when Sammy encountered the rack with the newspapers in, the old rack, you know, which carries a miscellaneous assortment of archaic dailies. Sammy was curious, and Yarwood enlightened him.

"I always come up here," he said, "when I long for the days of long ago. I know just where to put my hand and drag out any paper I want. You see they are never changed.

"Here's a sheet I've read through seven times. I read the same stories in it every night. It's great stuff for the blues. The only trouble is you have to brush the dust off before reading anything in the rack."

"Doggone," chuckled Sammy, "I'd just love to delve into those old time chronicles, but I'm too busy keeping up to date. Isn't there something here that's new?"

"Well, yes; some fascinating trade weeklies, and the Congressional Record. All warranted pure, and containing no such foreign substances or deleterious ingredients as news of any kind. A genuine innovation. The bigwigs think that something just issued, with no real news in it, might keep the members in good spirits. You see the idea is to let the brain of the active newspaper man sort o' relax. If he reads the latest stuff from New York, or from any big city, he might get excited, which would never do at all. Not aytall. Not never."

"But," interrupted Blair, "what's the bunk? They haven't any New York papers here, nor I don't see any real Class A sheets at all."

"You're glomming the wrong places. Don't look in the racks. If you want to find a New York World, a Louisville Courier-Journal or a K. C. Star, or a real good sheet, look on the floor. But what's the use? you'll find it cut to ribbons, and the best stories gone. Let's go get a sandwich or a plate of beans. Besides, nobody knows how dry I am. Take a copy of the Kalamazoo Gazoo Gazoo Gazette, and study its style.

EDW. J. DOHERTY.

James Evans Crown, city editor of the Inter Ocean, is back at his desk after a vacation in Michigan. Jim took his first step toward retirement from the game during the trip. He bought a thirty-acre farm near Battle Creek. It has not been officially given out whether it is to be used for sanitarium, resort, breakfast food or agricultural purposes. During Mr. Crown's absence, Doctor Roderick, rewrite man, sat in, and Searle Hendee completed the gap in the rewrite staff.

The Andre Association and Mr. Blakely

By John McGovern

In the year 1898 Mac Huron's book made its appearance, and Andrée, of the North Star, took his unique place in the temple of fame.

One night Dr. Fisher, Bensinger, Bolling Arthur Johnson, Billy Freeman, and others were conversing in the Press Club's parlor on Madison street, and some one set forth the desirability of an Andrée association. A self-styled Propagandist Member thereupon delivered a propagatio. Dr. Fisher (who had summered at Muskoka Lake) was so pleased with the Propagatio, as pronounced, that he installed himself as President of the association.

This *coup d'état* displeased all the now humbler members, because each coveted the position. But, on consultation they were surprised that Dr. Fisher alone had possessed the wit to properly assess the unequaled honor involved, and to seize the glittering prize. As he was now *de facto* Chairman, he might (or must) act as Usurping President until he could be removed, and he could not be removed until the envious members should agree upon his successor. This appeared not to be easy.

The Usurping President announced that he would do all he could to spread the existing dissension among his envious fellows, but he would promise to go in search of Andrée the next summer if left in supreme command.

The society had no initiatory fee, no dues, or endowments—no treasury. Dr. Fisher, as a physician, practiced a cure which involved starvation. It was common for him to go thirty days without food—he *could* go sixty. He never drank or smoked. He would not even drink mineral waters. Financially speaking, he was the only Commissioner whom the Association *could* afford to send, and as Usurping President, he was the only member we unanimously desired to be rid of. The second plank in his platform therefore aroused so much enthusiasm that adjournment was had, with nothing of practical value done in the way of proceedings of impeachment or ouster.

The Andrée Association, after a club-member had poured a libation, was most indulgent as to the attitude of the applicant for a place on its glorious roster. That fortunate person could be either a Protagonist or Antagonist member. Bolling Arthur Johnson (the Grand Snark) was the first Protagonist; Billy Freeman the first Antagonist. "Antagonism," however, need not extend to the proffered libations.

The *Propagatio* which was the main "work" of the Association was a *spiel* lasting some ten minutes, telling who Andrée was, and how he, with Fraenkel and Strindborg, organized an expedition with a great balloon into the Unknown North. When an uninitiated member of the Press Club entered the Andrée or

Arctic Circle and poured a libation, the Propagandist Member was authorized to deliver the *spiel*, which closed as follows:

"The expedition was fitted out and sailed to Danes Island, Spitzbergen. Here the balloon-house was set up and the balloon was inflated. During the first summer there was no favorable wind. The scientists returned, suffered the jeers of all the skeptics, and enabled the newspaper humorists to believe they were earning their wages. The second year, on the return of the expedition to Danes Island, with a still larger balloon, there came a favorable and steady wind, and on Sunday, July 11, 1898, Andrée, Fraenkel and Strindborg, ascended and sailed northward into the Unknown. In the name and interest of human courage we hold that date to be the most memorable known to mankind. On Jan. 1, 1899, in order to perpetuate his fame, we organized the Andrée Association, the noblest Society instituted so far among men, and we hold that date to be the second most memorable epoch, in human chronicles.

"Upon this statement we invite you, the noble pourer of this libation, to apply for membership in the Andrée Association, to which, however, no Swede, Norwegian, Dane or Scandahoovian at large can belong, it being feared that Peer Stromme, if admitted, might utilize the greatest of all societies as an instrument in making himself Governor of Wisconsin, or President of the United States."

Golden and silvern gin fizzes were in vogue at the time, and the Propagandist Member in opening, always stated specifically that Andrée was a physicist, but not a gin-physicist.

The agile Mr. Benzinger was famous for his ability to climb over the backs of the big leathern chairs. He became the Anthropoid Member.

On the night of the great second meeting, a session that lasted, with unflagging and hilarious debate for five hours, the Usurping President was in the chair, sternly refusing to allow anybody to be voted into membership until the applicant should align himself with the Usurpation. The outsiders usually held that the Doc was by natural selection (his own selection) the proper Chief Squeeze. How to circumvent so redoubtable an oppressor, of course, offered much food for caucus debate among the original malcontents, and much advice from the world outside.

There were present, at first, the Propagandist Member, the Anthropoid Member, the Protagonist Member, and the Antagonist Member. Whether or not Mr. Lederer by this time had sent his irreverent caricature to the Usurping President, thereby outraging that tyrant, and both pleasing and inflaming the members I don't remember. The matter was up for discussion.

Mr. Knox, on pouring a libation, was conventionally invited to listen to the *Propagatio*, which the Propagandist Member proceeded to propagate.

Mr. Knox heard it with approval, and listened likewise to an account of the unparalleled happenings that had been so far recorded in the proceedings of the Society. He declared that he was a member of the Association.

He was informed that his application was received with acclaim, but he maintained that he was self-elected—he was the Fiat Member.

No society had ever before boasted a Fiat Member.

The Anthropoid Member—I move you, Mr. Usurping President (pushing the Usurping President's big chair over violently with his foot, thereby deeply displeasing that self-styled officer) that the Fiat Member hereby be.

Dr. F.—It is moved and seconded that the Fiat Member *am*.

Mr. Knox.—I *am*.

The Usurping President then submitted his compromise plan of going to Muskoka Lake in search of Andrée and himself provisioning the expedition, all proceedings looking to his impeachment however first being dropped.

The earliest moment possible for the start was debated, the views of the Usurper and the outwitted charter members differing widely.

Various methods of impeachment were proposed, but in the end the difficulties in the way of getting rid of the tyrant except on his own terms seemed insuperable and their mention interminable.

How the original and loyal Mr. Blakely became the Sleeping Member (in good standing) of the Unexampld Society, should be recorded, together with other interesting biographical particulars.

Mr. Blakely came down to us from the more fortunate days in Chicago when men carried a good deal of currency in the right inside pockets of their vests. When anything financial was on Mr. Blakely's mind, his left hand subconsciously traveled toward that inside vest pocket. He had made this generous pass tonight, had poured a libation, and had been enthusiastically elected a member of the most noble Association so far formed among mankind. Now when the workingman's table was first set in the billiard-room, over on Madison street it accommodated eight diners. It happened, one night, that Mr. Blakely was eating of red corned beef when seven others sat in. Probably nothing gustatory ever *looked* more inviting than that crimson corned beef. It excited the most predatory inquiries. Mr. Blakely thereupon set to it with seeming relish, and though he did not say much, his actions spoke louder than words in its favor. With this there were seven simultaneous and confiding orders for "corned beef just like Blake's." It soon came. But now it was found to be absolute proof against mastication. It was too tough to eat. An investigation followed, and, in the whereases and resolutions formulated by Mr. Knox and adopted by the Workmen, Mr. Blakely was branded as "the enemy of the human race."

Mr. Blakely still bore this ominous sobriquet.

It was customary just then, in the poker-game, when a sportive economist did not desire to risk an extra chip, to start things going by the unfinancial statement, "I breathe." The player then retained the right to call any bet subsequently made: Mr. Blakely sat in the church-pew one Sabbath, after an arduous night-session. He was devout, but somnolent. The organ

sounded Battiste's gentlest offertory, Mr. Blakely nodded still more hazily, and the contribution-plate passed under his keen nose. He partly awoke: "Y-e-s," he said; "I breathe," he said. He was willing to start things going.

At least Dave Sasseen told it that way.

Mr. Blakely, also, was not easy to thrill. Sitting at the little game one night when there was a big fire in the Loop, he looked up to see the pallid face of a friend and messenger at the door. Mr. Blakely was skinning a hand, and the man across from him had made a big bet.

"Blake, it's a two-eleven alarm, and your whole printing office is on fire!" cried the messenger.

"Y-e-s?" said Mr. Blakely slowly and nasally. "How much is that?" he asked of the player who had erected the terrifying cock of chips. "Eight dollars and forty cents?—(slowly counting and sizing)—that right?—well, I just *call* you. I got two little pair of eight-spots."

Blake pulled in the pot and stacked up some of the chips. "Y-e-s," he said, "how bad a fire did you say that *was*, over at our place?"

It was about \$50,000 of loss. The boys said Blake *did* cash in a few minutes later, and go to see about it.

Tonight in the Andrée Association the innumerable suggestions as to how to heave over the usurper, the repeated "Move-you, Mr. Usurping Chairman!" of the Anthropoid Member, and the always indignant "Say, there!" of Dr. Fisher had failed to thrill the equable Mr. Blakely, and he had gone to sleep serenely but

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audaciously in full view of the greatest and noblest Society so far organized among mankind.

General knowledge of this supreme act of contempt, and the opportunity of its exemplary punishment caused a sensation in the Association. It was here that the Fiat Member revealed an ingenuity and originality that immortalized and profited the Andrée Association.

The Anthropoid Member moved the Usurping President—(Say there!)—that the Sleeping Member be expelled.

The Fiat Member thought such a penalty was not adequate to the crime. The Sleeping Member was already "the enemy of the human race."

Six other victims of the corned beef tragedy urgently supported the Fiat Member in his contention.

The Anthropoid Member replied that he had suggested expulsion as only preliminary to the true penalty. The Sleeping Member could then be restored on the pouring of another libation!

The Fiat Member advised that the Sleeping Member be expelled *in petto*, as the first preliminary.

The Usurping President desired to know what that was, as he had reason to fear some plot against himself.

The Fiat Member explained that it had nothing whatever to do with the Usurpation, but was an expulsion of the Sleeping Member *in the breast of the Association*—not published—something up for the Sleeping Member, but not presently disclosed to him. From this stigma he could eventually free himself on the pouring of a libation—all this through the noble amnesty of the Association.

So the Anthropoid Member moved the Usurping President—(Say, there!)—whose personal fears had been quieted, and the Sleeping Member was expelled *in petto*.

The Sleeping Member snored.

The Fiat Member—I now ask the Anthropoid Member to move you, Mr. Usurping President—(Say, there!)—that the Sleeping Member be publicly and fulminantly expelled from the sublime Association which he has contemned, slighted, and snored at; that this arousing expulsion follow immediately on the expulsion *in petto* and means of salvation provided in the foregoing legislative act of the Association; that similar and secondary means of salvation be offered, and that the crime atoned in the first libation be the crime punished publicly, leaving a penalty still to be paid and a libation still to be poured *in petto* before the Sleeping Member shall be eligible to re-election!

The Usurping President—Fellow explorers into Brother Blake's inside vest pocket, are you ready for the holocaust?

The Members (looking in both horror and pity on Mr. Blakely)—We is!

The U. P.—Boris, bring the gong of Gabriel.

(Boris appears with the big dishpan and the President's gavel. The Anthropoid Member puts on the black cap.)

The Anthropoid Member—I move you, Mr. Usurping President—(Say, there!)—

The Usurping President—Let it be recorded!

(Bang!)

Mr. Blakely awoke with a "Yes, y-e-s. How much is it?" Then, noting the tin pan and the great com-

pany that had gathered—for it had taken much time to reach this point in the proceedings—he explained, "I guess I must have been asleep, boys."

He was officially notified of a part of his fate.

To the admiration of the Society, and amid general applause, he reached into his inside vest pocket and sagaciously inquired if the fellows who had done this thing had provided any means of redemption. "Even the vilest sinner may return," said Mr. Blakely.

The wicked public plan of putative salvation was first revealed to him, officially. He poured willingly and many drank.

Then the previous expulsion *in petto* was officially sprung, and there Mr. Blakely balked. "Y-e-s?" he said reflectively and inquiringly, "how many more expulsions have you fellows got up your sleeves? How long was I asleep?" It was only after the entire Association, including the Workingmen's avengers, had pledged themselves that there was "no more of this *in petto* monkey-business," that Mr. Blakely (who did not himself drink at all) lavished a second libation, cleansed himself of discourtesy to the great Andrée, and also by stipulation ridded his name forever of infamy in the affair of the red corned beef.

Nevertheless, for a long while after that, Mr. Blakely took his little naps in out-of-the-way corners of the Club.

Stromme and the King.

Peer Stromme, the globe trotter, blew in at The Club the other day after a flying trip to Europe. He was here about five weeks ago, but since then he has had a strenuous time. He went from here to Waco, Texas, then over to London, Rotterdam, Hamburg and Copenhagen, and then sailed home from Norway on the "Kristianiafjord," the first ship of the new Norwegian-American Line, on her maiden voyage. The ship was dedicated by a three days' cruise along the coast of Norway, the guests being the King, members of the government and parliament, and a half dozen newspaper men, of whom Stromme was one.

Now he is gone up to his home in Madison, Wis., to be present at the wedding of one of his daughters; after which he goes for a summer cruise to Iceland. There seems to be no rest for The Stromme.

Sam A. Blair, star feature composer for the Inter Ocean, will leave shortly for New York, where he will do some special stuff for the World. Sam was the only man around the office the morning the Omaha cyclone story broke. A telegram came to John Fay, World representative here, to take a man and go at once to Omaha. Sam got John on the wire and the two left for the West in a few hours. Sam wrote seven columns of feature stuff on the storm havoc the first day. It couldn't get on the wire because there wasn't a wire out of the place, but after he returned to Chicago, Fay mailed it to the World, and they used it under a seven-column ribbon line the following Sunday. Then the World commenced asking about Sam.

IN THE WAKE OF THE NEWS—MONDAY.

R. W. LARDNER IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

A friend of mine, who reads the Wake (a friend he sure must be)

Had me to dine a week ago last Sunday;
And after we had dined a while, the friend inquired of me:

"Why is the Wake so very short on Monday?"

I told him, and I'll tell you, too—'twas thus my boss did speak:

"Each week, to rest your brain, we'll give you one day.

We really can't expect a man to keep a Wake all week,
So just send in a verse or two for Monday."

And, yielding to the boss, which is the proper thing to do,
I set aside each Sunday as a fun day,

And Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—all the
whole week through—

I wonder wotinel to write for Monday.

Health to Fred. Pelham.

Fred. Pelham writes from England that his health is improving steadily though slowly, and that he does not feel equal as yet to writing letters, but wishes The Scoop to convey his warm remembrance to everyone in the Club. That same everyone is looking forward to his happy return, but wants him to stick right where he is until his recovery be complete. There could be no better place for such a process than the neighborhood of Southampton—the gentlest and most restful country under the great dome, with its vitalizing airs from the downs, the Solent and the sea.

"No Charge Less Than Ten Cents."

Dear Scoop:—Because of my well known affection for dill pickles my friends will know who wrote this; the others I can not for. What I am about to say is that it is a blistering shame that the restaurant seems to feel it necessary to charge us ten cents for a single order of that delicious fruit and give us only one pickle to an order, when if you buy the luscious things outside by the nickel's worth you can get three big ones for that sum. It is infringing on our liberties. Can something be done?

FORTIS EVENVA RIETIES.

The Mining Age Changes Ownership.

George Graham Rice has purchased all the stock of the Quick News Publishing Company, owner and publisher of the Mining Age, and will assume the duties of editor and publisher beginning with the forthcoming number. The Mining Age is a weekly, devoted to the interests of stockholders in mining companies. It is about six years old. At various intervals it has been owned by such men as John Hays Hammond, Samuel Newhouse, W. B. Thompson, George L. Vigoreaux and C. W. Pope. The purchase price of the capital stock of the company paid by Mr. Rice in cash is said to have been \$22,500.

Ray D. Frazier has gone to St. Paul where he is to be star man on the Pioneer Press.

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From the Source of Dutch Courage.

Im einer Briefkart aus Amsterdam Beecher Osborne has gladsome information from our wandering Norris that he was at the time of writing about to double back to London and would be home early in July. "This," he says in terse description of Amsterdam, "is a very modern business city and very lively. Seems to be open all hours." All same Press Club, which sounds good. "Regards to all the boys," he says. Wherein he has nothing on us.

Johnnie Has Come Marching Home.

Chicago Railways Company, 600 Borland Block, Chicago, June 26, 1913.—Dear Press Club: The enterprise of The Scoop in its issue of May 31 has convinced me that the Press Club organ still leads as a recorder of important current events. The flattering references to an old-timer who has returned to the scenes of earlier activities, are much appreciated, and I will give myself the pleasure of calling upon you as soon as matters with which I am engaged at the present time have been adjusted. In the meantime, believe me, Very sincerely yours,

JOHN G. WILKIE.

HERE'S A JOB FOR SOMEBODY.

Advertising copy writer wanted. See Vermillion, Western Newspaper Union, Adams and Clinton streets.

H. Searle Hendee, of the Inter Ocean, leaves the first of the week for Atlanta, Ga., for his summer vacation. There is something besides Georgia July weather and coca-cola calling Searle down Atlantaway this time of year.

WAITING.

BY J. M. H.

One rainy day years, years ago,
 I fell in love—the girl was cute
 And pretty, too; I whispered low,
 "Wilt share, fair maid, my parachute?"
 'Twas raining hard, her hat was new;
 She smiled, and, oh, the walk was fine;
 And as we walked my passion grew,
 And then I asked her to be mine.

The sun came out, the sky was clear,
 I folded up my parachute;
 The time was short, I knew, and here
 Is where I strongly pressed my suit.
 She told me that she liked my style
 And that no other beau she had,
 And if I'd kindly wait a while
 She'd talk it over with her dad.

Her words of cheer were low and sweet,
 My feelings were intensely wrought,
 And as she started down the street
 She had a happy afterthought.
 "I'll let you know by 'phone," she said,
 And laughed a laugh of girlish glee;
 "Good-by," I cried; she tossed her head
 And looked back roguishly at me.

So keep your promise, sweetheart, do,
 The light of hope still burns, but low,
 My love grows stronger, dear, for you—
 Thou little maid of long ago.
 And 'though I'm old and gray and ill—
 The steps of life I've climbed alone,
 The end is near, alas! but still
 My ear is at the telephone!

Out of Great Trouble Great Good May Come.

From a consideration of the acute conditions produced in West Virginia by the coal strike, our George W. Weber, in the issue of his Weekly for June 21, draws this remarkably interesting line of hope:

For a long time the mine owners have dominated the miners of West Virginia. From the fact that indictments have been procured and the anti-trust law invoked against the union organizers, it would appear that at last the mine owners are losing their control. It would seem at first glance that this would mean higher prices for West Virginia coal and greater consumption of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania coals. But such would not be the final result. The ultimate effect would be the greater use of water power, the consumption of coal and its conversion into electrical current at the mines, thence to be transmitted longer and longer distances for use at industrial centers. Probably in the long run anything that causes power users to abandon the policy of producing their own steam power by the use of isolated plants will be an advantage to the country. Coal will be saved, wages held at reasonable figures and the smoke nuisance abated or done away with altogether. Electrification of railroads is likely to be the turning point which will result in the abandonment of isolated steam power units altogether. But while this is approaching, it may be accepted that the increase of coal prices will, as a rule, drive coal users and smoke producers to gas and electrical current for fuel and power.

Col. William S. Eden.

William S. Eden, creator and at one time principal owner of the Great Northern Hotel, was taken to St. Luke's hospital Wednesday night by friends who found him ill at the Palmer House. Physicians who have examined him say his condition is grave.

Eden was at one time one of the best known hotel

men in the United States. He was a colonel in the Illinois National Guard. He began his career as a hotel man in the old Tremont House fifty years ago. In all that time it has been his chief delight to be with the newspaper boys. It is probable he was on terms of warm personal friendship with more newspaper men, all over this continent, than any other resident of Chicago.

Magazines in the Library.

During the last two weeks the muddled condition of the Magazine section in the library has been cleared up, so that all the current magazines now come regularly and are at once bound each in its respective case.

Business and trade publications have been assigned a separate rack, on the third floor.

The latest numbers of the following named magazines were received and put into their covers in the library, but have been taken out and carried away by parties very much desired to be known:

The Dial, The Nation, Editor and Publisher, Technical World, Popular Electricity, Judge, Ten Story Book, Argosy, World's Work, Hearst's, National and Atlantic Monthly.

As a result of differences with some of the stockholders of the Great Northern. Eden retired from the management of that house in 1901, and the same year filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, stating his liabilities at more than a million dollars and his assets at less than half that amount. Since then he has been engaged in hotel brokerage and the building and sale of moving picture theaters.

Now Merrily Hunt the Stile, Ah!

With city editors and managing editors holding minor offices, the Press Club of St. Louis last Monday night elected a reporter as president. The man thus honored was E. C. Erwin, known on the court house run as "judge." He is 42 years old and has been a reporter twenty years.

The club starts off with a membership of several hundred active newspapermen. Other permanent officers elected were: Sam Hellerman, vice-president; Louis May, secretary; James J. Edwards, treasurer, and W. A. Carr, financial secretary.

A pamphlet on Pure Water for Chicago, Harbor Drainage and Water Power Solution, has just been issued by Henry H. Walker, member of President Smyth's committee of the Sanitary District on Sewage Disposal and Water Power, and member of Harbor and River Improvement Committee of the Chicago Real Estate Board. Copies may be had at office of the Trustees of the Sanitary District.

Walter Noble Burns, Sunday editor of the Inter Ocean, has just received the proofs of his latest book which will be out in the fall. It is issued by Yachting and is a continuation of Mr. Burns' own experiences as a sailor on a whaler in the Arctic seas, stories which have run serially in the Yachting Magazine for some time.

THE CAT THAT SHOWED SENSE.

BY W. D. EATON.

When an animal takes to drink, he is going to carry it a good deal farther than a human would, so long as he carries it at all; but the most highly developed animal hasn't mind enough to keep it up past the limit. It takes a man to do that.

There was Kugel's cat down at Indianapolis. Kugel kept a gorgeous saloon, with mahogany fittings and a front of reticulated plate glass, just around the corner from the Journal office. This cat was called Romeo, partly out of compliment to Romeo Johnson, and partly on account of his scandalous amours. Tom Steele took me into Kugel's place to see him one day something more than five years ago, and I may say at once that I never have seen any other cat so utterly disreputable. The craving for drink had grown upon him from such small beginnings as slops from cock-tails and more potent liquors left upon the bar. When I made his acquaintance he had passed far beyond the point where even the drippings in the beer trough had any attraction. He made it a matter of business to get as full as he could as early in the day as possible.

He was a sizable cat—a brunette; and his mucky hair was kinked all over in corkscrews like a nigger girl's wool. For a long time past, they told me, he had never taken the trouble to lick himself clean. He had found better uses for his tongue. His eyes had lost their phosphorescence. When he opened them wide they looked like a pair of cove oysters. He got vividly drunk that afternoon while we watched him; and when he retired to the coal bucket for a little nap preparatory to a bacchanalian evening, he lurched, his forelegs doubled under him, his tail went limp, and his rear legs were on strike.

The next time I called at Kugel's about three years later, there was a big, vigorous, supercilious cat walking up and down the counter, smooth of coat, with eyes bright and tail erect. I slopped a teaspoonful of cocktail at him and got the most stupefying look of blank hauteur that I ever have seen this side of England. I asked Kugel what had become of Romeo. Kugel said:

"That's him."

Romeo had reformed. About a year before, he had the jag of his life. It had always been one of his little amiable ways to load up and sally forth for battle with all and sundry other animals. There was not a dog for blocks around but would tuck in his tail and get out of that the moment Romeo showed up in liquor. But the time of his climacteric jag he butted into a dog from the country, a dog that knew him not. Under ordinary conditions Romeo might have achieved quick and contemptuous conquest, but this dog was an ignorant cross-breed and Romeo had overrated the state of his own powers. He got the worst of the first shock and very much the worse of the comeback. Amazement combined with fear sent him to a tree, but the tree was a trolley pole of repellant steel, and Romeo nearly lost his life before he found he couldn't stick his claws in it.

He got away and back to Kugel's. I don't know how,

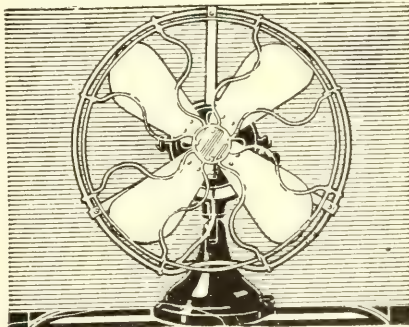
but he got back; bloody, battered, and ready for the coal hod. From that moment no drink could be mixed that Romeo would look at; and like every other reformed drunkard with howsoever many legs, he hated a sot. It had sunken into Romeo's mind that if things had gone so far with him that he couldn't climb a tree, it was high time to quit, and his mind was not so humanly powerful that he could shy the lesson and resume the bowl.

LINES TO A RED HAired GIRL.

BY SIGMUND KRAUSZ.

When first I saw
Your tresses bright,
Into my soul
There burned a light:
A gleaming ray
That made me care,
And just adore
That flame of hair.
Not would I mind
Some blisters red,
Could I caress
Your glowing head.
I fain would kiss
Those burnished strands,
And sear my lips
My face and hands;
And having reached
That fiery goal,
I'd gladly give
To you my soul.

Harry Wilkinson, who was on the Daily News staff under Melville Stone in the Gene Field days, has built up the strongest and best financial weekly in this country, The Chicago Banker, and is getting rich by it. Harry was a star man in his daily newspaper period and is a long-time member of the Press Club.



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for less than 1c an hour.

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**Commonwealth
Edison Company**

120 West Adams Street

Wm. D. McJannet Advertising Agency, Chicago 1883

Illustrative Art in Business Fields.

Illustration has come to be so indispensable a part of the literature of today that it is hard to appreciate that modern processes of pictorial reproduction are little more than a quarter of a century old. Yet in that space of time the art of designing, engraving and electrotyping, as these arts are now known, has been developed, and in its development Chicago, in keeping with its important place in commercial and industrial development generally, has had a leading part. The story is told in the report of Subdivision No. 42, Engravers, Electrotypers and Designers, presented at a recent meeting of the Chicago Association of Commerce. The report is issued as Bulletin 15 and appears in this week's number of Chicago Commerce. Press Club members who are cartoonists or illustrators may have copies upon application to Wm. Hudson Harper, editor of that paper; 'phone Main 4808.

Save Me Child.

Marion Reedy tells about a New York taxicab that took fire. The flames reached the gasoline tank. The two passengers, who had come a long way, tumbled out. The fire department came running. "Play on the meter!" shrieked the distracted driver to the firemen. "Never mind the cab—play on the meter!"

They've Joined the Dodo.

Our esteemed James Aloysius Durkin, father of the chapel in the Tribune city room, disconcerted Howey the other afternoon by asking abruptly, "Say! What has become of all the men that used to write their own stuff?" What a paraphrase of that vain query after the snaws of yesteryear!

A child who had been taught that Socrates had a wife who was unpleasant to him, and that the great philosopher drank hemlock, when asked the cause of his death replied: "Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock."

If you are thinking of a trip to Europe, see Berliner first. He can tell you something good you can't afford not to know. And that's no joke.

Welcome, Always, Breezy Stranger!

Dallas, Texas, June 21.—Dear Scoop:—You fellows treated me so well I'm going to be back in a few weeks for another visit. CHARLES W. HOLMAN.

Fetch Over the Canoe

A Story of a Song

By William Lightfoot Visscher

All who have read it say it is a delightful little book.

Apply to the author at 26 N. Dearborn Street
THE PRICE IS ONE DOLLAR

Archer A. King, of Chicago, Western manager of Outing, has also been made the Western representative of the Canadian Monthly, the Western Architect and the Electrician and Mechanic.

The Seattle Press Club is to be congratulated upon its club emblem—it is so like ours.

Some women, with a reasonable opportunity for happiness on other counts, would rather be unhappy than out of fashion.—*Charles Divine.*

A man may be truthful in everything else, but he always played a better game of golf several years ago than he does now.—*F. M. Howard.*

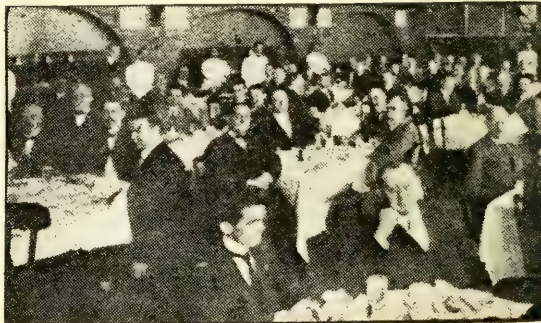
A kleptomaniac is one who can afford to pay for what he steals.—*Estelle Klauder.*

The wise leader is he who knows when to follow.—*President Wilson.*

Even a physician who is not famous has many a monument erected to his memory.—*J. A. Waldron.*

The girl who marries a drunkard to reform him has secured steady work for life.—*The Countess of Aberdeen.*

"The woods are made for the hunters of dreams—
The streams for the fishers of song—
To those who hunt for the gunless game,
The woods and streams belong."



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THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II, No. 27.

Chicago, Saturday, July 5, 1913.

Price 5c.

The Miracle of the Fourth Estate

Yesterday we of America celebrated the 137th anniversary of our declaration of national entity. All the week we have been celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of our real emergence into the family of great nations. It was an emergence through the blood and rending death of thousands of our best men, through the tears and heartbreak of the women those men had left behind them in the homes all over the country. Gettysburg was the apex of the war. From that heroic action the South declined until it was worn out at the Wilderness, and bravely facing a new era of the world, gave up at Appomatox.

The two men who faced each other under the apple tree that last day stood by stress of events for the insistent practicality of the North and he lofty idealism of the South. They closed there a struggle that began with a difference of opinion in a matter of rights between the states, and involved midway, as a military necessity, the abolition of slavery. When Lee passed his sword to Grant, and Grant told him to let his men take their horses with them because they would be needed on the farms, Peace was established on a footing of common sense, and the world era that dawned then was really new.

What a half century it has been! If any one of those hundreds of thousands who gave up their lives in that long and awful struggle could come from his grave this day for only an hour the new conditions that must meet his eyes at every turn would send him back again, astonished and disquieted. He had left one-half his country full of the hate and despair of defeat and hopeless sacrifice, the other blown with victory. He would find no trace of any such thing now, for in these fifty years we have come to see things as they are, to a recognition of the moving, resistless finger behind all the acts of humankind—to a spirit of calm understanding and mutual regard, with one flag, one purpose and one ambition.

They have been wonderful years. They have brought into the world more than all preceding ages had dreamed of. The edifice of life has been changed at its foundations, and all the blooms are new and richer. Invention has towered to mighty heights, yet its works were done so quietly and so well that they came into effect almost insensibly. When Gettysburg was fought, people had none of the things without which they would not now believe existence possible. Of all the wonders, electricity has probably furnished the most. It has abridged distance, obliterated time, and become the responsive servant of all the people, indoors and out. But the most significant of all inven-

tions have been those that cheapened the cost of the printed word.

It is not so that he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. That is one of the foolish things that are believed because they sound as though they should be.

The most sun-clear truth that may be seen by any one who with eyes has also understanding is that the improvements in the very noble art of printing have in every department of that art been so radical and so beautifully perfect that newspapers can be and are what newspapers should be, and illiteracy, by mere reason of that single fact, has disappeared. The new era of the world that broke at Gettysburg could not have been at all without these things and the causes they connote.

Up to thirty years ago—maybe a little less—newspapers were costly to produce and costly to buy. There were in each of the then sections of the country a few dominant personalities in control of the public press, and these imposed upon the people their own vigorous views by sheer force of dogmatic utterance. They've gone. The individual newspaper in that sense is no longer a possibility. In its place stands a massed press, giving steadily, every hour of every day, the acts of the whole world to the people of all the world. The Press, as it is called, has become a fourth estate in government, an unofficial but co-ordinate branch, irresistible under the power given it by the support of the people.

The reason it has given to government a fourth and co-ordinate branch is that it speaks for the people, to them and of them, continuously, and is in the inflexible nature of things the medium of expression through which the people may talk, may and do make themselves effectively heard in earth's very highest places.

This is a good day for us fellows in the greatest Press Club that ever was, to take some stock of ourselves, of the responsibility that rests upon us, of the beauty and the duty of the mission we fulfill. Unto us and the others who in other places and differing degree carry the same responsibilities and duties, is given a dignity known and deserved exactly as we earn it. And not the least of the achievements of such as we, has been the creation of goodly understandings between all parts of our country, by showing each the minds and the needs of the others, until all became aware that all were alike, brothers of like necessities and objects, having no ground for any difference. Let us give thanks for our share in the Miracle of the Fourth Estate.

THE "INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT."

Mrs. W. A. Washburne gave a luncheon at the club on Wednesday for Mrs. Frank Dallam of New York. The decorations were sweet peas. The guests included Mrs. Herman L. Reiwitich, Mrs. Virginia Brooks Washburne, Mrs. Orion A. Mather, Mrs. Paul E. Neumann, Mrs. Edward Roberts, Miss Lulu Keefe and Miss Lois Hobson.

Frank Dallam, formerly of the Chicago American, Chicago Examiner and Boston American, is head of the copy desk on the New York American.

Harry Parker, until recently city editor of the St. Paul Pioneer Press, is an applicant for membership. He is on the Tribune telegraph copy desk.

John Hooper Caffee, formerly news editor of the Washington Times, has become a member of the Chicago Examiner staff.

Clarence G. Marshall, formerly news editor of the southern division of the Associated Press, is now attached to the Chicago office in charge of the inspection service.

D. R. Egbert, late of the St. Paul Pioneer Press, now of the Tribune staff, is an applicant for membership.

Christian D. Hagerty of the Associated Press has been added to the committee to which has been delegated the selection of a referee for the Press Club badger fight. A prominent south side sporting man has agreed to supply the badger and the dog is a north sider of ferocious appearance.

Eddie Fullerton says the "Invisible Government" must have been read by the invisible copy desk.

Have you a little voter in your home?

"Handsome Ed" Clipson has sent a postal card from England announcing he is about to start for South Africa on a trip around the world. He said he would be back in time to be in the hands of his friends for the fall election.

We note with pride that "Handsome Mark" Watson, the new director, is attending all the meetings of the board. He says that representing, as he does, a constituency of somewhere around 50 Tribune men, he would not regard it as safe to be off the job a minute.

Clarence Snyder Jr. has joined the staff of the Chicago Examiner. Mr. Hearst's gain is Mr. Chamberlain's loss.

Thomas Steep has succeeded former Night News Editor Chappelle of the Associated Press, who has joined the Daily News staff.

Arthur West, a former officer of the Newspaper Club, has entered the automobile business at Dayton, O. Thornton L. Smith of the Associated Press Saturdayed in Racine, Wis.

Stanley R. Osborn, who recently completed his Tour Around the World in Eighty Blocks for the Record-Herald, is longing to return to the tropics. He says the Ghetto on a summer night "ain't got nothin' no how" on the R. H. local room.

Sketches of Clarence L. Speed, city editor at the R. H., lifting plunging muskies from the waters of "Fishconsin" are expected when Speed and William Schmedtgen, chief of the R. H. art department, return from their vacation. They start tonight (Saturday, post mat.) While Speed is pulling in the fish, Schmedtgen will get busy with the pad. And the sketch will prove to all the city editor's friends that he is some mighty fisherman. Eh, what?

Harry L. Hewes, who occasionally reviews a book for the R. H., is scrambling the brains of the copy desk. He comes in every night with an armful of Sardon, Maeterlinck, and Schopenhauer, and passes the stuff around. Subscriptions are open to buy an ambulance and endow a hospital ward.

W. E. Brown was absent from the Inter Ocean desk a few days last week because of illness. John T. Postgate, one of the veteran newspapermen of Chicago, now on the Inter Ocean desk, is also laying off during the hot spell.

Paul T. Gilbert succeeds J. R. Taylor as author of the "Jestward Ho!" column on the Inter Ocean's editorial page. Mark Sullivan of Collier's in a letter asks Paul to submit an editorial a week for the National Weekly.

Paul Crissey blossomed out Sunday with enough white clothes for a June bride. John I. Day, generally conceded the J. Ham Lewis of Chicago newspaperdom, has found a foeman worthy of his clothes—or something like that.

"Casey" Cairnes is the champion long distance talking swimmer at Clarendon beach. He was in the water three-quarters of an hour last Tuesday and never got his shoulders wet. But they were mighty interesting girls.

George Bryant, doing night police on the Record-Herald, admits that he is the best-shirted man in the loop. They're all silk except for the stripes. They're satin. Anyway they're some shirts. George says "Some wife." She made 'em.

Dan Sullivan is trying to get the Record-Herald to allow him two days off next week. He's so tired of having people comment about his white shoes that he says he needs a rest.

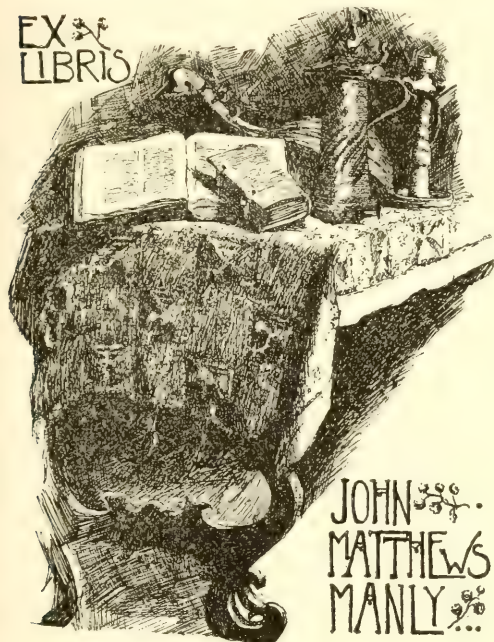
"Pop" Younger, head of the Record-Herald news bureau, is planning his vacation—next February, on the Gulf Coast.

Paul Neumann, cupid of the copy desk, contemplates ten weeks of South African ambling, with Mrs. Neumann. He will return October 1. Paul has been there before. If you doubt that, ask Frankenberg or Captain Franklin about the time his train of two hundred wounded British going to the rear in Cape Colony was rolled into the ditch while the Boer war was on.

Floyd P. Gibbons, one of the brightest of the Tribune's Toreadors, is featuring a moustache this week. They call him Mr. Gibson now.

DR. JOHN MATTHEWS MANLY, U. OF C.

The Manly book plate is the work of Jessie B. Evans, the well-known Chicago artist who, besides recognition here and in New York, has had pictures accepted and hung on the line in London, Paris, Naples and Rome. Last year Mrs. Evans was remarkably distinguished by having pictures accepted by both the old and the new salons in Paris. Mrs. Evans has made a number of book plates and owns the first plating press in Chicago.



Dr. John Matthews Manly is head of the department of English literature in the University of Chicago. He is a man of rare attainments and the foremost recognized American authority on Chaucer and the pre-Shakespearean drama. Doctor Manly's various works on these subjects are all standard and in some instances the court of final appeal. He has been invited to deliver lectures at the University of Oxford, and in that venerable seat of learning is regarded as one of our authentic English scholars.

Some years ago Doctor Manly was invited by the German Government to deliver a course of lectures at the University of Göttingen, and all manner of honors were accorded him there. Not the least of these was the offer of a chair at Göttingen, with a salary far in excess of that usually paid in European institutions, but he preferred returning to the University of Chicago, where he has done so much and so distinguished work. Under his direction the English department of our University has grown to be the finest in America.

Hope He Keeps His Royalty Rights.

S. F. Schumacher of the Inter Ocean is "getting by" with a couple motion picture scenarios a week with the Essanay company.

SNARLS.

BY SNARLEYOW.

Thirty-four years ago this Club was organized. The first subject broached was a library.

What kind of a library? Of course it must be particularly and emphatically one that would be of need and value to the newspaperman, the general writer, and the sure-enough author. Now, we said to each other (1880), we will go to work. Everybody must contribute at least one book, bearing on this idea, that we will eventually possess the most valuable reference library in the West—a library of inestimable value not only to newspapermen, but to all who want to know the truth about anything that has been studied and written up.

As the years rolled on, this subject would come up in the monthly meetings. Thunders of sublime eloquence would roll forth on the importance of this library we were going to get. Mr. Podsnap would get up and with a majestic front of indignation point to the pile of junk and congressional reports we then had and say:

"We are now a great Press Club." (We have always called ourselves that.) "We are now a permanent institution of power and influence." (Cripes! how many times have I heard that!) "Now where, I ask you gentlemen, is the splendid newspaperman's or any man's reference library we were going to collect? Let us go to work now (this was twenty years ago), and do it. Let every man in this meeting stand up who will say right now we will work for this." Every man stood up.

But alas! the canker is in the flower, even as it was there in the bud:

"Let George do it."

And George has not done it, as is proven by what we have after thirty-four years' effort. And "Ach Gott, Louie! What we might have had by now if he had. O George! Yoo-hoo! C'monover!

Literary Light and Ventilation in Russia.

A new literary era is dawning in Russia, according to David A. Modell, who contributes to the New York Evening Post an illuminating column on the latest tendencies of literature in Eastern Europe. The old crass realism of Gorky and the morbid introspection of Andreieff have ceased to fascinate Russian readers. Neither of these men is writing much and at the moment they have no imitators. The authors of present popularity strike a note of a saner and broader realism than has been known since Turgenieff and Tolstoy. Gorky and Andreieff themselves are gradually abandoning the gloomier regions of their morbid imaginations for more cheerful climes. Both are showing a hitherto unsuspected optimism. Disgust with the decadent literature of their own generation has given many writers a new impulse to imitate the great works of the past. In both poetry and prose there is a deliberate and frank imitation of classical form.

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

"SCHOOLS" OF "JOURNALISM."

Addressing the graduates of Washington University at the annual commencement exercises on "Aspects of Reaction," Paul E. More, editor of the Nation, of New York, classed schools of journalism among the signs of modern reaction.

"These schools of journalism have been established in several places, but, happily, not yet at Washington University," he said.

"Newspaper men will tell you that the only way to obtain the knowledge necessary to the making of a newspaper is to acquire it in a newspaper office and not at a college.

"Such schools take up time which the student might better devote to the obtaining of a general education."

Mr. More is mild. He might have added that while a graduate of one of these schools might become a real newspaperman, the event would be referable to his innate ability, but in no means nor measure to anything the "school" might have stuffed into him. No other school than the school of big outdoors and human contact will ever evolve a newspaperman. Everyone in the work knows that. But it is not the concern of a newspaper to deal with the products or processes of other schools until those products have landed a job—euphemistically, accepted a position—on the staff. It doesn't take long then to find out whether he is any good. And nobody wants to see his diploma.

A NEW VIEW OF THE NEW WOMAN.

In an amusing symposium of writers of the hour which some one has either fancied or really strung together from actual talk for the New York Post the question of the new woman and the modern heroine is set forth with refreshing skepticism. There is lurking in the scribe's thought the suspicion that even in her present development of new and interesting traits woman may still be playing her ages-old role of doing what men decree: that is, she may be acting not for her own sake nor of her own initiative, but because in a society controlled by men she has no choice. When in society as evolved by the men, woman has to follow her tasks out of the home into factory and shop, she is doing what masculine-made machinery forces her to do, or so this pen woman avers.

This is of course a new point of view, and interest is increased by the way in which the three men interviewed edged away from the question. Evidently they cannot see it at all as the astute newspaper woman puts it, or if they do, they will not admit it. For them women are no longer puppets, but are playing their

own part in the game of human development, and they applaud frankly. One of them says that he likes to make his heroine economically independent, for he believes that women should have their own incomes and not look to husband or father for their weekly or monthly dole of an "allowance." For all three of these writers the "clinging vine" woman who could not stir a foot without a man's protection has never been an ideal. But for that matter the courage of woman and feminine endurance have always been favorite themes of the penmen. What women have done for a great cause in isolated instances has appealed strongly to the imagination and ideality of thoughtful men. It appears to be only the unthinking that have feared to leave their own women relatives free, and here has been at work no doubt the natural anxiety which even the mother or wife feels for the safety of the men of her household. In point of fact do not men and women alike have to learn new lessons, change their standards, and wake up out of wrong conceptions of what is connoted by femininity?

The third of these writers, a poet, furthermore, sees that men have secretly been dependent on woman, have been sustained and supported by her, drawn their own energy largely from her devotion and the encouragement that has followed her simple estimate of one man as the most wonderful of all. Now that women are withdrawing their support from men and choosing to stand alone and work out a career independently, the men are afraid of being left to stand without their old-time props. Here again is a novel reading of the situation and one which should set folks thinking.

THE PLAYWRITER'S FILM RIGHTS.

For a year past there has been a rapid turnover of regular theaters to film projections of great plays. Some of these film plays have had almost if not quite the force of a performance by living actors, the trick of keeping the unspoken story in continuous touch with its action as shown being accomplished by an improvement upon the same means that in the old popular films made the brief explanations necessary to unbroken interest as the film was reeled.

The success of these full-evening film shows has made large encroachments upon the general dramatic field. Klaw & Erlanger, the foremost and most steadily successful producing and booking and managing firms this side the Atlantic, has gone in quite heavily for film-drama, and the other big boys are sure to follow.

The day of the film has more than dawned. Its sun is up at least thirty degrees, and no Joshua can stop it over any Askalon. In that relation, the following well thought statement in The Editor for June should be read by everyone who has written or means to write a play:

Theatrical managers begin to realize the importance of moving pictures; productions of all kinds, comedies, farces, tragedies, plays which depend upon the personal appeal of players, offerings of many degrees of value, are made subjects for the camera with the speeding film. This affects playwrights in one very important way and a question is raised that will probably not be an-

sured without recourse to law. It is conceded that the producing manager owns a production so long as he abides by his contract with the author of the play. If a photographer makes pictures of the play for publicity purposes, as is the custom, the author has no reason to feel that his rights are violated. When moving pictures are made, however, and reproductions are offered for sale, the author should receive a fair percentage of the moneys realized from the sale of films. Authors whose plays are now under contract should endeavor to have supplemental contracts arranged to protect their film rights. Before signing new contracts playwrights should insist that it be stated exactly what percentage of moving picture receipts will be paid to them.

While these considerations are basal, they are not as yet affected by Edison's invention of a method for running film and spoken words concurrently. That invention will undoubtedly come into practical form, but for the present it needs perturb no one. When it does come, it will not do away with acting as now known, for nothing of a mechanical nature can by any possibility convey the quality of magnetic personality inherent to acted drama. It will simply widen what is called the show business, and after the discomfort that invariably accompanies radical change, broadening, or improvement, that business will require more acting talent than now it does, and give fresh life and higher returns to the writers of plays.

Press Club members who have made successes in drama writing should take notice of these matters, and square themselves to the new day and its new and better lights.

He Took His Secret With Him.

In New York, on Monday last, died Dr. Cho Choy, of China originally, Cuba latterly, and now of hopes fulfilled. There was nothing remarkable about Doctor Choy's departure, but much that surpassed all remark in the way he had deferred it. He was in his 150th year, according to unanimous report by his countrymen who were with him at the time. He was over six feet tall, being a Manchu, and his longevity was blandly explained by a necklace of no particular good looks, but which he always wore, and a diet of tabloid pellets, made by himself of substances known to himself. He died of no organic disorder, but pneumonically, after the fashion of people who alight too suddenly in the climate of Ellis Island in the summer.

There's no telling about these very old people. Up to seventy-five men try to play they are young; after that, they begin to claim more years than they've ever had, and may even at times do battle with other veterans to decide which is the liar. And when you make enquiry among descendants of such an one, they back up his mendacities eagerly, being wishful to share some reflection of his very ancient, venerable old veteran glory. The news of this eminent and superfluously lagging foreigner was flashed through the Currier service early Tuesday morning, and raised a more excited, personal interest in the club than that which boiled the night the news came that Madero was all shot up. Nobody seemed to care a (minatory word) about who he was or why he died, but there was a poignant and insistent desire to find out wotnel he put in those tablets. It is a strangely diffused yearning,

that wish for too much breathing, and spinning out too long a thread of misery.

PERPETUAL CLEAN-UP WORK.

Munsey for July says the clean-up weeks recently instituted by various American cities were interesting and suggestive incidents. Chicago and New York are given credit for taking the lead in this wholesome house cleaning and its fine results. In these two cities "a whole week" was set apart by the authorities for a special cleaning under the direction of the local health departments. It is noted that in Chicago a booklet was widely circulated, carrying on the fourth page of cover a picture of an old woman riding a broomstick, and a verse beneath:

"Chicago, Chicago, Chicago," quoth I,

"Whither, O whither, O whither so spry?"

"To clean up the alleys and chase out the fly;

"Then I'll have fewer small coffins to buy!"

That last pitiful line bites deep. The babies of the country are its one great and most incalculably valuable asset. For many years Chicago and New York were either ignorant of or indifferent to the continuous waste of infant life through the summer heats principally, but through winter frosts as well. Sympathetic philanthropy having much sentiment but no perception of the springs of disease and death, worked hard, and generous but theorized charities did what they could; but of no effect, until as by a common impulse for the general good, the newspapers of Chicago began to coördinate their powers toward the discovery and correction of underlying evils, with results that have been slow in coming and are not yet by half achieved. Daily articles by broad-minded, public-spirited physicians have become as much a news feature, and a more important one, broadly viewed, than any other in their other contents. They have been saving human life, newly come or in maturity, by concise and clear advice and warning. The continuous pressure thus produced has wrought wonders. It has compelled official action, has changed health boards from political clubs to practical sanitarial bodies empowered to enforce sanitation.

The annual cleanup week commended by the Munsey week is referable solely to the pressure brought by the newspapers and the physicians who write the daily health articles. But Munsey makes a suggestion that instead of being a one-week feature each spring, it be

THE LANTERN

A Magazine of Discarded Truth and Rejected Fiction, trimmed and lighted as often as the moon is dark for the Disciples of Diogenes.

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Troubadours and Book Plates.
A Song of Wishing, by Leon Mead.
Liars, Three Scenes, by Guido Bruno.
The Soul of the Master, by N. J. King.
Notes.

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made continuous, so that the clean-up idea would become a habit. There is not a newspaper nor a newspaperman in this city averse to labor in promoting that suggestion. Doctor Evans and Doctor Wiley would go to it with joy, and so would all the others. With additional force behind the movement that has enabled our newspapers to do so much, there is no reason why in another year or at the most two Chicago through her newspapers should not have shown the newspapers of every American city the way to clean health, to increased comfort and enjoyment in the present, and to the conservation of life among those baby boys and girls that in a few years more will be the controlling force in this nation.

Sympathy is Extended.

The Calumet Record relates that Charles Gallion, editor of the Calumet Index and president of the Cook County Press Club, received word last Saturday morning of the serious illness of his father, just as he was preparing to start on the annual outing with the Club. Plans were hastily changed and Mr. and Mrs. Gallion hurried to his father's bedside in St. Joe, Ill., reaching there only a few moments before he passed away. Death resulted from a stroke of paralysis. Mr. Gallion, Sr., had spent several winters at his son's home and will be remembered as a kindly, courteous gentleman bearing the burden of his advanced years lightly.

Rausmit Rum and Dentistry.

The American Issue and Advocate of Christian Patriotism, a most earnest and militant paper published at Westerville, Ohio, is determined to compel by law the utter abolition of the Demon Rum and all his thirsts, while likewise laying down inflexible dietary rules. In its issue of last week it goes to the very root of things with the stern warning: "Don't eat cucumbers, cream pie and neufchatel cheese at the same meal."

American superiority in dentistry is referable to the national and insatiable appetite for just such delicatessen, most especially for pie. In this inspired note of prohibition, The I. I. A. A. O. C. P. points the way to knocking out two interests, or at least, to killing one and impairing the other. Good work!

The New England Railway Disaster.

Considering what has been said about the New York, New Haven and Hartford railway since the dreadful accident in which Gregory Humes of the New York World lost his life, it seems only fair to say that official figures given out last week, covering the ten years from June, 1903, to June 15, 1913, 755,678,338 passengers were carried; that there were in that time six accidents in which passengers were killed, and that the total number killed was twenty-nine. That state of fact will console none of the families of those who were killed, but as the actual figures show only one death out of every 225,222,779 passengers carried, the showing cannot be called bad. It is morally certain that one in every quarter-million deaths a year

occur where the victim is walking the streets, with no thought of danger. The newspapers of this country have one trait in common—they are just. They have had much to say about that one deplorable disaster, but on the facts, as shown, they are letting up in the severity of their comment.

Prompt Delivery of Newspaper Mail.

Instructions have been sent out from Daniel C. Roper, First Assistant Postmaster General, to all postmasters, directing them to handle daily newspapers sent to subscribers through the mails with the utmost dispatch possible, after disposition of first-class matter.

"Many of these publications contain market quotations and other commercial data, which are used frequently as the basis of the subscriber's daily business operations; and the value of this information is lost if it is unduly delayed in transit," explained Roper.

The Cinematograph in Schools.

The use of moving pictures in schools, which had its first successful tryouts in this country, is spreading rapidly in Europe. Recently a professor in a Brussels school excited great interest by presenting a series of pictures illustrating the progress of aviation from the earliest days to the present. In Prussia the minister of public instruction has approved the use of the cinematograph in all the higher schools of the country, and the official programs give lists of films for geography, history and science. The expense of this material is met by appropriations from the government and municipalities and by private subscriptions.

Charley Gotthart has recovered from an operation on his nose, and is digging up scoops again. He claims his nose for news is better than ever.

Walter Howey, well-known city editor, is back on the job.

Sometimes in July a sudden shock
Of ice-sharp wind within our latent selves
Calls up a picture of a winter's night,
Black with the steel of frost, white with the snow,
Black with the masses of the silent pines.
And we, no longer slaves to season's change,
Catch the congealing chimes of twanging stars.
—The Wild Hawk.

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THE MASTER AND THE ACOLYTE.



KIRK TOWN.

It was the night that "Ruddy" Berliner rehearsed the great Scoop Orchestra. The big Auditorium was empty and the enchanting strains of the *Pere Gynt* suite drifted through the building. Kirk Town wandered that way. He had rehearsed his own solo and was waiting curiously. His eyes grew misty.

"I knew him—Greig," he said. Surely it is rare to find a person who has ever seen the great master. So the story is worth telling as Town told it.

"It was in Leipsic," he said. "I was a boy with a

voice and I had come to learn what Germany had to give me. I had studied German diction at home and I had heard of the great music school at Leipsic. Therefore I went where I thought the music was, and found myself in the wrong place.

"Leipsic is a mecca for instrumentalists, not vocalists. So I found myself drifting and idle to a degree. Doctor Reminger, the great director of the school, was most kind; and I have tender memories of Prof. Martin Krause. They were interested in my voice and gave me good advice.

"One day Professor Krause told me Greig was there. He took me where the master was. Never shall I forget that slender, stooped body, with the massive head and eyes the directness of whose look I cannot forget. I have always fancied they were blue, but others have called them gray. Knowing little German actually, I made a mistake the first thing. Evidently they had told Greig about me, for he seemed interested, even if my greeting had been entirely improper.

"*'Sehr angenehm, Herr Greig,'* said I, as well as I could. In English or this country it would have been all right, but in Germany where people are universally addressed by whatever titles they possess, the omission of the word *'Doktor'* was unpardonable. It should have been *'Herr Doktor,'* as I realized a moment afterward. He was kind, though, the great Greig, and said he would like to hear me sing.

"Then came a day when Prof. Martin Krause asked me to sing in the evening two of Greig's own songs, *'Ein Schwan'* and *'Das Erste Vielchen.'* Someone

who had studied the music of the composer for long was to play the accompaniment. When we were all gathered for the little musicale, it was found he had not come. The presence of Greig had overpowered his self-confidence. I had no one to play, and for a minute it looked as though I was not to sing.

"Then Greig stepped forward.

"*'Won't I do?'* he asked.

"Greig played and I sang. It is a memory that means much in my life. He was a wonderful piano virtuoso. And it was his own music he played!

"Soon I went to Berlin and studied and taught. So I saw no more of Greig. A year and a half afterward I went to Bergen, in Norway, which was Greig's home town. Passing a photographer's studio I was attracted by a marvelous likeness of him. As I stood talking I saw him enter and pass into an inner room. Eagerly I asked the man if it were not the master. The reply was characteristic of the feeling in Norway.

"*'He is indeed the master,'* he said. To them, as to the rest of the world, his genius is transcendent. Then I begged the man to take a message from me to the master. Greig greeted me once more. But he was aged and fragile, the unfortunate circumstance of his life, his craving for strong drink, had broken down a naturally fragile body. I felt he had not long to live. With a twinkle of his deep-set eyes, he called me *Herr Town*, and repeated exactly the mistake I had made at my first greeting of him. He asked me, too, about my progress and seemed a little astonished that an American should succeed as a teacher of voice in Berlin. There was a modicum of shrewdness in him, as I could tell from his questioning.

"After I came away I thought long of the genius that had burned itself out too soon. Of all the men I have seen he has always struck me as the most simply sincere. Affectation he had none and none of the complications of character which destroy true nobility.

"Burns the poet and Greig the composer stand beside each other in my estimation. Both were great through their simplicity and their elemental strength. Neither reached the heights he might have attained had it not been for unfortunate habits."

'Phone It in From Manila.

W. P. Durnall, an English engineer, asserts that he has invented an electrical generator which will make wireless telephonic conversation an immediate commercial possibility. The generator is designed to produce a heavy current with an alternating frequency of 30,000 to 100,000 oscillations a second. It has hitherto been found impossible to construct such a dynamo for the purposes of wireless telephony. If all this comes true, the faraway correspondent's job will be reduced to talk. He can 'phone his stuff in from Boston, Oshkosh, Manila or any other suburb, all same like it was Evanston. The stream of progress is not so very slowly washing away all writers but those who write.

H. Ray Beckman is back on the local staff of the Record-Herald after an absence of several months.

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COL. WM. F. CODY—"BUFFALO BILL."

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.



It does not seem so long ago, yet the middle-aged voters of today were babes, or unborn, when I first saw William Cody on the plains of Kansas and Nebraska. He was feeding, with good buffalo meat, the graders that were making a way for the iron-horse across the "Great American Desert."

There was a wide space between the rain belt eastward and the factors for the irrigation belt, that afterward came from westward and the foothills of the Rocky Mountains.

That space, with its great patches of buffalo grass, was the grazing ground of herds of buffalo so vast that at times the vision could not reach across the dark rippling sea of moving meat.

But that's another story, though Cody would be part of any story of buffalo, plains, Indians, railway building and the reclaiming of the desert.

Cody was the handsomest young man I had ever seen, and yet I was a young man myself and accounted nearly as handsome then as I am homely now. He was as lithe as a leopard, tall, and he reverently boasted that according to tradition he was the exact height of Jesus of Nazareth. Understand, seriously, that William Cody has always been reverent. He was taught that at his mother's knee and in the midst of majestic nature in the far West.

Doubtless there are those who imagine Cody to be, with the wild life that was his, as profane as the army in Flanders. The truth is that his fiercest oaths are "By Jinks" and "Dog-gone-it."

Will Cody was as quiet and unassuming a lad as ever cinched a pony. There was about him a manner of reserve that nearly approached shyness, and he would have been almost awkward in personality but for his manliness of form and strength of physique, that gave him the graces of nature. And this has been true of him all his life, notwithstanding that life has led him all the way from messenger boy between overland teams of trains on the "Pikes Peak or Bust" trail, to be a Pony Express rider; a hunter that gave him the sobriquet of Buffalo Bill; a leader against marauding red men; a guide for dukes and princes in Western excursions; the reliance of army generals as a scout in Indian wars; the bearer of wild west ways from where they began to over the ocean and into the Orient. For with his band of rough riders, he has marched where the Cæsars trod, and where the Druids lifted their altars, and the ancient harpers sang. To every space, and nook, and corner of this Republic, time and again, he has gone with his great object lessons in an exhibition, and across the seas, through the Latin countries, up among the Teutons of the Rhine and the Rhone, amid the Slavs and along Den-

mark's rugged shores, up Albion's white chalk cliffs, and along the ways that the Norman went in the conquest of Britain. Thus he became the associate of kings and princes, lords and their ladies, royalty and nobility, and always the admiration of all people, from peasant to potentate. Withal he proudly bore Old Glory to be kissed by the breezes of the Old World and the new.

It is the closing scene of a wonderful life-drama to see Col. Wm. F. Cody, now full of years and honors and achievements, driving a pair of ponies to a pretty trap, "tiger" up behind, coming before the vast audiences of the "Wild West and Far East," to say goodbye to this third generation of his friends. No longer the stalwart man astride the dashing charger, but now white-haired and less strong of voice, yet straight as an Indian, bright of eye, and full of friendliness.

Ever since its organization Colonel Cody has been the friend—a valuable friend—of the Press Club, and the Press Club has been his friend. Many of the older members of this organization have been his associates and admirers, and it is with profound regret they see him leaving his public life.

"Buffalo Bill"—Col. Wm. F. Cody—has played a big part in his life. He blazed the westward way; he has taught three generations a great lesson in history; he has ever been true, brave, patriotic, generous, faithful and real.

This I know, for I have known him all these years.

WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.

THE SCOOP EXCHANGE LIST.

Within the last ten days the following magazines have placed *The Scoop* on their exchange lists:

The Technical World; The Chautauqua Press; Today's Magazine; American Magazine; Theatre Magazine; Outdoor World and Recreation; Suburban Life; Mothers' Magazine; Pearson's Magazine; Nautilus Magazine; The Health Magazine; American Sunday (Monthly) Magazine; The Boys' Magazine; The Billboard; The Century Magazine; Semi-Monthly Magazine; Population and Distribution; Normal Instructor and Primary Plans; Physical Culture; The Smart Set; The Red Book Magazine; Art and Decoration; Home and Country; Popular Electricity; The Mirror (Marion Reedy's Paper); Associated Sunday Magazine; Business America.

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A PRAYER AND A BENEDICTION.

Composed for and recited at the Reunion of the Blue and the Gray on the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1913, by Comrade Capt. Jack Crawford, "The Poet Scout, Original Boy Scout," and former member of the Press Club of Chicago.

Almighty, exalted, Commander-in-Chief,

Dear Father, all-wise, of the Blue and the Gray,
The old guard is here—'tis the last grand relief
Of comrades and brothers who muster today,
And if from the heavenly ramparts above
Old Abe and brave Stonewall can look down they'll see
This great transformation of hate into love;
'Tis what they all prayed for—Grant, Logan and Lee.

And while our great nation is thankful today
For our glorious salvation, while counting the cost,
There's a tie that is binding the Blue and the Gray
In the heroic army of braves that we lost.
Though lost, we in reverence cherish each name,
And are eager to tell of the deeds they have done,
While in Northland and Southland their glory and fame
Are pictured and told in the battles they won.

Half a century has passed, and we muster today
But a thin line of boys that we mustered of yore,
And millions rejoice that the Blue and the Gray
Are united beneath the old banner once more.
And we who survived, who returned from the fight,
Would ask Thee, commander above, once again
To watch here our actions, that we in Thy sight
May show that our comrades did not die in vain.

Dear comrades and brothers, the widow is here,
The mother, the sister, in prayerful mood,
They come with a wreath and a memory dear
For the grave of the loved ones who here shed their blood.
The sons and the daughters of Gray and of Blue
Are here with our bright-eyed grandchildren today;
They met since the conflict—to meet was to woo,
And to win; Cupid captured the Blue and the Gray.

God pity the hand that would strive to suppress
The growing affection that comes with the years;
May it live in its glory and never grow less
As our thin rank the shore of eternity nears.
Raise your thoughts toward heaven, my brothers in Gray,
And in hallowed fancy a picture you'll see—
Looking down upon us from the bright realms today
Are Lincoln and Jackson, Grant, Sherman and Lee.

And now, as beneath dear Old Glory we gather,
Inspired by the eyes of those heroes above,
Let this be our slogan, our motto, dear Father:
Fraternity—Charity—Loyalty—Love.
Inspire with Thy blessing our love for each other,
Keep us ever beneath Thy most merciful ken,
And strengthen the love ties as brother meets brother
Through our few years remaining on earth-soil. Amen!

The San Francisco Call flashes a head, "Stockton Claims Case of Leprosy." A claim (as such) by no means likely to be disputed. Probably the artist who flashed it couldn't find another word that would come in, and in the frame of mind of all headline artists let it go, on the general ground that the public is a lob anyway. Thus do we prove the value of the press as an educative force.

THE INCARNATIONS OF GEORGE J. SKAGGS

By W. D. EATON.

June, Angevine & Titus antedate all human memory of the circus business. This information came to me from the old circus man one afternoon, in the shade of the animal tent, just on the outside of that part of the wall where the elephants were.

It was between performances. Elephants got into the conversation because some of those inside were trumpeting. The old circus man had been telling about the balmy times when colored printing was the main draw, and performers were useful only as justifying the printing, and press agents as now known were not known at all. His modest but firm admission that in those days he had been a master of printing and starch paste was broken off by the noise.

"Hear them bulls," said he. "An' listen at George J. Skaggs"—as a voice like dried sharkskin addressed "them bulls" in forcible but impure terms.

"There's a josh in the profession," he proceeded, "that June, Angevine & Titus leased Noah's menagerie the day the ark bumped the beach an' made the New England circuit twice before the mud had time to dry. That man you hear swearin' inside says it ain't a josh, but a gawspel truth, for he was there, and knows it.

"Jever notice that big performin' bull Raj? Next time you drift past them ropes take a look at George J. Skaggs. George J. is Raj's chambermaid, an' he says he has lived a hundred times before under different alibis, but he only remembers the last time before this one, and the next before that.

"First he was Noah, an' then two thousand years afterwards he's Ling Lang Lung, Emperor of China.

"It's a awful comedown from bein' a character in the Good Book an' then the boss laundryman o' the yearth, to bein' chambermaid to a bull, but George says he's only gittin' what's comin' to him for what he done to them specimens in the ark.

"You oughta hear his spiel about the big flood in the Bibel, an' the way the weather bureau tried to put it over him as Noah, an' what the neighbors said to him when he was buildn that there boat. It's a peach of a pipe. But the thing that gets me rollin' is where he begins to run off at the head about the way them specimens behaved after he got that ark afloat.

"He says he had to take on board a pair of every kind of animiles an' birds an' things that creeps an' crawls. The fish could take care o' themselves, because there was water enough, both salt an' fresh. The Dead Sea an' the Red Sea proves that, he says, an' the big lakes proves it too. But everything else tha coulda bin drowned had to be saved by pairs, so't they could spread over the country afterwards, an' prop a gate an' repoplate the animile kingdom, when all creation had bin swamped an' had to take a fresh holt with better morals an' more room.

"It was easy enough to accommodate the elephants an' camels an' lions an' tigers an' sech, accordin' to this talk of his, but it nearly broke 'im to provide boxes fer fleas an' flies an' bees an' mosquitos an' et

setry, an' their feed. Says there was so many kinds of them small things they crowded the hold, an' he ain't sure even now that he got a complete collection.

"Well, anyhow. He says that fer about the first ten days out he managed to get along without no more trouble than mighta bin expected with such a mammoth aggregation of nachral enemies in sech close quarters. Then the lions an' the man eatin' Bengal tigers an' the ravenous wolves of the Russian steppies an' all them savage animiles went on strike against the hay diet. Ye see, he hadn't provided no veal, like mosta 'em is satisfied with in captivity. Only hay an' oats an' birdseed an' nawthin but.

"He was so busy buildn that boat an' settlin' up with the agents he'd sent out collectin' specimens, that he clean fergot that part of the provisions. 'One man can't think of everything,' he says to me.

"Seems he told off one of his sons to look after the commissary. This son was called Ham, an' it looks like he played up to his name or else he was new to the business, fer he fergot all about the habits of them animiles, an' didn't lay in a single pound o' meat of no kind. There he was, outa sight of land, with only one pair of each kind of meat-animals, an' not a single spare one to feed the others with.

"It makes George uneasy, when the big cats begins to roar about the second day, an' he finds out they ain't et nawthin an' is reachin' through their bars after the monkeys an' the rabbits an' sheep an' sech, that was allowed to run loose. He tries to pacify 'em with twisted hay an' bran mash an' things like that, but they only get's more indignant an' roars louder, an' begins to bounce the cages.

"He ain't botherin' about their breakin' out, fer he knows who built them cages, but he can't think of no way to stop the noise, an' it's makin' the elephants an' giraffes an' camels nervous, an' has all the other things huddlin' together by pairs, shakin' an' lookin' pop-eyed, an' the river horses or Beheemawth's of holy writ is sweatn blood till they looks like they was painted red. All of 'em knows them sounds in their native hants. It was the jungle call for occasions when they was expected to come to dinner, an' be the dinner too.

"Well, anyhow. He hadn't figured on more'n a two weeks' voyage er so, an' all the animiles bein' in good condition on accounta what they was wanted for, he thought they'd come to hay sooner'n starve. But they wouldn't. An' before ten days was up, they got so mad an' was makin' so much noise that the he elephant pulls the staples that fastened his leg chains to the deck, an' begins to tear around an' try to butt through the side walls to git overboard, he's so scairt. An' George an' them three boys of his goes after 'im with the iern an' gits him chasin' up an' down, with his mate tryin' to break free too, an' that starts things for sure.

"George, he's bastin' the bull from behind with a tent stake, an' one o' the boys has roped his trunk an' another's up between 'is ears, poundin' his forehead with a blacksmith's sledge, an' the third one—he's this Ham that fergot the veal—he's jabbin' the iern through 'is skin from the side, an' old mister bull is goin' up

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and down between decks, both sides to wunst, an' through the alley where the big man-eaters is, an' every livin' thing in that there ark is makin' its own kinda noise, when bing!—

"Over goes a hull row of cages, like you might brush a string of empty boxes off a shelf, fer that there bull was a true Mastodon, that would make Raj look like a Sam Bernard pup. An' as he knocks 'em over he steps on 'em an' they gives like they was made out of paper, an' the hull show's loose, an' every one of them animiles is wild with hunger, an' out to kill.

"George ain't no fool, the way he tells it. He drops that tent stake after he hits the bull a lick that jolts 'im ten feet forward, an' then he blows the whistle to close bulkheads, an' the big iern doors slides acrost jist as the bull passes through, an' as they jine they pinch his tail off. You can notice now that elephunts has short tails. They're descended from that one. He was the great grandfather of all the elephunts, but he had a bushy tail, as may be seen in nachral history books, an' that's where he lost it.

"So that's the way the mix-up begins. All them flesh-eaters is in the forward end, an' after they've jumped on 'em devoured a pair of giant ant eaters that hadn't had no ants and didn't leave no descendants, they turns on each other. George an' the boys woulda come next, only they're light on their feet an' they hits the ladders an' ups on the saloon deck an' slams the hatches shut an' stands on em' till they can catch their breath.

"It's a thumpin' big ship, because it has to be. Big enough to carry all the menageries of all the yearth—fer they was all there. It's forty cubics long an' ten cubics wide, an' twenty cubics deep, an' pitched within' an' without with tar, as described in the booka Moses. An' in them old ancient ways of measurin' a cubic is a mile. So them crazy meat-eaters is in a room ten mile long an' ten mile wide, an' in less'n a day's time it's one grand arena of battlin' animiles, all chewin' each other up, an' roarin' fer more.

"In the middla the second night after this, the's a cry o' fire. Smoke is rollin' outa the port holes, an' George an' the boys let's each other down over the sides and get's in where it comes from, an' whaddya think?

"The's a paira dragons down there, an' they've bin asleep durin' all this slaughter house work, because they was sluggish, havin' had a big gorge of soft coal an' sulphur before bein' drove on board. They hears this razoo goin' on overhead an' they wakes up ex-

cited, an' begins to breathe out fire an' smoke, accordin' to their nachur when disturbed, an' that's all the' is to the alarm. George he's so het up by all these events that he gits mad an' grabs the emergency hose an' turns it down their throats until they almost blow up with their own steam, an' rolls over in agony, an' that's all fer them fer a month.

"While he's attendin' to this an' the saloon deck is clear, them rampagin' animiles makes a break fer the hatches, an' when George an' the boys gets back, they got a job on hand, if ever the' was one.

"I can't remember all about it, Bill,' he says to me, 'an' sometimes it seems jest like a rough house dream,' he says, 'but this I do get, clear. Hawt iern bars an' firin' pistols an' slashin' with the whips all fell down, the' was so many kinds of these here meat eaters an' blood drinkers. Fer a day an' a night we kinda kep' 'em partly awed by the power of the human eye, but when they gits over that an' begins nibblin' at me an' my fambly I jest has to give it up. Seems they was so wild with hunger,' he says, 'that we looked as good to them as any other kinda meat, an' the' was nawthin' to it but we must beat it fer the bridge while the' was any beatin' left.'

"They holds them there over three weeks, them animiles did, until they had et themselves full of each other an' laid down to sleep it off; an' George an' his fambly, as he tells it, tremblin' an' despairin', not able to do nawthin' but send out a carrier pigeon every hour an' watch it come home with its feet clean. The messroom is jest below them, an' they was able to get food up with a grapplin' iern night times, so they don't starve.

"It's lucky,' says George to me, 'it's lucky we're in no danger from thirst, because it's rainin' like Niagara falls.' He says it was all they could do to keep the water out of their eyes an' mouths. An' all this while, he says, them crammiverous creachers down on the main deck and in the hold is havin' a war of extermination, lunchin' off each other an' makin' the most awful noises y'ever heard, every minit of the twenty-four. An' the milder animiles, the hay eaters, when venturin' forth timidly in search of food, would bolt so much that most of 'em got blowed.

"The' was one blessin', though, he says. The snakes got seasick, all but one big boar constrictor, that choked himself to death tryin' to swallow a beheemawth of holy writ wrong end first; an the hawks set to an' et him.

"I'm a poor man, Bill,' George says to me, 'but I'd a slipped a tenspot to anybody't coulda showed me a piece o' land five feet square that I coulda reached by jumpin'. I never did know how many specimens I lost in that there awful carnage,' he says, 'but I do know the' was more kinds of animiles in the world before the flood than the' was after, because all the weakest ones was took in by the strongest, which alone,' he says, 'survived to tell the mournful tale—an' they ain't tellin' it.'

"He says that several times now when he retires to private life fer a few days with a jug he sees some o'

these here lost varieties come peerin' at 'im in the dark, reproachful, like they's sayin' to 'im:

"See what you done to us.'

"An' some of 'em, he says, is reel cute, but some is hawruble. An' he's never bin able to count up more'n a hundred an' seven different kinds, because, he says, about that time he gits confused, for they git busy eatin' each other like they has to hurry up an' git through by six o'clock, an' then he can't tell any more of 'em apart.

"I never felt such a relief in my life, ner any o' my lives, before ner sence,' he says, 'as I done when one o' them homin' pigeons comes back with mud on its feet an' a leaf in its bill. fer then I know we're headed fer shore. The rain stopped about that time, but it was warm an' foggy,' he says, 'an' the lookout up forrard didn't sight land fer a hour or more.

"According to him, it was a flat table land, on top of a mountain, an' the water was dreenin' off an' recedin' so rapidly by evap'ration that before they'd made fast to a rocky pinnacle on the beach, the ship was stranded on a uptilt, an' he says he's willin' to bet a month's salary with anyone that'll pay his expenses out an' back that he can go there any day an' find it, an' prove the hull story.

"Tain't so vurry long ago,' he says, 'fer a man at's lived as long an' as many times as I have, an' I know what that boat's made of. I oughta,' he says, kinda defiant. But I don't take 'im on. I ain't strong fer sportn propositions anyway.'

"Well, anyhow. Here's where June, Angevine & Titus comes in. They useta be the oldest circus firm

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in the business—long before Mr. Barnum. Nobody knows how long they was goin', ner when they begun. That's where that sayin' come from about their leasin' Noah's menagerie, but they always did run a moral show, with the best printn money could buy, an' they was the most enterprisin' men I ever knew when it come to collectin' specimens of the animile kingdom.

"Accordin' to George J. Skaggs, they was camped on that mountain top, waitin' fer 'im. An' Lew June makes him a offer of a hundred thousan' shekels, in the coin of them times, fer the cargo as she stands, with the treasurer right there an' the cash in the wagon.

"'No man ever looked so good to me, Bill,' he says, 'as Lew June an' his pardners did that day. How they come there I don't know an' I don't care, but they said there was a English manager on the lookout, by the name o' Wombwell, an' they'd beat him to the spot, with the money, thereby scorin' another triumph fer American enterprise long before America was invented. He says he was glad enough to let 'em have the hull aggregation, without countin' ner makin' a price per head.

"'My dooty was done,' he says. 'I only made 'em give me a bond,' he says, 'that they'd give the animiles good an' sufficient care an' provender, an' closed the deal.'

"That is, he says, all but one pair. He'd fergot them two dragons. He says he found 'em dead asleep an' snorin' like a team o' sawmills when they was cleanin' ship before goin' down to the flat lands to begin poplatn the yearth as required, him an' his boys. Not knowin' what else to do with 'em, an' not needn no dragons fer any immejit purpose, he routed 'em out an' cut 'em lose. He'd had enough of animiles fer one lifetime, he says, an' never wanted to set eyes on another.

"The last he seen of them dragons, he says, they was headed fer China, flyin', an' leavin' a trail o' fire an' smoke.

"'If I'd a knew,' he says, 'what trouble I was layin' up fer myself in the future when I done that,' he says. 'I'd a —I don't know what I'd of done,' he says, 'but I think I'd of lashed their tails in a direct course fer the north pole er the moon. But you couldn't of told me then,' he says, 'that I was goin' to have to be born again as Emperor of the Flowery Kingdom an' go through all that sudsy, dragony experience of runnin' all the laundries in the world, an' keepin' a private zoo.'

"He told me all about that too, an' it was jest as nutty as his Noah spiel.

"Say! Some people has a way of mixin' up fact an' 'magination so't yain't quite sure which you're listuin to. George is the King Nut, an' a bonehead, an' some of the bones has fetched loose. But he's got me goin' on this born again gag, an' certainly I do wish the Old Man would play up some of his ideas in the show's printn. It'd hand a wallop to these here press agents, anyhow."

IF.

EDGAR M. DILLEY IN THE EDITOR FOR JUNE.

If thou art humbled by the Power of Printed Words,
And not exalted by the Fame they bring to thee;
If thou canst catch the truth, no matter where she herds,
And bring her forth well-clothed in rich simplicity;

If thou canst hold thy Pen to print the hard-earned facts,
And not exaggerate, nor fake, nor rant, nor lie;
Speak ill of none, judge not and join not in attacks,
Unless comes greater good to those who dwell thereby;

If thou canst work at cleansing out the Public sewer,
And not, alas, be soiled by Grafters' schemes thyself;
Or, hurling scorn at wealthy Drivers of the Poor,
Become not dumb and servile at the gift of wealth;

If thou canst hold convictions—when thy purse is slim—
Against the Advertiser and the money's sake;
Or drain the critic's cup, so bitter at the brim,
Smiling at the Unfair, yet all the Fair intake;

If thou canst lend thy help to those who toil and weep,
Nor ever cease thy toil, nor grow too hard for tears;
And hold thy Ideals high, among the Things that Creep,
Knowing the World is better for thy working years;

If thou canst do all these—within thy promised span
Cling thou to Pen and Paper! Thou, indeed, hast 'won
A prouder Mount Olympus than "Thou art a man!"
Thou art a Writer and an Editor, my son.

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Astronomy and Mathematics; Botany; Chemistry and Physics; Engineering; Experimental Evolution and Heredity; Geology; History, Economics and Sociology, Archeology, Folk-lore, Literature, Philology; Index Medicus; International Law; Nutrition, etc.; Zoology.

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You noticed perhaps the Tribune's story about a man named Colonel Mulhall, and some other gentlemen? Thought you did.

A GOOD OLD SONG.

A writer in the current number of Watson's Magazine gives a most interesting consideration of the old Irish soldier song, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The author of the words has never been identified, nor has it ever been ascertained who wrote the music. Words and music both were undoubtedly written in the early part of the Eighteenth century, perhaps the music even before that period.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" was the song that was generally used by the British army and navy men about 1750, upon their departure from home. As regiment after regiment would march away, the bands would play the popular Irish air, and the same was done when the sailors went aboard their vessels for a foreign cruise.

It is related that about the middle of the eighteenth century, in one of the regiments then quartered in the south of England, there was an Irish bandmaster, young, handsome and prompt to fall in love with any pretty face he might meet, and this affection was usually reciprocated. It is said the habit never inconvenienced him very much, for he was able to fall out just as quickly as in, and so acquired a new sweetheart in every town his band visited.

Whenever the troops were leaving a town, he would order the band to play The Girl I Left Behind Me. The story of his elastic heart soon spread through the army, and other bandmasters, at the request of officers and soldiers, began to use the melody as a parting tune, and by the end of the century it was accounted the proper thing to the ladies for the regiment to pay their respects in parting with The Girl I Left Behind Me:

The dames of France are fond and free, and Flemish lips
are willing.
And soft the maids of Italy, and Spanish eyes are thrilling;
Still though I back beneath their smile, their charms fail
to bind me.
And my heart falls back to Erin's Isle, to the girl I left
behind me.

For she's so fair as Shannon's side and purer than its
water,
But she refused to be my bride, though many a year I
sought her;
Yet, since to France I sailed away, her letters oft remind
me,
That I promised never to gainsay, the girl I left behind
me.

She says: "My own dear love, come home, my friends
are rich and many,
Or else abroad with you I'll roam, a soldier stout as any;
If you'll not come or let me go, I'll think you have
resigned me,"
My heart, nigh broke, when I answered "No," to the girl
I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave a life of war and
toiling,
And never as a skulking slave, I'll tread my native soil
on;
But were it free or to be freed, the battle's close would
find me,
'To Ireland bound, nor message need, from the girl I left
behind me.

Mr. Wilson Quits the Nashville Banner.

After many years' work on newspapers in Nashville Joseph R. Wilson has moved to Baltimore to become manager of the promotion and development department of the United States Fidelity & Guarantee Company, one of the largest corporations of its kind in the country. For a long time Mr. Wilson had been city editor of the Nashville Banner and is succeeded in that position by Thomas N. Stephens, political reporter on the same paper for a number of years.

Mr. Wilson is the only brother of President Woodrow Wilson. He began his newspaper career in Clarksville and went to Nashville eight years ago as a member of the Nashville Daily News staff. When that paper suspended he went over to the Banner, where for a long time he was political writer and two years ago became city editor. When his brother was nominated for the Presidency by the Democrats Mr. Wilson went to New York and was connected with the publicity department of his campaign. Following its success Mr. Wilson resumed his position with the Banner, which he now leaves to take up his new line of work in Baltimore.

Government Street Directory.

The "Street Directory of Principal Cities of the United States, 1908, latest edition," now sold by the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for \$1, bound in green cloth, was issued and revised by the Dead Letter Office of the Post Office Department and is the publication used by the post office experts in forwarding misdirected letters and letters with address omissions. The book is also valuable to trade concerns, inasmuch as it shows streets, avenues, courts, lanes, places, roads, wharves, etc., in over 1,200 places in the established postal service of the United States. An interesting introduction, showing method of "address sleuthing" employed in the department, precedes the street list, and altogether it would seem to be a valuable accessory to a regular mailing list. Everything is arranged alphabetically and the whole system is clear and easily usable.

"WHAT ART MEANS TO ME."

(Courtesy of the Prang Company.)

I believe in art not for art's sake, but for its enrichment of life and its power to make more perfect the pleasure of living.

I believe in art which can be applied to the most useful and simple things, making them more complete and more beautiful, and therefore more capable of giving enjoyment.

I believe the highest enjoyment of beauty comes, not from mere appreciation, but from the production of a beautiful object.

I believe that art applied to the demands of everyday life, and wrought by heart and mind and hand, is the greatest and truest art.

FLORENCE I. GOODENOUGH.

THE OPTIMIST.

BY SOMEBODY IN THE DETROIT FREE PRESS.

Dull is the day that I don't see
A reason good to cheerful be;
Sad the day that I can't find
Something that makes for peace of mind,
There's always something turning up
To take the bitter from the cup.

I'm pleased to find that I can bear
An extra heavy load of care;
I may be vain, but still I smile
To think I've tramped another mile
That seemed impossible to do,
And tramped it without whining, too.

When rough and stormy is my way,
With obstacles in great array,
I think about the joy I'll get
When everyone of them I've met
And everyone I've overcome,
And I forget that I am glum.

The times that everything goes wrong
Some good friend always comes along;
And stretches out a hand to me,
Then, hopeful I begin to be;
It makes me cheerful just to feel
That I have friends so true and real.

And this is my philosophy:
If we will turn our eyes to see
With every care that comes today,
We'll find it linked with joy some way.
There's nothing ever quite so sad
But brings some reason to be glad.

When God sends burdens I can't bear
Then I shall give way to despair.
When there's no compensation sweet
For every trial that I meet,
I'll grumble as I go my way
And wail that grief has come to stay.

Two Capital Hanecdotes.

This is the first, from that very precious casket of wit, Allie Sloper, price one d, published in Shoe Lane, London:

He entered a restaurant and ordered a chicken. The chicken was evidently tough, for when the waiter came in the diner was in a great passion.

"Waiter," he said, "this chicken is tough."

"Very sorry, sir, but that bird always was peculiar. Why when they came to kill it they couldn't catch it, so at last they had to shoot it. It flew on the house, and—"

"Ah, by Jove! that accounts for it. They must have shot the weathercock by mistake!"

The other is not an anecdote really, but a fractured conversation overheard by Will Lackaye in the Cheshire Cheese. The customer was seated in the chair of Doctor Johnson, and said unto the waiter, "I want two fried eggs, one fried on one side, the other on the other."

Outwardly unmoved, but inwardly doubtful, the waiter said, "Very good, sir. 'K you, sir," and went away.

Directly minute he was there again, with an apologetic request. "Beg pardon, sir, but might I ask you to repeat your horder, sir?"

It was repeated, identically. "Very good, sir. 'K you, sir," said the waiter, by no means with conviction, and once more retired to again appear, with his hair all out of smooth, his collar torn and his white dickey so maladjusted as to betray its real nature. This time he was agitated, and very earnest. "Beg pardon, sir, but might I hask as a fyvor to have your horder changed to boiled? H've 'ad some words with the cook."

Six Dead Men on a Dead Man's Chest.

Six clergymen of South Chicago, composing a coroner's jury, on Tuesday last returned a verdict—which is said to be without parallel in the judicial history of Illinois. The gist of it was that the jury found a man had been killed because a city ordinance had been violated, and the jury's final word was a recommendation that the law be "more strictly enforced." These are the facts:

Charles Fitzgerald, 8058 Escanaba avenue, was killed Sunday night at Eighty-first and Ontario streets. He got off a street car which had stopped on the "far side" of the street. Because the car had not stopped on the "near side," T. C. Andrews, following in his auto, did not stop, but turned to the left to pass the street car. Fitzgerald stepped into the path of the automobile and was killed.—*Calumet Record*, Friday last.

SPORTING STUFF IN ENGLISH.

Either George E. Phair of the San Francisco Examiner has cuckooed into the brotherhood of sporting writers, or a reform in the brotherhood has broken out. The thought that a sporting writer could get away with anything in plain English has been a thought unthinkable these many years. Yet here are some of Phair's notes, exactly as they appeared in his sheet:

"Not that it is any of our affair, but the umpire who used a mask on Fred Merkle's dome deserves a reprimand. He should have used a sledge hammer."

"We note that Willie Lewis has whipped an alleged pugilist in Paris. It seems that Paris has no law against obtaining money under false pretenses."

"Whenever a man breaks a motorcycle record one is tempted to wonder how he happened to break the record before he broke his neck."

"We are surprised to hear that George Stovall picks the Athletics to win the American League pennant. We thought George was an original cuss."

Whither are we drifting? This cannot be good sporting stuff. It does not infringe a single rule of grammar. It is neither tautophonous, tautegorical, nor tautographical. This man Phair may be a very good writer, but he is in the wrong corral—or else the world is changing. Who knows? These be giddy-paced times.

The Heroism Practical.

Woman—How did you get that Carnegie medal?

Tramp—Heroism, lady. I took it away from a guy that was twice my size.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK.

BEAU BROADWAY IN THE MORNING TELEGRAPH.

The Brooklyn man who sues six physicians for shortening his leg four inches evidently desires to return good for evil by pulling theirs.

Will Van Benthuyzen, son of the former managing editor of the New York World, believes in the militant suffragist plan of gaining one's point. Young Van Benthuyzen is one of the most popular paint pot men on Park Row. He is champion heavyweight clambake stage manager of College Point, is the best sculler the Waverley Boat Club has turned out in a decade, is an enthusiastic oarsman and loves the water.

One day last week Van Benthuyzen induced his boss, Art Editor Drake of the World, to go up on the Hudson and enjoy the beautiful June weather. Arriving at the Waverley club, which is situated at 167th street, the pair donned old clothes and launched a skiff.

Presently they were in the middle of the river, and the indolent Drake's artistic soul was drinking in the beauties of the glorious Palisades. Van's menacing tones brought him back to earth.

"Well, boss, how 'bout it?" said the sunburnt giant, ominously. He had dropped the oars and was standing up in the boat glaring at the smaller man, who he knew could not swim a stroke. "Do I get that raise or don't I?"

Strawberries are as large as apples in the Hood River district, but this only means that they will be fewer to a box.

Porter Charlton, says Secretary of State Bryan, is to have a fair trial in Italy. Of course, of course—by a jury of his Italian peers.

Brooklyn barbers have amputated themselves from the I. W. W. Possibly they now will join the I. W. C., which, being amplied, means I Won't Converse.

It is now proposed to make beer parties in the parks illegal. This is in accord with the reform dictum: "Whatever is enjoyable is wrong."

Fancy asking Canada to send Jack Johnson back! It's like advertising for the return of a wood pussy.

The newest gown sensation is the "expose toilette," a transparent dress which shows the figure to advantage—if the figure be advantageous. Now will you stop complaint of the hot weather?

Isador Rader is referred to as the "gentleman fence." The police are the folk who gave him the gate, thus completing the tout ensemble.

Mrs. Emma Eugenie Goodwin is confident that woman's greatest charm—her spirituality—is being destroyed by her clothes. She says that to spiritualize woman through her clothes she must be made unconscious of her body. She must be fitted into physiologically correct, and therefore comfortable, clothes, and that woman should adapt fashions, not adopt them.

In a suffering, fashion-distorted body, woman's sweetness, modesty and gentleness vanish, she adds, and insists that when women are normal in clothes they

will qualify morally and physically for the great work of the world, which is theirs for the doing.

But with it all it must not be overlooked that a woman is only a woman, but a tailor-made is a suit.

A Candidate for Chloride of Lime.

A right cheerful party is Carleton McCarthy, formerly mayor of Richmond, Va. The Times-Dispatch having given a sensational turn to the typhoid investigation just now on in that town, got through to Mr. McCarthy's sensibilities. He disliked what the paper had said about the water supply. On Monday, at the session of the board which controls the water system, he termed the article in the Times-Dispatch on the water question a "deliberate lie," which in Virginia is about the last word. But he went farther, being thoroughly peeved and holding the newspaper people as verminous. He said a McNamara was needed in Richmond to destroy the newspaper plant, and made a motion that the board instruct the city engineer to place bichloride of mercury in the pipes leading to the building occupied by the Times-Dispatch.

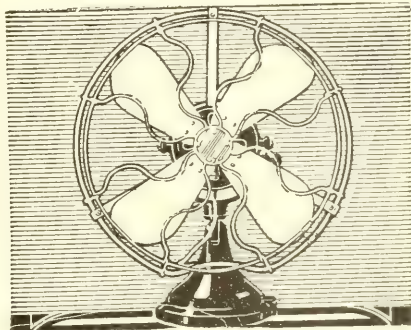
Mrs. A.: "Eggs are such a price. Mercy! When I see the card on the fresh ones I have to hold my breath."

Mrs. B.: "Well, if you bought the cheap ones you'd have to hold your nose."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

To Our Strenuous Stromme.

On the other side of Denmark,
Past the Swede fields of Sweden,
Just across the line to Norway
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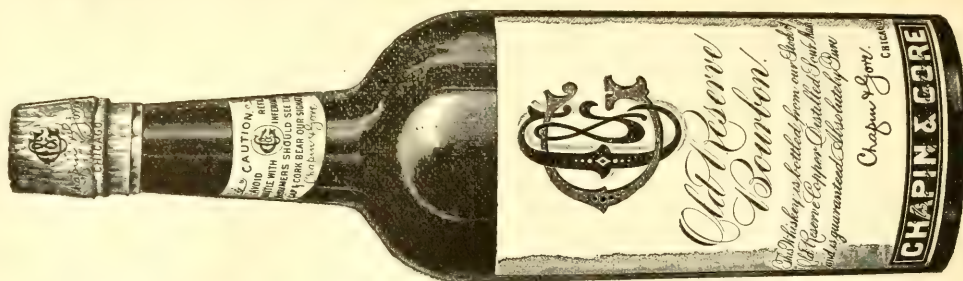
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What'll it be? **C. & G.** for me.



CHAPIN & GORE That is all you need to know about whiskey.

Frank Morris, who has been laid up at the Chicago Yacht Club for several weeks with rheumatic gout, has been taken to Mudlavia, where he will be in the care of our Dr. George F. Butler.

Dr. R. C. Fisher has gone to his summer home in Nantucket, where, it is to be hoped, he will recover speedily from his recent severe illness.

Mrs. Kirkwood, society editor of the Tribune, suffered the loss of her mother last week. George Morris took her work for a few days. Mrs. Kirkwood's mother had been ill for many years.

Teacher—"Harold, can you tell me why water runs down hill?"

Harold—"Cause it can't walk, I guess."

WORK.

MAN EHRMAN IN THE CANTON.

I ask no odds of any man,
I am not one that follies sway,
I am the source of my rewards,
I do my work each day.

It matters not if rich or poor,
This is the future's great command,
Who does not work shall cease to eat;
Upon this rock I stand.

The fruit of trees, the grain of fields,
Wherever use and beauty lurk—
The good of all the world belongs
To him who does his work.

Fetch Over the Canoe

A Story of a Song

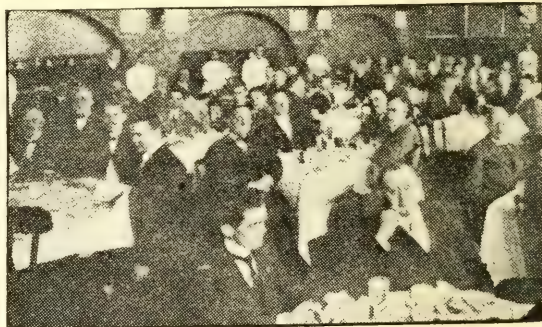
By William Lightfoot Visscher

All who have read it say it is a delightful little book.

Apply to the author at 26 N. Dearborn Street
THE PRICE IS ONE DOLLAR

The St. Louis Times publishes a three-column front page half-tone of the New Public Utilities Commission Holding Session on Terminal Railway Matter, and looking like five very well dressed men throwing all their united will-power into a concerted intention to look intelligent, without getting anywhere. But it came out in the Night Edition, which never hits the streets until the sun is halfway down. And maybe nobody noticed it anyway.

The Cynic of the American magazine can say this much for marriage: it *does* furnish a companion with whom one can gossip outrageously.



**Keep the Money
In the Family
By Eating at**

The Press Club Restaurant

Early Summer Specials to Order

QUICK SERVICE REASONABLE PRICES
PATRONIZE

The Press Club Restaurant

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II. No. 28.

Chicago, Saturday, July 12, 1913.

Price 5c.

An Invitation to Exchange

Editors and publishers of newspapers and special journals in other cities, large or small, are invited to exchange with the Press Club paper. The reason for this invitation is double: The recent and very great increase of the Club's growth in usefulness to out-of-town newspapermen makes desirable an enlargement of the files, so that non-resident members may find a full representation of their publications in the Club house; and the list of non-resident members is extending itself so rapidly over the whole west and middle west that the Club sincerely desires to meet their wants and aid their business with every facility that will promote their business and save them time and trouble when they come to Chicago.

The scope of the Club is automatically extending itself. Its membership has already become representative of newspaper interests from

the west line of Ohio over the whole of the southwest, and all the way across to the Pacific shore. This has come about without any effort to create a business exchange, but because the Club is now so large and strong, so well lodged, and so fully devoted to these interests that from all parts of that vast and rich territory—the greatest and most significant in the nation—members are coming of their own motion. They come because they find here what they want, and their association with our metropolitan membership is both cordial and valuable.

The Club paper is a newspaperman's paper, and wants the news of all the offices in the country. It will be glad to hear from any of them by letter, and its offer or invitation to exchange is made in full good faith that since all the people in the work are interested in what all are doing, a valid mutual consideration underlies it.

THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT.

Walter Avery Washburne, of the Tribune staff, had a little vacation all to himself the last ten days. It is understood that Walter is going in for tennis in the early morning hours hereafter.

Edward Buttermilk Fullerton, the demon copyreader on the Tribune, is spending his vacation in Wisconsin studying how to play rum as a game solitaire.

The rum players' quartet, Cotton Mather, F. M. Smith, W. J. Cleary, and J. J. Alcock, sing new stein songs every morning now, accompanied by beer.

There is a persistent rumor afloat that William J. Cleary, the alert gink of the composing room of the Tribune, is about to announce his engagement to a very wealthy farmer's daughter from Indiana, b'gosh. Here is hoping it is true, dear Willie.

Now that Heine Zimmerman, of the Cubs base ball team, got his century, who are the members of this Club that will hustle and get a hundred life members?

Talk about your hot weather and ice cream! You ought to see the local copy desk of the Tribune getting away every night with a few quarts! The desk crew are all members of the Club. E. Roberts, P. H.

Boone, P. Neumann, J. B. Pierson et'al., and then some.

Early in the morning Victor Eubank makes his way to North Shore Beach. Nothing remarkable in that, only Eubank climbs twenty feet and dives. Very pretty, clean dive it is, too.

J. C. Shaffer, owner of the Chicago Evening Post, Indiana Star League papers and the Louisville Herald, has just returned from a trip to Europe. Mrs. Shaffer is visiting her son in Denver.

The Bob Joneses have packed up and gone across the line to Saskatchewan, there to join and stay with Himself, who has been on the ranch these three months and made all ready for them.

The Tribune lost one of its veterans last week in the death of Charles J. Powers. Chuck was a member of the Tribune staff over twenty years.

Director Mark Skinner Watson does not wear his white trousers down to the office any more. He wears them on the tennis courts.

Tribune office, 12 m. Mercury 197 C. Wireless flash:—Doctor Nutt: When are you going to have the fire bell fixed? That is what is bothering a lot of the boys these blistering days and cremating nights.

A. Burton Rascoe, one of the handsome looking chaps on the Tribune staff, was married last Saturday morning to Miss Hazel Adelaide Luke. Dr. W. B. Norton, the Press Club's chaplain, performed the ceremony. Mr. Rascoe is going to join the Press Club when he returns from his honeymoon, some time next month. More honor for W. A. Washburne, the member that gets there.

"I" have been wondering who the lady is that is calling for Big Boy John Lovett lately. She is a regular caller on the telephone and I am wondering if the little fellow is going to join in the bonds of matrimony? Speak up for yourself, John.

C. G. Sinsabaugh, of the Motor Age, who Saturdays at the Tribune, and is one of the best known motorists in town, I hear is going to become a member of the Club. Get to him, Briggs! He is a live wire. We need men like Sinsy.

Little Charlie Washburne, the husband of the famous Virginia Brooks, was a caller the other day at the Club with a New York newspaper man, and Fred Wagner, the picture man, promised to show the Club some fine pictures in the future.

"I" hear from the long distance boys, the crack of the tennis racquets, that Director Mark Skinner Watson and John Lovett are about to engage in a horrible duel of the Soft Shoe Stuff, at eight a. m. and going to the courts at 8 a. m. to have it out a la entrance.

George Morris has been covering the Teachers' convention in Salt Lake City, for the Trib. And he didn't do it by telephone either.

John God Lovett of Al Tearney fame has become a ghou. He unearthed a loose cadaver which had been planted in Dr. L. D. Rodgers' back yard, and laughed about it for a column and a half in Saturday's Trib. Grave snatching, says Jack, is an art that the great corpse of reporters knows very little about.

A number of Tribune free thinkers take exception to that shirt tale printed in last week's Scoop, wherein George William Cullen Bryant was acclaimed the best shirted man in the loop. They're knocking nobody's shirts, yunnerstan, Mawruss, when they shout that General Walter Howey's shirts are shirts as is shirts. Some of the army hope to be city editor some day, just so they can afford the same kind of haberdashery de luxe. Bryant only had to get married.

Vice President Claire Briggs says he has the latest, patented, bevel-edged, etc., brand of gasoline in his automobile, and the thing rides much easier every day to and from Riverside. He is urging Cap. Stott and Reed Parker to try it.

Bill Cochran had charge of the last sad rites for Chuck Powers, and accompanied the body to Davenport, Ia., where Charlie was interred.

Otto Ensink, voted a free membership in the Club, a royal good fellow, and one of the best men on the Tribune, has gone back to Holland. His father is ill and may never get well. Otto says he may never come back, and he's almost as sorry as we are. The boys wanted to get up a farewell dinner, or to give him some

token, but the news didn't come until the last moment, and few knew that he was going.

James Russell Park, erstwhile of the Inter Ocean, has joined the copy reading staff on the Record-Herald.

John Brown, formerly with the Journal, is covering labor and general assignments on the Record-Herald.

Hal Lytle of the Record-Herald is reported to have become a Benedict. The knot was tied on or about June 12. The name of the young woman prior to that date has not been reported. Lytle has succeeded thus far in enjoying his matrimonial venture without having a lot of friends butting in with fool questions and congratulations.

Herb. Waters, railroad reporter, one of the Record-Herald's old-timers, also is said to have stepped up to the altar "for better or for worse."

Lyman Atwell, Record-Herald photog, is vacationing in California.

A Record-Herald reporter, working on a recent storm story, asked the telephone operator to get him the life-saving station. Somehow the wires became crossed.

"Hello! Is this the life-saving station?" called the reporter.

"Life-saving station? Sure! This is a saloon; what can we send you?"

Nailed boots clanked on the stairway and presently a backwoodsman from the Canadian Northwest stepped into the Inter Ocean office to account for Robert R. Jones, former managing editor of the paper, who now is the head of a land company 'way up yonder where the nights are short but cool. When last seen there by one of us, he was sitting on a fence, bossing a gang of wops who were digging a ditch. His whiskers, red as the tail of a timber fox, reached his waist. A cob pipe he was smoking had an extended stem, and for further precaution against fire in his facial alfalfa he had a flask of spring water strapped to his belt.

Richard Henry (Dick) Little has so far recovered from the round of gaiety incident to polo week at Onwentsia that he again speaks to the managing editor.

OPIE COMBATS ANSON'S "WORDS."

Cap Anson—Had a tough time at the water hole.

Opie Read—So?

Anson—Topped my mashie and lost a dollar ball.

Opie—So?

Cap—So! You can't beat that for luck, can you?

Opie—Maybe.

Anson—What hole?

Opie—Nineteenth. Cracked a bottle and lost my thirst.

Anson—That isn't luck. That's predestination.

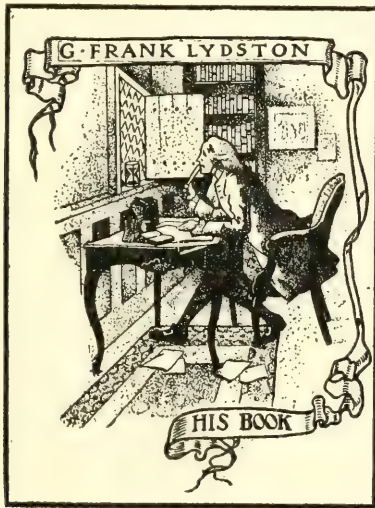
Opie—So? I call it coördination.

Typographical Error in the Word Gravy.

For several days a large sea turtle exhibited in a North State street market has been surrounded by crowds of admirers. Doubtless by this time he has been made into soup. Thus it goes with most heroes, and the paths of glory lead but to the grave.—*Paul Gilbert in the Inter Ocean.*

DRAMATIST, SCIENTIST, POET.

Dr. G. Frank Lydston, owner of the plate herewith, says that it is full of meaning. The old fellow at the table, after vainly trying to suck inspiration from the quill with which he is writing and getting nothing but ink, has thrown open the window and is drinking in great draughts of inspiration from the outer air and sunshine, surveying the world and incidentally taking notes. The moral of this is that a fellow's sanctum is a good plate in which to write, but if he wants to write real stuff he must peek through a crack and see what's going on. Doctor Lydston says that his library consists of two things: literature and a few shelves of scientific misinformation. He prefers the former and tolerates the latter merely because the stuff is so clean; the various authors change their minds every few minutes. His favorite authors—after you, my dear classics—are Lafcadio Hearne and Le Sage. According to the doctor, Barry Pain's Glass of Supreme Moments is the greatest short story and Stephen Phillips' Marpessa the most beautiful poem ever written. He further testifieth that whoso shall excel Laboulaye's Abdallah shall exceed all excellence.



Doctor Lydston is the author of a dozen or so books, and so many pamphlets and brochures that he has lost count of them. His writings comprise everything from verse to science. A surgical text book of a thousand pages and his play, *The Blood of the Fathers*, illustrate his range. Among his best known books are *Over the Hookah*, *Panama and the Sierras*, *Poker Jim*, *Gentleman*, *Sex Hygiene*, and *The Diseases of Society*. The last named work was the pioneer American contribution to the practical study of criminology and other adverse social conditions; of sterilization of criminals, segregation of juvenile criminals, the pathology of vice and crime.

Marriage Control, *Sex Hygiene*, and the Social Evil are among the topics discussed by Doctor Lydston in *The Diseases of Society* long before either the profession or the public awoke to a realization of their importance. If sex hygiene ever is really taught in our public schools Doctor Lydston's book on the subject is

likely to be more popular than ever. The doctor has for some years been a member of the Authors' Society of London, and for even more years a constant and loyal member of The Press Club of Chicago.

APHORISMS.

SIGMUND KRAEFTZ.

Rather be a glowworm creating your own light than shine in the borrowed reflection of an electrolier.

Apparent courage is often fear in disguise; apparent cowardice real heroism.

The matinée idol is, generally, not worth more than the time a girl idles away at the matinée.

The brainy depths of an impenetrable mind may conceal the greatest light, the briny depths of a translucent sea can only hide impenetrable darkness.

Some men will always put time spent in travel, as gain on the credit side of their life ledger; others place it as loss, on the debit sheet. The latter may be better bookkeepers, but the final balance will show in favor of the first.

The Ultimate Severity.

Our David is a sober man and true, attentive to his duties, which involve receipt and custody of cash at the desk in the buffet. In the intervals of that more or less engrossing occupation he finds relief by looking long and perhaps longingly upon the rosebud garden of girls in the telephone exchange across the alley. When Harry Greene asked him last Wednesday what his wife would do if she were to catch him at it, he was slowly disturbed, and thought a good full five minutes before he said, "She wouldn't speak to me for an hour."

It will be a Happy Day for All of Us.

Colonel Kellogg is getting so enthused about the results of the renovation, as described to him by callers, that he threatens to call some fine day and inspect the work. The Colonel has gone through the hot spell without much distress, and is hale and hearty. His eyes still bother him, and there is no marked change in their condition.

Inspiration Without Intoxication.

The very best drink that ever went down a human gullet to warm the cockles of a human heart without impairment to a human intellect is served in the Club buffet. It is called "Jeff Knows." Don't drink. But if ever you do, try that one.

A woman can do anything with a hairpin except make it stay in her hair.—*Albany Journal*.

Automatic Telephone Service

A ten second connection? No annoying waits on the Automatic. No one to break your connection excepting yourself and the party you talk with. Your Automatic is always ready.

The Automatic Telephone represents the highest development in the telephone art. It is many years ahead of any other method of telephone operation.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

WHY WASTE NEWSPAPERMEN?

"For some unexplained reason," says the Chicago Sunday Tribune, "President Wilson has taken a great liking to newspaper men. He has a newspaper owner and editor, Mr. Josephus Daniels, as his secretary of the navy. Secretary Bryan, by a stretch of the imagination, might also be called a journalist. The real editor of The Commoner, Mr. Metcalfe, has been made civil administrator of the Canal Zone. Mr. Galloway, of the civil service commission, is a practical newspaper man. Mr. Lane, of the interior department, has had a varied newspaper career. Mr. McAdoo's secretary, B. R. Newton, was a reporter. Mr. Bryan's third assistant, D. F. Malone, has written for the magazines, and Mr. Bryan's secretary was a reporter. 'Bob' Rose has a place in the foreign trade department and it is proposed to make Professor Ford, of Johns Hopkins, governor general of the Philippines. He is a journalist of wide experience. Editors are now representing us in Switzerland, Costa Rica, Great Britain and Cuba. It may be that what has so long been predicted, government by journalism, has come to pass."

The Tribune might better have said that government by the "journalist" (newspaper man) has come to stay. In fact came quite a while ago, and cannot pass. The fourth estate is not by law an arm co-ordinate with the other three, but is more powerful and more inflexibly right than they are. It gains nothing by representation in the nation's formal councils. There is room for doubt whether those of that estate who allow themselves to be called into council are not personally losers thereby.

President Wilson has shown a surprising degree and quality of common sense in his thus far administration—far more and far higher than anyone had ground to expect from his professorial antecedents. But might it not have been better had he followed precedent and put lawyers into these places, and left the newspaper men to the exercise of their much more lofty and useful duties in their own and broader field? Lawyers and politicians (the terms are interchangeable) in accepting these offices have nothing to lose, either of knowledge, power, public value, or freedom of thought and expression touching the springs of public action. The newspaper men have. If the President wants newspaper advice, he has only to walk a few steps up the street to the National Press Club, and there he'll get it—and maybe his—from a group of the ablest, most discreet, and most clearly informed men in all this country, who really represent the people,

who have not nor ever will have axes of their own to grind, and whose knowledge of current affairs at home and abroad is more ample and by far more exact than he can find elsewhere. America has no statesmen. Everybody knows that; and as a result of that lack we are going one of these early days to get the quickest and biggest licking any country ever got. Not a permanent jolt, but the most sickening six months imaginable before we kick the other fellow into the sea. Therefore, why waste good newspaper men on public places? Let us implore the President, good man, to fill those places with lawyers and politicians, all but the war and navy offices, where should be a soldier and a sailor; and then go get his real counsel from the Washington correspondents, and let them help him pound enough gumption into congress and the cabinet to get things into some sort of reasonable shape, some degree of preparedness. Let him leave us to our own real and inexpressibly valuable functions, and govern himself accordingly. God knows there are politicians enough and to spare, freely, who would be glad of those jobs. Newspaper men are too much needed in newspaper work to be wasted on them.

THE ARTICLES ON "MONS." FLANDERS.

The Club is fortunate in being able to preserve the record that is made in the two articles on "Mons." Flanders which John McGovern has contributed to THE SCOOP. It is history. No group of originals ever reckoned a more remarkable member than the "Mons." He was for twenty years the chief source of the Club's familiar entertainment. He is confidently expected to be listened to as the Club's tom cat expects to be stroked, and he was as rarely disappointed.

THOUGHT'S FOURTH DIMENSION.

A Paris cablegram to the Tribune says a notable congress will be held there next month with the object of reconciling science and religion.

"The congress," says the dispatch, "will be presided over by Etienne Boutroux, the academician, philosopher and psychologist. Among the committees, drawn from nearly every nation in the world, are Abdul Baha, the prophet of the Babists; Prof. Troltsch of Heidelberg; Sant Altar Singh, head of the Sikh religion of the Punjab; Sir Richard Stapley of London; Rabbi Caesar Seligman of Frankfurt; Pundits from Calcutta, Mahomedans from Medina, Buddhists from Burma, Taoists from Tokio, Shintoists from Shanghai (aha!) and Zoroastrians from Persia, as well as numerous representatives from the great Christian communities."

The learned correspondent adds to this list of those to be present the astounding information that "the esoteric side of religion will also have spokesmen," which after mentioning Pundits from Calcutta and Buddhists from Burma is much like saying that in an Auld Licht synod there would be Scotsmen.

Mr. Boutroux is represented as saying that he will endeavor to show that there is nothing incompatible between religious principles and the foundations of

philosophy. This not only paraphrases Herbert Spencer's conclusion that religion and science alike arrive at the ultimate unknowable, but resuggests Oscar Wilde's profound dictum that there is no intrinsic incompatibility between culture and crime. The congress will undoubtedly make a noise very like the Emperor Julian's convention at Constantinople in the fourth century of the representatives of all the (then only) four hundred Christian sects. It would be a delightful assignment, for which Dick Little is suggested as the one man best qualified by war experience and a sense of humor. One thing is certain: there will be a rare old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

A SONG OF THE FAIRYLAND.

PAUL T. GILBERT, IN THE INTER OCEAN.
 "Play us a tune," said the Children;
 "A tune that is dainty and sweet
 As the tremulous murmur of Fairies
 Tripping the dew-spangled feet
 Over the cobwebby meadows,
 A dawn-startled carnival band—
 Just one little tune," said the Children,
 "But a tune of the Fairyland."

"Play us a tune, Musician,
 A tune of the olden time,
 Of the echoing whispers of lovers;
 Of a distant cathedral chime;
 Just a song of the blackberry brambles;
 Of the mountains so hazy and blue—
 Just an old-fashioned song of the Summer,
 And here is a shilling for you."

And the little musician, embracing
 The resonant old violin,
 Awoke the reluctant music,
 Such melody stirring within,
 That no one could tell who listened
 Which song had the sweeter flow,
 The one that was played for the children,
 Or the song of the Long Ago.

BOOKS.

ESSENTIALS IN JOURNALISM, by Harrington and Frankenberg. Boston, Ginn & Company.—This book is 9¾ inches long, 7¼ inches wide, and one inch thick.

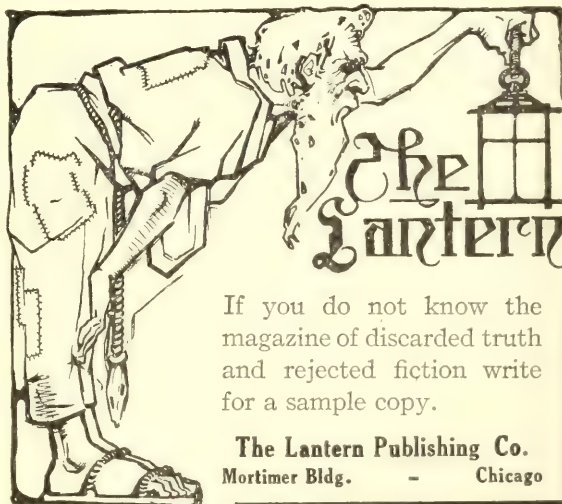
ADVANCED ENGLISH GRAMMAR, by Kittredge and Farley. Ginn & Company, Boston.—Gas and electricity having superseded wood and coal as fuel, the most ingenious housewife would not find this otherwise invaluable work of any use in cookery.

SELLING NEWSPAPER SPACE, by Joseph E. Chasoff. The Ronald Press, New York.—In his preface the author announces that his book is based upon a series of lectures he delivered to the students of advertising in the school of journalism at the University of Missouri, and says "the fifth chapter is the result of an investigation into some of the advertising problems of Missouri newspapers." He expresses gratitude "to a number of newspaper publishers, as well as their managers and salesmen, who have shown friendly interest and coöperation." For helpful suggestions he admits

especial obligations to Walter G. Bryan of Chicago and to Walter Williams, dean of the school of journalism of the University of Missouri, his former teacher and colleague.

Considering the well known noctalyptic condition of the Great and Sovereign State out of whose university and to whose ophthalmically afflicted people the book makes so fearless even though so blinking emergence, it would better have been devoted to an exploitation of Diseases of the Eye, their causes and Missouri-able treatment; or to The Transmissouri Blind, their Haunts and Habits. It presents a paradox of many words and no utterance on the subjects its title connotes, but paradox anyway is only truth walking backward, and thus one may perceive without reading the book at all that the way to sell newspaper space is first to find out just exactly what your saleable space costs per inch or per agate lines, then add the profit your circulation will justify, and a safe percentage for overhead charges covering a year's estimate; and then sell that space to customers to whom the advertising can make good. If you can't sell it over your counter, your contents must be so gingered up that your public will have to buy and read your paper. If you don't know how to make a paper that everyone in your radius wants to read, you can't get legitimate advertising. If you do know, and do it, the best soliciting you can go in for will be to Vaunt yourself and be Proud so that advertisers will come across voluntarily, and enough of them, too. All of which would seem to be plain enough for perception in even purblind Missouri, with its myopic school of journalism. Newspaper proprietors unable to dope this out themselves are in less need of counsel from alumni of schools of journalism than of help from the celebrated Prof. B. House, of the Justly Famous University of Kankakee, who can give them precise information on the reason Why the Heathen Rage, and the People Imagine Vain Things.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by Charles Kendall Adams, late president of the University of Wisconsin,



If you do not know the magazine of discarded truth and rejected fiction write for a sample copy.

The Lantern Publishing Co.
 Mortimer Bldg. — Chicago

and William P. Trent, professor of English literature in Columbia University. Allyn & Bacon, Boston and Chicago.—Heretofore nearly all the histories of the United States have been written within a radius of a hundred miles from the State House at Boston. The result has been deplorable, since under our vicious school book system these histories have gone to the young people for now well upon seventy-five years. They have exploited that lot of heroic but otherwise impossible mess of Puritans who settled New England and jolly well settled at the same time both the Indians and those of their own color and kith who dared to exercise freedom of thought. The Puritans brought to the development of the country a strain of energy and bellicose conscience that up to thirty years ago dominated our national mentality and our moral codes, and this was beneficial, considered in retrospect; but all the rest they did was outrageous and of retrograde effect. Yet their histories talked of and exalted New England as though it were the whole show, leaving aside as negligible the really great things that had been done while New England was forming, and even before. Any child of foreign birth, taking these books as part of the teachings of our public schools, is led directly to the understanding that civilization began when the Mayflower bumped into Massachusetts bay, and was carried forward by the children of the pilgrim fathers—that those fathers

"Left untouched what there they found—
Freedom to Worship God,"

the very identical thing they took most particular pains not to leave untouched.

Here in this new book, by two eminent scholars, careful of their facts and unfevered in judgment, we have the first really broad and true story of the country, beginning with the Spanish explorations, following with the French, then with the English and the small but strong advance of the Dutch. The Spanish settlements in our vast southwest were a century old before the Plymouth Rock episode. They are still there. So also with the English settlements in Virginia and Maryland, a settlement and a strain of people as noble as any in the world, broad-minded, prosperous, generous and free. They have been forced into the knowledge of this generation not in the schools nor in the libraries, but through the channels of fiction, which after all is the best form of history when it recreates times and customs and environments in such manner as to make you see the people living again, as they lived and were. And then there were the wonderful achievements of the French, who left their traces in the land and are even now an ineradicable part of American population. What have our histories had to say about them? Or of anything worth while outside New England? Either nothing, or small things that had better been left unsaid.

But in this new and formal history book you find it all set down just as it was, literally and fairly, neither coloring nor discoloring. The bibliography given is remarkable in abundance and scope. The work is compact and clear, never redundant, and complete down to these earlier years of the twentieth century.

It is heartily commended to everyone who wants

really to know the story of our nation. No newspaperman whose duties bring contact with history now current or in the making can afford to be without it. The Club has only one copy, which may be consulted in the library but on no account taken into any other room.

TEN GREAT LITTLE POEMS, by William Timothy Call. C. M. Potterdon, Hawthorne, N. J.—Whomsoever desires an indefinitely repeatable delight should send fifty cents to the publisher and get a copy of this pretty little book. There are only the ten little poems in it, "picked up adrift," as the author says on his title page. But such a little ten! They are not all of unknown authorship, but every one is a gem, and the book is a jewel.

The same author, through the same publisher and at the same price, puts out another little book called "You and I and the Stars" that will almost stand up under the same commendation. It is whimsical, humorous, yet humane and of a wistful philosophy. He calls it "A New View of the Old way of telling Why we are and What we are."

Edmund Vance Cooke has just sent out through Forbes & Company of this city a rattling fine book of verse on "Baseballogy." A very able contemporary, The Public, has scooped The Scoop to it with a review so satisfactory that it is here reprinted, without apology but with thanks. It says the poems are sure to be enjoyable even to the man or woman not usually interested in the game. Like all true poets, Mr. Cooke is a philosopher and knows how to be philosophical and entertaining simultaneously. The baseball fan can enjoy the poems, even should he miss the philosophy, because they speak entertainingly of his favorite subject and mention by name some of his heroes. The intellectually inclined, who look with contempt on the baseball craze and baseball fans, will see the game from a new angle; that it is not altogether a frivolous sport, but one that contains many features which even an intellectual may seriously consider. An opponent of war, for instance, who regrets the popular tendency to pay more attention to the baseball score than to the subject of universal peace, may readily see the game in a better light on noting these lines:

It used to be boys asked their pas
How large great Alexander was,
But if the boys should ask today,
They'd add, "And where did Alec play?"

Boys once (at least I've heard they did)
Were wont to envy Pirate Kidd,
But now they say "That yarn's a dream;
There ain't no Kidd on Pittsburgh's team."

And once, as all boys knew by heart,
Napoleon's name was Bonaparte,
But every urchin knows today
His name's Lajoie (or Lajoway).

So perish all the pests of war—
Those heroes of earth's abattoir!
Throw down the sword, take up the bat;
There is no bloody stain on that!

The male militant hunger striker signs himself Edwy Clayton. They were right in liberating the poor dear.

WHAT THE PRESS WOMEN ARE DOING

THE FAIRY AND THE LITTLE BROWN ONE.

Words, words, words.

"Permit me to rest, here beside this book. I am a-weary with this day's juggling."

It was the time that is neither light nor dark. The day song of the world was but just ended. Over the lake, Night swung in silently, softly. In the folds of her great cloak she wound us lovingly and there is naught to match her majesty save the triumphant advance of young Day. A beetle bumped against a window pane, and a great moth fluttered above the box where I have planted mignonette and verbena. I think the wind was southeasterly and filled with summer's living heat.

The book is old and has been rebound. My father gave it to my mother ere ever they were sweethearts even. Much love have I for that old book, so it came that I listened well. That his presence astonished me, I should be liar to say. Long have the fairies been my dear companions and once, close beside a steel ribbed and white tiled skyscraper, I found a hobgoblin. He drooped sadly and all the day through had been there, waiting for someone that he might truthfully name his friend. Many thousands—men, women, children even, passed; but of them all the poor hobgoblin could claim acquaintance with none. You may have forgotten, so I will tell you again. Unless you believe in him, you can never see a hobgoblin. So it is readily seen that he was very lonely indeed, when all the people hurried past, thinking of a billion things, but never once of hobgoblins.

(All this I mention merely to give verity to my tale. I might tell of the fairy, too—who has set up a gossamer tent in the right hand upper corner of the box wherein grows my mignonette. By the light of a marvelously wrought little lantern, she sometimes takes it into her head to lay deeper colors upon the verbena petals. All about the flap of her gossamer tent she sets her paint pots and of course, as one artist honors the liberty of another, I have not made inquiry as to the place where she purchases her pigments. In fact there are many who fail in this and love a flower only to pull it to pieces.)

So I knew that he was old, old—he who craved permission to rest beside my book that lay upon my desk—the very desk where I am writing this tale of the curious happening. I cannot tell you his size, for he could not be measured. His garment was russet in

color. The material of which it was made, I cannot describe. I am positive 'tis used only for the making of his clothes. This I know—he was stooped and brown—and wrinkled, and so aged that I knew he had long ago forgotten every playtime of his childhood.

(The hobgoblin I set upon the shoulder of a man who came from Ireland. The funny little undressed, misshapen thing leapt from my hand to the man's shoulder gratefully enough. You know it is in Ireland the most of the queer little folk dwell. A Frenchman had passed a little while before, but at sight of him, the poor hobgoblin moaned piteously. And an honest Yankee of great temperance and mighty morality hurt him still more. I was glad indeed, when he went away to stay the night with the Irishman.)

But he who paused beside my book was no hobgoblin. Neither was he a fay for they are either very ugly or of surpassing beauty. Even now, as I try to describe him, I cannot remember his face—only that he was brown—and old and not so big even as the fairy who dwells in my flower box.

(Did I tell you that she weaves gossamer fabric of spider webs? That is her daytime labor—that and the taming of too rambunctious, very small red ants who come that way often. She vows that they are perfectly matched and will make a fine team for her chariot. It would be a beautiful turnout, for her harness is jeweled with rutcherskine, which is twelve billion times more valuable than rubies.)

So you see plainly that having acquaintance with many prominent fairies and knowing several hobgoblins, the old, old and tiny Brown One who stood beside my book did not frighten me. It was most in my mind to know what he meant when he said he was a-weary of the juggling. As is ever woman's way, I asked him the question and when I did he flung himself his tiny length close into the lower projecting cover of the book. A comfortable little bunk it was for him. His staff he flung aside with something of contempt.

"I have no need for it," he quoth. "I am not lame, save when they have battered me and pounded me, tethered me and chased me, smeared me with slime too foul for telling, set upon me the gauds of a fool, cracked my pate, bruised my feet and covered me with leeches that drained my red blood. For one hour this day they stretched me prone upon the rack while they quietly made preparation to torture me yet more fiendishly. You would not believe it, but this morning I was young. As many times have I been young as men have had thoughts. Only when Creation totters will my ghastly old age cease. 'Tis an imbecile question, that concerning my juggling. Do I resemble a mount-bank?"

In faith he looked a piteous little thin and worn Brown One. I made haste to assure him that to call him a juggler had been far from my purpose indeed. Now that I think all of the curious happenings over, I remember that during my life I have not marked so unreadable an expression upon a face. There was something of an inner beauty reflected that was a puzzle to me quite. I have seen the same in the face of a wondering baby. Once an old man lay dying, and it

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was the same. I think the religious ones name it Faith, but some there are who call it Bravery, and others still say that it is Hope. A very old astronomer whom I once knew looked so—only, of course, he thought ever of the stars.

"I am the juggled," went on the Brown One. "They toss me up into the sky and catch me upon a barbed steel point. I am sent somersaulting down dusty roads and compelled to dive headlong into miasmatic pools. They stand and watch me swim unhealthily about, and for bird song is the croaking of ravens while vultures hover carnivorously above in ghastly expectation of a feast. Across arid stretches of land they hurry me, my tongue lolling from thirst, my throat parched and my heart beating as to burst me asunder. I've stumbled over skeletons with white edged grinning mouths and with flesh here and there drily clinging to their pulverizing bones. Always the buzzards floated in sinister ease through the scorching heat above me. Death and the drought claimed all the eye could see and all the mind could dream. In a far off time Creation may have had a fancy that one fragile blade of green grass might grow in such a place. If such were truth, then God Himself had forgotten the conceit. In the rattling sand, tawny and white and grey, they set me to mad dancing. Dervishlike I've whirled with one foot for pivot until all the world seemed a-reel in maniacal circling. When in the horror of exhaustion, I dropped prone upon the never cooled ground, a hot south wind piled grains of sand upon me to smother me. Lame, halting, tortured—aged beyond mortal conception, I—the Immortal of all Immortals—found but mockery in the gentle line of fringed green that marked the desert's edge. At the very last, while my eyes looked with monstrous longing at all the promised byways that lie hidden in every god's outcropping of living foliage, they drove upon a herd of strangely thirst-maddened animals. So long had they lain in cool shades and drunk water from crystal depths, that they had grown weary of their fortune and now dared the desert crossing that they might reach them and wallow in the miasmatic pools beyond. He who has dwelt in sweet green solitudes soon perishes in the heat of that unspeakable day, and then it came that I was forced to wander among the dead that lay festering in the sun. Day after day have I been driven so. Ever I grew shriveled and *useless!* From my last bondholder I was freed but a moment since. He, himself, could endure the stench of his own creation no longer. He had searched out from forbidden pools God's most noisome creatures, and proclaiming the Sacredness of their creation, sought to enjoy the foulness of their breaths—I left him gasping for breath and crying out that God is vile."

The small Brown One sat up on the edge of his book bunk. Already he looked ages younger. With one tiny hand he patted the closed pages lovingly. Then he sang a bit of a lilting song that had no strain repeated and yet was all sweet music.

"He who sang these verses, was once my master," quoth my Brown Visitor then. "Such an one as I had not before and may not have again. The very memory

gives me joy. With the first thought I was born. Only when thoughts cease shall I die. I am so old that the greatest scholar the world can ever have, shall not possess the skill to compute my age! Yet my youth to those who love me in mine own true place, is endless. When the land and the sea and the stars have reached finality and have been blended into Cosmos, I shall be all that Life has left of Youth. This time of servitude is drawing to its end. Soon there will be no more noisome animals to lie festering; the miasmatic pools will be drained. Then I shall stand upright in mine own honest identity. Men shall know me for what I am—their sweetest and most honest, their finest and truest friend. No more will they proclaim me slavish servant to minister to the fulfillment of their unquenched and ill-born desires."

Here you have the great wonder of my story—I saw him grow from that Tiny Brown One into A Brown One large enough to open the old book. It was some verses that sang of A Field Daisy, he found. Already his eyes gleamed alertly, though I cannot tell what their color was and he was much larger than a good sized doll. It was great the way he walked about, for in the quickness of his movements there was something that made me think of the flash of lightning against a black cloud. He leaped from my desk to the floor, and behold! he was grown almost as tall as I who am tall for a woman. *I heard a soft tinkle beside my hand that lay on the desk, and there stood my flower box fairy, swinging her beautiful little lantern and quite unashamed that her slim, wee, wee body was not clothed.*

"I heard," she cried softly. Save for the spell that they had woven around me, I could not have understood. "I heard and I came forth from my gossamer tent. My pot of white paint was but just ready. To see him and to hear him has been our greatest wish since we were driven out of Heaven. Of all the world he is our best friend, you know." She swung her lantern in royal greeting and cheering of the Brown One, who was now of great height and whose eyes glowed in the dark.

Of a sudden he stood close by the wicker chair there, of great stature and clad in garments of transcendent white beauty. A million jewels fell from above about him. At least, they had seemed to fall when I saw

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they were lights of mysterious iridescence that seemed to leap toward him from the four corners of the Universe. He carried no sword with which a dragon might be slain, yet he reminded one of Saint George as I have seen him in great pictures. Yet liken him to man I cannot, for men are not like him. Nor was his garment that fitted him so finely one whose making I can tell. The material was the same as the brown had been. That is all I know.

He smiled at me in brotherhood. With affection he looked upon the verses in the book. All this I could see by the transcendent light in his eyes. Then there was the fairy's lantern that gave light many thousand times more powerful than its size.

"I was his friend," quoth the Visitor then. "Where he listed I went gladly. He decked me in no gauds, flung me into no slime, and cared not to toss me toward the sky, only to catch me upon the barbed steel point. See me now! In the dear shade of his greatness I have grown young once more."

I know that his feet did not touch the floor. The fay still swung her little lantern and he moved toward the door. Nor did the screen open, although next I saw him on the porch where my flower boxes are. A moment he stood and the light of the stars and the newly risen moon was upon him. His voice was filled with music new to our ears surely. In the silence, it rang deep and true, and one with the tinkle of the fay's lantern and the murmuring of the waves against the sandy shore. Somewhere a cricket began to chirp and I heard a stray nighthawk as she dove earthward, give her queer and raucus call. The great moth still fluttered above the mignonette. For an instant it dove into the very heart of a petunia and again poised, but unsteadily, half drunk with the sweetness. This I could see by the light of the electric lamp across the street.

At the very edge of the porch He stood, and this was what He said:

"Tell them all that I have told to you this night. If they ask you who I am, say '*Any Word.*' When they call I come, but I pray ever for my righteous use."

I do not know which way he went into the night. I tried but I could not mark his going. The wonder of the happening holds me so I write it here.

The fairy still dwells in the upper right hand corner of my flower box. You may see her there any night if you will come to see me. The two red ants are a radiant sight in their jeweled harness. She drives them madly about, cracking her whip and urging them on.

Jean Comersford

A Sword of Bunker Hill.

While the Suffragists were parading their mile and a half of decorated automobiles, one woman attracted much attention. She sat in a luxurious open car and wore a jaunty panama hat. Her grey-coated shoulders were held with uncompromising certainty, and often she looked at her yellow banner streaming gallantly in the wind. With great affection and pride, she looked, and markedly so, in fact, and justly, for the staff which

held the fluttering piece of cloth with its purple legend of "Votes for Women" was rare indeed. A rusty, old-fashioned sword it was—and the hand which held it was daintily gauntleted, so that the picture was complete.

Kate O'Connor was the woman, a member of the I. W. P. A., a successful business woman of Rockford, and one of the most intelligent club women in the state.

The sword once belonged to her great, great (maybe another, I am not sure) grandfather, and he fell fighting with it at Bunker Hill.

By the way, Kate O'Connor said something sensible that day concerning suffrage:

"Suppose only five hundred of us want to vote," she said; "then let us vote. You women who would rather play bridge or drink tea or read novels are not obliged to go to the polls. Just permit those who do want the ballot to have it."

Sensible Kate! No man has to vote unless he wants to. I heard a man once boast he had not exercised the noble right of suffrage for seventeen years. In this gloriously free land surely woman may claim the same privilege of abstention if she wants it.

And the Lady Said, You're On.

This brief tale runs that a very well known woman who has a hyphenated name and a beautiful home in Lake Forest wanted a China boy for second floor duty, and made inquiry for such an one at a Chinese employment agency in South Clark street. The boss Chinaman turned his face toward a rear room whence Chinese sounds were flowing, and remarked:

"OOey sugum li etey shu go mucca sin klung," or words to that general effect.

A small, bright-faced China boy came promptly through the curtains, and the boss continued,

"Shuey tin awaw aste knooey fan,"

To which the boy gave instant and falsetto reply,

"Ah yo tkin louee louee."

Then the boss to the applicant:

"Him velly good boy. Alee time him go Vlan Bulen stleet mission. All time him wea' Melican colla. Lead em all time Bible. Him hep good boy. Dooe many wo'k all time."

"Little boy," said the applicant, "I think you will do. What is your name?"

"My name, leddy? Him all time Chu Sun Chin Lang Hep Sing Shu mu Ah Sho Tong."

"Your name is much too long. I am going to call you Charlie for short."

"What you name, leddy?"

That so familiar hyphenation, without which no Who's Who in the world would be half complete, was calmly declared. Then up spake the Bible-poring hepreligious Charles, establishing a clear understanding at once:

"You name him hep too dam long. Me callee you all time Alice fo' sho't."

Mr. Gazip—That romantic Miss Passé says there is a secret connected with her birth. Miss Pickles—So I've heard. It's the date.—*New York Globe.*

HEART'S CONTENT.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

"A sail! a sail! Oh, whence away,
And whither, o'er the foam?
Good brother mariners, we pray,
God speed you safely home!"
"Now wish us not so foul a wind,
Until the fair be spent;
For hearth and home we leave behind:
We sail for Heart's Content."

"For Heart's Content! And sail ye so,
With canvas flowing free?
But, pray you, tell us, if ye know,
Where may that harbor be?
For we that greet you, worn of time,
Wave-racked, and tempest-rent,
By sun and star, in every clime,
Have searched for Heart's Content."

"In every clime the world around,
The waste of waters o'er;
An El Dorado have we found,
That ne'er was found before.
The isles of spice, the lands of dawn,
Where East and West are blent—
All these our eyes have looked upon—
But where is Heart's Content?"

"Oh, turn again, while yet ye may,
And ere the hearths are cold,
And all the embers ashen-gray,
By which ye sat of old,
And dumb in death the loving lips
That mourned as forth ye went
To join the fleet of missing ships,
In quest of Heart's Content;

"And seek again the harbor-lights,
Which faithful fingers trim,
Ere yet alike the days and nights
Unto your eyes are dim!
For woe, alas! to those that roam
Till time and tide are spent,
And win no more the port of home—
The only Heart's Content!"

THE COGITATIONS OF CLIPSON.

Rome, June 6, 1913.—In the square facing the Capitol and overlooking the ruins of the Forum Romanum, while the barefooted friars from Ara-Coeli near by were singing vespers, sat Gibbon on October 15, 1764, and received the first inspiration for the Decline and Fall.

Sat on the same spot today trying to cogitate similar cogitations, and to repeople the ancient pile. Tried to imagine the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius a thing of life and the marble forms of Constantine and his son living, breathing, imperial flesh and blood. Just then an aeroplane passed over. Castor and Pollux did not fall; neither did the horse of Marcus Aurelius show fright. Early in the day a fast automobile had whirled me from the Capitol to the end of the Capitoline hill—practically the limits of ancient Rome—in less than ten minutes.

In the heart of the Forum and again in the ruins of the Flavian amphitheatre my musings were disturbed by the raucous cries of newsboys—even Italian newsboys have

raucous voices—telling of a big labor strike affecting Italian docks. Verily, what's the use? CLIPSON.

Paris, June 9, 1913.—Think I have discovered why the French take so readily to aviation. Came in on a train which even under ordinary conditions has a fast schedule. But on this occasion we made up forty-five minutes between the frontier of Switzerland and Paris—about 200 miles. She was mostly in the air but lit a few times for stations and water tanks.

Mr. Bennett runs a newspaper here printed partially in English and quite the cleanest thing in the city. The beautiful typography embellishes rather than soils the pure white paper. European and American news gets on the first page when the society editor will permit. When said society editor is in a particularly gracious mood the news of Europe will be condensed into the first column, first page. Then will follow several columns devoted to the doings of royalty and other high social personages. Maybe the last column will bear a New York date line if anything of sufficient importance has happened in Wall street. Baseball scores and percentages are of course not so important as cricket and polo, but nevertheless they always get on the front page, next to pure society reading.

Everything is so genteel and inoffensive that neither Mr. Bennett nor his editors are called out to fight duels. Even the classified ads represent a high degree of respectability—largely reduced gentlewomen seeking temporary employment as governesses or gentlemen who would be tutors. Quite the reverse of French newspapers. Without duels a Frenchman would find journalism stale, flat and unprofitable. As for ads, oh my! Well, only a French newspaper would print some of them. CLIPSON.

Tell Him to Come Over and See the Editor.

Dear Scoop:—Just been asked the question, "What's there in the Club for a married man?" And he wants to know. Here's his kick.

"I'm just donating \$10 a quarter to the single men," he says. "I don't get over there only once or twice a quarter and then what is there to do?"

"I can get pickled in the buffet, or I can play rum, and every time I do hit the Club for an hour or two there's war in the family camp and it takes three or four days of explanation."

"Why not read?" I asked. "We have quite a library." "Library?" he scoffed. "Why not call it a flop or a reverberator? Every time I go where they keep the books, there are four or five or six or seven or eight fellows snoring on the surrounding scenery, and as many more in the corners shouting each other deaf like a bunch of Germans playing scaat. Don't say library to me. I'm thinking seriously of quitting."

Now, Scoop, being a single man I naturally want the benefit of that \$10 a quarter, and if you could suggest anything for our married friend, please do so, soon's possible. There are many others in this poor fellow's boat.

Wait a minute. He says he could buy a new bonnet with that \$40. SINGLE SAM.

CANDIDATES FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership from the following named have been approved by the Board of Directors, and will be voted on at the regular monthly meeting, tomorrow, Sunday, July 13, at 4 p. m.:

Life.

| | |
|---|---------------------|
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Chicago Daily News Circulation.

This week's issue of The Fourth Estate (New York) states that the Chicago Daily News' enormous circulation fluctuates some 50,000 to 100,000 copies a day, as is shown by the published reports of circulation. The News' circulation for May 30 for example, it being a

holiday, was 100,000 less than for some other days the same week, while occasional days the circulation falls off 50,000. This change would bother some papers, but it doesn't the News. There is another curious thing about the News—it never exceeds a set number of pages. Sometimes the advertising piles up so high above the limit allowed that three or four days are required to work it down to normal. During those days a full house sign is hung out, saying that no advertising will be taken for publication before the day on which the down limit is reached. It may be there are other papers that can do this, but that is an extremely doubtful question. The News is one of the most profitable newspapers in the world.

Come Into the Open.

If the member who addressed a letter to the First Vice President, signing it "A Cub," will have the grace to make himself known, Mr. Cairns will be glad to reply to his inquiries. If this member has the best interests of the Club at heart he should not shroud his legitimate right of inquiry behind an anonymous communication. Anonymity gets nobody anywhere. If a man has anything to say, and is delicate about saying it over his own name, a pen name will go provided he sends it in with a request that his name be withheld.

Something must be done to regulate the divagations of Pansy the Cat. Being a Club character is all well enough in its way, but sitting on the stairs of eight floors in seven consecutive minutes requires looking into.

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"Mons." Flanders

By JOHN MCGOVERN

Oh, ho-o-o! Oh, ho—. NO! *That* was Flanders—that was the *leit-motif*. If Wagner had been here, he could have founded his "operas" on Flanders. Wagner would have invented a dozen new horns, woods, strings, percussives, to catch the graduated orotundities of that Oh, ho-o! and that Oh, ho—NO!

It was Doctor Hugh Blake Williams who decided on the title of "Mons." In the days when we had all our French news from London, we followed the English abbreviation of "Monsieur," and with true Colonial loyalty pronounced it "Mons.," as spelled. Applied to Flanders it was idiosyncratic. "Mons Flanders" (and "the Mons") fitted, and was funny.

Doctor Williams studied the "Mons." for many years, and often conferred on the matter with Doctors Kiernan and Spray. It was Doctor Williams' final opinion that the "Mons." was non-moral (not necessarily immoral)—he did not usually know or suspect the difference between right and wrong. Such a thing as a generous or a noble act or thought did not itself functionally impress him.

Do not believe that in Bohemia we discussed whether "the Mons." were good or bad. He was neutral. That made him worth talking about, and listening to.

"Mons." Flanders was the incarnation of Painter David's Napoleon—that is, Flanders looked exactly like the official Napoleon, as Bonaparte finally chose to appear in the minds of his unlucky subjects. Flanders dressed well and in good taste; his voice, as we have said, was orotund and his manner was like *Podsnap's* (in Dickens), except that sometimes he would visibly snicker at himself—that is, he would laugh to think others should be deceived by his distinguished looks and impressive voice into believing he had anything other than hot air in him. It was our dream at the Club to furnish a vast suite of offices with red Turkey carpet, and call it a life insurance company. Flanders should be in the very farthest office, as President, on the richest, reddest carpet of all, and under a heavy bond not to open his mouth in conversation. The prize agent who had won the gold-headed cane was in town to receive the highest honor the Company could bestow. He was to shake hands with our President! We took this prize agent down the red corridor in the light of the setting sun, past great men who could both think and talk. At last we ushered him into the presence of our august President, "Mons." Flanders, who rose grandly, took the agent by the hand, carefully repeated the agent's name, and sat as grandly down, giving us no further attention—for fear of losing his Presidency.

Flanders benevolently thought it would work, and that he could keep his mouth shut; but the projected insurance company never got farther into reality than the great circle of the Club parlor.

Let us describe the great circle itself. It was in

the big room on Clark street. Jim Scott had blown in \$1,200 for the carpet. The members sat about, from about 11 to 6 p. m. There was one argument that lasted two weeks. Johnny Crawford said: "If I die, shall I live again? Now here I lie dead, on the red carpet, here. What has happened to me? Did I go out? How? Where? Whither?" Of course we all said it was the same old thing—there was no use starting it. But it was two weeks before we could let go. The golden-mouthed Tom Fitch led the debate. Ben Truman's experiences were wonderful.

During such a solemn period, our Napoleonic clown, Flanders, looked on in comfortless silence, yet closely watching and hearing all.

John Ritchie, Opie Read, and Flanders were in one boat on Channel Lake, and Flanders, who could not swim, did not think he was safe. (It was then that the kind-hearted Opie saw the frog put up its little arms and endeavor with its fingers to get Ritchie's cruel hook out of its mouth.) Ritchie got a good bass on, and brought it near the boat. He ordered the cautious Flanders to bring it in with the gaff. This was easier ordered than done, and the bass got away. It was said that the infuriated author of "Hassan" thereupon pulled his gun and was going to compel the poor "Mons." to jump into the lake after the escaping fish. Flanders pleaded so lustily that they all got to shore alive, yet rather than part company with Ritchie, the "Mons." became an obsequious servant and willing acolyte. Flanders thereafter was always at his best if Ritchie were present and not wroth.

Years after the fishing excursion and the Resurgam debate, one gloomy Sunday afternoon, Mr. Ritchie and I were walking eastward on Madison street, and crossing Canal. A circle of Salvation Army soldiers, male and female, were busy, and the main spieler was recounting, tragically, some detail of the sanctified life. He seemed to be playing to a lordly-looking auditor, who was perched high on an only seat, the bench-like top of a garbage box at the curb.

The entire group, bystanders and performers, was paying court to the distinguished auditor.

It was Flanders.

We hadn't seen him in months. He was bent earnestly forward, evoking the most passionate efforts of the Salvationist.

We called him.

"Oh, ho-o-o! Ritchie!" he cried responsively in the midst of the spieler's chief agony. "O ho-o-o! Ritchie! Wait!"

He clambered down from his perch, and hastily joined us, on our way to the club.

"I was awful anxious to draw that bally-hoo clear out," he explained. "Do you remember Johnny Crawford's conundrum, that time, when you fellows chawed the religious rag for two weeks? Well, this was the same spiel, and lots of our own blokes could do it better—if there was any real money in it! I don't see much in it, do you?"

I think that was the last time we ever had Flanders at the Club. He had just been Mayor of a steel city,

made to order, in Pennsylvania, and there were many interesting particulars; but I did not gather them.

It was when the great circle was in its lighter moods that Flanders was peremptorily called to a chair in the center. Sitting astride this chair, for hours at a time, he would confess his malefactions, and recount his adventures, the wit and ingenuity of his sardonic hearers being always at his aid and command.

Imagine Flanders installed at the center, and Opie Read smoking his long pipe in the biggest chair of the circle (we called that chair "W. K. Sullivan"). Flanders has been working for Opie, and the crowd wants to know all about it.

"Well, you see," says Flanders, "last Monday morning it was cold and raining, and we had to have money right away. 'Flanders,' says Read, 'Ed Pritchard, over at the boiler-plates, wants all the stories I can write at \$25 apiece, cash down. But I'm so nervous I can't write.' 'Read,' I says, 'I can write, but I can't think. Why don't you think, and hire me to do the writing?' 'What'll you go to work for?' says Read. 'Thirty-five dollars a week,' says I. So we go up to the office, and Read walks the floor and spiels. He gets along where the geezer is going to shoot pretty soon—you know the dope—when he stops dead still. 'Go on, Read,' I says, 'hurry up!' 'Flanders,' he says, 'I'm blocked; I've got to stop a while. How much money have you got in your clothes?' Now, I didn't like that! 'Oh, I got 35 cents,' I says. 'Gimme!' he says, and I had to hand it to him, or I'd lose me job!"

"Well," observed Opie, taking the big pipe out of his mouth, "He could afford it! He had a job, and I didn't."

The extraordinary adventures recited by Flanders were probably the outcome of his literary work for Pinkerton as the writer of detective yarns. In this labor "Whit," a fellow-member, had been a colleague, but between the two romancers there was little love lost. When Flanders was dazzling so brightly in the Club's spotlight as to curdle "Whit's" usual good humor, "Whit" would darkly hint that he had "enough on Flanders" to "put him in the pen." At such a crisis our Napoleon would pompously rise from his saddle and take the floor, with a sublime look of triumph on his fine face. "Oh, ho! NO!" "Whit," he would say, 'do you see that?' tapping the palm of his left hand. "Well, I got you, right there, in the hollow of my hand." Then he would double the left fist. "Some day, Whit, I'll be going down State street this way, and they will say: 'Papa, what you got in that left duke?' And I will answer: 'Papa's got Whit right there in the hollow of his hand!'" Then, but always at the stern command of the irate circle, he would return to his chair and resume the interrupted recital. Sometimes he would himself laugh at the episode. Sometimes both of the principals seemed to want us to think it was a little matter of Joliet for *one* of the twain.

Flanders never "bought," but was himself bottomless. He could not even be made merry. He did not seem to have a thirst, and certainly he regarded a generous member as a fool. Therefore the circle heard,

with screams of delight, the details of the awful calamity that he said befell him in the Cunningham-Stone elopement from Chicago to Milwaukee (in 1887). Flanders, at Milwaukee, was reporting the event. He got hold of the hackman at the Plankinton House.

"I saw," said Flanders, in his very best whisper of conspirator, "that I must get the hackman drunk before he'd talk; so I run him into the bar, and what do you think that geezer took—(Fortissimo)—THREE-STAR HENNESSY AT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A THROW!"

The look of pain and horror on Flanders' fine face should have been painted by Guido Reni. Even the Flanderian or Flemish fists were eloquent.

One day late in 1893, Flanders was really lonesome—that is, he was at last human for the nonce. The Club was at a club's dullest, when Opie came in.

"Read, oh, come with me to the Fair, this afternoon," appealed Flanders. It was the voice of "If I must perish, save my child!"

The prospect alarmed Opie. He was clearly up against it. "I'd like to, Flanders, but I haven't got a cent—not a cent!"

"Oh, Read, it won't *cost* anything. You've got passes! So have I."

"It will cost a lot! Got to have car-fare, and everything is 25 cents down there. I don't want to go, anyway."

For several minutes Flanders communed with himself in agony. He had a roll of money, and he greatly admired Opie, and was proudest when he was in Opie's company.

"Read," he said sadly, at last, "I'll PAY."

"Pay all?—Midway—every concession—volcano—wheel—Persian Palace—ostriches—St. Peter's—Dahomey—Java—Germans—Roumanian orchestra?—Old Vienna—Wild West?—ALL?—from Blarney Castle to the Cottage Grove grip car?" inquired Opie remorselessly.

"Oh, my God, Read, we can work every single one of them concessions except the grip!"

"No," said Opie, as cruelly as Dionysius of Syracuse would have said it.

So, for the only time on record, Flanders paid, and Opie's recital of their socio-financial experiences that afternoon would make a laugh in a German grand-opera audience. For instance, Flanders went into the great open arena of the Beauty Show. The admiring eyes of the encircling belles of all nations were at once centered on so marked a personage.

"O ho-o-o!" he said in orotund syllables. "It smells like a dog-house!"—and Opie hurried him over to Hagenbeck's menagerie, hoping the lions would get loose.

O. D. Grover painted the portrait of our deceased Club President, the widely-lamented John Ballantyne. There was a superabundance of red in the picture, which time, the painter said, would tone down into the exact shades needed; and time has vindicated Mr. Grover's theory and genius.

The portrait was hung on our walls in one of Flanders' many periods of absence. When Flanders came in on his next return to our beautiful city, Jack Fuller

was sitting beside the round table in the parlor. Flanders fixed his Napoleonic eye on the new portrait, and then, in a voice as noble as George Miln's, he rolled forth, "O ho-o-o! It's too red!"

Jack Fuller was in ill humor, that day. "Now, Flanders, you go roaring around here like a bull calf and yet you don't *mean* any harm. Now let me *tell* you: That picture is the very latest thing! The boys went out and raised \$550 for that portrait, and it's going to be exhibited at Jackson Park (World's Fair) next year!" "NO-o-o!" cried Flanders. "Yes, I'm your best friend, or I'd let you go on roaring—the *crowd* would let you go on. They ain't got any heart at *all*."

"You see, Jack," said the chastened and instructed Flanders, "damned if I didn't really think it was too RED!"

Now Jack didn't know any more about it than Flanders, and didn't care. He *himself* thought it was too red. But to see Flanders posing as an art critic, and to have the rheumatism as Jack had it that afternoon—ah!

THE BUSINESS WOMEN'S MAGAZINE.

A new force has come into action that may as well be taken into account right now by the leaders in all departments of life hereaway. For a long time the Association of Commerce has been doing great things for Chicago and the West. This new force operates along a parallel line, and in its six months or so of history has shown a remarkable development, a power for real good, and an increase that has come from its own inner springs of vitality. It is called the Women's Association of Commerce. It is legitimately entitled to notice in the Press Club paper because it has established a handsome and well written magazine; and because some of its most vigorous proponents are members of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Press Club, who gave us such splendid help with the Big Scoop both this year and last—women who, moreover, have won for themselves distinction in newspaper and magazine work, like Lois Willoughby of the Inter Ocean, Page Waller Eaton, who founded The Bachelor Book and edited the Open Road when that brilliant magazine was at its best; our own Jean Comerford, and a half dozen more. Dr. Julia Holmes Smith is in it, and so are Mrs. Herman Hall, Mrs. Robert McCall, Dr. Katharine B. Rich, and Adelaide von Kettler, who has charge of the home service department of the Boston Store. The president of the association is Miss Florence King, a highly successful patent attorney, the only woman entitled to appear in patent cases before the United States Supreme Court.

Its magazine is conducted by a very capable young woman, Jean Masson, well known as a writer of high quality stuff; and her work is making good.

In the first number of the magazine the ground and purpose of the organization were set forth, to this effect: that we are living in a new day; a new order, social, political and commercial, is fast possessing the world; that the ancient words woman, motherhood, love, work, are given new and vivid meanings; that the potentialities of a business women's organization are

inconceivably great if the foundation is sure and conforms with the thought of the age; that women have entered more than three hundred distinct occupations heretofore followed by men only, and that their forces must be concentrated to effect the great purpose for which they were thrust into the arena of active affairs.

Out of these understandings a creed has involuntarily evolved, running thus:

I believe in a high standard of efficiency for all women.

I believe in commercial reciprocity and mutual patronage of members.

I believe in the association of every member and every member for the association (a delightful feminization of the war cry of Dumas' immortal three, "One for all and all for one").

I believe that the hour has struck for the commercial organization of women, for with them is the solution of most of our great civic, industrial and political problems.

The organization has been recognized and is approved by the Chicago Association of Commerce. It has already four hundred members, all of them very much alive. One of the contributors to the magazine defines it quite concisely as "a get-together movement of capabilities." Good fortune go with it!

HOW TO WRITE SCENARIO.

Several members have asked The Scoop for instruction in the forms of scenario writing for moving picture production. The interest in this subject has been so wide and so suddenly awakened that to personally answer all these applications by letter and instance would in the present limitations of The Scoop be out of the question, yet having started the thing, The Scoop can do no less than make good as best it can.

One thing to get into your head first is that no scenario need be longer than 1,000 words. Usually 800 will do. It is necessary only to write the outlines of the story. The producer will attend to all the details and all the action, and you may take it for one of the surest things you know that he can do all of that several thousand times better than ever you could.

John B. Rathbun, in Motography for July, has a fine set of instructions which in the exhaustion of our own The Scoop republishes and warmly commends.

Mr. Rathbun points out that many scenarios that would otherwise have been acceptable have been rejected because of the confusing arrangement of the manuscript, and the lack of system on the part of the writer in displaying his wares. The film companies have neither the time nor the inclination to rewrite scenarios, no matter how good the subject. To insure the attention of the scenario editor, the following rules regarding the form of the manuscript should be observed:

- (1) Write your story on good white paper, 8½x11 inches. (Typewriter second sheets will do.)
- (2) Write only on one side of the paper.
- (3) Use a typewriter if possible; if not, always write in ink.
- (4) Write your name and address at the top of the first sheet.
- (5) Write the price of your play, if you think it ad-

visible. If it is your first scenario, we would advise the use of the sentence, "Submitted at your usual rates."

(6) In the center of the sheet about two spaces below the address, write the name of your play, capitalizing the principal words.

(7) Two spaces below the title write the word "synopsis" in capitals.

(8) On the next line begin your synopsis, giving a complete outline of your play in as brief a manner as possible. Never exceed 200 words.

(9) Two spaces below your synopsis, and in the center of the sheet, write the word "Characters."

(10) Below this title write the name, and a very short description of the characters. Only a few words of description is necessary, just enough to explain their relation to the play. Each character should be started on a separate line.

(11) Under the list of characters give the number of scenes in the play, the location of each scene (the "locale"), and whether they are to be interiors or exteriors.

(12) Begin the scenario proper on a new sheet, leaving a space about one inch and a half at the top and a left hand margin of the same width. The margin should be left clear for the scene numbers, such as SCENE I, SCENE II, etc.

(13) Always use Roman numerals for the scenes.

(14) Subtitles should either be written even with the left hand edge of the text, or in the center of the sheet. The subtitles should always be capitalized so that they may readily be distinguished from the text.

(15) Number all of your pages.

(16) Pin the pages securely together.

(17) Never roll your manuscript, for this makes it inconvenient to handle.

(18) When submitting a manuscript always enclose sufficient postage for its return.

(19) If you have any comments to make, write them on a separate sheet of paper. Make them brief.

(20) If a scenario has been returned by one maker, rewrite it before sending it out again. Soiled copy stands a poor chance with the next producer, for it is self-evident that it has been rejected at least once during its career.

(21) Don't submit short stories, or matter in story form. Analyse the action and motive of every character.

(22) Don't write dialogues for the characters.

(23) Keep a copy of every scenario that you write, for the original manuscript may be lost in its wanderings.

(24) Don't submit the same scenario to two manufacturers at the same time.

(25) Number your scenes, and remember that every time that the surroundings or "locales" are changed you must have a new scene and a new subtitle. In moving picture plays a "scene" is the view taken at a single setting of the camera.

(26) Never leave your characters on the stage at the close of one scene, and then show them "discovered" at the beginning of the next. Have them leave before the end of the first scene, and then enter at the next.

(27) Don't attempt a play that will be likely to prove unpopular with some particular class of people. Avoid religious controversies, strikes, political feuds, etc.

The following scenario will give an idea as to the form of manuscript that is to be submitted to the manufacturer, showing the characters, locale, arrangement of subtitles, etc. Being merely a form of procedure, no attempt has been made to have it of any particular interest or play value:

John J. Murphy, 1008 Leland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

(Submitted at your usual rates.)

"A STORY OF THE RAIL MILLS."

SYNOPSIS.

A mill owner, Alton Thomas, buys out one of his smaller rivals in order to control a certain class of steel.

After the purchase Thomas discharges all of the former employees of his rival except the superintendent, the chemist, and the melter, who alone possess the secret of the steel. All of the old hands are replaced by men from the Thomas plant.

Among those discharged is the son of the superintendent, who unjustly accuses his father of causing his dismissal and in revenge threatens to sell the steel formula to Thomas unless he is reinstated. Fortunately for the father, the son does not know that the process of melting, which he does not understand, is of as much importance as the formulae, etc., etc., etc.

CHARACTERS.

Alton Thomas, the new owner of the mill.

James McDonald, the superintendent.

Charles McDonald, son of the superintendent.

Bill McPherson, the open hearth melter.

Otto Meyer, a typical nervous German chemist (comedy).

Robert Edsall, former owner of the mill.

Hearth men, charging machine and crane operators, ingot strippers, laborers, etc.

LOCALE.

The scenes may be located in any of the steel mill districts of Pennsylvania, Indiana or Illinois.

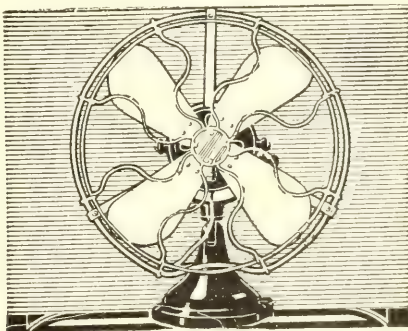
Ten scenes are required, of which all are steel mill interiors, taken preferably on the charging and pouring floors and in the chemist's "floor" coop. This offers an opportunity of introducing an interesting semi-industrial feature, showing one stage of steel manufacture.

With the exception of Edsall and Thomas, who wear business suits of good quality, the rest of the characters wear old rough clothes. To add a realistic touch to the scenes, the lower parts of the laborers' bodies should be wrapped with burlap bandages, commonly used as a protection against the heat.

SCENE I.—Subtitle: "McDonald Warns the Melter."

Charging Floor. McPherson is directing a furnace charge. Charging machine in the foreground. Superintendent runs up the aisle, taps McPherson on the shoulder and hands him a letter. Mac reads.

Subtitle: (Letter Form.)



Electric Fans
will keep you cool
for less than 1c an hour.

On sale at ELECTRIC SHOP, Michigan and Jackson Blvds., 9163 So. Chicago Ave., 2537 Kedzie Blvd., and at the downtown offices of the

Commonwealth Edison Company

120 West Adams Street

Wm. D. McJunkin Advertising Agency, Chicago 1883

"Dear Mac:—

"Negotiations were closed today. Thomas will assume charge next week. McPherson and yourself will retain your old position. EDSALL."

Both men appear to be greatly surprised and troubled. McDonald indicates that great secrecy must be observed. Orders several sacks of material to be placed in a small room at the side of furnace. Locks the door and hands keys to the melter. Melter resumes the charging operation.

SCENE II.—Chemist's laboratory. Meyer is engaged in making an analysis in the foreground. McDonald enters at right so hastily that he upsets part of the chemical apparatus. Meyer protests wildly with many uncouth gestures. Superintendent laughs and endeavors to calm the chemist, then becomes serious and shows the letter to Meyer. The chemist immediately locks up the apparatus and bolts the doors (comedy business), etc., etc.

This form, while incomplete as to the story, will show the method of arranging the manuscript. Nothing is left to the imagination of the producer, for each movement is specified.

Another Noah!

Doctor Presnell has had his coat off every spare hour for a week, and has been hard at work. Reason: A raft which a crowd of non-professionals is building with the doctor in charge. Looks as if it will be floated by the middle of August. All the barrels have been collected and the planks assembled but somehow the thing doesn't get together. The doctor does his best but his working force individually feels secure in its knowledge of raft building. Each man works according to his own idea. The barrels and the planks are helpless.

But it will be the biggest raft on the North Shore when it is finished, and will be anchored between Lakeside place and Lawrence avenue. Come on, you P. C. swimmers!

HONEST.

BRAMLEY KITE.

I never yet have known a man in my three score and twenty,
Who never took a drink but that he had some brain cells empty.

The New York Telegraph quotes a physician as saying whistling is good exercise for the lungs. But what does it profit a youth to have a sound pair of lungs if he is destined to have his head damaged by a brick before he reaches the voting age? Or why not half a brick at half the age? Why whistlers anyway?

Presidential Profanity.

BY BEAU BROADWAY.

"Tut tut," he said in accents wild,
"Tut tut," he roundly swore;
"Tut tut," he shouted yet again,
And then, "tut tut" some more.

To get it written, to get it spoken, to get it done, at any cost and at any hazard—it is for that and that only we are here!—*Michael Monahan.*

A man wants to divorce his wife because she hasn't talked for ten years. The fool!

AMERICA AS A BRAIN CENTRE.

Ten years ago the foreign students at Cornell and Wisconsin universities came together with a certain number of American students and formed local societies known as "Cosmopolitan Clubs. These clubs are now to be found in every large university and are federated into a National Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs embracing thousands of students now in America from fifty-five different countries. A similar movement started in Italy in 1898 under the name of the Corda Fratres with affiliated organizations in European universities. Now these two federations have joined forces and will meet at Cornell University August 29 to September 13 as an International Congress of Students. These young men are in many cases being educated for the express purpose of qualifying for positions in the administrative or diplomatic service of their respective countries.

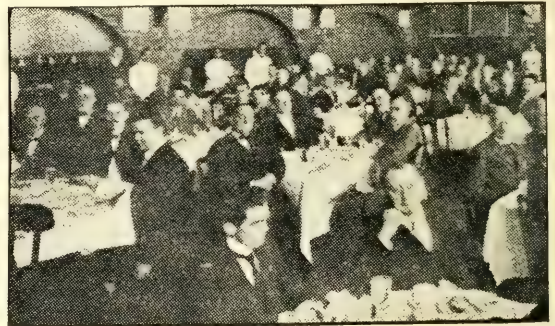
DEATH.

FLORENCE EARL COATES.

I am the key that parts the gates of Fame;
I am the cloak that covers cowering Shame;
I am the final goal of every race;
I for the storm-tossed am the resting place,

The messenger of sure and swift relief,
Welcomed with wailings and reproachful grief;
The friend of those who have no friend but me.
I break all chains and set all captives free.

I am the cloud that when Earth's day is done,
An instant veils an unextinguished sun;
I am the brooding hush that follows strife,
The waking from a dream that Man calls—Life!



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THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II. No. 29. CHICAGO SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1913.

Price 5c.

Come to Your Housewarming

On the evening of Friday next, the 25th, the Club will informally celebrate the renovation of the Club house. The rooms will be open to inspection and refreshments will be served from 6 to 8 o'clock in the main dining hall. Later, in the library, there will be a musical program by Kirk Towns, Rudolph Berliner, Miss Berliner, and volunteers, and a half dozen five minute addresses delivered by Club members. The private dining rooms will then be opened, and the main hall cleared for dancing.

Club members and the women of their families will be expected to come in full numbers. There will be an especially large representation of life and non-resident members, with their families and friends.

It will be a get-together affair, to mark the

new era of prosperity and fine fellowship that has opened to the Club. A good many of our people are unaware how beautiful the Club home has become. Few have realized its recent growth in important public consideration and in numbers. At the July meeting almost sixty new members were admitted, a large proportion of them holding high staff positions on the great Chicago dailies, others representing out-of-town publications, and still others, in the life list, bearing names that are known in the higher levels of world affairs. Let us renew old friendships, and form fresh ones. And by all means bring the girls. They always meant more than much to us, but in these latter days they mean still more than that. We want all of them to see the place that is so dear to the boys.

THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT.

There has been talk about promulgating a rule forbidding former night city editors of the Inter Ocean to congregate in the Tribune local room. This would apply to W. C. Howey, Robert R. Clark, Al W. Chase and John L. Lawson. Pete Vroom says he was offered the job once and dodged it.

Colonel Davis says the Rathburn instruction in last week's Scoop on how to write a movie scenario are as plain as a blue bottle fly in a pan of milk; nobody could mistake them at any point, and that if a man has a story in him they'll fetch it out right. And Colonel Davis knows what he is talking about. Motography is a great little paper.

Sid Cornell says that if System hadn't spoiled him for imaginative writing, he would thrill the uncivilized world with an account of his experience last Wednesday with the Buxom Lady Who Collects Straw Hats. Goble could tell the story better than Cornell, but Cornell had the adventure.

One of the most enthusiastic members and greatest gatherers of new members that the Press Club ever

had was Harry Banting, publisher of the Novelty News and the Osteopathic Physician. Back in ninety-eight everybody knew him as a director in the Club, and earlier than that he gained a real reputation on the editorial staffs of half a dozen of the leading newspapers of the country. Harry is still in town.

Another good member whom we miss nowadays is Henry H. Gibson, editor and publisher of "Hardwood Record,"—one of the most productive lumber journals in the country. We need him back, too.

Roy O. Randall, who, besides attending to a family, is press representative for the Sunday Evening Club, has left for a two-weeks' vacation over at the Granger farm, about six miles out of St. Joe, Michigan. Roy formerly spent five years in trade journal work, but that is no explanation of his temperament.

A. H. Lockwood, editor and publisher of the Shoe and Leather Weekly, was one of the Big Boys back in ninety-eight, and he ought still to be with the crowd here. Who'll volunteer to go after him? He's a worker and we need his type.

De Lysle F. Cass's serial, Pilgrims in Love, will

appear in the September and October issues of the All Story Magazine.

Harry Bedford-Jones and ol' Cap. Foran collaborated in a seventy thousand word novel, *The Border of Blades*, which will appear with a thrilling cover illustration in the July number of the *Argosy*.

The whiteness of the snows of the Himalayas is stolen; the love-lighted softness of a houri's eyes is robbed of its sheen; in the curve of stalwartness Apollo flaunts them both in the meanest haunts of men. For Dan Sullivan is wearing white silk socks.

Bob Strong (Robert D. Strong is his complete moniker), erstwhile of the *Inter-Ocean*, *Record-Herald*, *Press*, et al., is now editor of a paper at Fort Worth, Florida, a town near Palm Beach.

The Not Very Reverend Wilbur Burkhardt, who reads the sky pilot dope for the *Record-Herald*, has returned from his vacation in Iowa. Like every other farmer, Burke kicks about the weather and allows as how we need rain.

Harry Hazelwood of the *Record Herald* has sure reached his dotage. He was stricken with a real old-fashioned case of colic. Paregorically speaking, Harry is on the road to recovery.

It is understood that P. F. Lowder of the *Record-Herald* has ordered a kiltie suit to supplement his ice cream affair for the hot August days. The thermometer dropped to fifty-six the last time Lowder wore those trousers.

Homer V. Hogan, of the *Record-Herald* staff, after whom the ancient Greek poet was named, has been engaged to deliver a series of woman suffrage lectures throughout Illinois in August. Homer claims to be the original Illinois equal suffrage man.

W. J. Cleary indignantly denies the rumor that the girl he is going to marry is from Indiana. He wishes *THE SCOOP* to apologize and to correct its gross error. He says she is from Ohio.

James Aloysius Durkin was made teller at the recent election of life members at the Club. Jim reports that there were but two black balls cast. More power to Mr. Klein, he allows. A few more speeches like that and he'll bring all the boys to time.

Jakie Schmidt, well known Trib office fixture, bought a green and red parrot last Monday, and it was presented to Mr. Walter A. Washburne, with a cake and the compliments of the entire staff. The staff hadn't known they were buying a bird. They were under the impression that Jakie had been given the money to buy a tombstone for Mr. Washburne's dog.

Otto Engle, the demon sporting expert of the *Chicago Tribune*, went a visiting to his home town, South Bend, last week, and is again on the job. Otto travels to South Bend quite frequently and there are rumors in the vicinity of those roll top desks in the sporting department. He bends himself in a knot trying to deny the allegations. Cupid's knot, did you say? No—knot yet.

Page Arthur Bowen and Pete Estey of the *Examiner* staff. Both have been chosen and are now to be called. They have too many friends in the Club to be allowed to run loose any longer. Page them!

Mark Skinner Watson, well known Tribune director

of the Club, a gentleman and a scholar, was not at the meeting Sunday last. It transpires that Mark's number came out in the pool, and that he spent the afternoon of Sunday with one P. Neumann, cupid of the Trib copy desk, playing golf.

Howard M. Briceland, manager of the Trib news bureau, has returned from a two weeks' vacation with his family in Indiana.

E. Buttermilk Fullerton, who is fishing with bent pins way up in the Wisconsin waters, writes (on a postcard for all the world to see) that he made the acquaintance recently of a fifteen-pound muskellunge which pulled him into the water. E. B. is some swimmer, he admits, but of the two the fish was better acquainted with those waters, and so had it on the man.

John J. Alcock, of the rhum (not rum) quartette took Friday instead of Tuesday off last week, and showed up the following day all spruced up, and wearing a brand new shave, and an air of injured innocence. They look at John now with a little awe, since it has become known that the assessors put a personal property tax of \$450 on his head. Gee! C. Webb Murphy has only a \$500 assessment!

James Crusinberry, Sam Weller you know, is working overtime this week helping the fans decide just what is the greatest diamond play they have seen. The mailman staggers when he carries in Jim's letters.

George Morris went to Salt Lake City for the Trib. Not much of George's action there is known, save that he sent good stuff back over the wire. But judge for yourself. When he came back, and took up the job of acting society editor! Whew-ee! the women that flocked around George's desk! George has such winning ways!

D'you read about Sundby Hansen in the Trib last Tuesday? Sundby's name and good graces were copied by a sneak thief who passed himself off as the renowned Tribune reporter, and robbed 'em all the way from Rogers Park to Englewood. The cops nailed Sundby—that is, the guy who said he was Sundby, and the staff was surprised to find it wasn't Hansen at all. Yes—surprised. That is just exactly the right word. The two of them could play the Dromios without make-up. Yassir. They could.

Our Bill Cochran has gained the title of Commodore Bill. The commodore has purchased a Big Ben, which arouses him every morn and chases him out on the lake in his yacht.

Word comes from South Haven that our J. R. Taylor is slowly emerging from that state of ill health which compelled him to resign from the *Inter Ocean* staff two or three weeks ago. All his friends are glad to hear this, especially those who were associated with him in that office, from the Chief down to the galley-cubs. No man drawing out of the white water of a newspaper leaves a hole that cannot be filled; but a good man is missed, and where as in this case the close contact of daily work brought forth a genuine and mutual affection, he leaves a haunting regret, a sense of something lost, that lingers long. Taylor is not forgotten, and if he can extract comfort from the news that they miss him at home, he may take it honestly, for they do.



ERNEST A. MASON, WATCH HIM

Whether it's golf or goff or
gowf
Is all the same to our Ernest
Mason.
He goes to it for all he's
wowf
Every minute he isn't
chasin'

The oof bird round the paper
pile
And boosting the Midland of
paper.
The rest is knocks, but all the
while
They're knocks that help a
business shaper.

For while he's working round
the links
He's framing new kinks to
help the business.
And any man's wrong who ever
thinks
There's any game anywhere
better'n his'n is.*

*(Taking it by and large, whether it's kidding the caddie or making the dullest see it sticking out farther than a fifer's eye that Midland is the best bond and ledger paper that ever came out of a mill.)

He Was Worried.

Came Colonel Visscher to Doctor Nutt, at luncheon, with seven new wrinkles in his noble brow, sorrow in his eyes, and a bunch of papers in his hands.

"What do you know about that?" he asked plaintively.

"Everything," responded the Doctor, with sweet geniality. "What is it?"

"Some son and heir of a boiled dog in New York has sent me his circulars—all about teaching me how to write! Me! What do you know about that! I was a writer before his grandfather was littered. And say—look at this. He's sent me printed examples of how to write the way he teaches, and what do you think they are? Stuff that I wrote myself thirty years ago, that was copied all over the world! Me! What does he think I am? He can't insult me, because he isn't a gentleman. But—what do you know about that?"

Doctor Nutt pondered deeply a moment, and then was brightly inspired to say,

"I should worry!"

"I do," said Vissch, with emphasis.

The Montreal Herald has been taken over by a new corporation headed by Frederick Henry Markly, K. C., and will hereafter be known as the Telegraph. It will be the only English paper in Montreal devoted to the liberal party.

Kellogg M. Patterson left Friday evening for Spring Lake, Mich., where he will visit with friends for a week or two before he returns to take up the grind again.

OLDEST SAVINGS BANK IN CHICAGO

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YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

O WILLIE! WE HAVE MISSED YOU!

Panama City, Fla., July 9, 1913.—Dear Scoop:—I've been reading the Scoop down here at St. Andrews bay, in the forest primeval, where the bull frogs croak like guineas on an Illinois farm, and everybody thinks a little "likker" is the finest thing in the world. It's a new environment to me, because of the sea. I've seen wild country before, but never the combination that greets me here. We are seven miles from the gulf, and have a fine land-locked harbor, where ships of all kinds come to load lumber and cotton and in time will come to get the products of southwestern Georgia and Alabama, which will come to tide water through a canal from our bay to the Apalachicola river, thus shortening the water haul, and giving access to the big ships. The town here is only six years old, and things are some primitive, after shower baths and hot and cold water, but you can always have a dip in the bay, if you want. I've been in every day this week, and am getting to be a webfoot.

Commerce hasn't scared the denizens of the sea to deep water, and we see needle fish, crabs, oysters, cow-fish shark, porpoises, turtles as big as wash tubs, anso-forth, nearly every day. I'm general factotum of the Pilot, published here. I'm mechanical superintendent, local editor, mailer, and pressman. Feel well, have stood the heat fine, and don't think it has been much warmer here than with you; and we can always jump in the water and stay for hours without getting chilled—a thing no ordinary person can do in Lake Michigan or any northern lake.

I love to read about the old boys, and bless 'em, every one. My salutations to the Senators, and the old guard in general. I hope Colonel Kellogg is improved. To him, to you all, the top of the morning, and may your shadows never grow less. May you all have as a heritage the earth and the fullness thereof; and may I hope long to be remembered by my old comrades of the Press Club?

W. W. FREEMAN.

"And the Sailor Home from the Sea."

Our bold mariner Morris has returned to his haven in this Club after inspecting Europe with considerable approval and having come bravely through many and great adventures taken in the teeth of the hard glad weather, in the blown wet face of the sea.

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.

Colonel Davis has made a most valuable addition to the Club library by presenting a full set (forty-five volumes) of Charles Dudley Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature. These volumes are of the first edition, which was limited to a thousand copies, superbly printed and bound. The set presented bears the number 183.

The matter of assembling a large reference section in the library, as complete as possible in whatever will be helpful in newspaper work, is progressing in a gratifying rate, thanks to the interest of such earnest Club members as Doctor Gilman, Colonel Davis and Leroy Goble, and some of the larger eastern publishing houses. It is being carried on with system and a sense of proportion, and has gone far enough to assure the Club one of the best, if not the very best, library of general and useful reference in this country.

EHEU FUGACES!

Billy Freeman's new paper, the Panama City Pilot, is the official organ of Bay County, Florida. With dignity and red ink and in the northeast corner of the front page, the platform or slogan of Bay County is given: Honesty, Economy, Progress.

The unswerving tendency runs always faster away from the free, outspoken honesty of a very recent eld. Compare that slogan with the candid truculence of the Whitechapel Club when it entered a city campaign with a candidate for mayor and the bold platform, No Gas, No Water, No Police.

BOOK DAY.

About twenty-five members have organized an extra official committee to boost the library. On the 25th of each month they are to meet, and every time they meet each committeeman is to bring in a book, and donate it to the Club. De Lysle Cass and Jerome Power are the two patriots who started this proposition. Any Club member may by fiat make of himself a committeeman. Come in. Be good. Make good.

READ THE PAPERS, THEN.

When the editor of The American Advance says "prohibition does not prohibit because prohibition cannot prohibit. Prohibition is mandatory law, and mandatory law is not automatic, does not enforce itself," he proclaims too hastily a thing which happens to be many points off the facts. He should read the newspapers of Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon and Regina if he does not know that prohibition is easily made effective. Sas-

katchewan and Alberta have entirely sane laws on the subject, and have made themselves dry without being nasty or howling about it.

PLAIN ENOUGH.

Truth is personified as feminine—why, nobody knows. *The Smart Set.*

ANSWER—"If my love tells me she is made of Truth, I do believe her, though I know she lies."

SNARLS.

BY SNARLEYOW.

Glory Hallelu! At last a "snarl" was yawped at the right time, and possibly touched off a squib that may produce enough well directed effort to establish a library as is a library. The expose of the measley former efforts since 1880 was the snarl that did it. Glory be, we have a live wire in Mr. Goble, who as a worker can be compared to a terrier when somebody says "Rats!"

We have been saying Rats since 1880 every time we have looked in the library for some common classic, and found it—not. Goble now proposes a Book Day, when every member who is a true patriot will plant one book in our library! Vive La! Gesundheit! Here's to you, Book Day! Set 'em up again!

Who is the guy who follows Doctor Nutt around all day, telling him this and that new expression of his perfect taste is very reychurchay but—it would be much more distangay if you had done it so and so—and then proceeds to elaborate, while the Doctor looks appealingly around and about, feels with one hand in his gun pocket, and hastily effaces himself off the earth, while this human bull mosquito lights on some one else. Why could not this yaller jacket be stepped on? for if you will notice the Doctor is getting that backed-into-a-corner look, as if he was praying for an axe, or a serviceable 44.

I do not admire our style in receiving callers. It is all right to receive the caller as we do, and find out immediately his business, who he is, and if he is wanted. It is all right that he should sit on that hard bench in the lower hall until he is stamped O. K. But—it is not right if he *does* pass the outer guard with the correct password, to be compelled to sit there half an hour or more. It is blawsted bad form, you know. Why not have such a caller who is forced to wait and is O. K. and marked non-explosive, invited to an easy chair in our comfy, tasty lounging room, with access to the magazines while he waits, instead of having him go out, as did one I saw slamming the swinging door in my face as I came in, saying from the bottom of his stomach, "damn such a Club!"

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The Old, Old Prayer

By John Postgate



OUR FATHER, which art in heaven
 Submissive to Thy law—
 We pray our sins be all forgiven,
 Our hearts all freed from flaw,
 Our vain desires be begone,
 Our footsteps lead aright,
 And from our eyes remove each speck
 That blinds us to the Light.

Hallowed be Thy name, O Lord,
 Let Thy sweet mercy reign,
 Within our souls sink deep the Word
 That heals all grief and pain;
 Our wandering thoughts restrain & cheer
 Our cares and doubts dispel,
 From timid minds cast out each fear
 And teach us, All is well!

Give us this day, our daily bread,
 And fervent be our creed,
 To suffer none to go unled,
 While we may end his need;
 Let love and pity fill our hearts,
 And charity for all;
 Sustain the strength that hope imparts
 To bless both great and small.

Thy kingdom come, in Thy good time;
 Oh, comfort us till then!
 Thy will be done in every clime
 Where toil the sons of men,
 And let Thy grace descend & glow
 Within each weary breast,
 So we may all Thy goodness know,
 Thy love and peace attest

Our faults forgive, as we forgive
 The faults by others shown;
 Teach us the way to rightly live,
 Our follies to atone,
 From evil aims our minds set free,
 And from temptations save,
 And let the Cross of Calvary
 Redeem us from the grave
 For Thine the Kingdom must prevail
 Against all the hosts of ill,
 Thy power and Thy glory quell
 The arts that sting and kill,
 And forever and forever
 Hosannas let us raise,
 That lures of earth may never
 Divert us from Thy ways.

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THE ROMANCE OF BOOKPLATES.

GUIDO BRUNO, IN THE LANTERN.

The banquet was over.

Silver, gold and crystal glistened on the white damask of the long table. Myriads of candles in Venetian candelabra transformed night into day. Servants with gold decanters hastened to refill goblets with purple wine. Diamonds, sapphires and emeralds gleamed in the hair, in the ears and on the robes of beautiful women.

Under the purple canopy from his elevated seat, the prince, master of the castle, had arisen. He chatted

with his guests, with the dukes and counts and knights garbed in gold embroidered velvet.

"The singer! The singer!" the ladies called.

"Let the singer's song resound care-free, happy and joyful, like birds of the trees," exclaimed the prince, waving his jeweled hand in the direction of the troubadour's seat.

He stepped forward. He bowed to the ladies and gentlemen, stroked back the soft curls of his long hair and in his melodious voice told sweet tales of love, strange stories of adventure, of travel, of fight, of battle and of the strife for the sublime—the divine.

Dreamily the ladies gazed; emotion and desire were mirrored in the faces of the men, and all applauded when he had finished.

A lady took a rose from her breast and tossed it gracefully to the singer. Another took a sparkling ring from her finger and gave it to him as a token of favor. Dukes and counts approached him with wine-filled goblets of gold, asked him to drink and to keep the goblets for his own.

And now came the Prince.

Slowly he descended the stairs from his throne. Guests retreated and formed an aisle. He approached the singer awaiting on bended knee the lord at whose table he had eaten and whose praise he had sung. And from his neck he took the heavy chain of gold with the large medallion bearing his portrait, and hung it about the blue regalia of his poet.

It was the expression of the highest honor he could bestow upon the troubadour to whose songs he and his guests had listened.

That was centuries ago—when the singer was the welcome guest in the castles of France and Spain, and in the banquet halls of German and Dutch burghers; before Father Gutenberg had carved the first set of type and printed the first book.

The troubadour traveled from castle to castle singing his songs and telling his tales.

Since time immemorial the aristocracy and those blessed with wealth have been the patrons of art and literature. Kings and princes sheltered artists and poets under their roofs, fed them at their tables and provided them with yearly income. They were proud when they "discovered" a sweet singer or one blessed with imagination and the gift of relating a story. Their "discoveries," just like the poets and tellers of tales today, were usually obsessed with wanderlust. The desire to retain them, to exhibit them like very precious things to their friends, lay in natural human vanity and demanded an excuse during those times just as today.

The man who finds something which others overlook, the man who appreciates what others with less receptive minds for beauty discard, loves to show it to the world, to link his name with it, and label it with his own individuality so that he may point it out as a part of himself.

Didn't the prince claim as his property the singer or poet who successfully entertained his guests and to whom he presented the golden chain bearing his portrait embossed in gold?

And wasn't this gold chain, placed upon the neck of

the ancient troubadour, the forerunner of the book plate of days to come?

Book plates and romance were always closely coupled.

The noblemen of European monarchies attached their coats of arms to the shields which protected their lives in the same manner as they placed the engraved likeness of it in the books which meant mental and spiritual preservation to them.

The pilgrim fathers and their successors brought with them, when they came to this country, their guns, their swords and their books.

Old customs and old traditions gave place to the greater teaching of humanity—equal birthright of all humankind.

Piety caused their descendants to look with reverence to the few books preserved from those brought over from the mother country, containing the plates with the family arms. And they had similar ones made to attach as a visible sign of possession to the books they bought and loved.

Then new generations grew up. They had no ancestors who had left them coats of arms, but they were to be ancestors of coming generations. They were business and professional men, politicians and statesmen, but every one of them had a special hobby.

One was a lover of nature, and her profound student; another was fascinated by a starlit sky. A prominent occurrence in the life of another was frequently looked upon with sentiment.

They all gathered books. They loved their books.

They wanted to impress them with the mark of their own individuality and ownership; and so, if they were artistically inclined, they designed their own plates, to be used in their books, or they commissioned artists of standing to devise the design just as they wished it.

Public institutions, libraries, learned societies and museums gathered books and had "ex libris" designed to be used in them.

The "ex libris" is not here to protect the book for its owner. It is like the engraving on the signet ring or the name on a family tombstone, which lends individuality to something that anyone else might otherwise procure.

BOOKS.

DIVORCING LADY NICOTINE. By Henry Beach Needham. Chicago: Forbes & Company. 35 cents. The struggle of a newspaper man to give up smoking is here related humorously, yet with the serious purpose of encouraging other men who have made the fatal vow. The cover design is a thing of joy—a youth with uplifted hand repelling the cigar whose smoke is twisting a halo over his head. Needham is a star interview man, ranking with Sam Blythe in tang of comment, acute perception of salencies, and complete fairness. His strength began to develop when he specialized on monarchs and moneymakers, and produced beautifully luminous talk pictures of the great. He is one of the big men of the east, and visit the Press Club whenever he comes to Chicago. adds: "In my opinion the proper medium for advertisements is the press, and if advertisements make the

paper hideous you can throw it away, but you cannot throw away the fields. You can only sit and suffer."

In Mrs. Dora Sigerson Shorter's "New Poems" (Dublin: Maunsel & Company) The Nation points out that there is nothing to alter or affect particularly the reputation already gained by the poetess. The volume is composed of several ballads and a few lyrics written in the strain already associated with her name. To be sure, there is no ballad to equal Kathleen's Charity, no lyric so good as The Wind on the Hills, with its admirable expression of what we have come to think of as the Celtic spirit, whose

children shall inherit
The unrest of the wind.

But it is written in the same key, with much of the same gentle nostalgia for the world of romance and faery, with the same delicate touch at work on the prosaic little details of daily life, transmuting them into something rarer and more ethereal than the things of sense.

All night the small feet of the rain
Within the garden ran,
And gentle fingers tapped the pane
Until the dawn began.

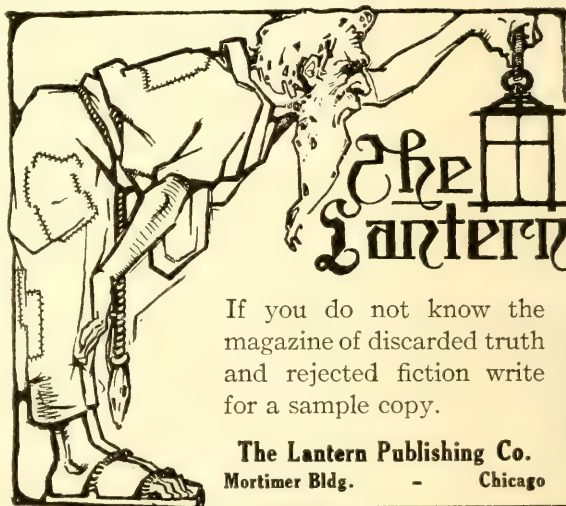
The rill-like voices called and sung
The slanting roofs beside;
"The children of the clouds have come;
Awake! awake!" they cried.

All night the small feet of the rain
About my garden ran,
Their rill-like voices called and cried
Until the dawn began.

"Artist" writest in the Leeds Mercury on the proposed new law in France relating to the disfigurement of the countryside by advertisement erections, and

Pet trout that eats from the hand is reported from Colorado. But Pennsylvania has a tame bass that eats birdseed and sings.

Now that the Shoshone Indians have abandoned the war dance for the turkey trot all conversation which tends to glorify the noble red man must cease.



If you do not know the magazine of discarded truth and rejected fiction write for a sample copy.

The Lantern Publishing Co.
Mortimer Bldg. - Chicago

WHAT THE PRESS WOMEN ARE DOING

So you may toy with Imagery in mere intellectual ingenuity, and then you might as well write acrostics; or you may toy with it, in raptures, and then you may write a Sensitive Plant.

The hobgoblin has for a few days made his home in the small unpainted box wherein grow the curling petaled purple and white and pink petunias. He remained four days with the Irishman and they were great pals. Then one night the poor little thing was quite lost sight of and very unhappy. The Irishman rushed the can many times and quite forgot the presence and the love of the hobgoblin. Of course, that is death to a hobgoblin, for, to keep him alive, you must never forget him for one moment. At least *someone* must be remembering him *somewhere*, for that is his life. When he came tumbling over the railing around our front porch he was a sorry little hobgoblin indeed and had but little life in him. Both the fairy who lives in the upper right hand corner of the deepest flower box (where the mignonette is—and the verbenas), and I went over to him at once. I set him in the petunia box, but it was not for two days that he was able to tell me about his experiences in the home of the Irishman. Such a generous hobgoblin he is, too, and a merry. He does not blame the Irishman, for he says the man has a fancy fine enough to find a fay in a dung heap, only he lays bricks all the hot days through—from seven to six, and so it is small wonder that he forgets a hobgoblin now and then.

Last night, just at moonrise, the fairy, the hobgoblin and I were alone on our porch, which is highest up on the building, and you may see the lake if you care to look. Some people, I observe, do not, only as they count the bathers on the beach or reckon the value of the land along the water's edge. This story is not for them.

It was a wondrous night. I am six million times larger than the hobgoblin and seventeen billion times bigger than the fairy. Yet we all looked at the moon as she crept softly from back of the water. Some people like to travel about the world continually and some pray for much money. Please do not laugh when I tell you that one of my prayers was answered when I stood on our porch, with the hobgoblin on my left and the fairy on my right, while we watched the moon rise.

Maybe you do not know that sometimes the hobgoblin and the fairy have disputes. They do, and he always is worsted, for you know he is almost mortal, being dependent entirely upon memory for the continuation of his existence, while the fairy is quite different. How I found it out is the reason for this story, which I am almost afraid to write for fear some one may not believe all the strange happenings.

When the moon was quite high, they argued mightily. Also, the fairy said she would be glad when the moon

was full because there is no sport so fine as coasting down moonbeams. She says it is the favorite amusement of fairies and that some beautiful night a great party of them will coast down on our porch. I am looking forward to that night with joy.

The hobgoblin, being remembered most in Ireland, is quite Gaelic in speech and when the fairy said something he could not truly answer he had to resort in a bit of mild abuse.

"What is a fairy, anyhow?" he said, "that a hobgoblin should heed her nonsense? There were hobgoblins before Lucifer fell, but the fairies are nothing but the angels God Almighty turned out of heaven at the time. Answer that now!"

The fairy was saddened by this and cried bitterly for always has it been said that such is their true history. It is odd how some falsehoods survive so long. I always believed it and felt a little sorry that they could never go back to heaven. And none of us would ever have known better only for the stranger who came in over the porch railing just then. He folded his adjustable wings and of a certitude, never have I seen so royal a bearing or *seen* any one so filled with grace and of so much lightness and quickness in movement.

"Your pardon," he said, and he bowed before us (the hobgoblin, the fairy and me). "I am sore troubled. Some one told me that a woman, a fay and a hobgoblin were gathered here. 'Tis sad that I should find argument where I seek help. And that the argument should be specious makes the occasion more sad. It is not true, my little brown brother," (it was the hobgoblin, he meant), "that fairies are angels who were turned out of Heaven and can never go back."

Without cessation the waves murmured against the sandy shore. At noon they had laughed and chuckled as little children waded about in the sunshine. The fairy dove into her gossamer tent that she has set up in the flower box and brought out her harp. Why should I attempt description of a yellow moon, a stranger of royal bearing and the music played upon a harp by a fairy? I know no words to tell the marvel which is a beggary in me that I do not like to betray.

The garments the stranger wore were of azure like the sky upon days when the sunlight seems to filter through and the tint is one no dyemaker ever dare try to imitate. About his waist was a girdle of rainbow tints which held his doublet in neatly and his hose fitted without a wrinkle. Upon his feet were shoes that matched his hose, only darker. You might have mistaken him for an Olympian athlete ready for a contest if you had not heard his voice or noted his solemn deep set eyes. His cap he had doffed when he bowed before us. It was of azure, too, and set with a buckle of priceless jewels almost as fine as those which encrust the fairy's lantern.

And he went on talking: "Fairies," he said, "are babies who have never been born. Every year some of them become real babies. That accounts for most of the wonderful people. I have noted that such nearly always comprehend mysteries without study. They are able to tell (for example), the secret of the sobbing of the waves, and I know one who has a sympathetic

understanding of the leaves that have never budded. They are the people who, reaching the limitations of the finite, strive to lasso Divinity. Much suffering these individuals cause. I myself am here tonight because of one to whom I foolishly swore allegiance. The missions upon which he sent me were purposeless, often. To him that mattered naught. Often he drove me into regions where he could not follow. My wings were almost useless sometimes, when he bade me soar into regions I could not chart. No compass availed this cruel taskmaster. He called me, when his fancy listed and held me bond slave while he called me vagrant. You would not dream that I, a Prince Royal, in mine own part, have turned somersaults for his amusement a whole night through in order that a half dozen of his friends might find amusement in the performance."

The fairy swung her little lantern merrily (she had carried it out from her tent. I was glad the street lamps had flickered out some minutes before. The amazing light of her lantern was more than enough even had there been only star shine and no moon). While she swung her lantern she sang a quaint little song of the mists and the sea, and some of it was about a brave sea gull that flew entirely across the ocean because the storm fays gave him comfort in his weariness. After she had done, the stranger spoke again.

"I have made my prayers to God," he said, "for release from my taskmaster, who now pictures me upon the pages of a book. This pleases me only that last week he separated me from my Sweet Mistress, She Whom I Love, and without whom I am lifeless. For ages we have been together, she and I. 'Twas she found for me the secret of my wings and so I had built for her a second pair and together we wandered through regions eternal. Never has my flight before been so arduous or so lofty she could not follow. Last week, he to whom I swore honest allegiance—and loving—set us drifting upward through beetling crags and thundering waterfalls. With great eagles we soared. My Lady and I. Upon far off stars we alighted gaily and snatched handfull of jewels which we carried back to him I serve. From the rainbow I called this girdle which he graciously allowed me to retain. Once, upon the moon, we found a finely wrought staff of silver which he now uses for a walking stick. Upon a mountain side in Mars, I gathered a flower, great and crimson, whose yellow heart filled with pollen ripe quivering stamens sent forth a cloud of gold and fragrance that has not been known before, nor will be known again. It was the only one that had ever grown there and for him, my master, I plucked it from its brown mould bed. By his possession of that flower, the world shall know him long."

The hobgoblin doubled himself up softly. He looked at the stranger upon our porch with his two brown and dull-lidded little eyes.

"It should have reward—service like that," he said. "Faith, what's the matter with the master?"

It was a fine smile that came over the face of the stranger. His hand lay lightly upon his wings.

"No reward," he replied, "only service that is ex-

cellent, that is all I ask. To be an acrobat is sad even if one possesses the ability. To serve daringly and truly is joy. My love for him has not failed. It is my trust in him that is less. Last week he spoke gaily and I thought, in jest, when he said:

"Leave your Lady behind you today. Let her wander through the woods and gather me some nose-gays of wild flowers. Of all your flights that of today must be most courageous. Breast gales, beat down barriers, fly upward, upward, upward! Beyond the limits of the fathermost stars. Bring me a tress of hair from the Mother of God."

"She kissed me farewell and was sad when I set sail. In her hands she held my compass and chart.

"No need of them," cried my master. 'He dares uncharted realms; he flies over all the crags of the earth; past all the stars, into the origin of the universe.'"

The fairy played upon her harp now a song of wondrous sweetness and of much sadness. The stranger listened and then he said:

"When a hobgoblin, a woman and a fairy are gathered in one place, there is true wisdom. The hobgoblin reasons, the fairy knows and the woman feels—all of them the same things. When I came back, wearied (for days I was lost just beyond Jupiter), worn, a failure in my mission, She Whom I Love had departed. Whether by reason of the master's command or of her own sweet will, I do not know. Through long hours I have sought her. We have no life apart. Sought her and have not found her. So to you I come and if you agree, the hobgoblin in his reason, the fairy in her knowledge, and the woman in her feeling, upon where She is, I shall find her and God's grace be upon you."

Thereupon he knelt before us and never have I seen so pleading a person. It was the hobgoblin who spoke first.

"She's waitin' ye," he said. "She's found a restin' place and is waitin'. It's the way of a woman."

"I feel certain that is so," quoth I then. "When two (man and woman), have been one for long, it is not the woman that departs."

And the fairy played a merry strain upon her harp.

"In a little house," she said, "in the middle of a



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green field, in a small room with poor furnishings, there is a cradle and in it lies a red baby. A fairy is at the head and one at the foot. An angel from God stands just inside the door. Beside the cradle rocking it gently with her slim foot, sits the mistress you love. She heard the mother in pain as she was wandering that way and went in. I'll lay aside my harp and show you the place.

He arose from his knees, the stranger, and happiness was in his face.

"I shall find her again," he said. "My Sweet Lady Thought. Never again shall she find herself apart from her royal sweetheart husband, Prince Metaphor."

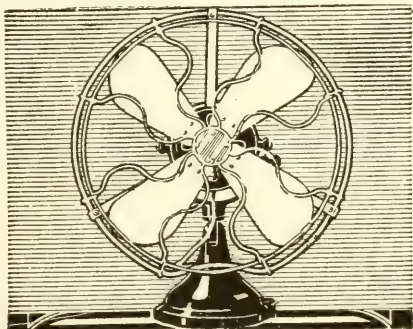
They two, the fairy and the Prince, went forth into the moonshine.

Jean Comersford

Some Tour.

Estelle Ryan Snyder, treasurer of the I. W. P. A., has a new automobile, purchased six weeks ago. Already she has driven it 4,000 miles, *herself*. Next month the whole family are going to Montreal, New York and Boston, which will be some tour. Mrs. Snyder began driving her own car twelve years ago.

Press Club members desiring suggestion and example in scenario writing for motion picture film are advised to read *Motography*, a carefully edited and very newsworthy magazine published twice a month by the Electricity Magazine Corporation, Monadnock building.



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WHO BELIEVES IN SIGNS, ANYWAY?

Dear Scoop:—Why not take down some of the many signs that are plastered about the Press Club? Now that we have some very fine quarters, why disfigure them by fly specked, torn, and dilapidated signs?

For instance, a sign in the elevator informs one that the restaurant is open Sundays. Everyone knows that, and if perchance someone doesn't, it is easy to obtain information. There is another sign in the elevator to the effect that a barber shop is on the first floor. Isn't that sufficiently proclaimed by the electric globe near the entrance to the shop and by the sign at the entrance to the building? Still another sign advises the reader that there is a manicurist in the barber shop. If he walks in he will surely see a table there, although he may not see any operator there.

For instance again, there is a sign, in fact two of them, at the club entrance, signifying there is a public telephone in the building. If this is so it is interesting. Is our club home public?

Also a notice in *THE SCOOP*, if absolutely necessary, will probably let members know it is desired they leave their telephone addresses with Doctor Nutt. A sign to that effect has been hanging at the club entrance for several weeks. Why not take it down, as well as several others?

CLOSED DOOR.

Who Lost This Key?

A key was found in the library last Saturday afternoon. Dave, at the cash desk on the fourth floor, will be glad to return it to the owner.

The Man Behind the Inter-Ocean and Farmer.

From the Fourth Estate, New York.

The weekly edition of the Chicago Inter-Ocean is known as one of the most prosperous side issues of a big city daily newspaper publishing today, and it is due greatly to the fine work of George F. Hartford, manager of its advertising department, that it has been brought up to its very healthy stage.

Mr. Hartford is one of the most popular advertising men in the business, and he knows the Inter-Ocean as an advertising proposition as well as any man living. He started in as a boy on the daily Inter-Ocean and worked his way up by way of the advertising department, being one of its best solicitors when Herman H. Kohlsaat bought the paper.

The new owner immediately placed him in charge of the weekly issue, known as the Weekly Inter-Ocean and Farmer, and Mr. Hartford proceeded to make it one of the most talked about farm publications of the country.

Walter C. Wright.

In a recent issue of the New Orleans Times-Democrat appears an article enumerating the prominent citizens of that place who originally came from New York City and who are doing notable service in building up the new south. Conspicuously among these is mentioned one of our family, Walter C. Wright, who is given no small share of credit for his zeal and efficiency in developing and fostering the lumber interests of his adopted state. Mr. Wright was born in New York, but he received a considerable portion of his business training and lumber learning right here in Chicago, where his publication, The Lumber Trade Journal, was started many years ago and removed by him to New Orleans in 1894. He has long been a valued and influential member of the Press Club of Chicago, his loyalty to its interests having been proved on many occasions.

MY TEMPLE IN THE HILLS.

By JAY CAIRNS.

Free do I live, as the timber; Nature laid out my plan—
Quick to resent, quick to forgive, fair play 'twixt man
and man.

To some I suppose I'm an outcast, broken of pride and
forlorn,

Tramping trails with a haunting past, cursing the day I
was born.

I'm nearer to God than you are, wearers of frocks and
frills;

I worship Him season to season, He lives in these solemn
hills.

He wakens me each morning, guides safe my camp at
night.

There's no need of clergy adorning one's conduct of
life, to be right.

An Autumn sun is shining, it's Sunday away back East,
To me it's just another day in Time's eternal feast.
These hills smile to me their gladness, tinged with
glacial hate;

And here, untouched of sadness, I've reared my Temple
of state.

My service opens at sunrise; the birds call me to prayer.
I listen in adoration, for they sing and they breathe
His air.

At times the wind resembles strange noise of a city's
throng—

Tramping churchward, a movement attuned to an eager
throng.

"Onward Christian Soldiers, marching as to war"—
I seem to hear a girlish voice, carried from very far—
"With the Cross of Jesus"—but now it fades away—
Blending with wondrous bird songs, caroling of the day.

Proud am I of my Temple, a shrine in the playground
of God—

Living life better than many who'd refuse me a pass-
ing nod.

I'm nearer the Throne than you are, who scoff with
your frocks and frills,

For I worship Him season to season, He lives in these
wonderful hills.

A GREAT TRADE PAPER.

Among the trade journals of the country N. A. R. D. Notes occupies an important place as the drug publication of largest circulation and the official organ of the retail druggists' national association.

It is a 64-page affair, with cover, gotten out once a week and circulating among the thousands of members of the druggists' association all over the United States.

Only eleven years ago this influential publication had its inception in two pages of typewritten matter regarding the National Association of Retail Druggists sent out each week to the editors of existing drug trade journals in hope that they would use some of it.

As this hope was not always justified, Charles M. Carr, who for a number of years had edited country newspapers in Iowa and was not acting as director of publicity for the association, advised enlarging the scope of these notes, sending them direct to members of the association, and charging a subscription price of 50 cents a year.

Postal entry was secured and the first independent issue of N. A. R. D. Notes appeared October 18, 1902. It was only an eight-page paper at first, but it filled a

Automatic Telephone Service

A ten second connection? No annoying waits on the Automatic. No one to break your connection excepting yourself and the party you talk with. Your Automatic is always ready.

The Automatic Telephone represents the highest development in the telephone art. It is many years ahead of any other method of telephone operation.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC COMPANY

Chicago, Illinois

need so real that it started off with a subscription list of about 7,000, since increased to several times that figure.

One most unusual feature in connection with the publication of this representative trade journal, or association organ (whichever you please to designate it), is that not until after six years with constantly increasing circulation, did the magazine begin the policy, usually considered so essential, of taking advertisements.

Chas. M. Carr, who has been its only editor in all the years since, joined the Press Club in 1903, during the second administration of Homer J. Carr, his namesake. Mr. Carr, or rather Colonel Carr, belongs to the select circle of Press Club colonels, having once served on the Governor's staff of his native State of Iowa. He always eats at the knockers' table on the sixth floor, though at other times his disposition is of the best. He is always to be found at the meetings and outings of the Hawkeye Club.

The Oldest Newspaper.

The New York Evening Sun, in reply to a correspondent's inquiry, gives the Gazette, published in Nuremberg, Germany, in 1457, as the first printed newspaper, and the Neue Zeitung aus Hispanien und Italien, printed in the same city, in 1534, as the oldest extant. The first American paper was the Publick Occurrences, both foreign and domestic, printed in Boston on September 25, 1690. It was immediately suppressed. The oldest newspaper of today in the United States is the Weekly Massachusetts Spy, published at Worcester, Mass.

Soap.

Soap is a chemical substance, capable of forming a lather when dissolved in water, and is used as a cleansing agent.—*Webster's Dictionary*.

Soap is that thing which has always been an indication of a higher order of things, it differentiates the savage from the civilized man.—*Ancient Adage*.

Soap is a liquid, contained in spherical receptacles, swung on pivots just above the washbowl; evil smelling, vile, it is only with difficulty obtained in infinitely small quantities, is seldom used, and is the cause of much profanity and the consequent jeopardising of souls of Club members.—*Press Club Member*.

We know that cleanliness is next to godliness and to the end that there may be more of the latter we respectfully request that the present supply be eliminated and a variety more to the taste of the members be substituted therefor.

VANILLA.

THE MARCO POLOINGS OF PUTNEY HAIGHT.

Putney Haight, two years with the little brown men, breezed into town Monday looking just like a Jap, thanks to one of those pompadour hair cuts he got at Singapore and a fine tan acquired in Tokio, where he has been business manager for the Tokio Advertiser.

Since leaving the Tribune local copy desk to take charge of the only American newspaper published in Mikado town, Putney has been over most of Pacific Asia and girdled the world. He has no faith in the talk of a war between Japan and the United States, pointing out that Japan has twice defaulted interest on her loan for the war with Russia.

Japanese soldiers are sturdy, says Putney, but their efficiency with modern arms is largely on paper, and could easily be matched by Americans, no matter what their experience, by two or three months' training.

Putney came home because he was unable to stand the heimweh any more. He says the day's routine is something like this: Arise, breakfast, knock around for a couple of hours cleaning up your work, then to a tea shop, a few Englishmen, drinks, England's greatness, drinks, toasts to his majesty, drinks, more drinks, then home to bed. Same next day and the day after that, all the year round.

Putney was hanging around the Advertiser in Tokio one day when in blows Gilman Parker, the Tribune cub who is going around the world on nothing at all but nerve. Put said Parker now is in Manila writing songs for vaudeville singers, and trying to get coin enough to buy his passage back to the old U. S. Parker is employed on the Manila Times.

On the Tokio paper the editorial staff consisted mostly of Japs, who don't know what a typewriter is. There are about ten of them and two translators, each getting about \$15 a month. The staff, "much like the Examiner," quoth Put reminiscently, changes entirely two or three times a year. Should think more likely two or three times a week, considering their salaries.

The printers—about forty in all—set from the case strictly according to text. They don't know one English word from another, and proofreaders' marks mean as much to them as Egyptian hieroglyphics to a Choc-taw. They get about \$10 a month—and are overpaid at that.

Putney was responsible for roughing up the sensibilities of the English while in Tokio. The English have two or three newspapers there. That is, they call them newspapers. When the Titanic went down the editor of the Advertiser called up Put in Yokohama about sixteen miles away. Put remembered that the agent of the White Star line had sent to him a few days before a circular of the Titanic and a complete passenger list of the notables aboard. They have a fine engraving plant in Yokohama, and Put tore out seven or eight pictures of different scenes on the Titanic, had cuts made, and ran them all in the great Scoop of Tokio.

All the English papers printed was the routine cablegram which announced the sinking of the vessel and the great loss of life. The English "journalists" were

spoofed, to say the least, and printed a column or two in their next issues referring to the faking methods of American newspapermen, who were jarring precedent to the verge of sacrilege.

That paper had some circulation in Tokio. Even the Japs bought it to see the pictures.

Put says the Japs hate the United States the most of all nations, the feeling arising from the interference of Roosevelt in the Russian war, which the Japs think resulted in saddling them with the big war indemnity. The Japs had Put spotted in Tokio, and whenever he passed, he said, they would clear their throat and spit; a manner of expression of things unspeakable.

The English, by the fine art of diplomacy, have the respect of the Japanese, because they have yielded on subjects in which the population of Japan had interested themselves, getting theirs later or in other directions.

Put came home by way of the Mediterranean and New York. He says he expected to blow to New York when he came to town. He has been visiting for a week or two with his home folks in Waukesha.

One sure thing: Putney Haight is *not* going back to Japan.

Speak! O, Speak!

The Anaconda Standard runs a column story about a Prof. A. C. Pfuhl of Santa Monica, who delivered in Butte a long address on The Soul, The Human Aura and the Life Hereafter. Santa Monica suggests the astral dumping ground of Point Loma, so that the only important point left uncovered in the case lies in the middle initial of the professor's name.

Use



**Old Dutch
Cleanser**
**On Hard Things
To Clean**

MANY USES AND FULL DIRECTIONS ON LARGE SIFTER-CAN 10¢

PROSIT, MILWOUKEE!

Walter Wood and DeLysle F. Cass, who visited the brothers of the Milwaukee Press Club for a couple of days this week, go on record as finding them all to the merry. The Cream City crowd is unusual in many respects—they hibernate on a single floor, bungalow style, are not profane at table, maintain no bar and have a bust of old Ben Franklin wearing horns on the wall. We question the authenticity of this subtle commentary on Ben's character. Their only substitute for Sin and Pansy, our cats, is a feline mummy with a broken tail, which (meaning the mummy) has a history all of its own.

The Milwaukee boys will please understand that the Scoop is at any and all times open to contributions from them.

Doughty Dick, the Actor.

Too bad Actor Dick Little did not subject his performance of last week to the critics of the papers other than his own. The people who were there say that as a real actor in a real play he is great. The place was the Arthur Aldis Little Theatre in Lake Forest. Critic-Actor Little essayed a character role in Gertrude Robert's *Makeshifts*—an everlasting refutation of the tradition that critics are able only to criticize and not do is the doughty Dick. He was a palatable hit. Witness the cast:

Miss Ruth Davis, Miss Isabel McBirney, Mrs. Henry Hubbard, Mrs. Edward Pope, Charles Dewey, Uri Grannis, and Richard Henry Little.

His Going Away Party.

Our good friend and fellow member, Judge Jacob A. Hopkins, who presides over the destinies of the morals court in the city hall, is about to leave us for a trip to Europe. When his friends in another club in the city were told that he is going to cross the big water on a tour of investigation of all things concerning vice in the larger continental cities, they clamored for the privilege of going along. They were informed that Judge Hopkins is to be loaded with letters of introduction from the principal officials in Chicago to municipality heads in Paris, Berlin, London, Vienna and such places, and his batting average rose to 1,000 flat. Hop's regular job in the city hall, as may be inferred from the name of his court, is looking after Chicago vice. This they claimed enough for any man to be interested in and to see the inside of, but when it comes to showing him the dark spots of such cities as those named, with all expenses paid and the path made easy for investigation, it is too much. They all want to be his secretary.

Two young men of aggressive ability, with a thorough training on the large newspapers of Chicago and New York, desire to connect themselves with the business end of a first-class publication. Will leave Chicago if necessary. Address replies to The Scoop, Press Club of Chicago.

THE HELPERS.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

The ways of the world are full of haste and turmoil.
I will sing of the tribe of helpers who travel in peace.

He that turneth from the road to rescue another,
Turneth toward his goal:
He shall arrive in time by the footpath of mercy,
God will be his guide.

He that taketh up the burdens of the fainting,
Lighteneth his own load:
The Almighty will put His arm's underneath him,
He shall lean upon the Lord.

He that speaketh comfortable words to the mourners
Healeth his own hurt:
In the time of grief they will come to his remembrance,
God will use them for balm.

He that careth for a wounded brother,
Watcheth not alone.
There are three in the darkness together,
And the third is God.

Blessed is the way of the helpers,
The companions of the Christ.

Cælum Non Animum Mutant.

—Horace.

A bord de France, New York, Juillet 10me, 1913.—
Hello, Press Club:—Just a word of we atque vale:
Remember me to the bunch, and be good.

H. BEDFORD JONES,
"Flaccus."

LUCK OR LABOR

IT is not Luck, it is Labor, that makes men truly successful.
❖ Luck waits the turn of a card or a chance event to place laurels upon its brow. Labor, intelligent, clear-visioned, pulsating with energy and nerved with righteous thought, gains the well-earned crown.

❖ Luck has morning dreams of a legacy which the mail, perchance, will bring later in the day. Labor is up at sunrise, and with purposeful hands does what Love and Duty point out as worth while, thus laying up treasures in that Heaven of character and solid achievement which moth doth not destroy nor rust corrupt.

❖ Luck, like a pendulum swinging between something and nothing, alternately litters and whines. Labor, governed by principle, and with the polar star of Eternal Hope and Justice straight in front of it, sings a joyful song of service in self-development and social progress.

❖ Luck is Wilkins Micawber waiting for something to turn up. Labor is Cecil Rhodes who turns up something.

❖ Luck is flabby from self-indulgence, the child of ignorance and ease. Labor is robust and iron-muscled from training in the gymnasium of wise endeavor.

❖ Luck grows thistles of slavery, while Labor yields the bloom and fruitage of independence.

CHARLES MYLERT CARR

"THAT'S WHERE THE WEST BEGINS."

SOMEBODY IN THE DENVER REPUBLICAN.

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger
 Out where a smile dwells a little longer,
 That's where the West begins.
 Out where the sun is a little brighter,
 Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
 Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter—
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
 Out where friendship's a little truer,
 That's where the West begins.
 Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
 Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
 Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing—
 That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
 Where fewer hearts with despair are aching—
 That's where the West begins.
 Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
 Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
 And a man makes friends without half trying—
 That's where the West begins.

GEORGE WOOD'S PAUCITY OF IDLE MOMENTS.

Some years ago, when our George S. Wood was serving the club as financial secretary, one of the boys asked him what other things beyond suspensions, butcher's bills, "tabs," and things of that sort that attached to the club occupied his mind. Rather mysteriously George took the inquirer to one side, suggested that he cancel any engagements he had for the next hour, and proceeded to unravel a story of activities in the line of mental employment that might have staggered anyone unfamiliar with the ramifications of publicity. The Colonial Theater, horse show, International live stock exposition, grand opera, flower show, Sousa's concerts, Riverview, a political campaign, two or three big social affairs and a trade exposition were all that he happened to have on hand at the moment, but he hoped to really fill the time through the addition of a few big things that were pending.

The other day the same old inquiry came along, and in the wisdom of advanced experience George only spoke of a few things and suggested that there should be a coupon arrangement, instead of the conventional pasteboard, as a business card for the modern publicity and exploitation fellow.

"For instance," said Wood, "I walk into a railroad office as commissioner of development of the Midland Continental Railroad, and by the process of making myself known, I can tell them that I am assistant to the president of the National Soil Fertility League, representative of the Drake Hotel company operating the Blackstone, manager of Rudolph Berliner and his First Cavalry band, general manager of a big trade exposition company, and a few other more or less active propositions and connections."

With a lot of importance attaching to every one of these things, George fairly loves the work and scope of the National Soil Fertility League. The names of the officers and advisory board of this organization are enough to make the simple business man gasp with awe.

Railroad presidents, bank presidents, leading industrial and commercial men, heads of great educational institutions, public leaders, a bunch of about the huskiest representative men of the nation that has ever been brought together in a single undertaking, are listed among the people who form the organization that Wood represents. James J. Hill, William Howard Taft, William Jennings Bryan, Frank G. Logan, Clarence Funk, Frank Baackes, David R. Forgan, Champ Clark, H. U. Mudge, Benjamin F. Yoakum, F. D. Coburn, Franklin MacVeagh, J. M. Studebaker, Howard H. Gross, S. W. Allerton, W. C. Brown, a string of names worth while in the affairs of the nation, are found on the particular card he springs when he happens to be primed for that particular subject and business connection. The organization represents what is probably one of the most important movements of this generation, the conservation, preservation, development and improvement of our agricultural resources, through a simple legislative and economic plan.

Two years ago a bill was prepared for Congress by which appropriation was made, to be matched by state appropriations, to place and maintain in every agricultural county in the United States a skilled farm adviser, to reason out with the individual farmer the advanced and proven methods of scientific, or "common sense" farming. The bill was introduced by Congressman A. F. Lever, a live wire from South Carolina, chairman of the Committee on Education and a leading member of the Committee on Agriculture. They all said in Washington that it was a very fine proposition, but that nothing could be done at that session. "But," Wood argued, "why can't it be done if anything can be done?"

They answered that if the committee reported the bill back, and a petition signed by a majority of the members were presented, it might be placed on the calendar to follow privileged business; yet there was no chance for anything except said privileged business at the summer session.

"Would you be willing to sign the petition if the committee reported?"

Sure, they would, and the first thing they knew, Lever had the bill out of the committee, reported favorably by unanimous vote. There were bits of time between privileged business when the measure could be debated, and all of a sudden the bill came up for final vote and passed. Then came the work in the Senate. There was no opposition to the measure itself, but it had become tangled up with some involved vocational education movement in a Senate bill, and by one vote was substituted and died in conference on the last day of the session.

Wood came home the night before inauguration, flabbergasted by the eccentricities of national legislation. "Everybody wanted it, but a so-called senatorial courtesy situation, some home politics and the rush of the wind-up put us to the bad," was his comment before beginning the work over again.

A week ago Thursday the league held its annual meeting at the Union League Club. Wood came near

stealing it for the sixth floor, but the man who paid the bill for the luncheon insisted on a private room seating at least thirty people. Congressman Lever was the guest of honor. Around the tables sat James H. Patten, the "wheat king"; President H. U. Mudge of the Rock Island, Frank G. Logan, retired Board of Trade operator; Vice President Park of the Illinois Central, Judge John P. McGoorty, H. H. Kohlsaat, Mrs. Ella Flag Young, Howard H. Gross, Col. E. S. Conway of the Kimball Company, and a score of others. Speeches were made and figures were quoted to show that the operation of the Lever bill would probably increase the agricultural production of the nation from forty to one hundred per cent, reduce the cost of production, preserve the fertility of American soil, and that the Lever bill would undoubtedly pass Congress during the current extraordinary session, or at the very latest, during the early days of the regular session. Is George Wood happy? You know it.

Peace! The Charm's Wound Up!

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
The hoodoo is busted and Jackson is free!

It was necessary to comply with a city regulation by throwing a fire escape from the fifth floor to the roof of the building next south, across the alley. The lowest bid sent in called for sixty dollars.

"That's robbery," said Engineer Jackson, and went to it himself, and put up a first rate fire escape at a cost of not over twenty.

From that moment, not a lock has gone, not a bulb of light, not a single thing from the engine room. The predaceous demon had skipped across that new bridge and was gone to hotter quarters.

"Virtue," says Jackson, "though squashed to earth, will rise again, and you can't stop 'er. I just built that fire escape and said 'get thee behind me, Satan,' and what thanks do I get? But it was duty, and it worked."

Jackson gets thanks right here and now twice forty dollars' worth, indeed past all price; for he is a good man, an honest and an able. We were but poor in thanks if we could say how much we thank him.

From Our Poet Scout.

56 West 104th street, New York, July 10, 1913.—Say, Pard:—You cannot say too much about the result of our great reunion at Gettysburg. I was Dan Sickles' special aid-de-camp at Grant's funeral, when he commanded the old soldiers. He again appointed me his special aid-de-camp at the Rogers house July 3, for life. This has not been noted because there were no reporters present. With love and blessing.

JACK CRAWFORD.

Why U?

A writer in the Imprint, of London, suggests that the letter "q," the clown of the alphabet, should be dispossessed of the inseparable "u" which always follows it. "Q" has no sound apart from its "u." Why, therefore, trouble to write two letters when one will do? Why not abolish "q" altogether, the logical man ask.

Harmonies Misunderstood.

Reedy's Mirror tells of a man in South St. Louis who passes a long film of Swiss cheese through his pianola and finds that the result is cubist, futurist, postimpressionist music. Which is very like what our still lamented Karl Smith did while he lived in Park Ridge. He bought about twenty porous plasters and pasted them endwise and then put them into a pianola owned by a culcher club, with schismatic results. Wagner, Birlioz, Strauss, Blind Tom and Verdi were furiously contended for as composers by all the members save those who were led home babbling, and the club never had another meeting.

A FISH STORY.

This epic appeared in that perennial fountain of good stuff known to the human race as The New York Sun:

Fish,
Wish.

Bait,
Wait.

Bite.
Flight.

Roam
Home.

Buy,
Lie.

Eugene Field once wrote a Fourth of July tragedy in the same style:

Boy,
Gun.

Joy.
Fun.

Gun
Bust.

Boy,
Dust.

Another Sporting Chance.

The Chicago Heights Beacon comes rushing across with a money making proposition that ought to be gone to with another rush. Here it is:

| | |
|---|----------|
| For the best single article on ward matters from each ward, \$5, or a total of..... | \$175.00 |
| For the second best article from each ward, \$2, or | 70.00 |
| For the best general article on city, county, state or national politics..... | 25.00 |
| For the next best such article..... | 15.00 |
| For the third best such article..... | 10.00 |
| For the fourth best such article..... | 5.00 |
| For the best political article written by a woman.. | 25.00 |

In addition to the above prizes, The Bulletin will give, for each article not winning a prize but considered good enough for publication, one year's subscription to the paper.

Mail all contributions to "Contest Editor, Chicago Democratic Bulletin, 2345 Cornelia street, Chicago, Ill."

Contest closes September 13th.

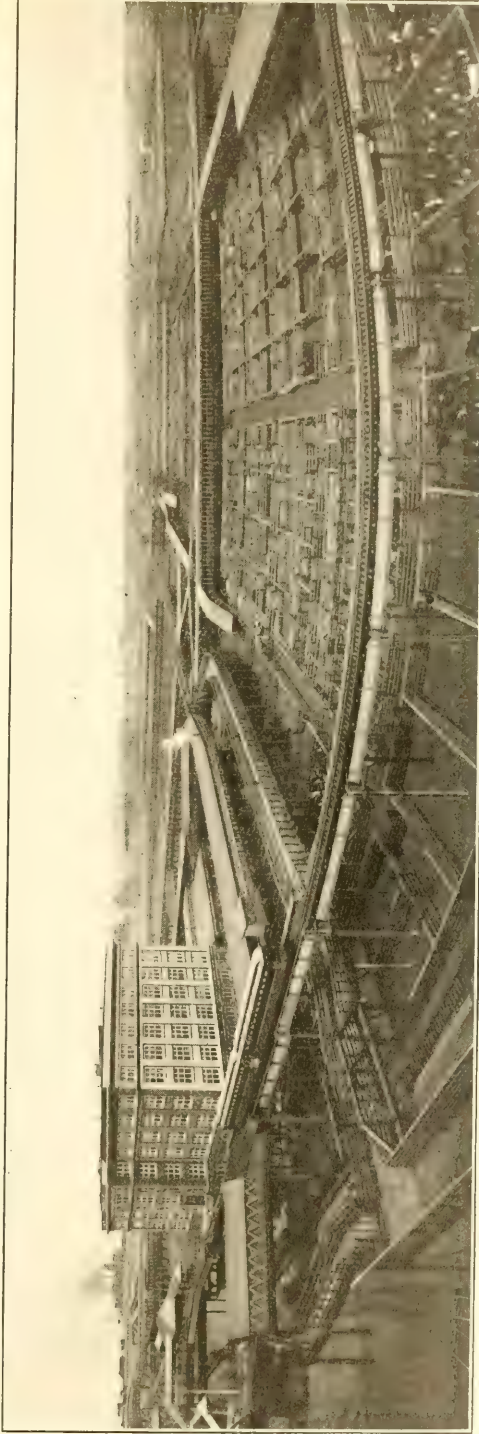
Those received later will not be considered.

Women only may compete for the seventh prize. Women and men may compete alike for prizes 1 and 2, and the remainder are for men only.

Come-all-ye!

Union Stock Yards

As Viewed from South Side Elevated Trains



Wilson Bathing Beach

WILSON AVENUE AND LAKE MICHIGAN

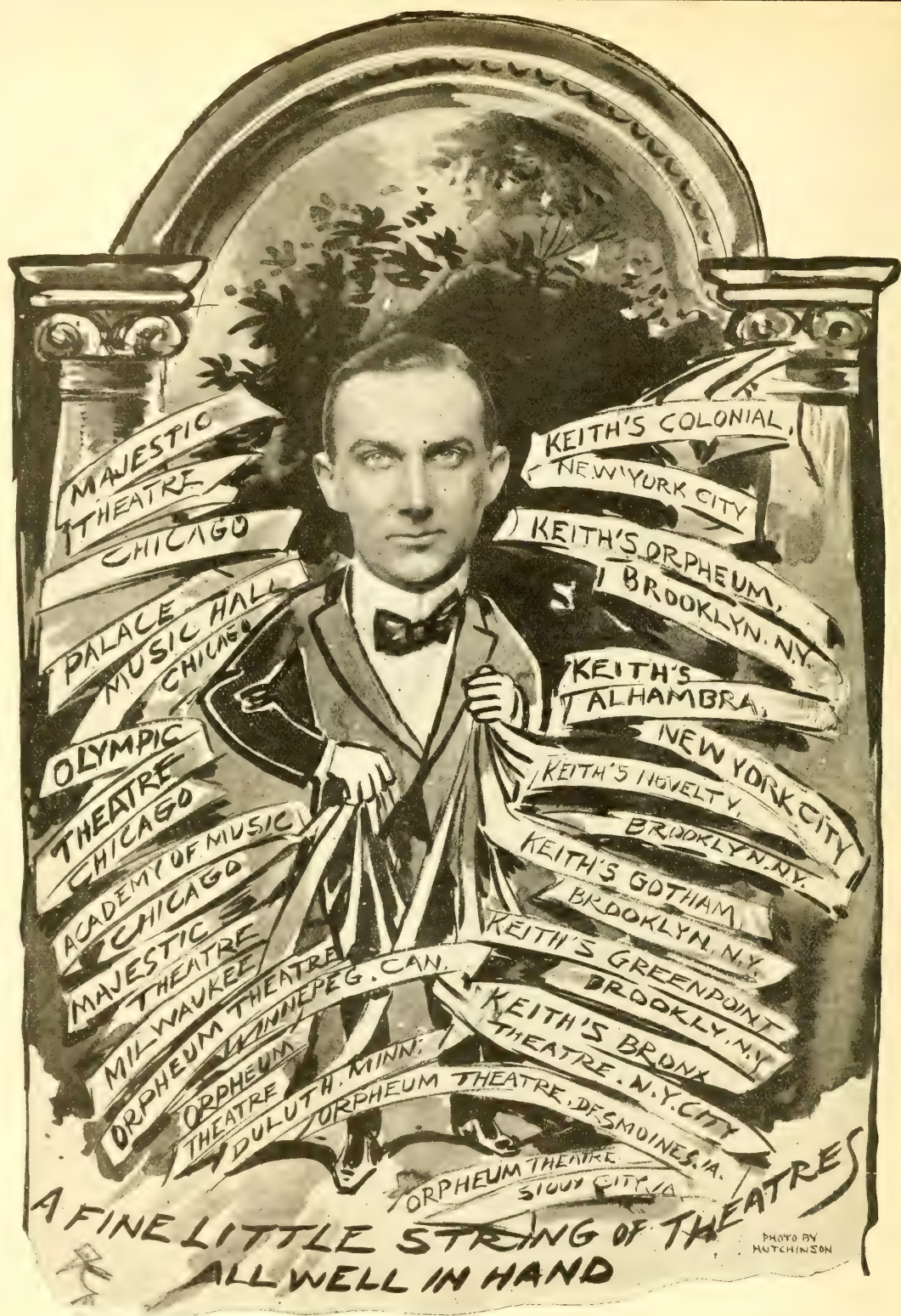
Bathing Opportunities in Old Lake Michigan Unsurpassed.

Excellent Accommodations for Bathers and Visitors

TAKE NORTHWESTERN ELEVATED EXPRESS TRAINS TO WILSON AVENUE

18 minutes from the Loop

Fare 5 cents from the Loop



CHAS. E. KOHL

PHOTO BY HUTCHINSON

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II. No. 30. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1913.

Price 5c.

True American History

Dear SCOOP: In the SCOOP of July 12 you endorse the new History of the United States by Charles Kendall Adams and William P. Trent, published by Allyn & Bacon, Boston and Chicago. Admitting the necessity of this impartial record, among other things you state: "Heretofore nearly all the histories of the United States have been written within a radius of a hundred miles from the State House at Boston. The result has been deplorable. * * * Yet their histories talked of and exalted New England as though it were the whole show, leaving aside as negligible the really great things that had been done while New England was forming, and even before." You spoke the truth so accurately and interestingly that I wish every American child might read your words.

Tacitus wrote that the object of history was "to rescue virtuous actions from the oblivion to which the want of records would consign them." New England histories have never done this, with anything like accuracy or completeness. I am an American first, before I am a politician, or a citizen of any state. I am proud of my whole country, not vain-glorious about any given locality. To me, a thing that is wrong in Alabama is wrong in Vermont and California. With your permission I wish to mention a few "virtuous actions" which New England histories, to put it mildly, have not, to any strenuous degree, sought to rescue from oblivion. I shall speak of the South and its sons, but not in any sectional sense. I hope some one better qualified may speak for the North, and I am going to ask my friend, Hon. Bradford L. Prince, of New Mexico, who has been both Chief Justice and Governor of that interesting land "which God made and man forgot," to tell us about Christianity and the evangel of civilization in that region, beginning seventy-five years before New England was born.

As to the South and history making. It would seem that the friendly gods did hide our infant Republic in the bulrushes of our Virginia Nile, that it might be nurtured by its mother, Virginia, the daughter of the King, whom Fate had placed in waiting on the banks of the river that she might be the first to give to her offspring those impressions of infancy so necessary to high and noble character in maturity. Thus the South began a work there with a faith that believed something; a heart that loved something; a zeal that accomplished something; a patriotism that was ready to die for something. Honor was a part of the heart throbs of those couriers of liberty, and they and their descendants have illumined the annals of the world with deeds of deathless valor.

One hundred and five Englishmen, direct from London, landed at Jamestown, Virginia, May 13, 1607,

and planted freedom and liberty so deep in American soil that it never can be uprooted. Here first the sanctity of private property was established and recognized. Here was held the first trial by jury on American soil. Here the first contribution to American literature was made by a member of the Jamestown colony, and not the Plymouth Rock colony. It was John Smith's "Historie of Virginia." The first book printed in America was issued at Jamestown. It was Sandys' Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses. The first five books had been printed in England before he sailed for Virginia, and the remaining ten were struck off on American soil. Here, also, in June, 1619, a year before the Mayflower reached Plymouth Rock, Governor Yeardly summoned the first legislative body ever called on this Continent, and so was opened the first House of Burgesses in Virginia. Bancroft states that there were "forty-eight gentlemen, four carpenters and twelve laborers." Do we see in this a prophecy of the South's social prestige, inimitable hospitality, patriotic fervor and political prowess?

Every child in New England knows the name of the Mayflower. But how many people throughout our land can tell the name of the ships which brought the first successful English colonists to America some thirteen years before the Mayflower landed on that bleak New England shore? But the names of the "Discovery," "Godspeed" and "Susan Constance" will not die as long as the civilization founded by the Jamestown colony lives. As a section, the South has never realized the importance of preserving its records, either in history or literature.

It is as well to remember that the South was no more responsible for slavery than was New England. Skippers from New England stole the Africans and brought them to Jamestown, a Southern colony, and to Plymouth, a Northern colony, and sold them into slavery, both colonies becoming parties to the transaction. Over and over again acts were passed by the legislatures of the Southern States protesting against the slave trade. Statistics show that in 1828 there were one hundred and forty abolition societies, and that one hundred of them were in the Southern states—and not one in Massachusetts. In 1830 the invention of the cotton gin made slavery profitable in the South, and New England thus found a market for her slaves. But our Civil War was brought on more by the doctrine of State Sovereignty than by slavery. From the earliest Colonial days the question of State Rights had been the peculiar pride and jealousy of New England, and existed all through the period of Confederation. Secession was often threatened. It was finally left to impetuous South Carolina to actually attempt the impossible.

Statistics in the War Department at Washington show that two-thirds of the men in the Confederate service never owned a slave. Many of them did not believe in slavery. Other records show that John Quincy Adams, of New England, while President of the United States, said in a speech delivered to the West Point cadets, that each State had a right to secede from the Confederate Union. Daniel Webster is also on record as admitting that right, and other prominent men of the North admitted the same. But

it took the "Irrepressible Conflict" to settle the question forever.

Of the thirteen original States, those of the South occupied more than two-thirds of the geographical area, but their white population was not as large as that of the other States combined. Yet the first three Presidents and the last President of the Continental Congress were Southern men. Of the fourteen Presidents of the Continental Congress, from Sept. 5, 1774, to Jan. 22, 1788, seven were Southern men. Of the fifty-five delegates named by the thirteen States to this convention, twenty-five were from the South. One of them—George Washington—was chairman and made its great work possible.

Back in 1777, when the Continental Congress was wrestling dubiously with the question of Confederation, it sent out its crystallized Articles of Confederation, accompanied by a circular letter to all the State Legislatures recommending the articles as containing the only plan of union at all likely to be adopted. All the States ratified these articles except the Southern State of Maryland. She refused to sign until the States laying claim to the northwestern lands—acquired from France by the Treaty of Paris in 1763—should agree to surrender to the proposed Confederacy their claims to these lands. They hesitated and attempted to make terms, but Maryland stood firm and they all yielded. In thus insisting that the Northwestern territory should become the common property of the United States, "Subject to be parceled out by Congress into free, convenient and independent commonwealths," Maryland caused to flow beneficent consequences that were little dreamed of at the time. They were among the chief causes that led to the Philadelphia convention and made the Constitution of the United States possible.

Out of this territory thus vouchsafed by Maryland to the United States, have been erected the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio—except the "Connecticut Reserve." This acquisition of common territory soon led to results not contemplated in the theory of union upon which the Articles of Confederation were based, viz.: "The exercise of national sovereignty in the sense of Eminent Domain." This made smoother the path to Federal Union.

Thomas Jefferson of Virginia while President made the "Louisiana Purchase" from Napoleon in 1803 and thereby secured to the United States that vast area situate west of the Mississippi and extending from its mouth to Canada, and as far west as the "Oregon country," whose shores are laved by the Pacific Ocean. From this goodly territory we have carved the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, and a small part of Wyoming and Montana. Jefferson also sent out the Lewis and Clark expedition from St. Louis in 1804, from which finally came to us the territory out of which has been created the States of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and the major portion of both Wyoming and Montana.

James K. Polk of Tennessee while President admitted the Republic of Texas to the Union as a State. Sam Houston of Tennessee, with an army of Southern men, wrested Texas from Mexico and set up its independence in 1836; and so in 1848, under Polk, it became one of the States of the Union. As a result of our war with Mexico and the admission of Texas, and by part purchase, we acquired the territory which has since become California, Nevada, Utah, and part of Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. These last, however, were created mainly from the territory acquired by the "Gadsden Purchase" in 1853.

James Monroe, a Southern man, while President established the Monroe Doctrine in 1823. This is, in substance, to the effect that the Western Hemisphere must be kept inviolate for Americans, and no interference from Europe or other outside Powers in the affairs of the Republics of America will be tolerated.

As the "Father of his Country," and as the first Chief Executive of the nation for eight years, Washington's influence on this Republic can never be estimated. Bancroft says of him: "But for him the country could not have achieved her independence; but for him it could not have framed the Union; and but for him it could not have set the Government in successful operation." Southern men held up the hands of Washington and wrought mightily in the great crystallizing affairs of State. From Virginia alone came such giants as Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Mason, John Marshall, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee and Peyton Randolph. From further South rallied the Pinckneys, Hugh Williamson, John Rutledge, Abraham Baldwin, Nathaniel Pendleton and men of their stamp.

George Mason, a brother patriot from Virginia, was the author of the first written declaration of the rights of the people that was ever penned in anything like the present form by the hand of man. This document is now known as the "Bill of Rights." It was afterwards embodied in the Declaration of Independence and in most of our State Constitutions. Carrying out the instructions of Virginia, Richard Henry Lee drafted and submitted to the Continental Congress the resolution declaring that "These United Colonies are and of right ought to be, free and independent States." It was this same "Light Horse Harry" who, while delivering an oration at Washington's funeral, coined the immortal phrase: "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Jefferson was chairman of the committee that framed the Declaration of Independence and drafted the text with his own hand. John Marshall of Virginia, as Chief Justice of the United States from 1801 to 1835, is mainly responsible for that masterful interpretation of the Constitution of the United States which has lifted it above all State authority and erected it into the Palladium of American liberty. His decisions did more than any one thing to settle the foundations of our Government. Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, with an inferior, untrained force, in a thirteen days' fight at New Orleans—Dec. 27, 1814, to Jan. 9, 1815—won over General Edward Pakenham of the English army, one of the remarkable battles of history. The British lost two thousand six hundred men killed, wounded and made prisoners. The Americans, sheltered by their improvised breastworks, lost only eight killed and thirteen wounded. Jackson was afterwards President, and in 1832 "By the Eternal," prevented nullification in South Carolina and kept that State in the Union at that time.

From Washington's first inauguration as President in 1789 to the expiration of Lincoln's second term—filled out by Andrew Johnson in 1869—there were eighty years of constructive and stupendous statesmanship. There were ordeals the like of which, let us hope, the Republic may never again experience. Of these first four-score years of our young national life Southern men were in the Presidential chair sixty years. One of them created the Union and another preserved it. Meanwhile the South's influence was dominant at least three-fourths of the time. They not only governed the country, they created its public sentiment and made its laws.

Yes, Lincoln was a Southern man. His parents were from Virginia and he came to earth through a log cabin in Hardin County, Kentucky. In that charmed locality he laughed and cried, breathed and frolicked away almost the first seven years of his life. Do the wise ones not tell us that the first seven years of life crystallize traits and sentiments that dominate the remainder of our existence on earth?

EDWARD EVERETT YOUNG.

Secretary Bryan's Commoner has ceased to be a weekly, and is become a monthly.



HE who permits a city's food to be poisoned in the raw is that city's meanest and most mortal enemy. But the man who keeps foods clean from the very beginning is a city's best friend. Train your lamps on our

JOHN P. GIBBONS

CITY GRAIN INSPECTOR

He edits and corrects the city's breadstuffs. He will edit and correct anything with grain in it, from wheat grain, rye grain, corn grain, ingrain or ingrowing tempers. And nothing ever goes against the grain with him—he's that good natured.

The Value of Personal Knowledge.

Paul Gilbert reprints in The Inter Ocean this cablegram, recently dug up in Arabia by an eminent and excavative archaeologist:

Segor, July 20, B. C., 1897.—The prosperous twin cities, Sodom and Gomorra, were totally destroyed today by a volcanic eruption. Thus far only three survivors are reported, Mr. Lot and his two daughters. The Lot family, evidently forewarned of the disaster, fled early in the day. Mrs. Lot, however, is reported among the missing. At about 9 o'clock a low, rumbling sound was heard, and a moment later a fiery shower began to fall upon the cities. Men, women and children ran screaming from the all-night cafes, dance halls and gambling dens only to be overwhelmed by the falling brimstone and molasses. Fires broke out in a hundred places simultaneously and the fire department was powerless to cope with the conflagration. Within an hour the cities were in ruins, and can now be seen from a distance smoking like a furnace and covered with a fine coating of ashes. Search is being made by the Segor authorities for the two angels who are believed to have been concerned in the plot to destroy the cities; as yet no traces of them have been found.

"Old stuff," observed Jay Cairns to a disbelieving group in the lounge. "Old stuff, and all true, but too sketchy. I covered that fire myself for The Dead Sea Fruit-Argus. There's only one mistake in it. Mrs. J. W. Lot got too fresh in the getaway and was soused in a volcanic geyser of saturated salt water, so that she was thoroughly pickled and frozen stiff in the record-making frost that followed the eruption. I've heard it misreported that she stood there a long time, like a pillar of salt. That's bunk. The cows came along next day and just naturally licked her spang down. George

J. Skaggs was alive then, in the boat-building business at Raz el Dazl, and he's alive now. He'll back me up on these facts."

"How about them angels?" asked cashier Nelson, open-mouthed and intensely interested.

"Bunk!" said Mr. Cairns. "I touched the thing off myself. Any old guy can write news, but it takes a top-liner to make news where there isn't any. I was a top-liner then, and—I'm too modest to say any more."

THE ORIGINALITY OF MODEST MR. FLOWER.

THE SCOOP has from Elliott Flower this reply to a request that he write the story of his success in creating his own big assignments:

I can't write the story—I have tried several times and it won't go—but I'll give you the facts and you can do as you please with them.

The first newspaper job I ever had was on the Tribune. I got it by walking into the office every morning a little ahead of the reporting time and asking if there was anything for me. There was not—for several days. Then Fred Hall, city editor, got tired of seeing me, I guess, and told me to go up on the Lake Shore drive and write a story about anything I saw. I didn't get much of that story in the paper, but I got occasional assignments after that, and presently I was on the regular staff.

That was not creating a job, but it was something along that line.

A great many of my best assignments, however, were of my own suggestion. The Tribune was great for feature stories then, and when I saw a minor item, unimportant as news but having story possibilities, I turned in the suggestion, with the result that I got many feature story assignments all through the middle west.

It was after I left the newspaper business—that is, as a regular employee—that I had to create my own jobs.

My trolley trip to New York for the Tribune was my own suggestion, and I was several months getting it accepted.

A waterways trip that I made for the Tribune was also my own suggestion.

My series of fake mining stock articles for Collier's was also my own suggestion, and that idea was accepted after I had given up all hope of it.

The stunt I am now doing for the Record-Herald was likewise suggested by myself, although Chamberlin broadened the scope of it after I had given him my idea.

I could dig up other illustrations of the idea, but these are enough to make the point. I have laid my life bare; now do your worst.

Mr. Flower's final suggestion is flatly and firmly

OLDEST SAVINGS BANK IN CHICAGO

The Hibernian Banking Association

CORNER CLARK AND MONROE STREETS

Transacts a General Banking business.

Savings deposits of One Dollar and upwards received.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

turned down. On the contrary, quite the reverse. But while he has created many jobs for himself that never failed to do good, the best he ever put over was the one he did for Collier's. It was in the prepanic days of 1907, and mining stock of the most wood-pussy varieties was being sold by the bale to people whose power to believe the impossible was monstrously out of proportion to their means, and who threw their sweat-soiled money over each others' heads in frantic fear lest they might be left out. Elliott's careful and thorough exposure of the truth about nearly every one of these robbing games stopped them in midcareer, and had the further remarkable effect of shutting all their advertisements out of the newspapers everywhere, and so choking them to death. It was one of the best and most exactly thought out set of special stories ever done by an American writer, and it worked a vast and maybe a permanent public benefit, while it squelched a brazen though unorganized swindle of amazing scope.

Another thing he did astonished him to the point of shock. He had a dozen short stories that had the homing instinct of a carrier pigeon and had made many flights. One day he looked at them with resentment and pitched a coin to decide whether he would throw them in the fire or send them out once more, in a lump, without return postage. The fire lost. He mailed them to an eastern magazine with a brief note saying he would sell the lot for a thousand dollars. Inside two weeks the magazine mailed him a thousand dollar cheque, and asked for more like them. "You see," he said, when he showed the cheque in the Club, "you never can tell till you try." He's a champion tryer now.

Hot weather query: What has become of the old-fashioned single strength hammock that used to stand up under a double load?

THOSE BRAINWORKERS.

Charley Lederer has asked to be excused from rummy games and directors' meetings for two or three weeks. His much better and decidedly prettier five-eighths has been summering in the rockies with her mother and sister all summer—Charley says it seems like—like two summers; and he has gone to Colorado to join them. Our author-cartoonist says he needs a rest anyway. He has just finished writing and illustrating Drawing Made Easy, a 352-page teachers' manual, for the Capital Supply Company, an educational publishing concern at Pierre, S. D. So he really does need a vacation, say of an hour or so. Mrs. Lederer visited her birthplace on Grey's Peak, where the Lederers have a log bungalow. It is 10,500 feet above sea level.

John G. DeLong, the handsomest bachelor on The Tribune staff, went a-sailing the ocean blue on the saucy ship Lydonia all last week. He reports in purely nautical terms that he had a most lovely time. He is shivering his timbers and blasting his eyes in a threat to blow a big dinner party some Saturday night at the Club.

Director Mark Skinner Watson has gone into Ver-

mont for his pastime. And in the meantime ex-Director John L. Lawson is acting as rewrite man on The Tribune.

Chaplain W. B. Norton is glad the Methodists' camp meeting at Desplaines is over. He says it is no fun getting up at 6 a. m. and retiring at midnight; but he doesn't say which is hardest.

E. O. Phillips (Teddy) is back in Chicago after a long absence at the state capital covering the legislature. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips are located in a cozy six-room flat on the North Side.

Walter A. Washburne, who was presented with a polly last week by the boys, has named the bird rhummy, and the last state of that bird will be worse than its first—with a name like that. It can talk, and it ought to have something to say for itself on the subject.

Floyd P. Gibbons denies that he is copying after Alf Houser. Floyd has a real man's moustache now—a genuine soup strainer, useful as well as ornamental.

Morton Hiscox, who is business manager of the Retail Coalman, is an Amherst man of the class of '91, and aside from that fact is a jolly good soul, with an inexhaustible fund of good stories. Which makes us all wonder why Mort. does foregather with the crowd here more.

Query—Why not form a sort of auxiliary for retired newspaper men and call it the Ex-press Club? They have delivered the goods once anyway.

Harry Bedford-Jones' short story, A Surprise in Sulphur, appears in the August number of the Argosy. He will have another story, Out of Algiers, in the September issue of the same magazine. He's a mid-night oiler.

You know there is no law which forbids Drury Underwood, Skipper Curtis, W. O. Chapman or Joe Sheahan of the Evening Post from joining the Club.

Ed S. Sheridan, for many years sporting editor of The Tribune and now professor of journalism at the University of Washington, is vacationing in Chicago and wants to become a non-resident member of the Press Club. Who's stopping him?

George B. Longan, city editor of the Kansas City Star, was in Chicago recently on his way to Michigan for a vacation. He is due back tomorrow and will spend a few days studying how we do things in Chicago.

Please page Paul Cowles, the genial head of the Associated Press.

Should you meet Jim (Sam Weller) Crusinberry or Irving E. (Sy) Sanborn, The Tribune's baseball experts, at the Club, don't fail to talk baseball with them. They never tire of the topic.

Union Bank of Chicago

25 North Dearborn Street

Depository of the Press Club. Established 1905.
Renders every service and accommodation of a strong,
fully equipped Bank.

"Handsome Ed" Clipson, who is touring the world as staff correspondent for THE SCOOP, continues to report progress by post cards to his friends. Last heard from in South Africa.

Harry Beresford writes Joseph Garibaldi Davis from the Green Room Club, New York, that he wishes himself back with his friends in the Chicago Press Club. Incidentally he is trying to get a suitable sketch to appear in next fall. Anybody with a good scenario in his nut to help him over?

W. J. Cochran, the w. k. political writer, proposes John Sullivan, Robert J. Longmore or Frank Kipfer as referees of the coming Press Club badger fight.

Guy F. Lee, assistant Sunday editor of The Tribune, spent his vacation in New York. If you ask him he will tell you all about it.

THE SCOOP is able to deny authoritatively that there is a beauty contest on at the Associated Press office with Paul Williams and Thornton Smith as entrants. Chris D. Hagerty put a stop to it. He says he won the prize long ago, and that settles it forever.

Lieut. E. O. Phillips, political editor of The Tribune, has returned from Springfield and gone to housekeeping with his bride in an apartment in Evanston avenue near Edgecomb place. The boys are talking of buying him a parrot.

Among those in favor of poker anywhere, anytime, anykind, anyhow, is Manful J. Wathey, who *pugilisticates for the Record-Herald when he isn't beating Gus Axelson at rhum. Some future time Wathey and Old Doc Fisher will be matched for the rummy championship of Room 508, at which time Dan Sullivan will have to shed his almost immaculate socks and Snyder Junior will have grabbed himself a fighter to manage.

Our Dr. W. A. Evans was confidently expected to inspect the renovated and redecorated Clubhouse on Friday night. Health hint—Join the club.

Tommy Hoyne of the Post, having qualified as a lawyer, might cross-examine Charley Hays and Julian Mason on why they have failed to join the Press Club.

That sterling pool player, Penny Ross, has issued a standing challenge to all comers, barring Ed Brandt. Herman Reiwitch, Ray C. Pearson, and Jack Royle. The last named claims the Associated Press championship.

Some of the boys are talking of a match game between Ed Pickard, the well known three-cushion player, and either Col. Perley H. Boone or John R. Livingston. Incidentally, the committee of experts has announced the renovated tables and new billiard balls as all right.

Mrs. Arthur Henning, wife of The Tribune's Washington correspondent, is in Chicago with her children for the summer. They are staying at the apartments of Richard Henry Little, who is Mrs. Henning's brother.

Harold Brown, the celebrated war photographer of The Tribune staff, is trying to get together a beauty group, to include John G. Lovett, Floyd Gibbons and Claire Briggs. Ed Roberts has offered to be a substitute.

Edward Buttermilk Fullerton, brother of Hugh, has returned from his outing with a wild yarn about a hand-to-hand battle with a ferocious squirrel in the wilds of

Wisconsin. He says the animal got him down twice but he overpowered it. He has a mad on at Howard M. Bricland for laughing when he told about the Homeric conflict.

Lucky Frank Smith has had a spell as acting telegraph editor of The Tribune during an illness of William H. Mather.

Come on, you Nathan Meissler. Our ~~xxx~~ is out.

John A. ("Pop") Bruder of The Tribune has resigned to amass a fortune in mercantile pursuits.

Jim Bicket, city editor of The American, is vacationing and Ernie Simpson, late of San Francisco, is sitting on the safety valve in his absence.

Orion A. (Cotton) Mather has sold his interest in the automobile he owned with W. S. Stott. Ralph Waldo Emerson bought in. Cotton is looking for a more expensive car—one which will hold his growing family.

Edward J. Doherty, the w. k. substitute rewrite man on The Tribune, is entertaining a sister from out of town. Incidentally he is all spruced up and smiling.

Harry Hewes of the Record-Herald copy desk is going to beat it from these yere parts early in August. He's landed a day job in Detroit; says his wife is the happiest woman ever.

The sun has gone out, the moon has ceased to shine, there ain't no more sartorial splendor on the Record-Herald copy desk. "Silver King" Dan Sullivan has gone on his vacation.

Stanley Osborne wrote about ten September Morns in bathing down near Terre Haute. Ever since then he has been pestering the Record-Herald bosses to send him after a follow story.

The state of Indiana owes a tremendous debt to Billy Birch of the Record-Herald sport department. Without his sagacious advice and acute perception the evils of betting at the Porter Race meeting would have been one hundred times as bad.

Aside from taking in all the automobile tours on the cards and seining for heiresses between times, Allan Rankin, also of the Record-Herald sport dept., has nothing to do these hectic days.

In answer to numerous inquiries made by appreciative Scoop readers, pleasure is taken in announcing that the "Marpololoings of Putney Haight" was written by Jos. B. Pierson, of the Tribune.

The story that you saw in the Tribune and told your friends to read—the one about Buster and Mary, and "Joe" the chauffeur for the Paulsens—was written by Floyd P. Gibbons. It was his day off, too, but he just happened into the office, and General Howey shot him out on the yarn. Corporal Douglas got the pix, which ably supplemented the pretty yarn, eh?

Come around the Trib. office some morning—about 1:10 say—and watch Al. Chase's terpsichorean gestures. You'll be glad you came. He's a happy guy. Gee, he ain't mad at nobody!

Violent infringement on Ol' Walt Mason's litry patent: "R. F. Webster, latest star in the Trib. constellation, from Walter A. Wash. got a new appellation. 'R. F.' is no name for a newspaper man. Wash tries to reform him by calling him 'Dan.'"

C. L. Speed, city editor of the Record-Herald and dexterous fly-caster, sent fourteen bass, pickerel and pike to some of the boys on the job. The express charges aggregated \$1.75. But one can buy fish mighty cheap in Wisconsin.

Charles Carpenter, assistant to day city editor Spellman of the Record-Herald, and Hector Elwell, assistant day city editor of the American, are lolling about on a house-boat on the Illinois river near Havana, Ill. Some vacation, that.

H. (which stands for Hank) Ray Beckman is doing Carpenter's day trick except on one day a week when a Turkish suffragist named Hogan takes the job.

Just because he boasts the same surname, Grover Sexton of the Record-Herald maintains he should be the object of all the smiles of Miss Susanne. And everybody else on the sheet is a bit envious and some mad about it.

While Speed is drifting about in a row-boat somewhere up in Fishconsin, Kirkland is busier than the proverbial cat. He's holding down the C. E. job.

Listen! Mrs. Virginia Brooks Washburne is on a lecture tour through Indiana and Kentucky. Charley, her hubby, you know, has taken his two weeks' vacation and enjoys himself managing the tour. Question: What's a man's chance on expense account when his wife is the chief?

Commodore Bill Cochran of the Trib, has difficulty keeping his clothes. One day he bought a bathing suit. Someone copped it. Then he invested in a yachting outfit. Someone glommed it. Bill didn't intend to have much to lose after that, so he bought a pair of white duck "pance." And some son of a gun swiped them! His only outfit remaining unstealable is a costume made up of atmospheric phenomena exclusively.

Al W. Chase, whose name appeared in last week's issue of THE SCOOP, has paid a subscription for the year. Grape Juice Durkin and Brigadier General Wash kidded him so much and he saw so much good stuff in the thing that he found himself in the position of Martin Luther before the Diet of Worms. God help him, he could take no other course! Chase has a reputation at the Trib office as custodian of the beaches. Not the trees, you know—the waterfronts.

Bill Roberts, copy reader grandissimo of the Trib, had an operation on his last name. They took the "t" out of it.

E. Buttermilk Fullerton returned from his vacation full of tan and lots of fishy stories. His epic has to do with the fifty-pound musky that pulled him into the swim and nearly drowned him before it let him go. It was originally a fifteen-pounder, but some of those muskies do grow so fast, you can't think.

Dear Scoop:—Young Jakie Schmidt, who insists on being called Jacob Smith, shows signs of coming financial wizardry. The other day he bought half a share in Will Cleary's chance on winning the pool. He divvied with Frank Smith. Neither paid Bill anything. The ticket comes up for \$10. Jake gets \$5, which he splits with Frank, and then Cleary kicks, and the boys are forced to come across. It's easy enough with the \$2.50.

Jake was so big-hearted that he threw in a good seegar. He could afford it.

Oh, Gibing Jape! How Much More Elder Art Thou Than Thy Looks?

Dear Scoop:—Our Bob Clarke pulled a joke the other day—the jokee being Parke Brown.

"Hello, Parke," he said. "You must say 'Hello, Bob.'"

"Hello, Bob," obediently answered Parke.

"How are you? Now you must say, 'Fine, how are you,' and then you must say, 'Lend me a dollar for a week, old man.'"

"Fine," came the answer, "How are you? Say, lend me a dollar for a week old man?"

"Sure," retorted Clarke. "Where is the weak old man?"

What do you think of it?

BOB.

Original form, 1904: "Say, boss, will you gimme ten cents fer a bed?"

"Yuss. Where's the bed?"

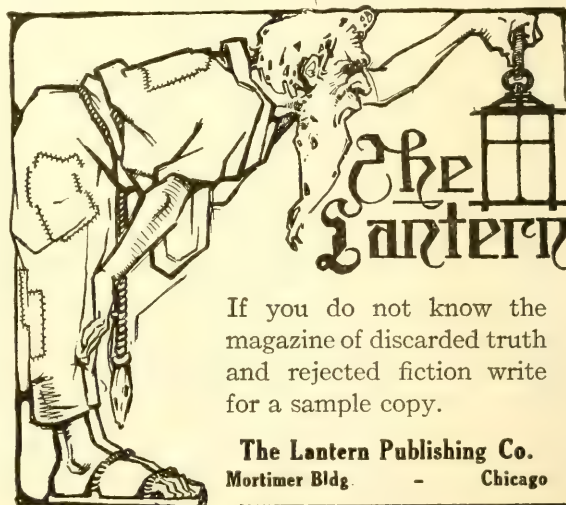
Gee, Who Would a Venturing Go!

Any member of the Adventurers' club, or of the Press Club itself, who would like to join an expedition to the upper reaches of the Amazon, may get in by applying personally or by letter to Captain Foran or Dr. George Cooke-Adams, at the Press Club.

Our valued adventurer, the Baron F. B. von Teuber, is now on his way to the unexplored regions where the Amazon has its source. The last word from him was dated July 11th at Jamaica, and conveyed kindest regards to all of us.

TEST YOUR MEMORIES.

The state of New Hampshire is suing the state of South Carolina for \$30,000. Who can recall what the governor of another state said to the governor of South Carolina on another and less sordid occasion, and what paraphrase of that observation might be suggested to the belligerents on this?



The Lantern

If you do not know the magazine of discarded truth and rejected fiction write for a sample copy.

The Lantern Publishing Co.
Mortimer Bldg. - Chicago

ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

Leroy Goble's rating in his own family has been marked down from 50 to 33½, which is a paradox, since at the same time he reached the par stage. A boy came Monday week. His name is Francis Cleon Goble—a fine, sturdy boy whom his father welcomed with tears of happiness, and without asking him what he wanted. Health accompanied and follows the event, and everyone congratulates all three.

The appearance of Francis Cleon Goble was timed almost to the hour with that of these beautiful verses, by Louis Untermeyer in *The Independent*—just as though that thoughtful philosopher knew all about it:

Lo—to the battleground of Life,

Child, you have come, like a conquering shout,

Out of a struggle—into strife;

Out of a darkness—into doubt.

Girt with the fragile armor of Youth,

Child, you must ride into endless wars,

With the sword of protest, the buckler of truth,

And a banner of love to sweep the stars.

About you the world's despair will surge;

Into defeat you must plunge and grope—

Be to the faltering, an urge;

Be to the hopeless years, a hope!

Be to the darkened world, a flame;

Be to its unconcern a blow—

For out of its pain and tumult you came,

And into its tumult and pain you go.

30 on a Stone.

An Associated Press dispatch from Jefferson, Ohio, tells of the remarkable monument that was placed in the cemetery there a few days ago. It stands at the head of the grave of J. A. Howells, veteran editor of the *Ashtabula Sentinel*, who died recently, and consists of the makeup stone used by Howells for fifty years during his evolution from printer's devil to editor. On it is inscribed a verse written by William Dean Howells, the novelist, a brother of the decedent. The verse reads:

"Stone, upon which with hands of boy and man,

He framed the history of his time until,

Week after week, the varying record ran

To its half-centuried tale of well and ill,

"Remember now how true through all those days

He was—friend, brother, husband, son—

Fill the whole limit of your space with praise,

There needs no room for blame—blame there was none."

The boyhood of William Dean Howells was spent in the office of the *Sentinel*. The father of William Dean and J. A. Howells was editor of the paper.

You Bet My Life There Is.

"We do not know a man in the Prohibition party who is not in favor of a Prohibition amendment to the Federal constitution. It is true that some of them very frankly express their opinion that we will never have such an amendment until the Prohibition party has gotten into power to submit it and pave the way for it by administrative crippling of the liquor power. We have no quarrel with this theory. There is more than a possibility that it is correct.—*The American Advance*.



Edward Maher, corporation lawyer, President of the Lawyers' Association of Illinois, writer, linguist, authority on military matters in general and Napoleon's campaigns in particular, good fellow and active member of the one greatest Press Club on this or any other planet, is about to join the Press Club's corps of foreign representatives.

He and his wife sail for Europe next Wednesday on the Kaiser Franz Josef I, to be gone until October, when they will return to America via Havre.

That this is to be no narrow, personally conducted or regular guide book tour of Europe may be judged from the fact that Patras in the Ionian Isles will be the first place aimed for. Then in spite of continued warlike conditions in the Balkans, or more likely because of them, Cettinge, the tiny and primitive capital of the brave Montenegrins, will be one of the next points. From there the journey will continue to Trieste, Austria's Adriatic port, then on through parts of Austria and Hungary, and back to Italy and into France for the return home.

It is part of Mr. Maher's purpose to "touch" all of these, as well as some other less well known places in storied and rich Europe. In this laudable line of action he has the Club's hearty approval and not wholly disinterested hope for the greatest success of his always successful life.

There are no leagues of land or sea can hold his spirit far apart from ours. His welcome home is certain to be of a sort and nature to warrum the cockles of his world worn heart, and astound the truly good of Zion City.

The picture above shows all the success of which Merrill is capable when moved by a profound affection for his subject.

A Fiery Suggestion.

Appropriate to the north fireplace in the Club library. Appropriated from a fireplace in a beautiful country house of Devon:

All ye who stand before this fire
Please sit down. 'Tis my desire
That other folks as well as you
Shall see this fire, and feel it too.

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

THE PRESS CLUB ORCHESTRA.

The entertainment committee had a meeting Monday. All the members did not attend, although they were notified that matters of importance were to be considered. Chairman Berliner was on hand, bubbling over with ideas for the coming fall and winter. The primary purpose of the meeting was to complete arrangements for the house warming, but the entertainments for the cold months were taken up in a tentative way.

Chairman Berliner has big plans, and if the proper spirit is shown by his associates on the committee some rattling good stunts are in store. One of Berliner's ideas is to organize a club orchestra. Every one who know him—and every Press Club member does—appreciates that he is some violinist himself, and among the best of Chicago's orchestra bosses. With such a leader it should be an easy matter to organize a club band.

If every member who can perform on the fiddle, cornet, cello, drum, or any other kind of noise instrument will get in touch with Mr. Berliner, each will be given an opportunity to display his talents at future club shows. Berliner will do the directing. All you have to do is to "toot your horn."

See Committeeman Berliner or drop him a line. here is a chance to become a member of the World's Greatest Press Club Band. If you can't play, maybe you can whistle. Berliner wants to report progress at the next gathering of the entertainment squad. Let's hear from the musicians.

There is a plan on foot for an authors' night at the club shortly. Doctor Nutt says we have about seventy-five fellows whose brain creations published in book form have been profitably issued by established and substantial houses.

REMEMBER WILL PRUITT.

Will Pruitt, splendid singer, fine actor and generous friend of the Press Club, writes Stanley Twist from Butte that he has a new act and wants a chance to show what he can do in it at some one of the Chicago theatres. A good many of our fellows have influential theatrical connections. In memory of many valuable and freely granted favors, they are hereby asked to exert themselves in his behalf. He may be addressed in care of THE SCOOP.

GO TO IT.

The film version of William Hamilton Osborne's magazine story, "The Scapegoat," is the American Film Company's two-reel feature to be released Monday, the

28th. That company has its head office at 6227-35 Evanston Avenue, Chicago. The managers are progressive business men, always open to offers of scenari, and perfectly fair in their dealings. They are commended to Press Club capables.

CELESTIAL TONES.

BY GEORGE F. BUTLER, PRESS CLUB.

Where morning tipped the forest spires with gold,
And the gray rocks gave back the mantling light,
I heard afar a wandering eremite
Chanting full-voiced thro' swerving mists that rolled
High up the mountain side— I had grown old
Within the darkness of a nameless night
Since last mine eyes beheld so fair a sight,
And as beneath those fragrant aisles I strolled
Something of youthful innocence and joy
Stirred in my trembling heart; I felt the thrill
Of early hope steal like the charmed air
O'er the desolate past, and as a boy
Once more I chanted unto rock and rill—
A childish song, yet filled with manhood's prayer.

And as the clinging echoes caught my cry
And the deep wildwood answering again
Lifted my paean heavenward, a strain
From the far-folding chambers of the sky
Around my spirit floating dreamily,
Did seem to rise and fall like the vast pain
Of that great minor music that must fain
End in sweet notes of cheer—so faint, so nigh:
Was it some kindred soul that like mine own
Had trod the paths of mortal suffering
With bleeding feet and strength oft well nigh spent—
Some human song whose pitying undertone
Down thro' the azure fields of space did fling
A helpful comfort from God's firmament?
June 8, 1913.

The Congress of International Associations, representing some 132 international organizations, scientific and other, which has been in session in Ghent, has decided to meet at San Francisco in 1915. Portions of the comprehensive Ghent exhibit of all phases of internationalism will be brought over.

What people say behind your back is their real estimate of you.

In these days of high cost of living, that New York jeweler charged with selling shortweight diamonds should be severely dealt with if found guilty.

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THESE "DONE TIME" IN THE TWIN CITIES.

There is talk now around the Press Club of organizing an Escaped Club. The membership would include those who have "done time" in the Twin Cities field—"done" meaning \$15 a week and "time" meaning sunrise to sunset, or sunset to sunset, or both, and "Done-Time" hyphenated, meaning journalistic incarceration.

For fugitive President, Arthur James Pegler, star reporter of The American, has been nominated. His record includes service in both Minneapolis and St. Paul.

For vice-president, consensus of opinion has picked John L. Lawson, star reporter of The Tribune, who looks back without smiling upon his journalistic career in those Twin Cities.

The natural choice for treasurer would be Barney J. Mullaney, who served his apprenticeship in the northern regions, and has since achieved the secretaryship to Mayor Busse and the post of commissioner of public works.

His Twin Cities experience, so far as known, is the only blot upon the career of Walter A. Washburne, assistant city editor of The Tribune. He, with his innate modesty, declines the office of treasurer; and since the Minnesota statute of limitations has not run out, the natural choice is Witt K. Cochrane, who left St. Paul on a flat car, and who has achieved a fortune in the advertising business.

Other fugitives entitled to membership are:

Fred Ritchie, now of The Daily News copy desk, who at one time still had the scars of St. Paul fetters.

At the rewrite desk of The American is Terry Ram-

sey, one time copy desk king on The St. Paul Pioneer Press.

N. C. Parke, who once did politics in the Northwest, is doing the revamping on the United Press.

D. R. Egbert, Pioneer Press copy reader, is on The Tribune telegraph copy desk.

H. F. Parker, formerly city editor of The Pioneer Press, is on the telegraph desk of The Tribune.

Ralston H. Goss, who was city editor of the St. Paul Dispatch, is doing sports on The Examiner.

Reed Hayes of The American copy desk was on the Pioneer Press.

Floyd P. Gibbons, who did time on The Minneapolis Tribune, is on The Chicago Tribune reportorial staff.

Joseph B. Pierson, for some time northwest editor of The Pioneer Press, is on The Tribune local copy desk.

Edward F. Roberts, who has a St. Paul record, is on The Tribune local copy desk.

Hector McLean, of The Examiner, was on The Pioneer Press copy desk one dark hour of his career.

Oney F. Sweet of The Tribune's Sunday department, did time on The Minneapolis Tribune.

Kent Hunter, formerly of The Pioneer Press, is on The Examiner staff.

Bert Lennon, another of the ex-northwest editors of The Pioneer Press, is on The American.

Wild Bill Deacon, whose career includes service in both Minneapolis and St. Paul, is in Chicago running a trade paper.

John Grant, once of St. Paul, now is with the Western Newspaper Union.

H. L. Hewes, another Twin Cities man, is on the copy desk of The Record-Herald.

Likewise, Billy Birch and M. J. Wathey are on The Record-Herald, doing sports.

Col. Perley H. Boone, formerly of St. Paul and Minneapolis, after a short but wild career as city editor of The Chicago Daily World, is on the city copy desk of The Tribune.

John R. Butman, for many years city editor of The Minneapolis Tribune, is a reporter on The Chicago Daily News.

Former Managing Editor Gifford, of The St. Paul Globe, is on the copy desk of The Daily News.

Managing Editor Fleming of The Chicago Press until recently was assistant city editor of The St. Paul Daily News.

THE SCOOP in a recent issue announced that Roy D. Frazier of The Inter Ocean had gone to St. Paul to become star man on the Pioneer Press staff.

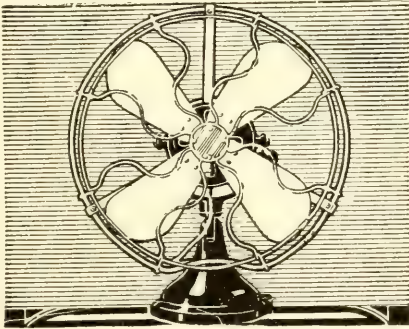
Bill Hollowell, formerly of St. Paul and Minneapolis, is Sunday editor of the Chicago Examiner.

Paul E. Neumann of the Chicago Tribune staff, "done time" in the Twin Cities.

Herb Smith, associate editor of The Continent, served on the St. Paul Pioneer Press and the Dispatch.

Alex Sloan, a member of the Press Club, was sporting editor of the St. Paul News. He is in the auto business.

William B. Stout, associate editor of the Aerial Age, was formerly on the St. Paul Dispatch.



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MY BLACK CIGAR.

BY J. M. H., PRESS CLUB.

Perhaps at sixty man's a bore.

With Osler we should all agree;
I'm not convinced, I'll think it o'er
For I am close to sixty-three.

Life has its charms for young and old,

For both the gates are left ajar;
I watch the scroll of Time unfold
And calmly smoke my black cigar.

I've lived and won and listened to
The tales of those who've lived and lost;
I've seen my name on banners blue
And red and white, the breezes tossed.
I'm courted for my wealth and fame
At home, in foreign lands afar;
And as I note how great my name
I proudly smoke my black cigar.

But sometimes through the mists of years
There comes a vision all aglow—
An angel smiling through her tears—
The loved and lost of long ago.
What then are wealth and fame to me?
Less than the falling of a star!
Dear heart, my thoughts are all of thee
The while I puff my black cigar.

"Mons." Flanders

By JOHN MCGOVERN

PART TWO.

Day after day, in the height of the "Flemish" era, Flanders would tell a story a half hour long, that sounded wonderfully like a truthful confession.

In the tale of the poisoning, he recited in detail his purchase of the little drug-store, say, at Mount Morris, Ill.; the arrival in town and the names and particulars of the fated family, and its illness; how he as druggist was aroused in the night, and "carefully compounded" the prescription; how five of the eight died as the result of his mistaken pharmacy; and lastly of his escape from the lynching party.

His tale of how he killed the man in Texas, with the hint that it might have been his own brother, was realistic in the extreme. It was his first "confession," and was come upon apparently by accident. It was really his headliner, and established him in the center of the circle.

The story of how he robbed the graves, and again escaped the avengers, occupied about an hour in delivery. Of course, this always included the interruptions of the baiters and managers of the show. Flanders was a living *Gil Blas*. He did not spare himself. Shame and self-glory were alike to him—he could not tell them apart. To philosophers and wits of the eminence of Dr. Williams, he was the ideal of original entertainment.

Certain diseases with resounding names previously unheard of entered Bohemia in a terrifying group. Col. Aymé was especially good on archeological, ethnological and medical tongue-twisters. He had wickedly and vaingloriously frightened many a better scholar. "Judge" Bryan lay on the lounge with sore eyes. The

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incoming Col. Aymé was full of sympathy. "Why, what is it?" he inquired tenderly. The Judge rose bolt upright. "You ———," he said, "you are the very man I have been waiting for. I have CONJUNCTIV-ITIS!"

It was considered to have been a god-like revenge.

So when the rotund Flanders came in a few days afterward with INTRA-COSTAL RHEUMATISM, the word-wrestlers and smiths gathered in great number, and had their usual fun. It was the only time the great "Mons." was ever in trouble that he himself considered to be trouble. At last we pitied and admired him, as we would our big black Tom when evidently he had met a still bigger gentleman-cat on the roofs of the Loop. The "Mons." bore stoically of course. But he did not know what to make of it. And, like big Tom, too, he soon was whole again.

Flanders was going south on Clark street with a companion late on a bitterly cold night. A clever beggar held a nickel in the hollow of his hand—where the "Mons." had held "Whit"—and coughed with a sound as harmoniously hollow as a cave. "Give me another nickel, and I can get a warm bed and save me life!" (Another deep and resounding cough.)

Flanders was not usually interested in beggars! Now his eyes sparkled. "O ho-o-o! Where DID you get that cough?"

The beggar repeated his lines with the accompanying "business."

"Why a nickel is more money than I've got. You're well off!"

"If you need money worse than I do, *take* the nickel!" said the beggar with a still more sepulchral cough.

"O ho-o-o! *What* a sucker!" said Flanders, most skillfully, most quickly and most cheerfully seizing the beggar's nickel, and laughing backward at the objurgations that were volubly and un-coughingly emptied on him as he trotted down the street. (Opie told it so.)

Draw poker had been excommunicated, deported, hotelled, banished from the Press Club for over two years, when suddenly it broke forth all over the lower floor at about 5 o'clock of a Saturday afternoon. There

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were five tables going at once. It reeked of mint-sauce in the Club, and there were lambs so tender and confiding that it was a sin to butcher them. Poker was endemic, epidemic, pandemic. But it was strictly cash. There is no shoestring or wind in new poker. It burns like a fresh fire.

Opie and Flanders did not care about the gambling-part, but they had caught the infection. They, too, desired to play. They agreed to form a money-trust, to go up-stairs to the parlor-table and to play poker together, with chips underwritten by the trust at one-tenth of a cent each. I mascoated for Opie until he indignantly drove me home to supper, as an undoubted hoo-doo. It was told that they sawed wood steadily till 11 p. m. that night, and that Flanders won over eleven stacks of chips—twenty-three underwritten cents. The months went on, and Flanders became editor of *Yenowine* or Peck's paper at Milwaukee. "The Colossus," Opie's novel, came out. Therein Flanders was conspicuously portrayed as *Flummers*. He read the book carefully—doubtless with pride and satisfaction. But he knew he *should be* offended. And he must do something literary himself! So he indited a letter of eloquent reproach to Opie. "Read," he wrote, exactly as he would have spoken, "I shall not upbraid you. No. No. Rather will I heap coals of fire on your head—you whom I have loved! If, by the betrayal of every sacred canon of friendship, you can earn the paltry pennies that keep your starving body and your ignoble soul together, go on, Read, and live. Live on!"

And now Flanders stirred by the momentum of successful writing, grew really earnest: "Live on, Read. But remember that others also must live! While you are in luxury, your *créditeur* is in need! Remember that you owe me twenty-three cents! Be a man, Read, now that you are earning money on Easy street. PAY me the 23 cents you owe me. Hoping that I shall receive this sum at once, I remain your old and dear friend, A. R. Flanders."

The beginning with affected sorrow and the ending in real sincerity give this letter a high place among the memorabilia of "Mons." Flanders.

Flanders, once, had been absent three months—at Memphis—managing editor of the *Appeal-Avalanche*—so he said. All we really knew was that he had been at Memphis, and had been run out of the place. He was not voluble, this time, and the great circle waited for several days in expectation of his story. At last, astride his chair, the gloom fell away. Napoleon snickered and then began:

"You see, let me tell you. I promised to clean up the town. Well, the first day, I had a column and a half with a scare-head declaring that the mayor owned the Red Mill—oh, a *tough* joint. And I says, at the head of the editorial: 'We sincerely hope these charges are not true,' etc.—the regulation patter. Well, the next week we had a column or so charging that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who owned the race-track, was running it *awful* crooked, and of course this kind of copy wouldn't be even *news* up north. But the folks in the office began to shiver about libel—

Y-e-s! So, after a few more of these first-page stories, I puts at the editorial-head the statement that we would be pleased if some of these big goat-eed geezers that were talking so loud of libel suits on the streets would fetch 'em on in court! Fetch 'em on! But there was nary a libel suit. No sir-ree!

"Well, boys, at last I DID have quite a story! (Snickers.) [And here, knowing Flanders, the great circle never failed to laugh wildly, wondering how Flanders had escaped alive.] Yes, sir, oh I got *out* all right. O yes! (Snickers. Then gravely.) Yes, there was two or three of 'em with real guns. Oh, of course they were blood-tubs—hired for the job! But, say, I hadn't got to Cairo before this new geezer, that took my job you know, had three libel suits on his own tab! And there were *sixteen* libel suits last thing I heard—not one of 'em mine! Now what ailed this new geezer? He was doing just what I had done (Rises. Taps his temple with his forefinger.) BOYS, HE DIDN'T HAVE PAPA'S NUT!"

We laughed and laughed, but we did not then know that we were to spread "Papa's nut" all over America.

In Opie's "Colossus," the great author has certainly caught the mincing gait and peculiar eye and motion of Flanders (*Flummers*). His mystic trouble with "Whit" is correctly reported there. The talk about drink, on which the character is hinged, is artistic, but not real. Flanders was without feeling or nerves. He could endlessly drink, or he could be without it. It did not seem to matter with him. But he could *not* pay. He

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was not *Ancient Pistol*, yet Flanders was of *Pistol's* breed. Base was the slave that paid!

When "Mons." Flanders would fall under the comforting wings of a new "angel"—always some investor or employer who had never heard of him before—the "Mons." described it as "putting him on my staff." In the Drama of Flanders, as played before the club, this was a welcome gag. Flanders could paint his latest angel (patron) so we could hear his wings flap. "Yes, sir, gentlemen, I have placed this big geezer on Papa's staff."

Flanders' reminiscences of his amours also were all delightful. There was one scene, where he entered the house of his Dulcinea at midnight by the door of the living-room downstairs. There was a red glow in the big, open fireplace, but Flanders' hair rose in terror as he suddenly espied a huge mastiff in front of the fire. "I was about fainting, when I heard his heavy tail a-pounding on the floor; and then, boys, I knew I had old Mr. Ponto on Papa's staff!"

The club rejoiced in the loyalty of two members—Mr. Gāy and Mr. John Crawford—whose usual deportment was universally conceded to be all that was required of the ideal gentleman. It was Mr. Crawford who had kept the Resurgan debate going so long. To both of these members, however, Flanders appeared to be "impossible." Flanders could only account for their distant politeness on the grounds of envy, and, of course, was waiting for what he deemed would be "his turn." This story is about Mr. Crawford.

The 2d of February was long a red-letter day in the Press Club because of the solemnization of Ground-Hog Day by Leroy Armstrong. It was, perhaps, the only holiday that this, the original "Indiana Man," took in the course of a whole year, and the copious libations that he poured to his Grand Totem attracted many of the faithful to his generous altar.

Leroy admired "Ingomar," the drama. Sometime in the forenoon of our celebrated festal day there would resound through the club, in a mightily-firm voice:

"Boy, bring drink!"

Ceremonies had then begun.

On one of these high dates I found Mr. Crawford in the Clark street writing-room, and in the most delightful conversational vein. Leroy had arrived early, and had finished drafting his famous bill making Ground Hog Day a legal holiday in the State of Indiana. This bill would be received in the Legislature of Indiana, where Leroy ranked among the sainted ones; would be formally read, ordered printed and passed to a second reading.

During the preparation of this glorious project of law—"We, the people," etc.—Leroy was extra-punctilious concerning the rites of libation, and peace in the writing-room could only be secured by freely joining in the ceremonies. This the charming Mr. Crawford had politely done, and with necessary frequency. The big envelope containing the needed form of legislation was now duly weighed and stamped. The boy took it to the mail-box and reported. Our Solon, our Lyncurgus, sat contented on the other side of the table, the cares of

his great commonwealth now well off his mind. In his own very words, he "could not admire *to had have had things otherwise.*" There was a window-sill at the left of the door that entered to the writing-room and table. Mr. Crawford sat with his back to the door. None but the lynx-eyed and malicious Flanders could have detected anything wrong with Mr. Crawford, and, in fact, the idea of difficulty was wholly within Mr. Crawford's own mind.

The at last complacent Leroy offering no objection, the charming Mr. Crawford arose, made his adieux correctly and expected to pass through the doorway. Right there, exactly and pompously filling that large opening unexpectedly, stood Flanders; and Mr. Crawford, with extreme effort, avoided a head-on collision.

"WOW!" said the delphic Flanders. It was a great big wow, full of inquiry, surprise, and deeply-affected scandal.

Mr. Crawford reeled, circled, and reached the window-sill. First of all—instinctively—he had avoided a rude act or *contretemps*. But he was angry all over. His fist came down on the sill, with the blow that either Flanders or Leroy deserved.

"Oh, FLANDERS!!" he cried in a voice as stirring as that with which Booth or Mantell could have uttered the words, "You DO make me tired!" We never heard anything else that afterward sounded so true.

But I did not know what it was all about. Leroy explained it to me after he had attended to Flanders. There rarely has been a more vivid contrast of mind and brute matter. I wish that scene and that situation could get across the type as it was put over in real life—the gentleman, *always* a gentleman, and the bottomless drinker, always a master of everything save the needful courtesies of life.

I find two letters folded in my copy of the "Colossus." One dated Feb. 18, 1893, is written by "Mons." Flanders from Milwaukee, and addressed to me, requesting an article for his paper. In that letter he repeats some of the fine phrases that made his letter to Opie a treasure. Pasted to the letter is a printed "tribute" to Flanders, offered by a loathesome contemporary, which the recipient desired I should see. Here it is:

"PERSONALITIES.

"Mr. Pansy H. Flanders, editor of the *Chattel Mortgage*, who occasionally 'sees things,' has recently joined the Society for the Advancement of Fakirs.' The shade of Dwight has been beckoning him to its pleasant surroundings for some months past."

Flanders' comment is as follows—a characteristic touch, too:

"P. S.—I send a clipping. You see that the light is severe that beats upon an editorial throne."

The other letter is a sad one from Opie, dated April 24, 1908. He writes: "On the night of the 21st I was in Muskogee, Oklahoma. Toward this town I had looked. I would joke with Flanders, a citizen of that town. Perhaps I might pay him that debt of 23 cents."

(The inevitable reporter called at the hotel to interview Opie.)

"Do you know Flanders, your most prominent citizen?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes,—did know him. He's dead—died a few weeks ago. Consumption of the blood. He didn't know that death was upon him. The doctors told him, but with a dry laugh he cried out: "Oh—ho—No!" It was not time, he said—but it was. Yes, I knew our most prominent citizen."

My chum of the long-ago, the late Henry Guy-Carleton, once wrote:

Not sooner shall we fall,
Poor leaves misused in an ungrateful autumn,
Than this great virile Tree of Life shall bud anew
With men of lustre.

Opie, and John Ritchie, and John Fay, and Billy Knox, and Will Eaton, and Jim West, and Will Vischer, and Tommy O'Neill, and Will Ray, and Judge Bryan, and Stanley Waterloo, and "little Shuey," and the rest of us who also ran, can see the rich carpet of our recollection strewn thick with the leaves of our ungrateful autumn.

The greatest, the mightiest, the most gifted, of that green season of the world's history came humanely and often on our carpet—Col. Ingersoll, Patti, Nilsson, Booth, Salvini, McCullough, Remenyi, Ole Bull, Mark Twain, Ware, Ignatius Donnelly, Tom Fitch, Barnabee, Stoddard, Max O'Rell, Lew Wallace, Garfield, McKinley, Swing, Edwin Arnold, Tomlins, Hugh Williams, Whitehill, Myron Whitney, Gath, Poore, Col. Mapleson, Willie Winter, Palmer and Daly, Charles Thorne, Guy Carleton, Carter Harrison, Stepniak, Bill Nye, John Clark Ridpath, Franc Wilkie, Joe McCullagh, Paul Hull—all, all, of every kidney in the worlds of merit, fame, and Bohemia. Yet, what one of those royal democrats in the realm of intellect or altruism made a stronger, stranger stroke on our memories than "Mons." Flanders, noble to look upon; most interesting to see and hear; perhaps, alas! ignoble to be—

"But, then, *ag'in!*" as Paul Hull used to recite interrogatively on that same carpet.

A STRAIGHT ANALYSIS.

Things to worry about—two thousand Orangemen have been suspended from their order for using intoxicants on Boyne Water Day. Now I know why the Ancient Order of Hibernians is so cordially approved.—*New York Telegraph*.

On which David O'Keefe, our fourth floor philosopher, adds wondering comment: "What's wrofig with them, anyhow? They never agree on anything but a disagreement, and they're never at peace unless they're fightin.' Why can't they come over here and get into politics or the liquor business or the police? There's nothing to it. Ulster's crazy anyhow. I'm for givin' 'em guns."

Whitelaw Reid to Newspaper Men.

Whitelaw Reid, in a speech some years ago at a literary dinner, delivered himself of a maxim which he suggested should be hung up in every newspaper office in the world. It was: "Fewer words, shorter stories, better told." And all the newspaper men present raised a cheer.

LINES TO A BROWN-HAIRED GIRL.

BY SIGMUND KRAUSZ, PRESS CLUB.

In umber shades, with sepia lights,
I see your hair in sleepless nights;

In nights I call the moon above
As witness of my tender love.

By day it seems that silken crown
Is cinnamon or chestnut brown.

At certain times it strikes me, too,
A Van Dyke brown or Rembrandt hue.

I surely am not color blind,
Nor am I mad or out of mind;

But what I know is, that my breast
Will nevermore know peace or rest.

Your hair, it is the silken line
By which you snared this heart of mine.

BOOKS.

THE CABLE GAME, by Stanley Washburn, published at Boston by Sherman, French and Company, is the first actual and authentic disclosure of the life of a modern war correspondent. There are many men in the membership of this Club who might have written such a book, but Washburn has beaten them to it so well that it is doubtful whether Dick Little or Chris. Haggerty or even Paul Cowles himself would care now to try.

Washburn represented the Chicago Daily News in the war between Russia and Japan, and followed his field service by an experience of news getting in other parts of the world, so that his story tells in terms of first hand knowledge how the man at the far end of the ocean cable gets what he goes after, *and gets it through*. His book is a revelation too amazing, too unassuming and too true to be spoiled by a long review, or anticipated by being quoted at all. To every member of the Press Club it is warmly commended, for it will have contact at many points with their own profession and therefore a sort of sharp personal interest. To the rapidly increasing number of people outside who are reading the Club paper it is commended with equal warmth because it will show them a side of the world few people know anything about, and show, moreover, how completely the methods, equipment and essential functions of the war correspondent have changed since the last great preceding war. It reads like a great, entrancing romance—and a ripping good one. Too bad Mr. Washburn never had time to learn to write finer English. His style is unfinished, but by Jingo! his work is big!

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LAWYER, by Arthur M. Harris, of the Seattle bar. West Publishing Company, St. Paul.—The publishers of this quaint, wise and interesting book, when they sent in a copy for the Club library, wrote that they would "be glad to have you delay your acknowledgment of the receipt of it until you have had opportunity to read it, and will then be glad to have you express your opinion as to the advis-

ability of offering it for sale to the general public."

In this present utterance they have assurance that ample time was taken to read the book; that its reading was a gentle pleasure, of the kind that comes only once in a while, when the light of a mind grown mellow in useful living spreads its kindly beams afar, even as shines a good deed in a naughty world. By all means, Messieurs West & Company, Publishers, offer it for sale to the general public. It is too sweet a beam to be hidden under a lawyer's bushel.



DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

of a hopeful, helpful heart.

Mr. Malloch is a real poet, which is a good deal more than may be said of many men who write most excellent verse. In some of his poems he gives us glimpses that recall Gene Field in his most sympathetic moods, in others he has a force and power gentle Gene never gave hint of. The one that seems to present his steadiest attitude toward the world is called *Today*. It has been reprinted hundreds of times in various newspapers and magazines:

Sure, this world is full of trouble—

I ain't said it ain't.

Lord! I've had enough, an' double.

Reason fer complaint.

Rain and storm have come to fret me

On the road—but, say,

Ain't it fine today!

What's the use of always weepin',

Makin' trouble last.

What's the use of always keepin'

Thinkin' of the past?

Each must have his tribulation,

Water with his wine.

Life it ain't no celebration.

Trouble? I've had mine—

But today is fine.

It's today that I am livin',

Not a month ago,

Havin', losin', takin', givin',

As time wills it so.

Yesterday a cloud of sorrow

Fell across the way;

It may rain again tomorrow,

It may rain—but say,

Ain't it fine today?

When you lean your head upon a book of verse such as this, you hear the heartbeat of our great, big wholesome, household America. And than that there is no purer, dearer symphony.

Books Received.

A LITTLE FIFER'S WAR DIARY. By C. W. Bardeen. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.)

BASEBALL CODE SIMPLIFIED. By Wm. T. Call, 669 E. 32d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A NEW METHOD IN MULTIPLICATION AND DIVISION. By Wm. T. Call. (Potterdon, \$.50.)

SHORTHAND FOR GENERAL USE. By Wm. T. Call. (W. T. Call, 669 E. 32d St., Brooklyn, N. Y., \$.25.)

THE LITTLE GRAMMAR. By Wm. T. Call. (Potterdon, \$.50.)

POPULATION AND ITS DISTRIBUTION. Compilation. (J. W. Thompson Co., New York, \$2.00.)

LAKE DIVERSION AT CHICAGO. By Lyman E. Cool-ey.

ODE TO MORNING. By Hiram Power Dilworth.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Adams and Trent. (Allyn & Bacon, New York, \$1.50.)

MODERN HISTORY. By Willis M. West. (Allyn & Bacon, New York, \$1.50.)

HISTORICAL ESSAYS OF MACAULAY. By Samuel Thurber. (Allyn & Bacon, New York, \$.80.)

MY LIFE IN PRISON. By Donald Lowrie. (Mitchell Kennerly, New York, \$1.25.)

IIAGAR REVELLY. By Daniel Carson Goodman. (Mitchell Kennerly, New York, \$1.35.)

VOCABULARY OF CHECKERS. By Wm. Timothy Call. (C. M. Potterdon, Hawthorne, N. J., \$2.00.)

R. D. YATES, CHECKER PLAYER. By Wm. Timothy Call. (C. M. Potterdon, Hawthorne, N. J., \$1.00.)

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR 1912. Vol. II. (Government Printing Office.)

NATIONAL CENSORSHIP OF FILMS.

That increasing numbers of Press Club men who want to take up scenario writing for producers of moving pictures will profit by a knowledge of what the National Board of Censorship will not permit to be shown. They will do well to preserve the present issue of *THE SCOOP*, because the Censorship rules are not intended to be handed out to writers, but are drawn to limit the producers themselves, and are not easily to be had. They are not to be republished in any other paper, being protected under copyright to *THE SCOOP*. This publication of them will not be repeated:

The Unwritten Law—The Board does not recognize the so-called unwritten law as a justification for the killing of any being.

Crimes—1. When crime is the obvious purpose of the picture, that is, when the whole story hinges on the perpetrated crime. 2. When the crime is repulsive and shocks the spectator. 3. The shooting in "cold blood" of any being. 4. Any crime that portrays a unique method of execution.

Suicide—The Board will not pass a picture in which there is a suicide or any suggestion of a suicide, with incidents leading thereto. The purpose of the Board is

to prevent all suggestion of self-destruction to those who are morbidly inclined.

Burglary—There is no objection to a burglary scene in a picture so long as there is no actual demonstration of the act of burglarizing; for instance, the burglar may be shown entering through an open window, but must not be shown in the act of "jimmying" the window. He may be shown with his back to the audience, opening a safe and extracting therefrom money or papers, but he must not be shown opening the safe by any means known to the art of burglars.

Vulgarity—All vulgarity and suggestions must be avoided. For instance, flirtations with women who are unmistakably ladies of easy virtue. Letters making dates with such women are objectionable as in any "rough house" conduct, with same.

Mischief—The Board objects to pictures that will suggest to the mind of youth acts of mischief, such as mutilation or destruction of property for the purpose of perpetrating jokes on invalids or cripples.

Lynching—Lynching is only permissible when the incident transpires in the days when the lynch law was the only law, i. e., in the early days of the Far West when the Vigilantes were the only effective means of enforcing order.

Kidnapping—In all forms.

Obit Sempill, the Druggist.

The man who kept the drug store forever and ever at the northeast corner of Madison and Clark streets (Walter M. Sempill) is dead. During the eighteen years the Press Club was upstairs nearly over his store our women-folk always found a hospitable haven in front of his soda fountain. And that fountain itself, in the decades before the world's fair, was considered one of the seven wonders of the world.

There were five or six doors in the Loop that had no keys, and Sempill's drug store (he called it Dale's) was one of them. That corner was the Mecca, the center, of hand-me-down anti-suffragette clothing, and it was tradition that Willoughby, Hill & Co., on the southeast (who had a full corner) paid \$10,000 a year on the rent of the three little corner joints that shut off three other big hand-me-down emporia. Sempill's corner shut out the Putnams, and no floor space west of New York did more drug business per foot than his.

The detectives used to tell John Ritchie that more fly-cops were watching Sempill's corner than any other spot in the Mississippi Valley, for if a crook were in Chicago, he would be sure to pass "Dale's drug store."

A saloon finally wiped out the most useful place in Chicago, and Walter Sempill was lured into the bowels of a new skyscraper, where he suffered severe financial losses, and began life over again far out on the West Side; there he died last week.

Of all the kind-hearted druggists of this city he was the most genial and one of the most generous—a credit to and an ornament in his great and necessary profession. He had been president of the association of his fellow apothecaries.

HIBERNIAN SPIRIT IN THE BALKANS.

"The Balkan war pot always boils,

It's seething day and night;

They're either fighting for the spoils

Or spoiling for a fight."

—Drifter.

A true case of Kilkenny cats, the true tale of which cats runs that the officers of a regiment stationed in that interesting centre of Ireland's chief industry disapproved of an amusement among the men, who had an artless little way of tying two cats by the tails and then hanging them across a clothes line to decide the wholly natural consequent bets. One day a scout whirled into the yard around a corner of the barracks hissing a stage whisper, "Officer av th' day!" Whereupon a sergeant

whipped out his hinger and cut down the cats, close to the clothes line, so that when the officer of the day turned into the yard ready to raise Ireland's most popular crop, nothing was left for him to see but the ends of the tails, whereat he wondered much until the sergeant on summons to show why and all that, explained in verse that—

There wanst no two cats in Kilkenny,

And each thought there was wan cat too many.

So they scratched and they spit

An' they clawed an' they bit

'Till exceptin' their nails

An' the ends of their tails,

Instead of two cats, there warn't anny.

As it Was Not in the Beginning.

DON C. SEITZ IN THE NEW YORK JOURNALIST.

In the old and early days of newspapers there used to exist a fine rivalry wherein editors slammed each other in the interest of somebody else. That hour, I think, has passed almost entirely away. The editor used to dwell in poverty and financial affliction also—that, too, is going down the slide.

If I were to talk for a week I could not give you a better doctrine than this: Never go back on a subscriber. When I speak of a subscriber I mean the subscriber at large, who takes the paper and has a right to believe that the paper is doing the best it can to tell him what is going on.

RABBONI.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

The silver trumpets rang across the dome:
The people knelt upon the ground with awe:
And borne upon the necks of men I saw,
Like some great God, the Holy Lord of Rome.
Priest-like, he wore a robe more white than foam,
And king-like, swathed himself in royal red,
Three crowns of gold rose high above his head,
In splendor and in light the pope passed home.
My heart stole back across wide wastes of years
To One who wandered by a lonely sea,
And sought in vain for any place of rest:
"Foxes have holes, and every bird its nest,
"I, only I, must wander wearily,
"And bruise my feet, and drink wine salt with tears."

Talk about women voters! There's a woman reporter over on The Tribune who is getting so much front page space on her exclusive, self-originated stories that all the men reporters are backed off onto the far inside sheets. She is Miss Harriett Ferrill. She doesn't care much about votes but how she does write! Three big 8-heads on the front page last week!

Nota Bitu Valitudinarian.

Fred Pelham writes from Southampton, England, that he is enjoying life and is greatly improved in health. He was about to make a short visit in London.

A Chicago confectioner is named "James Papatheodorokountourgeotopoulos."

Now if he were only a football hero we could hear the crowd shout:

"He's all right!"

"Who's all right?"

"Why, Papatheodorokountourgeotopoulos."—N. Y. Telegraph.

A POEM.

Two weeks ago Marion Reedy's *Mirror* published the striking poem here given, with a request that anyone knowing the authorship would write. In last week's *Mirror* appeared a letter from A. D. Ficke of Davenport, saying that it forms a portion of a connected series of Odes printed in a volume of *Sonnets and Other Poems* by George Santayana, and adding that Mr. Santayana is gradually becoming known as one of the scant half dozen really distinguished poets, past or present, that America can claim. This fragment lends extreme probability to that statement.

My heart rebels against my generation
That talks of freedom and is slave to riches
And, toiling 'neath each day's ignoble burdens,
Boasts of the morrow.

No space for noonday rest or midnight watches;
No purest joy of breathing under heaven!
Wretched themselves, they heap to make them happy
Many possessions.

But thou, O silent Mother, wise, immortal,
To whom our toil is laughter—take, Divine One,
This vanity away and to thy lover
Give what is needful—

A staunch heart, nobly calm, averse to evil;
The windy sky for breath, the sea, the mountain;
A well-born gentle friend, his spirit's brother,
Ever beside him.

What would ye gain, ye seekers, with your striving?
Or what vast Babel raise you on your shoulders?
You multiply distresses and your children
Surely will curse you.

O, leave them rather friendlier gods and fairer
Orchards and temples and a freer bosom.
What better comfort have we or what other
Profit in living.

Than to feed, sobered by the truth of Nature,
Awhile upon her bounty and her beauty
And hand her torch of gladness to the ages
Following after?

She hath not made us, like her other children,
Merely for peopling of her spacious kingdom,
Beasts of the wild, or insects of the summer,
Breeding and dying,

But also that we might, half-knowing, worship
The deathless beauty of her guiding vision
And learn to love in all things mortal, only
What is eternal.

The eighty-third anniversary issue of *The Albany Evening Journal* is one of the most beautifully printed newspapers that ever came out of a press room. It is a real treat in every way.

The *Glenwood Boy*, a sixteen-page monthly published by the *Glenwood Manual Training Schools*, is one of the most purposeful and well edited outside journals published in this state. Its typography is beautiful.

Not knocking no Secretary of State nor nobody no-how scarcely at all, isn't it a fact that the high price of grape juice has become too much a part of the troubles of life?

Don't cease swatting the fly, and if there are any swampy grounds around drench them with kerosene oil.

SUBURBAN PHILOSOPHY.

THUR DRAIL, IN THIRD RAIL FLASHES.

A country editor is a human being who collects words and then spills them all over a patient and indulgent community at stated intervals. This form of life usually infests small towns where the police force has lost its armament. He is a by-product in the evolution of literary talent. An editor is one who is constantly bearing a secret and he guards it as closely as a miser his gold. In his lucid moments (if any) he would defend this secret with his life. The exact and actual number of his bona fide and paid-up subscriptions is the secret. It is considered unethical and unprofessional to divulge this secret even to his own shadow and to tell it to a fellow editor would be an evidence of insanity.

Editors spring into existence where there is the least resistance. In ancient times before the pen and paper came into use and when all messages had to be carved on stone, few aspired to editorship and Moses for many years was the only wandering editor of the world. With his iron pen he carved out two or three words a day and at that rate it would have taken years to manufacture a newspaper even the size of "Flashes." With the advent of pen and paper a great army of patriotic men appeared, willing to sacrifice themselves on the altar of journalism.

A perfectly good editor of the latest model is made up, for the sake of public convenience, into two distinct personalities technically referred to as "editorial we," for the purpose of protecting the murderer of the language.

He is also a manufacturer taking the raw material from the air, assembling and scrambling a few obsolete words, phrases and expressions into a solid cake without increasing the verbal displacement. With his kit of tools, consisting of shears and paste pot, a rusty pen and a six-year-old bottle of ink, he can stir up more trouble than a government mule in an egg emporium and has the blissful faculty of saying the wrong thing at the right time or the right thing at the wrong time. In his reckless moments he can paint a word picture to look like a photograph taken by a drunken aviator, two miles high, in a thunderstorm.

Any one can learn to be an editor who has the moral courage and the self-control to abstain from all labor and who can carry a fountain pen without spilling it all in one place.

Her Tongue.

Doctor Crabbe had almost succeeded in dismissing Mrs. Gassoway, when she stopped in the doorway, exclaiming:

"Why, doctor, you didn't look to see if my tongue was coated!"

"I know it isn't," said the doctor, wearily. "You never find grass on a race track."

THANKS.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER IN THE SMART SET.

Thank God for this bright frailty of life,

The lyric briefness of its reckless spring;

Thank God for all the swift adventuring.

The bold uncertainty, the strengthening strife.

Thank God the world is set to such a tune.

That life is such a proud and crashing wave;

That none but lifeless things shall be time's slave,

Like the long dead but never tiring moon;

That godlike passion strangely leaps and runs;

That youth cannot grow old nor beauty stale;

That even death is fragile, and must fail

Before the winds of joy that speed the suns.

THE SCOOP

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Why New England Went Ahead

DEAR SCOOP: Newspaper men need not go far to learn why history has been so favorable to New England. There is one sufficient reason, which is largely their own reason for being: Massachusetts men were good reporters. The inhabitants of the other colonies went ahead and attended to their business quite as ably as the New England folk, but with a single difference: After the New Englander had attended to his business he wrote about it; the able men attending to the business of the other colonies omitted this last precaution. It isn't necessary to explain at any great length to men who write news for a living that it is not the unwritten news that makes up a newspaper, or that it is not the unwritten history that forms the bulk of the history books.

The first thing that the settlers in the new colony of Massachusetts Bay did was to establish a college to teach men how to write and a printing press to publish abroad what they did write. They began the settlement of Boston in 1630; Harvard College was founded in 1636; the first printing press was set up at Cambridge in 1639. Virginia began talking about William and Mary College in 1617, but she did not get around to founding it until 1693; in 1683 she undertook to establish her first printing-press, which was promptly suppressed by Governor Berkeley with the entire approval of the king, and it was not until 1726 that she finally had a printing-press. By that time Boston had had a weekly newspaper in successful operation for thirty-six years. Thomas Nelson Page seems inclined to blame Massachusetts for permitting such things to happen to the derogation of Virginia, but it doesn't figure out happily, either in the histories or in the lives of the colonies. It sounds a little like the stories the reporter who has fallen down on an assignment tells his city editor.

Another thing of interest to newspaper men follows the same line of procedure. If anybody cares to go through American biographical dictionaries, from the most dignified of them to the invaluable "Who's Who in America," he will discover one striking fact: Whatever else has been done by those whose names are thus commemorated, they are almost certain, say four times out of five, to have written a book. One reason, perhaps, why writers have been so notoriously ill paid at all times is because they have had to take it out in fame. Now it is a solemn and statistical fact, if the

normal proportion of men and women in the leading biographical dictionaries to the total population be taken as one, Massachusetts men and women lead the other states of the union with three and three-fifths, or 260 per cent above the norm, while Virginia lags with four-fifths of one, or twenty per cent below the norm. The reason is the same as in the preceding case: They were both doing things and writing about them in New England, and their writers had the prime incentive of seeing their stuff in print when they did write; in the Old Dominion they had to be content with doing things—and trusting to luck about the rest of the world's finding it out. King Philip's War in Massachusetts does not begin to be as interesting as Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia, and the two events took place at about the same time (1675-6), but every American school child knows about the former and very few have ever heard of the latter at any age. Yet Massachusetts can hardly be blamed for that—at least not by anyone who is writing for a living.

It is quite as true of verse as of prose, this preeminence of New England. If one cares to search through Burton Egbert Stevenson's fine collection, "Poems of American History," he will find that New England writers not only seized upon every "good story" that broke within their borders, but like others with the news sense contrived to make fairly good literature of it. When they themselves did not drop into verse, they still contrived to write the kind of prose that inspired somebody else to do so. Probably the best bit of pure poetry that came out of the American colonies in the seventeenth century, or was founded on events taking place in that period, is "Bacon's Epitaph, Made by his Man," written immediately after the death of that popular Virginia leader in 1676. Does anybody know it, even those of Virginian birth or ancestry? It is even unknown who its author was, and it owes its survival to the instructive fact that it was printed with the rest of the Burwell papers in Boston in 1814. But is there anybody who doesn't know "The breaking waves dashed high"? It is all exceedingly reprehensible of Massachusetts to give the light of print to a most valuable historical document dealing with Virginia, and to inspire Mrs. Hemans, the Englishwoman, to something that bears the marks of imperishable verse; but one can't help wishing that Virginia had been able to return the compliment implied in the one and prove an equal source of inspiration in the other. History wouldn't have been quite so lop-sided.

The first white man who saw Niagara Falls was a Frenchman—and nobody today knows what his name

was. The first man who said he saw Niagara Falls was also a Frenchman—and it appears to be a fact that he (Hennepin) never set eyes on it. Can anyone imagine a New Englander being as careless as that in either respect? The French landed in Detroit in 1610, a good ten years before anyone thought of the Plymouth Colony. But, though the Plymouth colonists landed in two or three other places first and did a week's washing—with a clever poem to commemorate it—they have a perfectly good Rock to point to, with an iron grating around it to keep its popularity from becoming its destruction, though it is probably the unlikely place for a boat landing for miles around. Who knows where the first French foot was set on the soil now Detroit? What is worse, who cares? And where is a monument keeping alive the first and most unfortunate settlement of Jamestown? or indicating where the first landing was made for the second? And whose fault is it? It can't be all the fault of Massachusetts.

Long before Jamestown or Plymouth found a place on the map, fifty or sixty years before,

"Francisco Coronado rode forth with all his train,
Eight hundred savage bowmen, three hundred spears of Spain,

To seek the rumored glory that pathless deserts hold—
The city of Quivira whose walls are rich with gold"—
as Arthur Guiterman sings. Before returning to his starting point, the city of Mexico, Coronado had traversed part of the State of Kansas, and was certainly in the valley of the Kaw, where such good potatoes are grown in such enormous quantities. Incidentally, part of his expedition discovered the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Is Kansas particularly interested in the fact? Between that train of cavaliers and the psalm-singing souls who first settled in New England there is little to choose in point of poetry or picturesqueness; but its literary effectiveness does not seem to have made any local appeal. A band of Spanish soldiers came from New Orleans to attack French Detroit in the eighteenth century, and marched around the southern extremity of Lake Michigan over what is now Cottage Grove avenue. Is there anybody in Chicago who cares about a little thing like that? Yet we surely need all the romance we can accumulate, and a historical association or two with Cottage Grove avenue wouldn't do it a particle of harm.

In 1770 an insignificant street riot in Boston resulted in the death of four men, one of them a mulatto. If there is anybody in the United States who hasn't heard of Crispus Attucks, this colored man, and the Boston massacre he fell in, he has not passed an examination in American history. Fourteen months later fifteen hundred freemen of North Carolina rose in rebellion against the officers of the British Crown, its courts and judges, for the practice of gross injustices, and fought a pitched battle at Alamance against British regulars and militia to the number of a thousand. They were defeated with the loss of three hundred by Governor Tyrone, and a number of the survivors were condemned to death and executed for high treason. Did ever you hear of it before? But you have read John Boyle O'Reilly's fine poem of Crispus

Attucks, and you know all about Paul Revere's Ride and the Concord Fight and the Battle of Lexington, though there were many fewer men involved on both sides in these last fights than at Alamance in North Carolina nearly four years before. It is, of course, possible to accuse the New England historians of suppressing the facts of history to bring about such a result; but if they contrived to get the Boston Tea Party into the papers with all the rest of the live news that was going on in the neighborhood about that time, and the North Carolina folk never so much as tipped it off to the night-fire-and-police man, again it is respectfully submitted that the Southern Colonies' United Press fell down on its job, not the New Englanders'.

Once a year the New Englanders get together in the larger cities of the United States under the auspices of the Society of Colonial Wars and assemble around a banquet table to commemorate the Great Swamp Fight in prose and verse. It was a cheerful battle, in which the men from Massachusetts, Connecticut and Plymouth to the number of a thousand drove the Wampanoags out of Rhode Island and destroyed their winter provisions, involving the colonies in King Philip's War soon after. It happened on December 19, 1675. Does anybody recall an Indian fight in the Southern colonies, before or since? Once a year pretty nearly every American in the habitable globe, at home or abroad, sits down to a better dinner than usual because Boston was in the pinch of starvation in 1631, and had every reason to give thanks when a shipload of provisions came into port just in time to prevent a general calamity. Is anybody sorry for Thanksgiving Day as a national institution? And can there be any doubt that the reason we have such an institution is solely due to the fact that the men of Massachusetts, from the landing of the Pilgrims in the Plymouth Colony, and the landing of the Puritans in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, had good noses for news, good reporters to get it on the first page, and good managing editors to see that their men were properly trained and kept busy earning their salaries?

WALLACE RICE.

"NO-SURRENDER OATES."

FRANK TAYLOR, IN THE LONDON SPECTATOR.

"It was blowing a blizzard. Oates said: 'I am just going outside, and I may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard, and we have not seen him since."—The Diary of Captain Scott.

It was not in the fury and the foam,
The swift, earth-shaking tumult, and the shout
Of close-knit squadrons riding hard and home,
That he went out.

For him no trumpets called with jubilant blast,
Only the ice-wind's everlasting moan;
Alone into the solitude he passed,
Yet not alone.

For joyfully the long line of his peers,
Most joyfully those stanch old hands and true,
Which rode at Balaklava in far years,
And Waterloo,

Warburg, and Paarderberg, and Dettingen,
Watched him go out into the deathly wild—
Ay, many valiant souls of mighty men
Saw that, and smiled.

THE BRAINWORKERS.

Frank Poeton of the Journal is resting on his laurels since he stirred up the typographical union to investigate the "invisible government."

James Aloysius Durkin, the world's greatest little christener, has nicknamed R. F. Webster "Dan'l." Webster probably must go through life now as such. He says he doesn't like Ronald (his first given name) no-how.

Junior Owens blew into Chi last week. Says he's working on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch now. Says Fred Ranney, who has a Chicago record, is also there.

Gilman M. (Painless) Parker, one of the four newspaper men who went around the world just to see if they could do it, returned to Chicago the other day, and is again sharpening his pencils in the Tribune office. Soon he will entertain his guests at the Press Club, and possibly regale the Adventurers' Club with some real experiences.

Charles E. Chapin, city editor of the evening edition of the New York World, was in Chicago last Saturday. He is a former Chicago newspaperman.

George A. King, late of the Record-Herald copy desk, is in New York City.

Irving E. (Sy) Sanborn, the Tribune's baseball expert, met Fred Haxton last Saturday in Philadelphia. You remember Fred. He was city editor of the Chicago Journal for a long time. Sy says he is amassing wealth in the advertising business in the Quaker City. Fred is a long distance member of the Club.

Al Chase, The Indian of the Trib Copy Desk, so called because of the beautiful mahogany finish the summer season has left upon his noble features, is simply delighted with last week's Scoop, and so declares. Terpsichorean, he says, is great stuff, but the Tango has more tang to it. Chase is getting to be some Scoop fan; what is he doing to the classic forms of English speech?

FANDANG.

Charles Dwyer, for seven years editor of the Ladies' World, will become editor of the Woman's World on September 1. Herbert Kaufman will continue his editorial contributions.

P. J. Casey, the only newspaperman in the world ever injured cranking his own automobile, will be back on the Inter Ocean copy desk next week. Mr. Casey has been laid up with a broken arm.

S. F. Schumacher has resigned his position with the Inter Ocean and goes to New York this week. Mr. Schumacher will probably go back on the Evening World there, where he worked before coming to Chicago last fall.

Sam A. Blair is spending his vacation with the World in New York.

McKinley Crouse and S. N. Blossom of the Kansas City Star were in Chicago last week, the guests of John Lovett, Sam Blair, Marquis James and other Chicago newspaper men who have worked in Kansas City in their time.

Horace Mann, formerly with the Press, is now on the Inter Ocean copy desk.

Ransom Walker of the Press Club legal contingent has not been seen around these parts lately. Inquiry develops the fact that a daughter arrived at the Walker household two week or so ago. He is excused for another week but not longer.

Captain Frankenburg, formerly an officer in the Boer army and latterly a member of this, our Press Club, has resigned his place with the Selig Polyscope Company and become producer for the Bioscope people at their Los Angeles plant. He is bettering himself financially and going to a beautiful job in a beautiful place, but it is mean of him to run away from us. He is one of the most popular men in the Club. None of us will forget his clever representation of The Common People in the big show at the Auditorium last April.

The True Story of The Voyage of The Cheese.

BY THE SHIP'S MANAGING EDITOR.

Captain Floyd P. Gibbons entertained aboard the sloop Cheese early last Sunday morning. After the Trib gang had cleaned up for the Sunday paper, Gibbons with Walter Howey, Col. P. H. Boone, John L. Lawson, and John L. Lovett went to Clarendon beach. Commodore Cochran met the gang at the beach, and after a swim of half an hour, the good ship Cheese was launched.

Commodore Bill didn't go with the bunch, the lake being a little choppy. Bill decided he wanted to sleep in the sand. The thirsty pirates sailed several knots to the north and then tacked back. Sandwiches were served in the cabin on the way out.

Old Dr. Howey shinned up the mainmast and scanned the horizon for a good man or two. Lawson manned the mainsail and Colonel Boone manipulated the jib. When the Cheese was out a mile or two from shore, Colonel Boone suddenly became chilled. He slid into one of the life preservers, contending that it warmed him considerably.

Lovett manned the pumps and managed to get part of the water on the inside out before the Captain shipped water again.

After the return to shore about four o'clock, Mister Gibbons and his guests slept in the sand until time to show up for Sunday.

All other accounts of the conduct of Gibbons on that night are alibis, alter egos, and libertads, and can be so proven by Phiney the Eel. Affidavits at reduced rates.

OLDEST SAVINGS BANK IN CHICAGO

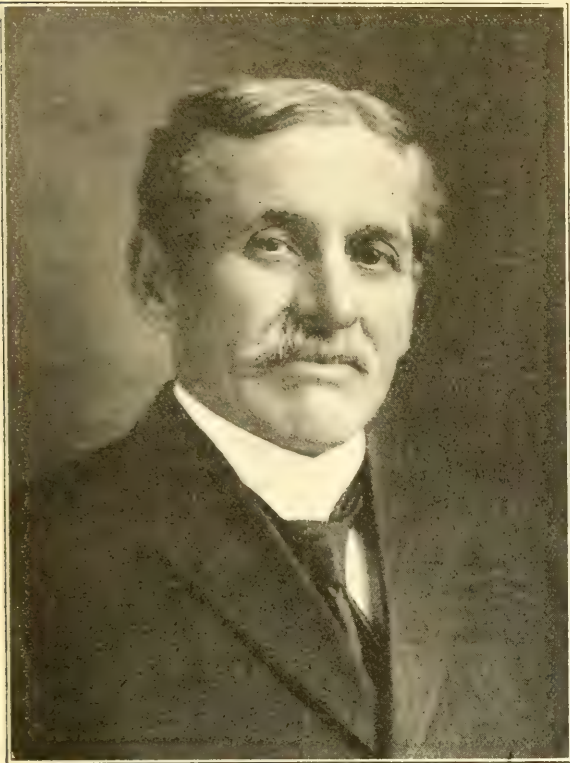
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"BOB" OF OURS,

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Concerning Robert Jones Burdette, the words that follow, in quotation marks, were written by this writer more than thirty years ago, when both were in the heyday of young and more or less prancing manhood:

"It was the good fortune of a large and perfectly deserving part of humanity that Bob Burdette was born, no matter when that event occurred. But to be particular about it, the event and advent under consideration was in the year of our Lord and Savior 1844, and that in the month of July, the 30th day thereof.

"There never has been a day since in which Bob Burdette failed to be a blessing and a gratification to somebody, and generally, for the most time, a whole lot.

"The place of Burdette's nativity was Greensboro, Pennsylvania, but he was raised in Peoria, Illinois, barring a short period of juvenility in Cincinnati, Ohio. His education was obtained in a common, everyday school, where he graduated in 1861, just in time to join the 47th Illinois Infantry and serve as a short private through a long war. He was in the Shiloh campaign, the siege of Vicksburg and the Red River expedition. But this is not a history of the uncivil war, hence Burdette's further exploits in the late unpleasantness are deferred to another chronicle.

"After the war Burdette started into mercantile and art pursuits, but instead of running the business it took to running him and finally chased him into journalism in 1870, as the night editor of the Peoria Transcript. After two years under the lamp, he became city editor of the Peoria Review, which shortly after went weeping down the vale. Burdette, with a partner and four printers, tried to keep it alive, their paper being known as the Little Review, and it was here that his reputation

as a humorist began. But paragraphs couldn't and didn't keep the Review alive, the gods loved it and it died young and very happy, very rich in trouble and very poor in pocket. The Burlington Hawkeye immediately secured Mr. Burdette, and he has remained on that paper since. It is said of Burdette that he usually makes laughter without drawing blood, though he is a master of banter and repartee.

"In Peoria, during the time that Burdette was in his hardest lines, he was married to Caroline Spaulding Garrett. The old man was opposed to Bob, and he made the course of true love run like a crosscut saw for these two souls. But the young lady had a will of her own and the old man was beaten by a single pair of hearts on a bluff against a flush of clubs. One day the old man commanded her to discard Bob, she refused, and a mildly violent altercation ensued. Miss Garrett had an undefined trouble with her heart, which this precipitated. She was stricken down with a spasm. They sent for Bob and he found her pale and almost lifeless on the sofa. Here she managed to express a wish that they might be married before she died, and a clergyman was sent for. The marriage of the great humorist was celebrated amid tears and sighs, the orange blossoms absent, and only the pallor of a dying face looking from the heap of pillows. Strange to say, she immediately began to recover, and soon regained her former strength. With it, however, was an unaccountable malady. Since that time Burdette has braved hardships and poverty, and fought his way inch by inch to an enviable position in literature, a handsome fortune, and the admiration of unnumbered thousands, and in it all he has been as tender as a dove and as gallant as a knight of the olden time to his helpless sweetheart wife, affectionately called by him 'Her Little Serene Highnesses.'

"A few months ago the gentle, delicate 'little woman' died at Ardmore, Pa. It was to her inspiration that Mr. Burdette ascribes his success in the peculiar vein of writing in which he made himself famous. Beginning with little sketches written for her entertainment, and which he read to her, she urged him to have them printed, and thus encouraging and praising him, and assisting with her criticisms, he soon found that he had the world for an audience. No man could have been more absolutely devoted to a woman than he was to her. When he went to the hall to deliver his lectures he bore the invalid wife in his arms, and at other times he was ever at her side to alleviate the pain which was her most constant companion. If Robert J. Burdette had never written a line he has given the world an example of noble devotion to a loved one which ought to crown his name with a perpetual wreath of fame.

"Burdette for many years wrote better stuff than he is writing now before he was much more than noticed outside of the little circle of the Hawkeye; but with the growth of his fame the Hawkeye grew until both came into national renown."

In a general way there is a limit to good things, but not so as to the good things about gentle, forceful, brilliant Bob Burdette. Time has not changed nor custom staled the infinite variety of this man's beatific character. He is a humorist by nature and hence ever charged with the purest pathos. His buoyancy is of the continuous and protracted kind. As a soldier he kept his comrades as jolly as Mark Tapley would have been under any circumstances; among his newspaper associates he was ever contingent and contagious with his laugh; his literature sifts sunshine; good humor trickles through his sermons as a preacher, and his religion sweetens the acerbities of puritanism.

Many years Bob Burdette made the Burlington Hawkeye scintillate—and sometimes later—with the corruscations of his wit, sparkle with his humor and radiate

with good sense. He became familiar to the worthwhile world as "The Hawkeye Man."

The time came in 1881 when Burdette must take "Her Little Serene Highness" to Philadelphia, where the best medical skill of the continent could be obtained, for her relief. After her death in 1884, he made his home at Bryn Mawr with his son Robbie, and from there for many years he traveled as one of the most popular of the Redpath lecturers and contributed to current literature. Even now, after twenty-eight continuous years on the lecture platform and several added years as a preacher, and notwithstanding the change of conditions, especially in the style of public entertainment, he is yet in constant demand, and when he accedes to any proposition of the kind he is as successful without accessories of stereopticon, red lights, outland garb, slapstick and all that, as ever he was.

For many years there had been a beautiful friendship between the families of Burdette and Wheeler. Mrs. Wheeler and "Her Little Serene Highness" were devoted friends; Professor N. Millman Wheeler of Lawrence University and Bob Burdette conducted a very distinct mutual admiration society—and that is a beautiful thing to see between two men who have sense enough to see and admit each other's good points. Between Mrs. Wheeler (afterward Mrs. Baker) and Burdette there had been a long and pleasant friendship, dating back to their meeting in the pulpit at Eau Claire twenty-five years before, when Burdette was the preacher and the then Mrs. Wheeler read the hymns.

After the death of Colonel Baker, a Kentuckian, ex-officer of the Confederate army, a brilliant and charming gentleman who was Mrs. Burdette's second husband, which occurred in 1893, she was married to Robert Burdette March 25, 1899. Four years afterward the Temple Baptist Church of Los Angeles was born to them, he becoming the pastor and she the pastress. The story of that church is a beautiful one, and this writer is the grateful owner of a book that is a history of the Temple Church under the title of *The Rainbow and the Pot of Gold*. On a fly-leaf of my copy Bob Burdette has written an inscription to me that is prized beyond measure, for it says, "With the love of nearly twoscore years."

In a book shortly to be published, this writer will have greater space for the consideration of all matters pertaining to Mr. and Mrs. Burdette and the Temple Church.

In July, 1909, Mr. Burdette received severe spinal injuries, resulting from a heavy fall in a romp with his sons, forgetting, as he said, that he was too old a draft horse to rough-house the pasture with the colts. He lay for a part of the summer in a plaster cast, and the physicians advised him that he could never again stand the strain of pulpit and pastoral work. He resigned his pastorate and was at once elected pastor emeritus. But he made a rapid recovery under the ministrations of rest. Since then he has traveled abroad considerably on the continent of Europe and in England, an extended tour through Japan, China and Manchuria, with a long stay on the Hawaiian Islands. He

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still preaches occasionally, supplying his old pulpit frequently; lectures now and then in the Chautauqua circuits, and writes regularly as a staff contributor to the *Los Angeles Times*, for he has never been at all out of touch with newspaper life and activity. He has within the past two years published a volume of poems and one of essays, and keeps about as busy as ever.

"I want to work," he says, "up to my seventieth birthday. Then I think I will be entitled to preëempt a claim in 'afternoon land' and look on for a while before I ask for my time and pay check." He finds an old man's delight in his two granddaughters, Clara Bradley Wheeler of Los Angeles, and Caroline Virginia Burdette of Salt Lake City. "Both girls," he says, "but they had the good sense to be born in suffrage states, and so they are just as good and efficient republicans as their brothers could have been." His stepson, Roy Bradley Wheeler, is a very successful bond man, a member of the house of Torrance, Marshall & Company of Los Angeles, and his son, Robert J. Burdette, is a writer on the *Deseret News* of Salt Lake City. His home—"Sunnycrest," at 891 Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena, California—is one of the loveliest in that city of beautiful homes, and here he is happy twenty-four hours a day and not at all lonely, although the world has changed a great deal in his time. "When I went on the Redpath Lyceum Bureau list of lecturers in 1877," he says, "I was a pigmy among such giants on the lists as Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Tilton, John B. Gough, Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Mary A. Livermore, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Julia Ward Howe—on one of my old circulars Julia Ward Howe is billed for 'a Comic Lecture'; what do you think of that?—William Parsons, Eli Perkins, 'Mrs. Partington,' A. A. Willits, the apostle of sunshine; Anna Dickinson, David Swing, Schuyler Colfax, and I can't remember how many others. One by one I have seen them all pass on, and the lecture platform, changed in manner and form and purpose, is peopled with a new population. But that's another story. I am about the last leaf upon the tree. It was a peach tree in its palmy days, though we gathered plums from it."

WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.

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THE PRESS CLUB BIBLE.

Dear Scoop:—It gives me joy to learn that the Press Club Bible has disappeared. Stolen, you say? Well, what of that? It only indicates that some fellow needed it a right smart. The Press Club didn't need it—that is, not so much as the fellow who took it. The well need not a physician, but they that are sick. (That's in the Bible.) The guy that copped that Bible must have wanted it bad. Maybe he hocked it. All right, then it had a powerful good chance (I nearly used another adjective there to get in the emphasis) to be of some use. For a man does not light a candle and set it on the floor, or put it under a bushel, or even in a glass case (or words to that effect), but he sets it on a table where all in the house may see. That's also in the Bible.

There is a lot of good stuff in the Bible and it comes in mighty pat when you are writing editorials or special articles. But with due respect to Hildreth and his "weird humor," I put a hook (?) on the margin of the galley-proof. I had an impression that Carter Harrison presented that Bible to the Press Club. I may be mistaken, but wake up Billy Knox and ask him. Or call up Ed Pritchard and ask him. I mean, of course, Carter Harrison Senior. The two Harrison boys gave the Newspaper Club (N. C. No. 1) a pile of junk, but a Bible wasn't in it. The said junk was all we got along with the debts of the Newspaper Club, and it was the same way, I believe, with N. C. No. 2, only we didn't get any junk. And neither of them owned a Bible, not even one to swipe, or to be swiped. I always thought it was a mistake on the part of the "old man" to pick out one of those monumental, architectural pulpit Bibles, but he probably ordered it as he would a coffin, regardless of expense. A Bible, among book-men, is valuable only for what is in it, not for what is on it. The binding is only leather and prunella, and as far as the Press Club was concerned, that was all there was to it. That's like some men we know, all pulpit binding.

Neither was that Bible put into the glass case. It had a deluxy binding all right, all stamped and tooled and gilt, the "art" variety that agents sell in Indiana, but no librarian of the Press Club was ever damphool enough to stick it in a glass case. It always had the place of honor on a small, round, baize-covered table, when it wasn't in use for poker—the table, I mean. --o, quite the contrary. It was the Meredith album of vignettes from the government printing office that reposed in the wardian-case, and for which said case was ordered by the librarian on the only occasion in history when he was given an appropriation. He knew the suggestive similtude, or call it the tantalizing reality of these vignettes, to the various scrip, bonds, legal tender, notes, certificates and so on which are occasionally handled, but not so frequently as to induce that familiarity which is said to breed contempt, by the brotherhood of the pen or rather the typewriter, and he thought it best to remove temptation as far as possible, from the weak and indiscriminating. So the India proofs were put under glass, locked in, and the key thrown down the air-shaft. Before depositing the records in the corner-stone, Captain Meredith was induced to add his autograph to the collection. Now note how the librarian's wisdom has been vindicated. We have had three removes, which are worse than a fire, and numerous house-committees, which are worse than the removes; the monumental Bible has been swiped, but the green-back vignettes, with their Floras and Liberties, Mercuries and forgotten secretaries of the treasury, repose peacefully in the little glass case.

"Aram, indeed, is gone, with all his rose,
And Jamshyd's seven-ringed cup, where, no one knows,
But still the ruby kindles in the vine
And many a garden by the water blows."

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

P. S.—Where is Franc Wilkie's desk?

The Bible.

Being already awake when the above communication reached me, no new light was thrown on the pretty

definitely settled question whether Bramhall's utterances are in their tendency awakening or soporific. Those most extraordinary annual reports which Bram. used to make when librarian are not forgotten.

Bramhall is right in saying that the Hildreth bible never usurped the place of the Meredith book in the glass case. It was impossible, for the bible was larger than the case. The bible bore this inscription in gilt letters on the cover: "Presented to the Press Club of Chicago by James H. Hildreth." The Scoop was in error in giving Hildreth the Christian name Frank. There was a Frank Hildreth here contemporaneously with the donor of the bible, but, I think, not related to him. James H., for many years, was an influential city alderman of the "gray wolf" variety. The city hall reporters had occasion to roast him frequently. He usually bore it in good part though annoyed. The presentation of the bible to the Club was an attempt to curry favor with the reporters or an intended joke, no one could quite make up his mind which. For twenty-five years or more the bible rested on the Club's parlor table, unswiped and, I may add, unread. It was about as popular as the Patent Office reports and other government junk Bramhall used to get from Washington.

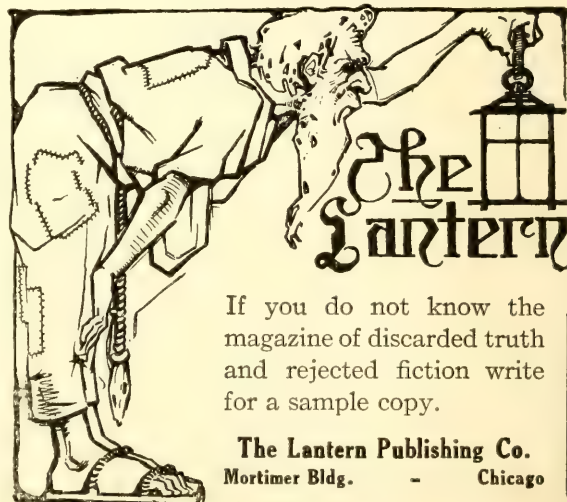
W. M. KNOX.

Franc's Desk.

These few lines are written on Franc Wilkie's desk. It was solemnly turned over for editorial use when the present editor took on the job; and he appreciates the favor, for Franc was his mentor, his revered master in the mystery of our craft.

Our London Pals.

The London Press Club has a new feature, which is an organization called the "One O'locks," founded by a little group of three enthusiasts at the beginning of the year. Every day an expert on some present problem comes down to the club at an hour when first editions have gone to press, and discourses on his subject. The speakers have included such men as R. L. Outhwaite, M. P.; Mark Sykes, Charles T. King, Robert Donald, and others of equal prominence in public life. One of the rules governing the "One O'locks" is that no report of the proceedings may be published, but the fact that journalists after their day's work can hear lectures and take part in discussion on a variety of subjects is a happy augury for the future of the profession.



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IN THE COUNTY BUILDING.

BY EDWARD J. DOHERTY.

The courtroom waited, tense. The judge paused for a moment in his decision on a weighty matter, then went on again, ironing out his words, slow, precise. Counsel leaned upon convenient tables and watched the working of his forehead. It wrinkled and wrinkled, became smooth and wrinkled again, as his wisdom was uttered.

Down below, in the City News Bureau room, on the fourth floor, a bunch of newspaper men gathered about a man with a banjo, Carl Pratt of The American.

Up in the juvenile court a woman tried to comfort a crying child. A man argued with a woman in the assessor's office. Peter Bartzen ripped 'em all to frazzles, and still other things of more import were happening in the County Commissioners' room.

Men were pawing musty files in the recorder's offices. Clerks were dealing out marriage and dog and hunting licenses on the second floor. People walked through the corridors, mopping their brows, discussing the heat and the humidity. Everything and everybody was busy.

Then something happened. Carl picked on a banjo string, and glided into My Old Kentucky Home. G. Gabe, also of The American, added his baritone voice. Jim McCarthy whistled. George Hammond, Charlie Huff, and Kid Ballantyne of the News, and Jeff Jones and a man from the City News Bureau came in for the harmonious chorus. Frank Honeywell of the Journal started a jig, and Pratt changed his tune to ragtime.

The dignified judge paused again in his interesting discourse. His brow became one wrinkle after another. The wrinkles all melted into one. The court was thrown into violent disorder.

The merry strains went all through the County Building, and when the banjo plunked a turkey trot, the building danced to the tune. Clerks and elevator men, lawyers and common persons felt themselves tilting and swaying to the rhythm.

There was a clatter of feet, hurried feet and noisy, on the marble flagging without. The door of the C. N. B. room was thrown violently ajar, and there in the doorway stood the panting, disheveled and raging Bobby Burke.

"Stop it! Stop it!" he bellowed when he could find breath. "You are upsetting the whole building."

That was his lead and peroration. When Bobby wound up, Pete Bartzen—rampaging rioter that he is—was only a whisper in a cyclone. Pratt stopped, and Burke stopped, and Burke collected his wind and walked back to his office, limp and wrathful.

Then the judge's wrinkles controlled themselves, and after a time his words were flowing as smoothly and as slowly as before. But down in the press room Bobby Burke's words were still echoing, and making the well known welkin ring. Pratt says Burke has no artistic temperament—but says nothing about the singing of Gabe, McCarthy, et al. He thinks it better so.

The laughter of man is the contentment of God.—
John Weiss.

You Can't Keep Flies Out Where Sweets Are.

DEAR SCOOP: I was up on the w. k. fifth floor the other day—the place where we bring the women—and the flies were fierce—unbelievably fierce, and more of them than there were of the Assyrians who came down on the fold.

Maybe a screen or two would help keep them out—or maybe screens had been taken out for an airing.

Anyway, we don't want our women folk et up. Can't you suggest something?

EDDIE.

The Contrariness of Gibbons.

Thother night Floyd P. Gibbons jest couldn't sleep. The heat impelled him to go to the beach. He went into a locker, left his clothes there, and clad in a bathing suit, buried himself in the sand under the impression that he was an ostrich. An hour is presumed to have passed—or maybe more; Gibbons still asleep.

Commodore Bill Cochran and Paul Williams see Gibbie's clothes in the locker,—and Gibbie gone. Can't find him nowhere. They rush frantically at the nearest beach man.

"Gib's drowned," yells Bill.

"He's drowned," shrills Paul.

The beach man pours himself a cigaret and murmurs, "Let him drown. He don't owe me nothing."

Cochran—Etaoin shrdlu!

Williams—Cmfwpv ybgkqj!

"Say," yells Gib, coming up like a sand hill crane, "can't you let a fellow sleep?"

Then Bill and Paul assure Gib they're sorry he didn't drown.

Bertram Must Meet our James Aloysius.

News gatherers and space sellers are not the only ones connected with newspapers who wax affluent in the game. Bertram Puckett, a seventeen-year-old Spokane boy, is now "rounding the Horn," or performing some other feat of traveling, having raised the wherewithal for a trip around the world by peddling Spokane Chronicles.

Bertram carried papers while attending high school, and practically all his savings, which made possible the long trip, were realized from this source. He will return to Spokane in December and will complete his studies.

A. S. M. Hutchinson has resigned the editorship of the London Daily Telegraph to devote his entire time to literary work. Mr. Hutchinson is the author of "The Happy Warrior," one of the most successful novels of the year.

W. Whitbold
FLORIST

56 EAST RANDOLPH STREET

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

SOMETHING WORTH WHILE.

The veteran musical critic of the New York Tribune, H. E. Krehbiel, is to publish his opinions on the negro and plantation music of America.

It may be you never have thought of it, but the fact stands that the negro has given us all—absolutely all—the music that can with any justice whatever be called distinctively American. Some white men, such as Stephen Foster and Dan Emmett, caught enough of the negro feeling to write a little of it, but the mass of our real American songs never were written until after they had been popularly sung, generally by the old-fashioned negro minstrels in the days preceding and shortly following the civil war. Like all other folk music, it was in a minor key, because it breathed naturally the spirit of the people who gave it voice. Those people in our old south were still very near to the sounds of wild places, and to wild conditions of life. That their memories of nature-sounds were sometimes influenced by occasional cheer was referable to their innate good temper and irresponsibility, but the prevailing note was and is plaintive, the involuntary expression of a state of bondage and tinged sometimes by wierd tones of pure sorrow or deeply seated superstition or a gloomy, savage superstition, like that in "Massa's in de Col' Col' Ground," or in "Wake Nicodemus." It was and is genuine American music, of unknown authorship. All the music written by white people in this country might as well have been written in Europe, for it bears the impress of European artificiality. Even rag-time, quite properly detested as it is, originated in the negro's trick of syncopation. We have no other music we can call our own.

Of all men in the States, Mr. Krehbiel is probably the most thoroughly fitted to deal with this theme. His book will be awaited with much hope of good stuff.

"EVERYMAN."

The booming, blooming, totally uncalled for and inexplicable but thoroughly delightful city of Los Angeles is a strangely abundant Garden of Cranks who take themselves so seriously that really you can't laugh at them. Among these wierd blooms is one that calls itself Everyman and has its own idea of Christian Science, the peurility of the God concept, and the Obvious Superiority of the Totally Unfit—as nearly as its remarkably well written stuff can convey what in paranoia it does mean or believe in anyhow—which really doesn't matter after all. But it is the most

beautifully printed organ of erraticism to be found anywhere and its breaks are so delicious that Everyman and every woman ought to read it.

As an example not of its style, for style on any line of reason it has not at all, but of the kind of refreshing even though bisson visionarism it prints, there is reprinted from its last issue, on another page of this present journal of sanity, a "piece" (that's what it is) under the headline, "I Saw God Face to Face." Go to that same.

A SILLY BREAK.

When local or governmental power suppresses a newspaper it hurts no one but itself. If the principle of suppression were once accepted as freely operable, a good many mouthy people would achieve undeserved audience, for no newspaper can be killed that way. If a paper gives offense and is in wrong it can with entire certainty be depended upon to talk itself to death. We have had a few recent proofs of that right here in Chicago. *The Public* in its latest issue discussed the Seattle case quite calmly and in the right view, as follows:

At this distance the attempt seems regrettable of Mayor George F. Cotterill of Seattle to suppress the *Seattle Times*, a tory daily. The injunction issued against him by a local judge appears to be a piece of good luck. Of course the provocation afforded Mayor Cotterill by the *Times* was great; and it is easier to view such matters philosophically from a distance than close at hand. It was, to be sure, but giving toryism a dose of the same medicine it has often prescribed for others. But still it was poor policy as well as wrong to forcibly suppress a paper, even though its untruthful appeals to prejudice did have some influence in causing a riot. It would be unfortunate indeed for democracy if any but tories should succeed in suppressing a paper in that way.

Jimmie Lowder, member of the local staff of the R.-H., has been relieved from duty in that department for a period of two weeks. He takes the place of Ralph Simmons, real estate editor, who is not a member of the club but should be.

The season is here again. Don't rock the boat. Don't stand up in it. Don't change seats.—*Youth's Companion*.



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THE "COME-BACK" KID.

BY G. F. L., PRESS CLUB.

I've got a pal about my age,
 He is about my weight and height;
 We get about the same sad wage,
 We bat about the same at night.
 We eat about the same grub, too,
 And like the same old kind of play—
 But he does one thing I can not do:
 He always wakes up bright next day.

'Tis many a royal stew we've had,
 The world will tell you we went some;
 But while with him the sequel's glad
 With me it's rummy, rotten, bum!
 That fellow Dante ne'er could pen
 A Hell such as the price I pay;
 Yet as I'm moaning "Not Again!"
 He's rising chipper every day.

I've got a hunch to shine in art,
 I want no chance to heap the cush;
 I will not ride the water cart,
 I like to stick round with the push;
 There is no fun without the booze.
 Sans grog, and all the days are gray.
 So, Fate, this one boon don't refuse:
 Please Let My Head Alone Next Day!

A Club Member Starts a New Line of Publication.

One of the most unique advertising publications in the world is about to be established by Hunter Anderson, one of the Club's new members. It will be known as the Package List and Advertiser and will be circulated among the large shippers or users of packages throughout the United States.

As Mr. Anderson says, almost every line of trade has some medium through which the manufacturer can reach the buyer. The mining industry is covered by about six large journals, by the use of which the manufacturers of mining machinery keep their products before their prospective customers at all times. The machine shops, lumber, flour, shoe, clothing and all other trades are well represented by class publications; and it is due in no small degree to those publications that most of the large manufacturers are doing a national instead of a local business.

The package industry is at present covered by several excellent publications calculated to interest the manufacturer of packages and their advertising matter is largely furnished by manufacturers of machinery and supplies for the package factory. But there is no medium through which the manufacturer of packages can reach the buyer of his products. Of course, he can cover a few shippers of a PARTICULAR LINE, as for example, a tight barrel manufacturer can reach possibly 1,500 possible customers by advertising in a brewery journal, but a tight barrel manufacturer as a rule, wishes to reach other users of tight barrels than the breweries, such as oil, paint, vinegar, turpentine, wine and whiskey producers; and there is no way for him to do it. The Package List and Advertiser will be circulated among 10,000 of the largest users of packages of all kinds, and will be a medium through which manufacturers of every class of packages can reach a great variety—practically all—who use their wares.

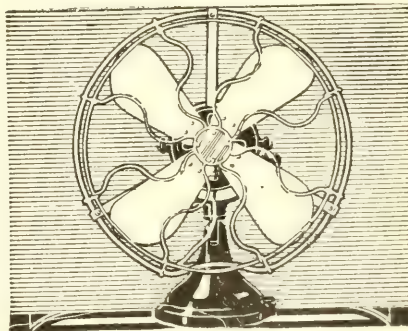
SNARLS.

BY SNARLEYOW.

We raised a whole Cain and snarled a gnashing snarl about dropped and non-eligible persons being allowed the freedom of the club. We have rigid rules at the elevator to find out who's who. Yet dropped and brazen-faced outsiders still come in, not daily or nightly, but always, congregate around the bar, cigar counter, and tables in the grill room, shoot hot air, and shout "boy" ad lib., and there is no one to say them nay. The people who tell me these things are supposedly loyal members, whose duty should be to tip them off to the right ejector, but they don't. Why? We have the best, most willing (without even a tip), most polite set of pages, barkeepers (not throwing any flowers at them) who can look you straight in the eye and keep your inmost secret. We have the best Dave O'Keefe we ever had. Why don't they tip off these intrusions to Doctor Nutt or somebody big enough to do the necessary bouncing, if they're not strong enough to do it themselves? Again why?

Risky stories that are full of humor are relished by any mere man, but just plain filth shows the innate vulgarity of the narrator. It's deuced bad form, you know.

Where is elysium more perfect to the man who thinks and feels than a circle (there may be a table in it) around which is gathered Opie Read, Frank Comerford, Visscher, Eaton, Doolin, Ed. Maher, Jay Cairns, Harry Green, with several others I could mention), but this circle is large enough for idolaters to gather around with once in a while a skyrocket from the bleachers that starts some one into a new thought and evokes a story from some fellow we never before knew had it in him. It's an education to a tenderfoot to get a bunch like this wound up.



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Wm. D. McJunkin Advertising Agency, Chicago 1883

SANTAYANA'S SAPPHICS.

DEAR SCOOP: Once in so often one or another of the hundred or so living poets we have in the United States is permitted to emerge from the silence in which most of his countrymen envelop him, and show to the world the beauty and truth there is in his verses. Such a one is Mr. George Santayana, recently and with admiration brought forward by Marion Reedy.

Mr. Santayana was until lately a professor of philosophy in Harvard College, and is the author of three books of verse and several volumes of delightful discriminating essays. The single poem quoted in the last issue of THE SCOOP is a successful attempt to render into English the Greek measure accredited to the poetic power of Sappho and called by her name, Sapphics, which was given a wider publicity by Horace, as in the immortal "Integer Vitae," which is in the same measure. The most famous example of this metre in English will be found in Doctor Isaac Watts' tremendous "Day of Judgment":

"When the fierce north wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down."

Swinburne was a master of the measure, but in the true Greek, rather than the Roman manner of Santayana and Watts, as in these stanzas:

"Then to me so lying awake a vision
Came without sleep over the seas and touched me,
Softly touched mine eyelids and lips; and I, too,
Full of the vision

"Saw the white implacable Aphrodite,
Saw the hair unbound and the feet unsandalled
Shine as fire of sunset on western waters;
Saw the reluctant

"Feet, the straining plumes of the doves that drew her,
Looking always, looking with necks reverted
Back to Lesbos, back to the hills whereunder
Shone Mitylene."

And excellent examples of this latter use will also be found in "The Poems of Sappho" translated by Mr. John Myers O'Hara, long at home in Chicago. But to return to Mr. Santayana. H. S. Stone & Company published here in 1898 his drama of "Lucifer," which seems to me to rank with Moody's "The Fire-Bringer" in being the most distinguished and noblest poetry ever written in America, and worthy to challenge any English poem published in nearly 250 years. That surely is performance enough for any man, and he can rest content until the world catches up with him.

WALLACE RICE.

Having It Over With at One Throw.

The Fourth Estate says that twice a week President Wilson receives the Washington newspaper men. He places no limit on them. They ask all the questions they want to, the kind they want to, and if they do not ask real questions bringing out news it is their fault. The President answers that he "doesn't know" or that he "can't say as to that," or he may say "Yes" or "No" to some questions. After 15 minutes of rapid fire questions the newspaper men file out and ask each other:

"Did you get any news out of that?" "What did he

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AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois

really say that we can print?" "Did anything really develop?" or queries to the same effect.

The fact is the President tells just what he wants to tell, and the best news which has developed at these "quizzing bees" has been skillfully put out by the President himself regardless of questions asked.

"I SAW GOD FACE TO FACE."

One Day in the Garden, pursuing leisurely my chosen work of pruning Rose trees, I thought I saw God's face through the leafage on the other side of the Bush. I called out to him, and he seemed to say:

"What is it, my son?"

"I don't like this old world," I hastened, meaning to make the most of an opportunity I had often anticipated.

"Why?" came the Voice thru the Bush.

"It's a cheap and tawdry world, a shop-worn dust-eaten world, not at all to my liking."

"Have you the specifications for a better?" asked God.

"Indeed I have. It would be no trick at all to make a better world than this."

"How would you begin?"

"Well"—I hesitated. "Of course, I'd want more than six days on the job. I suppose it's a good enough world if it only took you a Union man's week to make it," I laughed.

God laughed, too, and I felt that we understood each other on one point at least.

"I see you like Roses," he said.

"That was a great mistake of yours, having the only thin-skinned mammal in the Garden as Rose warden. Why didn't you let the bears and elephants do the Rose plucking? See! I'm a mass of scars."

"O, I did that to please Eve," said God. "She never could be happy unless she was miserable."

"But why did you put thorns on Roses at all?" I questioned severely. Persiflage had gone far enough.

"I gave man choice in that matter; it was he who put thorns on Rose trees?"

"But why did you give him choice—choice to hate and kill and suffer? Why didn't you endow him with the choice to be kind and decent—to elect to pluck Roses without wounds?"

"I left him free—free!"

"But why leave him free? How absurd! How could you? You gave him his breath, his brain, his passions, and the bent of them. Why didn't you leave him free to choose right instead of wrong, joy instead of pain? You had the power—all the power of the Creator. You were omniscient, omnipotent, all-seeing! And you gave

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him volition! Whose volition? Yours—only yours—for you are in all things and all things are in you. It's prattle to talk of God leaving man free? Why in hell did you do it?"

Perhaps I was a little excited. There was no answer. "It was unutterably cruel and heartless!" I cried. God did not answer.

"And now you only laugh at him and mock him!" I stormed.

There was no answer.

"You gave him his limitations—and made him free!" I yelled.

Only an echo came back.

I pressed close to the Bush and peered through the foliage. And I saw that the Bush was on the marge of a still silver lake whose calm beauty soothed me. I peered long, hypnotized as one gazing steadfastly at the heart of a crystal—and saw—and saw—my own image reflected on the quiet waters. . . .

Long I stood and pondered by the lake, resting my arms on the Bush. Early evening came and a soft mist arose, diaphanous, grey, tinged with gold. No longer I saw my face in the waters. Water and sky blended; the horizon was lost. And I saw in the thickening mist, by the last golden glimmer of the fading sun, an almost formless glow which caused me to whisper, "It is the image of my own soul!" And looking steadfastly, I saw—Nothing.

HIRAM JOHNSON JONES.

BY J. M. H., PRESS CLUB.

Said Hiram Johnson Jones one day,
 "I have a right smart jag o' hay
 Afield; ef it should rain an' slosh
 I'd lose the hul durn crop, b' gosh!
 And here's my woman sick in bed,
 So orful sick she's nearly dead,
 An' me a hangin' 'round the house
 As meek an' quiet as a mouse.
 I'm fear'd she'll die, but anyway,
 I can't afford to lose my hay.
 The woman's wuth the most, I 'low,
 But hay is hay, you know, jes now."
 "You need a doctor, Hi," I said,
 "A good nurse, too,—a thoroughbred.
 My hay could spile, you bet your life,
 Afore I'd chance it with my wife."
 "But Jake," said Hi, "will you please tell
 What it will cost tu make her well?"
 "'Bout fifty bones," I said, and Hi
 At that, jumped half way to the sky.
 "'Twould take the hull blamed crop," he said,
 "Why, Jake, you've surely lost year head.
 Matilda Jane's got lots more sense,
 And she'll pull through with less expense.
 Tomorrow I'll get busy and
 Fix up that hay, you understand?"
 That night the clouds began to leak
 And kept it up for nigh a week;
 And when they'd fin'ly cleared away
 Old Hi was shy both wife and hay.
 The hul job made an orful hole
 In Hiram Johnson Jones' roll.
 Later, about a month or more,
 I met him in the grocery store
 A buyin' prunes. "I think," said he,
 "I figured wrong; 'twixt you an me,
 Alive, Matilda Jane was worth
 The strongest hired girl on earth;
 But dead—why, Jake, with Rubes like us,
 A dead one isn't worth a cuss!"

A HOUSE IN BEAUTIFUL ORDER.

On very short notice and a rather hot night, being in the middle of the summer season when nobody wants formality and fewer can find it, there was a gathering of Press Club members enough, with the women of their families, to fill some five hundred seats at table, eat a fine dinner, and then visit and dance away past the time when the lobster watch is over and all the morning papers put to bed.

Some of the brunette gentlemen whose daily, nightly and delightful care it is to see that bread and wine and corn and oil and other foods, with condiments, are ever at the hands and faces of the faithful in our khan, took especial pains to compliment the finally departing ones that it was the nicest party we ever had. And in that somewhat sweeping judgment they were strictly right. The occasion would have drawn our best, but it is questionable whether any of us know how good our best really are. It was a meeting called to celebrate the renovation of the club house, and that was probably the reason the women came in such numbers. The renovation caught their fancy and delight at sight and set them talking about beauties that never had looked so beautiful to any of the men creatures until they came, so many of them, so clever and so much in approval of the place the men are all so fond of.

Doctor Nutt, at the head of the house committee, had been hard at work more than a month ripping up the old floors and carpets, brightening the walls and ceilings and making the best of all the chances there were of cosying up quiet corners and the best places for reading and writing. The result is harmonious, dignified and exquisitely clean. The whole lighting system had been renewed by Moran & Macnair, whose newly designed hanging bowls give a pure and diffused light in the third, fourth, fifth and sixth stories. Mandel Brothers furnished a well-schemed color plan in carpets and wall tints, and Robert Adams in the wall work, and E. B. Moore in the finely finished and polished oak flooring, did themselves genuine credit by their work in the whole of the fourth floor, which includes the billiard room. Brunswick & Balke put the billiard and pool tables into renewed

good shape. There are not in the city four better tables in any one place, nor any so well prepared by an artist in flooring to endure so great and continuous treading, as ours. The floral decoration Friday evening of last week (that's when it was pulled off) were furnished in abundance by the club's good friend, Whitbold, of 56 East Randolph street.

While there was no formality in the usual sense, there was some fun, a lot of music and a touch of pathos in between the dinner and the dancing. Clem Yore brought forward John McGovern and Will. Visscher, Kirk Towns and Vera Berliner—Rudolph's sister, one of the most brilliant and able young players in this country—and Axel Christensen, the Rag-time Kaiser. It was not a program. It was a meeting together of old friends, a gathering of new—and the things that were said and done and sung and played were as household things, among ourselves, and only a little sad when veterans like John and Vissch felt naturally enough of the dear dead faces that are still so vivid a memory with them, and so revered by most of the others.

It was a happy night, for many happy people.

The Y. M. C. A

DEVELOPS

MUSCLE—MIND—

CHARACTER

A world-wide fraternity for the conservation of manhood.

Its multiform service commands the respect and support of private and corporate philanthropy.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago conducts work at twenty-one departments. Seven modern buildings located in the business and residential districts are equipped with standard Gymnasiums, Natatoriums, Dormitories, Educational and Social features. The fees are within reach of all young men and older boys.

Visiting members are invited to be our guests while in Chicago.

FICTION VERSUS SERIOUS LITERATURE.

In a recent Atlantic article on the publishing trade and book circulation, Mr. G. P. Brett, an experienced and broad-minded publisher, called attention to the unsolved problem of better book distribution, stating that in spite of the growth of population and education, and of the steady increase in the volume of books poured forth—the total now per annum in America is nearly 13,000—the purchasing public has hardly grown at all in several years. Incidentally Mr. Brett remarked on the gratifying changes in book-buyers' tastes and interests, saying this among other things:

These two classes of books are among the most interesting signs of the times, the books on socialistic subjects showing how widely the criticism of our existing system has entered into the thought of our times, and how many persons must be devoting their efforts to attempts at the solution of the problems of the present unrest. And, on the other hand, the growth in the number and importance of volumes issued in what may be called works of social betterment, shows conclusively the growth of the spirit of social service, looking toward the betterment of conditions for all classes of the community.

Interviews with publishers have been appearing in the press in which it has been stated positively that the general public is turning its attention to history, biography and other serious forms of literature. These statements are borne out by an analysis and diagrams, published in the Literary Digest some time ago, which covered the period 1890-1912. The compiler of the statistics and diagrams, Mr. F. E. Woodward of Washington, deals with many phases of the book and reading situation. His conclusions are summarized by the Literary Digest as follows:

The total number published has more than doubled in twenty-two years.

Contrary to an almost general opinion, however, the percentage of works of fiction published in this period has not kept pace with the whole number. In the figures for 1912 only one in every eleven published, or 9 3/10 per cent of the whole, were of the fiction class. In 1880, when there were published in this country only 2,076 books, 292 were classed as fiction, or a percentage of 14, as against the percentage of only 9 3/10 last year.

After 1880 there was, for many years, an increase in the percentage of fiction, followed by a marked recent decline. In 1890, after an interval of ten years, during which time the population had grown from 50,000,000 to 73,000,000, and when there was a total of 4,559 books published, 1,118 were works of fiction—a percentage for fiction of 24.5 per cent. In 1900, after another interval of ten years, when the population was 76,000,000, there was a total of 6,350 books, of which 1,278 were fiction—a percentage of 20.1 per cent.

The decline here shown for the decade ending in 1900 continued into the next decade. In 1910, with the population grown to 93,000,000, 13,470 books were published, the largest number ever issued in one year in this country. Of this number 1,539 were fiction, a percentage of only 11.4 per cent. After 1910 the percentage for fiction steadily dropped, and in the year 1912 showed the extremely low one of only 9 1/10, and the year 1912, 9 3/10.

This result has been brought about, as a consequence, to some extent, of the persistent demand from the public for "better fiction and less of it"; but, to a larger extent, is due to a very rapid increase in books dealing with such topics as sociology, economics, religion, useful arts, medicine, hygiene, applied science, philosophy, out-of-doors books, education, poetry and the drama, games,

sports, and works of reference. Books in these classes have increased the total largely, while books on law, history, biography, and geography have made only normal increases.

As to actual numbers of all books published, it may be added that, while we issued 1,010 volumes of fiction in 1912, there were 14 fewer than the number issued in 1911 and 425 fewer than issued in 1910. In fact the number issued last year was actually smaller than the number issued 27 years ago (1886), when 1,080 were published in a total of 4,476.

Since 1885 the whole number of books issued in the United States has been 206,680, and the number of works of fiction 35,720, or a percentage of 17.3, which percentage, as already shown, is rapidly growing smaller.

Boone Demands Boons.

DEAR SCOOP:—Fresh paint, new rugs, renovated finishings, look nice. But one can't swim in paint, nor bowl on rugs, nor lure and hold members with renovated finishings.

While some of the club funds are being expended in a well-intentioned effort to strengthen the organization, why not invest a little money in things that really attract and cause members to stick?

Why not a tank, showers, bowling alleys, and boxing gymnastic quarters?

I repeat, why not?

PERLEY H. BOONE.

This is as good a place as any to say the non-aquatic improvements referred to have been paid for without taking a cent out of current receipts. But the things demanded are next to and on the farther side of godliness and much desired, Perley dear, by many others than yourself.

Not a Tall.

DEAR SCOOP: Is there any reason why Ping Lardner, the Tribune's clever paragrapher, should not join the Club?

A lot of the chaps who are reading THE SCOOP to keep in touch with the newspaper boys don't appreciate that the subscription is \$1 a year and it isn't necessary to be a Press Club member in order to subscribe.

Successful Sam T.

Sam Clover, our old-time member and always friend, has made a sound success of his weekly publication, The Graphic, in Los Angeles. The Graphic reflects him as The Argonaut used to reflect Pixley and as the Mirror at St. Louis continues to reflect William Marion Reedy. Of course the personality is different, but it has vigor and courage, a cynical tang and a passion for truth, like the others. It is pleasant to say these things. The Press Club sends its good wishes.

Walk Right In, Ladies, and Bring Your Rolling Pins.

Articles of incorporation were filed by the Woman's Democratic Publishing Company of Chicago. The firm is composed entirely of women. The incorporators are Mrs. Theodosia E. Bagshawe, Mrs. Emillie R. Hayward, and Mrs. Anna D. Taylor. They give \$2,500 as the capital stock.

CHICAGO AS A TRADE JOURNAL CENTER.

By A. H. LOCKWOOD, EDITOR SHOE AND LEATHER REPORTER.

In many important respects Chicago holds the primacy in class journalism. There are five Trade Press Associations in the United States. The Chicago Association leads them all in membership, power and enterprise.

The geographical position of the Great Central Market attracts industrial, technical and class publishers. With few exceptions the papers are national in their scope, depending but slightly on local patronage.

Chicago is the strategic point in the collection, publication and distribution of national commercial, agricultural and financial information.

There are 242 class publications in Chicago, on record at the Chicago Post Office, exclusive of professional, scientific, religious, educational, fraternal and medical journals and of course not including the daily and weekly newspapers and monthly magazines of general circulation.

Of these 242 periodicals, six are dailies, fifty-nine are weeklies, three are bi-weeklies, nineteen are semi-monthlies, 152 are monthlies, one is a bi-monthly and two are quarterlies.

A single issue of these 242 papers admitted to the second class mails weighs 1,063,133 pounds. The average weight is 4 ounces, so that one number of each publication makes an aggregate issue of 4,252,532 copies.

These figures comprise only papers mailed at the pound rate. By reason of a peculiarity of the postal laws all periodicals other than weeklies must carry stamped postage for copies delivered in the city of publication. Papers mailed to foreign subscribers are also stamped, and trade journals have large foreign circulation.

The proportion of stamped to pound rate circulation is twenty per cent. The issue of one number of each of the 242 journals should therefore be stated as 5,013,038 copies.

The cost for printing and paper for one issue of the 242 publications is about \$500,000.

A number of very large printing plants in Chicago, operating linotypes, presses and binderies night and day, are mainly devoted to the mechanical departments of trade journalism.

Trade journals as properties have been sold at prices ranging from half a million dollars down, and there are papers which could not be bought for less than a million dollars.

When it is considered that the assets of these publications consist almost wholly of good will, their value as going properties is a demonstration of their character, influence and permanence.

The oldest trade paper in the United States is a little more than fifty years old, so that this form of journalism is a development coincident with the expansion of industry and commerce.

If printing is the art preservative of arts, the commercial press may be called the trade preservative of trades.

Trade journals represent a highly specialized form of publicity. Each is applied exclusively to its particular field.

Every enterprising manufacturer and merchant has knowledge of the journals in his particular industry but perhaps has little conception of the volume and extent of trade journalism generally or of its importance as a factor in the creation and stimulation of commerce.

Under a representative government it is of the highest importance that every activity of the people should find voice and expression.

The commercial press corrects abuses, smoothes the asperities of competition, safeguards the welfare of industry and commerce and is an educator, pacificator and pathfinder.

There is some difference of opinion as to whether "competition is the life of trade" but unquestionably isolated individualism is a business fatality. The *ade* paper, like the commercial organization, stands for progress and advancement through intelligent co-operation.

The millions of papers issued by 242 Chicago publishers, although largely supported by advertising and subscriptions from other cities, are printed and published here. Each paper carries a Chicago date line, is entered at the Chicago postoffice and pays rent, taxes and wages here. While engaged in a work national in its scope, the editors and publishers are loyal citizens of Chicago and are helping to spread to all corners of the land and into foreign countries the name and fame of Chicago as the Great Central Market.

YOU'RE IT! C'MON OVER.

St. Paul, Minn., July 29, 1913.—DEAR SCOOP: That was a mighty good story about the bunch who "Done Time in the Twin Cities." I had often wondered what had become of all the boys I worked with in the long ago. You make a pretty good census of them. Scanning the list of eligibles for the Escaped Club, I note some well remembered names, like Gifford (who in the days of the late and lamented Globe used to butcher my choicest copy to smithereens), Pegler, Deacon and last but not least our dear Cochran. Now you should get Murray of the Chicago office of the Wall Street Journal. Get Wild Bill Deacon to use a lariat on him and lasso him for the Press Club. Murray and I used to tote the merry route together. He lived for a short time at my house and my better half used to "say things" about our dog watches.

But why leave me out? Of all the enumerated I am the oldest member of the Press Club and also in point of Twin City service, excepting Gifford. Is it because I still maintain a local address for political and postal reasons? I worked on every local paper dead or delightfully alive, but thanks to some hunch I left the harness some years ago. I think from the experience of the past I would be eminently qualified to be elected treasurer of the bunch of prosperous bright lights. What's the matter with the Escaped getting together some night for a Delightful Souvenir Feast? I'd come five hundred miles to sit at the board with them. Yours in Ink,

E. L. DeLESTRY.

SOME BELATED BRAINWORKERS.

Four members of the Kansas City Star staff visited at the Press Club this week. George B. Longan, city editor of The Star, dropped in on his way from a vacation at White Lake. Roy A. Roberts, political editor of Col. W. R. Nelson's paper, was with Mr. Longan. Russell Crouse, assistant telegraph editor of the Kansas City Times, and Sumner Blossom, special writer, spent several days here. The Star boys reported there is no press club in Kansas City. They can c'mon over here in a non-resident bunch. The water's fine.

The visit of the Kansas City men brings up the fact that there are several former Kansas City men on the staffs of the Chicago papers. John L. Lovett of The Tribune performed on The Star during two years and a half before tackling Chicago. George T. Bindbeutel, one of the editors of Aerial Age, also was graduated

from the Star. Robert Marley of the Examiner and Sam Blair of the Inter Ocean served their apprenticeships on The Star. Donald Lauder, rewrite man on the American, "did time" in Kansas City as did Walter A. Washburne, the Tribune's assistant city editor. Marquis James, the Inter Ocean's lobster trick man, and Harry Cornell, New York correspondent for the Inter Ocean, were reporters on the Kansas City Journal. Pat McGuirk of the Examiner and Harry Misenhelter of the Journal once sojourned in the Kaw Valley city for a time.

Frank Wood, real estate editor of the Tribune, once was a big man on the Kansas City Journal. He gave James Keeley, general manager of the Tribune, a job in Kansas City many years ago. Col. Perley H. Boone of the Tribune says he was offered a job in Kansas City once and refused it.

Lucian Cary, book reviewer of the Evening Post, is one of the men omitted from the list of former Twin City men now newspapermen in Chicago, which was printed last week.

Archie McFaul, formerly of the Chicago Tribune and latterly of New York, is reported dangerously ill with stomach trouble.

Gilman M. ("Painless") Parker, the W. K. globe trotter, is on the Tribune local staff. Also he is an applicant for membership in the Club.

Boy! Please page Arthur James Pegler.

Beverly Tazewell White, ex-newspaperman, whom everyone knows, was in Chicago during the week handling the press stuff for the Gentry shows.

Jeff's License.

Jeff was demonstrating his new Horlick's Milk drink mixer to an irreverent member, who asked him if he had a chauffeur's license to run the machine.

"No suh—no suh. The libation license covers that."

Hope It's Not Too Late.

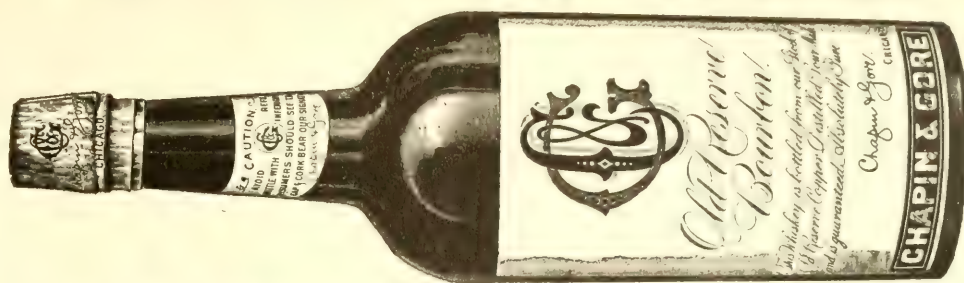
The Department of Agriculture, one of our most benign departments, suggests the encouragement of the meadow lark because it is a great destroyer of bugs. It might call on Burbank to find a way to cross meadow larks with elephants so that they could eat reformers.

It is announced that L. E. Pinkham has been nominated Governor of Hawaii. Could it, by any chance, be our good old friend Lydia?

Two Potentates Present, Perhaps.

It is announced in the Canadian-American for this week that a strong movement is afoot in official and influential circles in Canada to induce His Majesty King George to preside at the opening of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway, next summer, and that in case the King can come President Wilson will meet him at some place on the international boundary. It would be a good thing all round, that meeting. The two rulers could have more comfort by telling each other their troubles than either could have with anyone else. There's George with his suffragettes and Woodrow with his congress, and not another soul born down whose neck either can weep.

What'll it be? **C. & G.** for me.



CHAPIN & GORE That is all you need to know about whiskey.

IF SHE WERE BUT A HE ONE.

Beau Broadway in the New York Telegraph declares it should be handed on a gold plate to one described Jane Burr as "Socialist, Poet and Guggenheim." Jane Burr really is Mrs. Rosalind Guggenheim Winslow. She has forsaken wealth for socialism, and proposes hereafter depending on her muse for sustenance. To give base for a notion of what kind of a rather early thing that hereafter threatens to be, take this, her latest declaration:

I'm a liquid, soft-eyed cheater; I'm a treasury depleter;

I'm a gambler and I've learned to stack the pack;

I'm a saccharine blackmailer, a policeman and a jailer;

I'm a cultivated mental jumping-jack.

I'm a parlor entertainer; I'm a very shrewd campaigner;

When it's worth my while—a monkey on a stick;

I'm a listener, pumper, talker, dancer, sitter, runner, walker,

I'm a just-this-side-the-border lunatic.

If the law could only reach me it would grab me and impeach me,

But it can't, for I'm a licensed charlatan.

Lord! it takes some discipline for it's a life job that I'm in for;

I'm a woman and I'm married to a man!

TRIO JUNCTA IN UNO.

BY J. F. FRANKLIN, PRESS CLUB.

A cannibal maid and her hottentot blade

They met in a rocky defile,

A gay eagle plume was his only costume,

The lady was clothed in a smile.

Together they strolled and his passions he told

In pleading and tremulous tone,

Together they trod on the scorpion strewed sod

And spooned in the twilight alone.

Then sweetly she sighed as she shyly replied

With tender and fairylike mien.

She murmured the word when a warwhoop was heard—

A rival had burst on the scene.

A savage Zulu to the trysting place drew

Demanding his cannibal bride,

But the Hottentot said with a shake of his head,

"I'll have thy degenerate hide."

The Hottentot flew at the savage Zulu,

The Zulu lambasted the blade.

And fiercely they vied in their strength and their pride,

And they fought for the cannibal maid.

She sat on a stone with a shapely shin bone

Clasped tight in her tapering arms,
And she watched the hair fly with a love-laden eye
Whilst the warriors fought for her charms.

Then fiercely they fought and the ringing blow caught

With parry and thrust fine to see,

And she said with a smile, "In a very short while

I'll be toasting my rivals for tea."

The purple blood flows from the Hottentot nose;

The Zulu is felled by the blade;

And fiercely they cried, then gasping they died—

Looking still on the cannibal maid.

She made a nice stew of the savage Zulu

And she scrambled the Hottentot's brains,

'Twas a dainty menu when the cooking was thru

And she dined off her lovers' remains.

The savage Zulu and the Hottentot too

Both sleep in a cannibal tomb.

The three were made one and my story is done.

The maiden strolled off in the gloom.

THE SOB OF THE HIGH LINE.

C. B. SIMS II, PRESS CLUB.

I sing the song of the high-lines.

("And many and mighty are they")

Tell me, do tell me why pi-lines

Keep creeping in every old day.

You may wot not of Latin or SHRDLU

You may care naught for comment or sobs,

But still the durn pi-line (I heard you)

Keeps peeving the public in gobs.

As a cub I once had a story.

A thriller, I was sure it would win,

But when I perused those lines gory,

Found the hero's name ETAOIN.

Then once on a time while a-dreaming

Came a thought of some prediction stuff,

Of the sort that would set the Bird screaming,

But the Line-o' signed me xziffiff.

I admit there's a strange sort of rhythm

In that name so sporty and flip

But that Line-o', the son-of-a-gythm,

Signed my last cognomen CMFWYP.

I am reconciled now to the high-line

And look forward each day to its work.

So let's have a deep drink of VBQKQJ

Red VBQKJ from ETAOURK.



"And Nobody Hollers on You, 'Git Out o' de Way'"

In the city they do
In the country they don't
That's the difference.

Swarms of kids from overpeopled South Halsted street, Gault court and "back of the Yards" have this summer been helped to get away from dirt, darkness and dreariness where restrictions, natural and unnatural, have hemmed them in—and cops and other folks ever holler: "Git out o' de way"—out into the country where fields, brooks, trees and dandy, wholesome people say "Come on, let's have a bully time!"

Great Heavens, What a Difference!

The United Charities of Chicago, with its splendid city-wide system of helpfulness to the family that is "under," is carrying on a great labor of love in its

SUMMER-OUTING DEPARTMENT

It sends both children and mothers to the country, to camps, and on one day outings to enjoy needed respites from cares and discomforts incident to tenement life. Up to July 20, 5417 persons were sent out and thousands more are being planned for. It costs only 51 cents a week to send a child to a country home; \$2.92 to care for one person at Camp Algonquin; \$5.80 at the Tribune Summer Hospital for Convalescents, conducted by the United Charities; \$4.56 for a child predisposed to tuberculosis at the organization's preventorium camp at Harlowarden near Joliet.

Here is what a newspaper editor says about the 52 "kids" who were sent to Decatur and surrounding country for a two-week outing:

THE DECATUR HERALD.

Decatur, Ill., July 22, 1913.

Mr. B. C. Roloff, Director of Outings,
United Charities, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Roloff—Mr. Lyon, who accompanied today's party of children, doubtless will explain the situation in Decatur. The fact is that the women have gone wild over the Chicago "kids" and we can easily place 15 more.

Will it be possible for you to send that number of girls, the youngest obtainable, within a week's time? If the road will give the transportation, it seems a pity that children should be deprived of an outing when there are good-hearted people here just longing to open their homes.

We were delighted that Catherine Egan came today. Mrs. Chappell was nearly heartbroken when she failed to appear Tuesday. The Spitlers have the Ulmenstein children, but they still want Florence Kopp, not so much for their pleasure as for her own good. A pitiful letter from Mrs. Kopp says that the father was buried only last week. She will be glad to have Florence come.

Could you see these children, who arrive one day, travel-stained and shy, happy as larks the next in fresh clothing, riding in autos, and having the best of everything that their hosts can give, I am sure that you would make every effort to give other children this opportunity. I can send you a name list of 15 women who will take girls. I presume I can place some boys in country homes. I do not dare call for volunteers, knowing that we shall be overwhelmed.

Please let me know by return mail if another excursion to Decatur is possible.

Sincerely yours,

W. F. HARDY, Managing Editor.

SAY, READER, DON'T YOU WANT TO LEND A HAND?

Send a check to the United Charities, 168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

THE SCOOP

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The Inside Story of The Club's Rejuvenation

By JOHN L. LOVETT

Members of the Press Club who find a source of satisfaction in the inspection of our rooms now that they have been so thoroughly rehabilitated and who feel a glow of pride in the manifestations everywhere of our new and abounding prosperity, will, I think, be interested in the causes that brought about this desirable state of affairs. For the benefit of these I am about to unfold a bit of the Press Club's recent history. It is a sort of an "inside story." The facts have not become public property because the persons who best knew them, being modest individuals with no hankerings for the limelight, have had the least to say about them.

The Club's rejuvenation had its beginning just about a year ago. The incident to which I refer in particular occurred just at the time of the big Chicago newspaper strike.

Club members who will let their memories run back that far will remember that at that time the number of active newspapermen affiliated with the organization was pitifully small. It was so small, in fact, that in the newspaper offices themselves the name "Press Club" was a good deal of a joke. The organization had drifted away from its ancient traditions.

Among the few active newspapermen who had connected themselves with the club was Col. William J. Cochran, political reporter for the Tribune.

Cochran's joining was to a large extent accidental. He had just come to Chicago from St. Louis and was a stranger in the city. He had been a member of the Missouri Athletic Club and had learned, in that excellent organization, to know the comforts of club life for the semi-vagrant newspaperman. Without making any inquiries among his newspaper friends he had put in his application and been elected. A consequence of that action had been that he was guyed a good deal by his co-workers in the Tribune office.

"All right," was Bill's retort, "go ahead and kid me. It's a good Club. I'm for it."

When the strike came, newspaper men all over Chicago found themselves in the unusual position of being at one and the same time on the pay roll and nearly out of work. Practically all that was desired of them

at the offices was to report for duty and put in a decent amount of time idling about the editorial rooms. The morning papers went to press before 10 o'clock at night. Time hung heavily on everybody's hands. One night Cochran made this proposition to some of his tormentors.

"You fellows who have been guying me, come over to the Press Club and let me show you around."

No great enthusiasm was manifested over this suggestion.

"Come over," persisted Bill, "and I'll buy a drink."

This aroused some slight interest. Eventually, after much persuasion O. A. Mather, Walter A. Washburne, W. C. Howey, John L. Lawson, and E. B. Fullerton accepted the invitation.

A few libations put everybody in a good humor. At Cochran's suggestion the visitors made an inspection of the rooms. These at that time, it must be confessed, were not impressive. However, the showing was sufficient to convince everybody the Club had possibilities. Cochran spoke of its valuable leasehold rights at 26 North Dearborn street—an 8-story building.

"It's too bad," said Howey, "that the active newspapermen can't be persuaded to get into it. With a few changes in its policy this club could be made one of the great newspapermen's organizations of the country."

"Well," said Washburne, "Let's get into it. I'll put in my application tonight if every man in this party will agree to do the same thing. With the nucleus we have here, I believe we can bring into the organization every desirable active newspaper man in Chicago."

That plan was finally assented to. Every man in the party put in an application. They were, in the course of a month, all elected.

By common consent, the work of bringing in other newspapermen was turned over to Walter Washburne. He took up the task with enthusiasm. Within six months he had by his own efforts brought into the Press Club more than 100 men actually engaged in the business of making the newspapers of Chicago. He did this, not so much by personal application, as by organization. He persuaded the board of directors to give him authority to select a membership committee.

He selected members of this committee to represent every office in town. Among the active ones were Mark S. Watson, and Clarence Snyder, Jr., and Col. Perley H. Boone. He kept in touch with these committeemen constantly. He made them feel they were in duty bound to see that every member of the editorial staffs of their offices was a member of the Chicago

Press Club. I doubt if there ever has been a committee in the club that worked so hard or so intelligently as this committee did. It delivered. And after the new members began to come in, the task was easier.

The enthusiasm which Washburne had imparted to this committee was contagious. It showed itself in all of the club's activities. It showed itself—and this is much to the point—in the club's finance. The cold statistics show that the membership committee's activities brought into the club an increase in revenue of at least \$5,000 a year and perhaps more. It tripled the bar receipts and then quadrupled and quintupled them. It put the club's restaurant on a footing that enabled it not only to cease to be a drag on the organization but to provide the members with good meals at reasonable prices.

The good work the committee had done was promptly recognized. Frank Collins, the treasurer, who has a quick eye for original causes, was not long in discovering where the increased revenue of the club was coming from and in giving credit where credit was due. The directors took up the work where the membership committee left off. Harry Daniels, Lawson and Cochran took up the job of reorganizing the restaurant. Doctor Nutt took hold of the club's bookkeeping system, revised it and enabled the directors to get intelligent reports on where the money was coming from and how it was being spent.

Six months after that meeting of alien newspapermen in the Press-Club rooms the Club was on a sound basis. It had become a growing, enthusiastic concern.

When the Scoop show was held this year, practically all of the profits were "velvet." The club had previously been put in such a stable condition financially that the directors were able to spend a big part of this money in making the repairs that the club had so long needed.

The whole building has been beautified and we are all proud of it. We have comforts and conveniences now we could not have dreamed of having a year ago. However, the purpose of this article is not to call attention to the creature comforts with which we have surrounded ourselves. It is to point out that the prosperity of the Press Club of Chicago rests not on these externals, but deeper down—on the enthusiasm and resource and activity of that "new blood" which made these externals possible. The first duty of the Chicago Press Club should be to see that the infusion of this new blood is constant. In it lie all the sources of sound and permanent prosperity.

A Neat Job.

A steam roller rolled on a stray canine,
And flattened him east and west,
He hadn't a chance to utter a whine,
But his pants, no doubt, were pressed.

"My wife kisses me evenings when I get home late."
"Affection?"

"No; investigation."—Boston Transcript.

THE PRESS CLUB NAVY.

BY "WASH."

The good ship Cheese It sailed the seas
Till it put a cramp in the skipper's knees.
What do you think! It tried to sink
And seven souls had a narrow squeeze.

The boat it sailed; the skipper hailed
The voyagers from the shore
"Don't leave the place with no main brace,"
The skipper loud did roar.

Up came the squall to get 'em all.
Rude Boreas surely tried.
A lively breeze it hit the Cheese
And spilled all hands in the tide.

Then heroes flew to save the crew,
Two bank clerks bold and brave.
They put afloat in a tiny boat;
All seven they did save!

BRAIN PANNERS.

Mr. Clifton, the w. k. night manager of the club, is mothering the Press Club kittens. (Latest edition.)

Anyone seen a flock of Angoras running wild and looking like they had been abducted? Sullivan saw Sexton's hat and realized he no longer could shine as the Beau Brummel of the R. H. So he hit out for a lake resort where his ice cream get-up would have a chance at making good. Meantime, he would like to hear whether Sexton has been seen furtively feeding any blooded goats.

City Editor Speed has returned to the Record-Herald from the fish streams of Wisconsin. He's brown as an Indian and is there with tales of big fish, not one of which got away—not even the ones that were bigger than he is. Some of the adventures he brought in would make Homer look like a little brother to the Cherry Sisters.

George Bastian does the lobster trick on the Record-Herald and since there is plenty of room in the office at that time of night he buys his cigars by the mile. They are twofers and so long that George has rigged a prop for the far end. His are nights of smoky bliss.

Jay Casey Cairns is the chief mourner these days while Dan Sullivan is away. He misses the mighty rag-masticating matches over in the northwest corner of the Record-Herald local room.

Harry Hewes left the Record-Herald copy desk last week to go to Detroit. There he hobnobs with Ty Cobb and other celebrities while editing telegraph on the side for the Detroit Times. Hewes' application for non-resident membership in the Press Club will be in at the next meeting.

It is rumored George Bryant of the Record-Herald aided Chief McWeeny's gambling squad captured that twenty-eight Chinese. And one of the Chinks was George's laundryman. 'Tis sad. George's wonderful homemade shirts are now laundried at home.

Mackerly and Yarwood are having nightly discussions at the Record-Herald as to who has the least hair. And Stanley Osborne sits back and grins up both his sleeves from the wrist-ends. He's past the argument stage—thatched like a billiard ball. Ready now to hatch. Who wants the job of setn on him?

Have you all seen that hat—the bright green straw sailor of Sexton, the fastidious? It's some hat, and then some—hat. Ever since it wandered into the Record-Herald local room, Hogan, the w. k. suffragist, has been so bewildered that he has forgotten his daily lecture on the rights of women to vote.

John Wilkie undoubtedly cherishes kindly feelings toward the Press Club, but the Club fails to note that he has signed a membership application. Which is what counts, John, and everybody wants our old president again in the Club your father founded. Come home, you, or we'll tear up your old railroad tracks, and sentence you to be editor of THE SCOOP for life.

Ben (Ezra) Kendall told Peter Vroom that it is a wonder how the laundries overcharge nowadays. "They charged me \$2 and about all there was in the bundle was two shirts and some collars." "Get 'em washed oftener," observed Pete, starting to run. Cease your sybaritish and degenerate habits and don't get anything washed at all, is the hearty and chorussed suggestion of the entire club. You'll never have troubles with a laundry if you boycott 'em.

As heretofore and heartfully announced, St. Louis has again launched a press club. It started off with a \$30,000 bank roll, derived from a public entertainment. The Mound City scribes have selected quarters in a new downtown office building and are determined to make their club a success. They are earnestly referred to G. F. L., verses in last week's Scoop entitled THE COME BAK KID.

That pippin of a story about the abdication of the "King of Cocktail Row" in the Tribune the other day was from the typewriter of Bobby Clarke. 'Member the story? Sure! 'Twas built around the marriage of Paul Picard, Jr., and as done by Bobbie was a "beaute." More fame for Bobbie!

Moved by the untimely demise of Toddy, the Boston bull pup which was the joy and pride of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Washburne, the Tribune boys recently presented Wash, who is assistant city editor of the paper, with

a green and red parrot in a cage. They named the bird Rhummy. Against the protests of the other half of the family Wash carried the parrot home. The next day he discovered the cage had been exchanged for a \$10 brass palace about the size of a dog house. The following morning Wash went home in the early dawn and attempted to scratch Rhummy's head, reaching inside the cage for the purpose. To his surprise he was attacked, bill and claw, by a gray and green parrot at least as big as a Plymouth Rock rooster. He was quietly choking the bird to death when they were separated. The green and red parrot had been exchanged. Up to this point, Wash says, he had made no protest. Now Mrs. W. wants to change the bird's name and call him Horace, considering Rhummy too undignified. Wash now says this fever for exchanging has gone far enough.

Some of the boys invited Sundby Hansen to show his dexterity in swimming. He refused, alleging he is conserving his strength for a ski contest against Frank Hammer next winter.

Rutherford Corbin is on The Tribune's local staff now.

Preparations are making for John J. Alcock's annual vacation. It is believed he has amassed the fare one way by his dexterity at rum. He is cautiously refusing to play in any game with Lucky Bill Cleary. These be parlous times, quoth he.

Ring Lardner, the clever sport paragrapher, found in his mail box this week a note signed by 36 of the Tribune members of the Press Club, suggesting that he apply for membership without further useless delay.

Since the survivors' graphic story was printed of how Skipper Bill Cochran's cruiser Cheese turned turtle twice, there is talk of changing the name to the Whirling Spray.

Edward Scott Beck, managing editor of The Tribune, made this comment on THE SCOOP last Saturday: "I think THE SCOOP is the best thing that has been done in a newspaper way around this town for many a day." Whatever other fine attributes Mr. Beck may have, acute perception of profound merit is most certainly his, and THE SCOOP knows and is ready to prove it.

Cheer up, boys! Don't forget that Eddie Mahoney, city editor of the Journal, has been appointed controller of the Sanitary District, which carries \$5,000 a year salary. Royce P. Eckstorm had been appointed and qualified but resigned to resume his job as circulation manager of The Journal. A boost in salary is said to have convinced Mr. Eckstorm that circulation is his forte. He used to be on The Tribune local staff.

Terry Ramsey, the bright light of the American's rewrite staff, is an applicant for membership in the Club.

Winfield W. Dudley, once of The Tribune's telegraph copy desk and later of the advertising field, is reading copy on the Examiner.

John Holme, the w. k. Iclander, formerly of The Tribune staff, is on the copy desk of the San Francisco Examiner.

OLDEST SAVINGS BANK IN CHICAGO

The Hibernian Banking Association

CORNER CLARK AND MONROE STREETS

Transacts a General Banking business.

Savings deposits of One Dollar and upwards received.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

Jim Bicket, erstwhile city editor of the American, is chaperoning a parcel of schoolboys at Panama on a circulation stunt.

Arthur James Pegler has quit as star man of the American and is said to be completing a play.

Wilbur Burkhardt will soon have Augustus Thomas, Bernard Shaw, Gene Walters, Bill Shakespeare, et al backed off the boards. He is blossoming out as a "Movies" scenario author, blossoming during dog watch hours at the Record-Herald and a bloomin' an' a blowin' at all other hours and in the midst of all manner of alarms. Of such are the potentially great composed.

A recent news item says the government has lost 600,000 nickels. Kirkland found one on the floor of the Record-Herald Editorial rooms. He turned it in promptly at the nearest treasury, and now demands with virtuous vociferation that the finders of the other 599,999 either declare themselves or submit to immediate arrest, with six years hard labor and nothing but nosebag food.

Judge Caffee, of Marion, Ala., father of J. H. Caffee of the Examiner Copy desk, is visiting his son this week. Caffee junior is the very proud father of a baby boy. The peculiar felicity of all three can readily be understood by all men, young or other. It proves that there is no such thing as age—or that even if there were—it would bring the joys that are best of all.

Billy Birch, the spiritual guardian of the State of Indiana, (vide recent racing meet at Porter) has left the Record-Herald sporting department flat on its spine while he is gallivanting around on a well-earned (he says) vacation. He bought a new pair of shoes so he has a chance to reach Columbus.

Since "Old Gus Axelson" (copyrighted by E. Post, Bill Foreman the Ump,) broke into a four—or was it five—column head there is no holding him. It is denied that he will sue the Post for calling him old, which leads one to believe that he has reached the gayful stage where he doesn't care. And he looks so young, too!

The little Scoop came frightfully near being put to bed without heping the palpitant world to the fact that Allen Rankin, R-H sports alias autos, is still hunting an heiress, with little success. Address all communications to Room 508, R-H.

Jim Lowder, R. H. staff reporter, leaves us this Saturday nite for a month's vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Jim are going down through the White Mountains and then up into Maine. Look out for fishing stories when he returns.

A Wisconsin boy was drowned in a milk can containing four inches of water. It isn't that the drowning is so extraordinary, but rather that the milkman should have been so conservative.

AT THE END.

BY ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

I've had my share of pastime, and I've done my share of toil,

And life is short—the longest life a span;
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,
Or the wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
For good undone, and gifts misspent, and resolutions vain,

'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know —
I should live the same life over if I had to live again;
And the chances are I go where most men go.

THE PASSING OF CHARLIE PERKINS.

BY S. G. FRANK LYDSTON.

I once had a dear, jolly friend, a man everybody loved. He was kind hearted, generous in the extreme, as talented a man as ever I knew, but a *bon vivant* in every sense, and his ideas of good living revolved largely around his wish to make life happy for others.

Dear old Charlie! Was there ever a man who did more for the enjoyment of his friends? Devil-may-care, happy-go-lucky old friend! Was there ever such another worshipper at the shrine of true dilettanteism?

I remember once reproving him for his careless mode of living.

"Well," he answered, "Why, old man, where's the harm? I have no family, no cares, no responsibilities. My vagaries harm no one and seem to make other people happy. My sins injure nobody but myself—and I don't count for much. I have plenty of friends, plenty of time, enough money for present needs, and a nest-egg to bury me when I pass in my checks. There are those about me who are glad I'm alive and will be sorry when I'm dead. My dear boy, the appreciation of our friends is all of life. 'A short life and a merry one,' is the true philosophy of living."

The old timers of the Press know who "Charlie" was. His picture hangs on the Press Club walls. This tribute was written many years ago, but was never published till now.

And Charlie was steadfast to his principles.

The pitcher had gone to the well for the last time, and Charlie lay dying. Sympathizing friends were about him, and all felt that they were soon to sustain a grievous loss. Looking at them with a touch of pathos which was occasionally revealed to those whom he held in greatest affection, he said:

"Well, boys the show is almost over, and the audience can soon go home. This is a genuine farewell appearance—the last on any stage.

"How strange it all is! Just forty years ago I was born upon this old-fashioned bed. I have often wished I might die here—and now my wish is about to be fulfilled."

"Oh, no, Charlie," said one of us. "You mustn't talk that way; the doctor says you are better tonight. You'll be around again all right in a day or two."

"Ah," said the dying man, smiling, "you mustn't let the medicine man fool you—I am dying, and I know

it. The curtain has rung some time since, there's only a hitch in the fall. Yes, boys, I am dying—and do you know, I don't care?"

No, Charlie, you didn't care—and why should you? It matters not what your destination may have been—there is a big book somewhere, full of credit marks belonging to you, old friend.

As for myself, the place where Charlie is will be good enough for me. There can be naught of torment, and all of good cheer, wherever I shall see his jolly face, feel the cordial clasp of his hand and hear his cheery—

"Frank, old man, how are you? Where have you been keeping yourself lately? Sit down, old fellow, and tell me all about the boys."

O MEMORIES! O PAST THAT IS! COME IN!

Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug. 2, 1913.—DEAR SCOOP:

As a life member of the Press Club, and then some, I want to make application for the position of President Emeritus of your "Done Time in the Twin City Club." I think Emeritus is the word they apply under like circumstances to the real old ones. But I antedate all the long list of former workers on the newspapers of St. Paul and Minneapolis published in your issue of July 26th. Possibly I do not count, since I now live over in your suburb of Grand Rapids, although for more than ten years, and until two years and a half ago I was "doing time" in Chicago.

I was cub reporter on the St. Paul Pioneer in 1872. "Local editor"—which means the whole city force—on the Evening Times in Minneapolis the same year, back in St. Paul to report the legislature for the Pioneer during the winter of 1873, and soon thereafter on the St. Paul Press. I was there when the Pioneer and the Press were consolidated, and was consolidated out of a job, for the unmarried men had to take a walk, and I was still the cub, and unmarried.

But there was a job on the Evening Times in Minneapolis, and I got it, and in those days was known as the city editor. The Pioneer-Press crowd (a mania for consolidating papers had taken hold on them) bought out all the daily newspapers in Minneapolis and I found it necessary to "do time" on the Chicago Times when Wilbur F. Storey gave the first evidence of his failing mentality by starting the Evening Telegram and discontinuing it one Saturday afternoon without warning to any one.

Those were the days when Clint Snowdon was city editor, and old man Dennett of superpossible but truly forceful profanity was managing editor. Franc Wilkie, Maggie Sullivan, Rodney Welch, Andre Mattison and Martin Russel, were editorial writers and the city staff included Charlie Diehl, Charlie Harrington, Frank McClenahan, R. R. Cook, John Finnerity, Fred Perry Powers, Jack Hinman, Sam Steele, John Ritchie, C. C. Adams and Joe Dunlap. Will Eaton was dramatic and musical critic and special feature man. I don't know where he is now. Some bunch of good ones, weren't they?

I didn't last long in a crowd like that, possibly be-

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Estimates promptly, and close to the mark.

cause Mr. Storey concluded to give up the Telegram and all the star men who had jumped at chances to do day work had to have their old jobs on The Times.

So I hiked back to Minneapolis, and thereafter, beginning in 1876, was successively city editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, and the Pioneer Press (Minneapolis department) under David Blakely, to whose position I succeeded as Minneapolis editor of the Pioneer-Press.

This latter move occurred when Blakely took to the management of "Pat" Gilmore's band, discovered Sousa, and bought a printing office in Chicago. Charley Blakely can tell you all about that. But I was a full fledged City Editor, presumably despised, as all city editors used to be, when Barney J. Mullaney, who had been driving a grocery wagon in Minneapolis, took advantage of the holiday provided because of a grocers' picnic, and hunted up Harry Black or Smith Hall, and got his first job as a cub reporter. During the time I was city editor on the Minneapolis Tribune and the Pioneer Press I had on my staff Charles M. Faye and Clint M. Shultz, both mighty good newspaper men who very recently passed away.

Pegler, so far as I know had not even "come over" when I was well established, and Gifford, Butman, and the long list of others who have "done time," came a long time after me. My department, on the Pioneer Press, was known as the "kindergarten," because it was my particular function to educate the cubs who came out of the University in those days, but not in the numbers they are now coming.

Talking about Universities, did you ever know salaries for reporters on newspapers in university towns to get much above \$15? I once had an opportunity to hire a star man, whose name has slipped my memory, but my managing editor, Frank Carl, had established a rule about that time that no man should be started in more than \$15, and I had to observe the rule. This particular "star" pooled issues with Charles E. Russell and went to New York and soon thereafter was pulling down a \$100 envelope as of course did Russell, who had up to that time been working on the Minneapolis Journal. My most distinguished kindergarten pupil, and about the first woman to get a job on a Twin City daily was Caroline Bartlett (Crane); who has

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Depository of the Press Club. Established 1905. Renders every service and accommodation of a strong, fully equipped Bank.

since come into National fame, particularly in these days of equal franchise propaganda.

But salaries were not low in the Twin Cities in my day as compared with salaries elsewhere, and while the cub reporters still get much less than they should I do not believe they are any more underpaid in St. Paul and Minneapolis than they are in other cities, particularly on the Journal and the Despatch.

Have I established my right to a place in your "Done Time" club well up towards the seat of distinction?

J. NEWTON NIND.

THEM THAT DONE TIME! LAST CALL!

Mukwonago, Wis., Aug. 4, 1913.—DEAR SCOOP: In your last issue I read E. L. De Lestry's letter and that he would go five hundred miles to meet the old boys "some night for a delightful souvenir feast."

"I'm it." Come and see me.

I have escaped from ink and its thralldom. I live at Mukwonago. Soo Line railroad. Country village of 600 inhabitants. You do not know me now. Nobody in the harness knows me. I am Rip Van Winkle. I am one of the original members of the Escaped Club. I love the life I am leading. I am raising "Craig's Honey Melon." I have fifteen acres nearing the day of perfection.

This is the way to go "cooning." Mrs. Craig and I are always at home. We have a delightfully cool cellar and many things therein. I have a quarter acre garden at the back door. Sweet corn, onions, cucumbers, peas, radishes, lettuce, beans, peppers, eggplants, carrots, turnips potatoes, asparagus, five hundred beautiful blooming asters, gladiolas of many hues, cannas, and best of all the health of a wild goose. No more indigestion to endanger the souls of our Consciences, as clear as Lake Michigan. Sleep as perfect as a baby's, and contentment that cannot be expressed. Those are all mine. Do you doubt it? Come and see. Just say you belong to the Press Club and the latch string will bob quicker'n a boy's catfish. I'll take you to my muskmelon patch and show you how to gain health, happiness and an honest living. I don't mean to insinuate anything about that last. Far from it. But really, can a newspaper man always tell the truth? Yes, they can, but—

I read the Scoop and am delighted with many things I find. I read Douglas Malloch's "To-Day" and it hits me exactly. "It's today that I am livin'" and I have no "reason for complaint." I am going to send for his book. But the great question of the hour with me is, will you come and see us and eat of my juicy melons? I'm going to send some down to the Press Club as an experiment, and you, Mr. De Lestry, if you cannot come, just drop over to Hotel Ryan, Wm. Carling, Merchant's Hotel, Minnesota Club. "Say, ain't it fine today."

A. H. CRAIG.

Not.

BRAMLEY KITE.

The scientific knowledge gained

By Amundsen and Scott.

Proclaims that Peary's middle name

Should be a great big NOT.

The Daughter of The Press Club.



MISS VERA BERLINER.

Her violin is infinite,

Filled with the voices of souls;

Her art is supreme, to lash or to dream,

Or to surge as a mad ocean rolls.

She lures and she lulls and makes better,

She conquers the hearts of us all;

When her violin harks to her call.

She shows us the heights and the beautiful sights

She is slim and slight and girlish,

She shows no marks of the years;

She is Music's child, made to beguile

Strong men through the vale of tears.

CLEM YORE.

And Soxings.

Dr. W. B. Norton, the Club's official chaplain, is being accused of trying to vie with Fashion Plate Ashley, the w. k. wearer of ice cream suitings, shirtings and shoeings.

O, I Say! Come On! Look Here, You Know!

BEAU BROADWAY IN NEW YORK TELEGRAPH.

Uncle Joe Cannon says that in the politics of Illinois the women will vote for the handsomest man. They can't. Col. James Hamilton Lewis has been voted for already and elected.

If you do not know the magazine of discarded truth and rejected fiction write for a sample copy.

The Lantern Publishing Co.
Mortimer Bldg. - Chicago

CHICAGO'S FRONT YARD.

BY A NAVY RESERVE PRESS CLUB MAN.

This front yard of ours, meaning that part of the lake front skirting the loop, is too much of a terra and aqua incognito. Too few of the loop workers know that behind—or rather, before—the carbonaceous miasma incorporated as the Illinois Central railway is a breathing spot well worth the journey.

Speed the day when street car terminals will find place on the lake front. Shanks' mare carries all to the lake front save those whose membership in a yacht club gives them auto bus service for a nickel, or those who can afford to hear a taximeter tick merrily three-quarters of the way into the vitals of a dollar. Maybe some day we will have a public moving sidewalk over the hills of Grant Park to the water edge.

The Randolph basin extends from Randolph street south to Twelfth street. Uncle Sam has given consent, over the veto of Montgomery Ward, for the erection of buildings on piles over the water to the Columbia Yacht club, the Illinois Naval reserve ship, and the Chicago Yacht club. The general public finds scant accommodation on the piling of the sea wall and the clay kopje of Grant park.

At two points in the basin are the landings of the steamers and motor boats which carry passengers to Lincoln park and the Government pier. On pleasant days these boats play to capacity, a moderate price giving a round trip ride of about ten miles. They pass the railroad slips, the river, and the warehouse district north of the river, and give a splendid view of the aristocratic residence district. The water front view of Lincoln park, that aristocrat of public playgrounds, is inspiring.

The Randolph basin is the mooring ground of two yacht clubs, and more sailing yachts, motor boats and steam yachts make it their home than the yacht anchorages at Lincoln and Jackson parks. The basin proves the democracy of the yachting game. Next to a hooker sadly in need of paint may lie the well groomed and sumptuously provisioned steam yacht of one of the wealthy yacht club members. Which gives most enjoyment, is a moot matter. The distinction is probably dietetic—whether it is more fun to cook your own meals aboard, or to have a steward in white serve it.

Ordinarily the Randolph basin is quiet enough, protected as it is by the breakwater a quarter mile off shore. Sometimes a vigorous southeaster sweeps in the Van Buren street gap in the breakwater and stirs up a bobble in the basin that makes an order for poached eggs justification for the bull cook going on a rampage.

The basin makes a pretty picture by daylight. But it gets its best effect by night. On every yacht gleams the white riding light, reflected from the water as from polished metal, or dancing toward the eye on the waves as from hammered silver. To the northeast flashes the harbor light, alternate red and white as prescribed in the Coast Pilot. The Van Buren street gap is marked by a steady gleam of red. From beyond the breakwater come glimpses of red and green lights from

murky tugs, or the storied brilliance of the passenger steamers; coming and going, freighted with regrets for the outing soon over, or loaded to the guards with great expectations of joys to come. When she wills, the moon adds a touch to the night scene that makes all the more painful the thought of braving the smoky trail back to the loop.

The Illinois Naval Reserves, Captain Evers' boys, who did so well at this year's Scoop show, are a big factor in the activities of the basin. A large club house finds place at the foot of Washington street. This year an addition to the facilities of the Reserves has been made in the hulk of a valetudinarian freighter, "Old Ironsides," moored at the sea wall. A large drill hall and divisional headquarters for the various elements of the state naval militia were included when the hulk was remodeled.

Monday nights the Reserve band has rehearsals, and does very well. Just inside the breakwater the training ship Dubuque rides when not cruising. A steam launch, motor boat and cutters are used for transportation to the Dubuque.

In addition to their activities as reserve men, the boys of the naval militia have to their credit many lives saved—would-be suicides and venturesome folk who get too near the water.

Throughout the season many of the yachtsmen sleep aboard, and it is a boon in hot weather. While folks ashore are trying to find comfort and sleep under the thinnest sheets in the linen closet, the yachtsman finds a blanket good company early in the evening. A farewell pipe on deck, a final inspection of the mooring line and rigging, and then to bunk. More comfort and rest than the presidential suites in the hotels overlooking the lake. The sway of the ship, the gurgle of the waves against the hull, the cool night air—these make for sound, refreshing sleep.

Sometimes, when the harbor is lively with a southeaster, there is more than the gurgle of wavelets alongside, the ship may pitch, and one may find himself on the floor instead of in the bunk, but the yachtsman considers this "rolls for breakfast," and gets comfort out of it that way.

Up with the sun, to swab down the deck, tidy ship, and take a plunge in the harbor or a cleansing shower bath ashore—what more (than forty additional winks) could a man want!

A Washington preacher says young men calling on Sunday evening should be led to church. Just give the girls time and they'll see to that.—*Washington Post*.

W. Whitbold
FLORIST
56 EAST RANDOLPH STREET

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

THIS BRIGHT, UNPARTICULAR STARR!

Professor Starr of the University of Chicago talks just like a professor when he says that as compared with man there never was a great woman painter, sculptor, musician, architect, or scientist.

It is a curious condition in nature that professors cease to be professorial as soon as they find out truth and leave out theory. That is one of the reasons why cloistered wisdom should be confined to its cloisters and never allowed to speak to anyone outside excepting the keepers, or to write anything to anyone whomsoever other than themselves. This being unfortunately the reverse of our present general practice and policy, Starrs and others emplanting in curricula, emit wisps of marsh glow which are accepted by immature minds of all ages as points of actual light.

A greater than any or all the Starrs that ever put over the phosphorescence of moonlit and decayed fish as primary and immortal light, was Professor James of Hartford, who went farther than any other of his generation toward discovering a base on which to establish psychology as a science—to take it away from pedagogical guesswork and assemble its few data in a form that would at least enable a first working theory. Those learned in psychology as then universally misunderstood rose up as one and proclaimed that all crows were black. They never were able to dispute his answer that to disprove that dictum it would be necessary to produce one only white crow. Then he produced (in psychology) a crow indubitable, but beyond all question very white.

This Starr professor would have saved himself from comicality if he had taken the trouble to remember just one woman, who quietly appeared before Science one day with the discovery of radium. That very great woman, assisted by her husband, who was a chemist also and gave no damn whether truth came in skirts or trousers, upset the whole system of physical science as then known, and set all scientists to face, bewildered, a new epoch in physics.

It is unnecessary to say anything more. Chaminade might be mentioned in music, and many other women in all the walks mentioned, but the better and more kindly thing to do with all these Starrs would be either to invert the megaphone over them, or cover them with any spare thimble not otherwise at the moment more usefully employed.

Edward Payson Weston, so far back as the eighties, proved that he could walk. Last week he did

the same thing again, and this disheartening difference: The first time, he created a record; the second, he discovered Minneapolis. Painting refined gold is one thing and may be delightful; but walking into the obvious doesn't get one anywhere.

THE WHEELBARROW MAN.

BENJAMIN C. MOOMAW, IN THE PUBLIC.

We hear all the praises a world can ascribe
To the great who arise in the hoary old earth,
The story of station or nation or tribe,
And the fortunate day which recorded their birth;

Whether a hero who turned at a word
Defeat into victory, loss into gain,
And once in his history flourished his sword
Where the field was encumbered with numberless slain;

The fighter, the writer, the fortunate one
Who knows how to win by the din of his horn;
Or the magnate who counteth his gold by the ton,
But never the number of those he has shorn.

All these are the subjects of many a mention
By many a busy, obsequious fan,
Receiving forever a world of attention,—
But who sings the praise of the wheelbarrow man?

Yes, the wheelbarrow man whose days are enlisted
In the labor that sweats at the base of the plan;
The grimy, the grizzled, the doubled and twisted,
The stalwart and two-fisted wheelbarrow man.

Oh, you give him a glance as he trundles away
Where the foundations burrow deep down in the earth;
He's the hustled and hurried machine of a day,
And that is the liberal span of his worth.

He goes and he comes, wherever the clime,
Whatever the rigor which nature employs;
What may be the rambles of reason or rhyme
To muffle his rights or dissemble his joys.

He comes and he goes, and perhaps it may be
That his solace is peppered with something of scorn,
For the eye only finds him awaiting to see
The same old wheelbarrow track in the morn.

Yes, the wheelbarrow man, whose days are enlisted
To labor and sweat at the base of the plan;
The grimy and grizzled, the doubled and twisted,
The stalwart and two-fisted wheelbarrow man.

Bell  System

TO obtain the best results in using the telephone, speak directly into the mouthpiece in a clear well modulated tone. When a speaker turns his face from his auditor he materially reduces his chances of being understood. The same risk occurs when one talks over, under or aside from the telephone transmitter.

Chicago Telephone Company
Bell Telephone Building
Official 100

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The Ex Libris found in George Washington's books is an unmistakable proof that book plates in the latter part of the 18th century were not used as adornments but merely as visible marks of ownership and that the family name or the coat of arms representing the family name, was the chief object of their existence. The artistic finish or originality in design did not seem to be of any importance.



Washington paid a great deal of attention to form. He dressed well and the numerous notations in his diaries and account books show that he gave considerable thought and attention to the planning of his clothes. He considered as well the material as well as the style and finish of the garment. Even the smallest purchases of his apparel are mentioned, but there is no trace of the origin of his book plate. Many other American families of his time used the same design for their book plate as Washington. It is not improbable that Washington acquired one of the ready made plates on sale in those days in England and America and had a fac-simile of his signature inserted.

Furniture designed by Chippendale was found in the mansions of the wealthy and so it can be very easily understood that the stationer who had book plates designed to be sold to these families who did not possess a coat of arms, chose also a Chippendale design. The question whether Washington's book plate was designed in England or in this country will never be positively determined. But as other American families (like John Adams,) used the same book plate design the plates might have been brought to this country by an enterprising stationer and the individual names engraved after he had sold them to Americans.

Nearly every one of our present day book stores has for sale a staple line of book plates which can

be purchased by any one and after the addition of the name the purchaser presents it as his individual book plate.

If book plates had meant more in Washington's day than mere proprietary labels of possession such as a monogram on a walking cane, George Washington would surely have paid more attention to his book plate than he evidently did.

A collector of curios got possession of the original of Washington's book plate after the death of the great man and in a mania to have something exclusive struck off a few copies and they destroyed the original plate. Washington's plate is one of the most valuable of American plates, and the only one which has been forged. The forgery was very clever but the workmanship was more exquisite and artistic than the rudely engraved original. It is very easy to detect the original from the forged if they are placed side by side.

Sculptor Simons Is Here Again.

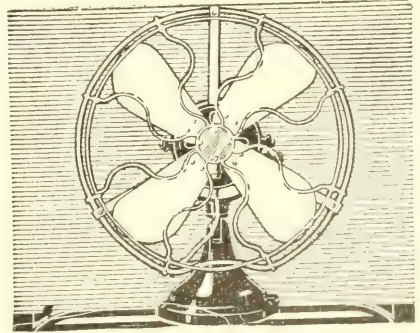
Mr. A. C. Simons, a sculptor of horses, has broken loose from gay Patee for the second time in fifteen years and got off at the fourth floor with the other Frenchman Phil Sawyer, early this week.

Simons has been a constant exhibitor at the French salons although his preliminary training was at the World's Fair and subsequently under such masters as Rodin, Paul Bartlett and St. Gaudens.

The last time Mr. Simons was here his chief work was a statuette of the famous trotter Uhlan, who was stabling at Cleveland.

Take That, Will You?

Some people who play the piano cannot understand why others who don't play are so much more popular with their neighbors.



Electric Fans
will keep you cool
for less than 1c an hour.

On sale at **ELECTRIC SHOP**, Michigan and Jackson Bvds., 9163 So. Chicago Ave., 2537 Kedzie Blvd., and at the downtown offices of the

Commonwealth Edison Company

120 West Adams Street

Wm. D. McDunkin Advertising Agency, Chicago 1883

SAVED BY A MAYOR!

Fred C. Kelly in the Washington Herald tells this story of Oswald F. Schuette, Washington correspondent of the Inter Ocean and chairman of the Washington committee of the Press Club of Chicago:

Schuette used to be marine editor of one of the Milwaukee papers.

Late one summer night word reached Schuette's office that a freight vessel was wrecked not far from shore a few miles north of town. None of the vessel offices had yet received any definite word about it, and it was too late for anyone to be sent there before the paper went to press. Yet it was up to poor Schuette to do something. The fact that there was no way to get the story did not matter. He must get it anyhow. For a few seconds he stared into the cold, still features of the telephone on his desk. Then it occurred to him that the wrecked vessel might not be far from the summer home of young "Sherby" Becker, then the so-called boy mayor of Milwaukee.

Schuette called up Becker and he was obliged to ring several times before the boy mayor came to the phone, for he had been tucked into bed for the night.

No, said Becker, he hadn't heard of any vessel being wrecked out that way. But he would inquire and if he heard anything of it he would let Schuette know.

So Schuette hung up the receiver in disgust. Nevertheless Becker's promise to "inquire" half amused him. Becker doubtless would yell to somebody in the next room, ask if they had heard anything about a wreck and then turn over and proceed to sleep again.

It was indeed a hopeless situation from Schuette's viewpoint.

But hark! Again the telephone rang. An hour or more had elapsed after Schuette's talk with Becker, and now it was Becker on the phone again. And, lo, he had all the particulars of that wreck. Not a detail had escaped him. Eagerly Schuette jotted down the notes. By hustling he still had a chance to get the stuff into the paper. In his hurry he neglected to ask Becker of whom he had "inquired" about the wreck. He didn't get a chance to ask about that until a week later when they met on the street.

"Oh, I tried to go to sleep again after you called," said Becker, "but I didn't have any luck, and it occurred to me that it would be fun to find out about that wreck. So I had the boys get out the launch and we cruised around until we got sight of what appeared to be it. We got as close as we could and then went the rest of the way in a rowboat. It was a real lark. But we didn't get a chance to save anybody's life."

"You did, too," contradicted Schuette; "you saved mine."

The Press Club Band's Prospects.

John L. Lovett says he just dares Rudy Berliner to invite him to play in the Press Club band which is organizing. He declares he played a baritone horn (whatever that is) back home in Kansas. Other suggestions for Rudy are: Captain Franklin, piccolo; Al W. Chase, snare drum; Skipper Bill Cochran, fiddle; Paul Williams, mouth-organ; and Edward

Automatic Telephone Service

A ten second connection? No annoying waits on the Automatic. No one to break your connection excepting yourself and the party you talk with. Your Automatic is always ready.

The Automatic Telephone represents the highest development in the telephone art. It is many years ahead of any other method of telephone operation.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC COMPANY
Chicago, Illinois

B. Fullerton, bass drum or bull fiddle. Walter A. Wood will probably drum martial the whole list and pound into places where each can make more noise than all of them think they can together. Music is named by the Club's official laureate (Old Bill Shaks), to be the food of love. The entire subject may be referred to the Club's pure feud committee.

A T O A S T.

BY PAUL E. NEUMANN, PRESS CLUB.

Gentlemen, my brothers of the unclassed estate, I give you THE PRESS.

THE PRESS: Publisher of the news wherein all the world and all its people's acts are contributors.

THE PRESS: Twin sister of liberty; mother of progress; Nemesis of evil; nurse of the arts; protector of science.

THE PRESS: Friend of the suffering; mitigator of disaster; surgeon of public cancers.

THE PRESS: Yellow or black or blue or green, according to the warped vision of her detractors.

THE PRESS: Language nor creed nor race nor age nor land dim her achievement.

THE PRESS: The world, the Alma Mater of her sons: the universe their field.

THE PRESS: Our tenth Avatar; not the destroyed but the light of the earth.

THE PRESS: Gentlemen, my brothers, no heel taps;
THE PRESS!

Four in One—for a Record.

Jim Lowder, Record Herald staff man, who has been pinch hitting for Ralph Simmons, real estate editor, during the latter's vacatoin, celebrated his return to local Monday by breaking onto P1 with four stories Tuesday morning. Get that? Four. Count 'em—FOUR. In one day—count it—ONE.

A deaf mute name Black sat down on a tack,
And from what I can judge from his barks,
It's a pretty safe bet that he didn't forget
To make a few pointed remarks.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Regelin, Jenson & Co.

Reaper Block

REAL ESTATE
LOANS

RENTING
INSURANCE

"THE NAMELESS."

BY JAMES GRAHAM DAVIS, PRESS CLUB.

On storied shaft, on History's golden page,
This earth of ours, through each successive age,
Has written in letters of undying fire
The names of her great sons. For them the choir
Of human voices rises loud in praise.

'Twas so in hoary Egypt; so in Greece;
So in majestic Rome. In war and peace
They had the meed a grateful country pays.
So here today, on many a grassy mound,
Sky-piercing shafts proclaim to all around:
"Here lies a hero—this is sacred ground."

We've no kick coming on that score; but I
Rise up for one not in the public eye,
Yet one who scoops them all. He's here tonight—
He's everywhere—but into human sight
His name is never pushed. He's great; he makes
And unmakes empires; yet, for all, he takes
What's coming to him, seldom asks for more.
He is a modest, unobtrusive chap. Both war
And peace are his long suite. He stands
Behind the thrones, the power that commands
While they obey. And yet, alas for him,
No monuments are reared aloft. For him
No scrolls are placed on high;
But he, unknown to fame—
This man without a name—
Arrives there just the same.

Who is he? Well, you know him,
And I may as well confess,
He's the lad who does the writing
On the modern daily press.

The pulpit has its function,
And government its plan,
But the one who keeps things moving
Is the live newspaper man.

He carries a torch that flashes
Into every secret nook,
And crime, how deeply hidden,
He brings it up to book.
"The levee," the hold up gangs, the thugs,
Come blinking up today,
But seeing his light, like ghouls of night,
They filthily sink away.

No throne so high, no brothel so low
That his searchlight ray can't reach.
And the careless millions lend their ears
When he begins to preach.
He deals with living issues,
Not platitudes in tracts,
He stirs the people's conscience—
And prods them into acts.

Is he unlaureled hence to go—
This nameless hero of the pen?
I think it likely that is so,
For heroes oft, like other men,
Get nothing here; but let us pray
That somewhere out among the spheres,
Out there beyond all hopes and fears,
Out there where light supernal streams
With a radiance far beyond our dreams,
He'll find his name in that array
Where old Ben Adhem leads the way.

The Dizzy Whirl of Evanston Life.

The police had a busy time last night gathering in six drunken men. They were taken to the station and this morning each was given a fine of \$5 and costs.

NEWSPAPER MEN IN THE FEDERAL ADMINISTRATION.

The Evening Post, of New York, calls the present "a writer's administration," and this view seems to be borne out by the following list of Congressmen who have been connected with newspaper offices or with authorship in some form:

Arizona—Senator H. F. Ashurst was a reporter.

California—Representative Everis A. Hayes, owner and publisher of the San Jose Morning Mercury and Evening Herald; Representative William Kettner, connected with the advertising department of Coast newspapers for many years.

Colorado—Representative H. H. Seldomridge, city editor Colorado Springs Gazette two years; Edward Keating, started as a copyholder in the proofroom and rose to managing editor of a Denver newspaper; former president of the Denver Press Club, and of the International League of Press Clubs.

Connecticut—Representative Thomas L. Reilly, engaged in the newspaper business for the last thirty years.

Florida—Representative Claude L'Engle, proprietor and editor Jacksonville Dixie.

Illinois—Representative C. H. Tavenner, independent newspaper writer; director of publicity, Democratic Congressional Committee in 1910 and 1912.

Indiana—Representative Charles A. Korbly, formerly editor of the Madison, Ind., Herald, and Henry A. Barnhart, owner of the Rochester Sentinel. Senator B. F. Shively was also engaged in journalism early in his career, and Senator Kern is an author of law books.

Kansas—Senator J. L. Bristow, owner of the Salina Journal; Representative D. A. Anthony, owner of the Leavenworth Times; Representative J. R. Connelly, owner and editor of the Colby Free Press, and Representative Victor Murdock, former managing editor of the Wichita Eagle. Senator Thompson is an author of legal works.

SEVERAL NEW ENGLANDERS.

Massachusetts—Senator H. C. Lodge is an author of historical works.

Maine—Senator F. F. Burleigh, publisher of the Kennebec Journal; Representative Asher C. Hinds, former newspaper man.

Michigan—Senator W. A. Smith, owner of the Grand Rapids Herald; Representatives S. W. Beakes, editor and publisher of the Westerville Review; L. C. Crampton, publisher Lapeer County Clarion; Roy O. Woodruff, engaged in the printing business eight years.

Missouri—Speaker Champ Clark, editor at one time of a country newspaper; Representative Richard Barnholdt, editor-in-chief of the St. Louis Tribune when elected to Congress.

Montana—Representative Thomas Stout, editor and publisher Fergus County Democrat.

Nebraska—Senator G. M. Hitchcock, publisher of the Omaha World-Herald; Representative D. V. Stephens, author and publisher.

New Hampshire—Senator J. H. Gallinger, a printer in early life.

New Jersey—Representatives R. G. Bremner, editor and publisher Passaic Herald; E. F. Kinkaid, advertising business; E. W. Townsend, author.

New York—Representatives Henry George, Jr., editor and author; Edmund Platt, publisher, Poughkeepsie Eagle; George W. Fairchild, president Herald Publishing Co., Oneonta, N. Y.; E. S. Underhill, publisher Bath Advocate and Leader; C. B. Smith, owner and editor Niagara Falls Journal.

Ohio—Senator T. E. Burton and Representative Simon D. Fees, authors; Representative John A. Key, printer; Representative W. D. Ashbrook, publisher

Johnstown Independent, and for three years secretary of the National Editorial Association.

"ALFALFA BILL" OF OKLAHOMA.

Oklahoma—Representative W. H. Murray ("Alfalfa Bill") reported for and edited newspapers.

Pennsylvania—Senator G. T. Oliver, principal owner Pittsburgh Gazette-Times and Chronicle-Telegraph; Representative A. H. Walters, editor and publisher Johnstown Tribune; J. Hampton Moore, reporter and editor fifteen years; W. W. Griest, publisher of a newspaper; J. R. Farr, newsboy, printer and publisher; Robert E. Lee, printer; W. W. Bailey, editor and publisher Johnstown Democrat; A. R. Brodbeck, treasurer Hanover Printing Co.; W. N. Carr, editor three years; M. C. Kelly, newspaper publisher, Braddock, Pa.

Tennessee—Senator Luke Lea, owner Nashville Tennessean-American; Representative W. C. Houston, editor country newspaper two years.

Vermont—Representative Frank L. Greene, editor St. Albans Messenger.

Virginia—Representative Carter Glass, owner Lynchburg News and Advance.

Washington—Representatives Albert Johnson, publisher Hoquiam Washingtonian; J. W. Bryan, owner and publisher Bremerton Navy Yard American.

West Virginia—Representative Howard Sutherland, formerly editor weekly newspaper at Fulton.

Wisconsin—Senator R. M. LaFollette, owner of LaFollette's Magazine; Representative J. M. Nelson, former editor the State.

Porto Rico—Delegate Louis Munoz River, a former editor Porto Rico Herald.

President Wilson, recognizing the exceptional value of newspaper men, made William Jennings Bryan, editor of the Commoner, his Secretary of State; Josephus Daniels, editor and owner of the Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer, his Secretary of the Navy; Franklin K. Lane, former owner of the Tacoma News and later a correspondent of note, Secretary of the Interior; and William

C. Redfield, author of several books, Secretary of Commerce.

In addition, Secretary of State Bryan has taken into the State Department as his secretary, Manton M. Wyvell, a former New York State newspaper man; J. J. Dickinson, a New York newspaper writer, who is his personal representative in matters pertaining to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and Robert Rose, for many years a newspaper man, who is now a foreign trade expert. Over in the Treasury Department, Secretary McAdoo has as his private secretary a former New York newspaper man, Byron L. Newton.

SELECTED FOR DIPLOMATIC POSTS.

A number of newspaper men and authors have been selected for diplomatic positions as will be seen from the following list:

Walter Hines Page, editor of World's Work, Ambassador to Great Britain.

William E. Gonzales, editor of the State, Columbia, S. C., Minister to Cuba.

E. J. Hale, editor Fayetteville, N. C., Observer, Minister to Costa Rica.

Thomas Nelson Page, author, Ambassador to Italy.

P. A. Stovall, owner and editor Savannah, Ga., News, Minister to Switzerland.

John Bassett Moore, author on international law, counsellor for the Department of State.

R. L. Metcalfe, formerly editor of the Commoner, head of the civil administration of the Panama Canal Zone.

Louis F. Post, Chicago, editor of The Public, Assistant Secretary, Department of Commerce.

Walker Vick, former sporting writer and dramatic critic, fiscal agent in Santo Domingo.

Cornelius Ford, of New Jersey, legislative correspondent and practical printer, Government Printer.

Charles M. Galloway, former editor Greenville, S. C., News, member of Civil Service Commission.

Frederick C. Penfield, of New York, formerly a newspaper man and the author of several books, Minister to Hungary.

Henry Van Dyke, of New York, author, Minister to the Netherlands.

A VACATION SONG.

RALPH BACON IN THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Vacation time has come, hey-ho,
'Skeeters and sunburns and sprains,
And many a man
With a frying pan
Beats it up from the plains,
Into the mountains, up by the snow,
Where the biggest 'skeeters and woodticks grow,
Hey-ho,
Where the biggest woodticks grow!

Vacation time has come, hey-ho,
Boardwalks and flunkies and bills,
And many a man
Hocks what he can
And beats it down from the hills
To the salted sands where the tangos go
And a square meal costs ten dollars or so,
Hey-ho,
Yes, costs ten dollars or so!

Vacation time has come, hey-ho,
Scatter and chatter and roam;
Let every man
Do what he can
To beat it away from his home,
He will wear off his tummy and scatter his dough,
But what is the difference? He's been on the go,
Hey-ho,
You bet, he's been on the go!

The Y.M.C.A.

DEVELOPS

MUSCLE—MIND— CHARACTER

A world-wide fraternity for the conservation of manhood.

Its multifarm service commands the respect and support of private and corporate philanthropy.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago conducts work at twenty-one departments. Seven modern buildings located in the business and residential districts are equipped with standard Gymnasiums, Natatoriums, Dormitories, Educational and Social features. The fees are within reach of all young men and older boys.

Visiting members are invited to
be our guests while in Chicago.

PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO CANDIDATES FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership from the following named have been approved by the Board of Directors, and will be voted on at the regular monthly meeting, tomorrow, Sunday, Aug. 10, at 4 p. m.:

Life.

Sponsored by Frank Collins and Wm. Frederic Nutt:

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| F. T. Avery | Jas. B. Littlejohn |
| Emil G. Beck | Herbert C. Lust |
| William Bannerman | Dr. Otis Maclay |
| Louis Bloom | Wm. S. Mason |
| Arthur L. Blunt | Dr. Edmond R. Moras |
| W. C. Brinkerhoff | C. B. Munday |
| A. P. Callahan | Thomas McCullough |
| Anton J. Cermac | R. H. McElwer |
| Chas. Chadwick | W. J. Newman |
| Howard R. Cheslet | Jas. F. Newcomb |
| Jas. B. Cobb | W. L. O'Connell |
| R. J. Dunham | * Fred S. Oliver |
| Henry J. Furber, Jr. | Ernest R. Proctor |
| Arthur W. Grant | Theodore Reginsheimer |
| Geo. J. Haight | H. L. Replogle |
| A. W. Harris | Geo. M. Reynolds |
| John Heist | N. J. Smedley |
| Edward Howser | Henry Stuckhart |
| H. D. James | John Storer |
| Henry S. Judson | H. A. Swanson |
| John L. Kelly | Peter L. Theurer |
| W. V. Kelley | Adam F. Weckler |
| C. N. Kline-top | C. I. Wynekoop |
| Nelson Lampert | Dr. L. E. Zins. |
| D. R. Lewis | |

Active.

Edward S. Beck, Managing Editor Tribune, Sponsor W. A. Washburne.

Wallace Rice, Author, Sponsor W. D. Eaton.

R. Gratz Cox, Music Writer and Composer, Sponsor Geo. W. Wiggs.

E. R. Dickson, Inter-Ocean, Sponsor W. D. Eaton.

Luther N. Feeger, Associated Press, Sponsor Paul A. Williams.

Edward T. Garrigan, Reporter, Sponsor Frank Collins.

Ralph Kettering, Manager White City, Sponsor A. Milo Bennett.

Dr. Hubert Miller, Physical Culture Editor, Sponsor R. Berliner.

Gilman M. Parker, Tribune, Sponsor W. A. Washburne.

Albert Phillips, Actor and Writer, Sponsor A. Milo Bennett.

Terrence Eugene Ramsay, American, Sponsor Arthur James Pegler.

Non-Resident.

Roland B. Gelatt, Pres. La Crosse Press Co., Sponsor W. Frederic Nutt.

P. M. Gelatt, La Crosse Leader Press, Sponsor W. Frederic Nutt.

BOOKS.

Hall Caine's new novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," just published in London, was the cause of a sensation in London. The author, evidently doubtful of a sale, had cockily boycotted all the principal libraries which are the leading book distributors in the United Kingdom. This was good business, almost as good as some of Miss Corelli's stunts, for on publication day, July 31st, they had not a single copy to sell or lend.

Early in the week the Libraries' Association, with perfectly good reason, questioned the morality of the novel, and declared they would exclude it from the lending libraries. Mr. Caine held that this was a libel on the morality of the book, and that if it was not fit for general circulation it was not fit for any circulation. In a man of larger calibre and a better cause, such a declaration would have called for admiration. But it was bluff—Falstaffian bluff—and as such, it worked a grand advertisement.

The Libraries' Association held a number of meetings to discuss the situation. In the meantime Hall Caine telegraphed to many distinguished persons among the clergy and laity requesting their opinions of his book.

"The answers I received," said the author, "were almost unanimous in stating that everybody ought to read 'The Woman Thou Gavest Me,' because it deals with one of the greatest social problems of the day."

The Libraries' Association reconsidered their first decision and gave Mr. Caine the necessary assurance that all restrictions had been withdrawn, and that his novel would be placed in general circulation. "And then only," says the publishers' advance notice "were they able to supply their clamoring subscribers."

Heaven's hatters are certainly going to have the time of their immortal lives finding halos that will correspond with Mr. Caine's belief in the size of his own head. And unless there should occur some unhappy hiatus in the Trinity, there'll be no place for him to sit down.

ZEYNER HANOUM.—It is interesting to note in connection with "A Turkish Woman's European Impressions" (Lippincott's), a book which is exciting a good deal of talk, that the author, Zeyneb Hanoum, is the daughter of Nourri Bey, who was under Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Abdul Hamid. She escaped from the Harem, got out of Turkey with a false passport, the Sultan unsuccessfully tried to stop her at Belgrade, but she reached Paris. Even in France, however, she was not safe. To curry favor with the Sultan, one of her uncles very nearly succeeded in kidnapping her in a motor-car when she was on the Riviera. Her father, unfortunately for him, was blamed for his daughter's escape, and in spite of his great ability and clever efforts to elude the Sultan's revenge he died suddenly one night. Miss Hanoum is also well known as the Heroine of Pierre Loti's novel "Les Desenchantées." Her experiences, adventures and impressions after leaving the harem as told in her charming and delightful style, makes an intensely human and authentic document. The work contains thirty-

Wanted—For Rent: Either part of office or desk room. Near Press Club. Apply W. H. W., Press Club, 26 N. Dearborn.

two interesting illustrations from photographs, and a drawing by August Rodin.

MONTE CARLO. By Adolph Smith, Lippincotts'.—The present year witnesses the Ninth International Congress of Zoology, opened by Prince Albert at the beautiful museum of Oceanography at Monaco.

It is the center to which eventually gravitate the leading men and women of Europe and America. Some find there the social element which gives them pleasure; others the climate and scenic setting and still others the association of great minds interested in various economic, social and scientific problems.

Few books have been issued on this most interesting country, and "Monaco and Monte Carlo" may be said to be the only work which deals thoroughly with the history of Monaco and that describes adequately all the varied interests that one finds there. The author is especially adapted to write this work as he has enjoyed a lifelong acquaintance with Monaco and Monte Carlo, and was especially fortunate in securing the consent and personal aid of Prince Albert and the officials under him in gathering authentic information and data. That is enough about Monte Carlo. In any other consideration, the rest is silence.

Books to Come.

An English translation of the suppressed Hauptmann play will soon appear in the Huebsch edition. It involves issues of patriotism rather than morality.

Mary Johnston, in her next story, "Hagar," like Ellen Glasgow in her latest book, "Virginia," will set forth the passing of some old feminine ideals in the South.

The Houghton Mifflin Company will be the American publishers of the memoirs of Li Hung Chang, edited by W. F. Mannix. J. W. Foster will write the preface.

"France of Today: Its Religious Orientation," by M. Paul Sabatier, promises to be one of the most illuminating books of the coming season, because of the light it will shed upon the present belief of a people once extremely loyal to Catholicism, but now otherwise.

President Lowell of Harvard University is to follow up his study of British governmental evolution with a book on "Public Opinion and Popular Government." Mr. Bryce, it will be recalled, deals at length with this aspect of democracy in his classic book on the United States. A comparison of the two books will be interesting.

A biography of Fabre, the French sage and student of insect life, written by Legros, is to appear in the autumn.

Prof. Richard Burton of the University of Minnesota, one of the vice-presidents of the American Drama League, is to send forth a study of the growth of the American drama. T. Y. Crowell Company will publish it.

Wanted—Position with trade paper on editorial staff. "Experienced," care Scoop.

SNARLS.

By SNARLEYOW.

The average man will glide along never complaining at thousands of huge obstacles in his onward career, fight around, under, and over them, without a kick, but let some little thing like a gnat in his eye, a broken shoe lace or an insignificant article he wants handy not turning up, then he'll bay at the moon, and blue the ambient air with maledictions. Now there are our three writing tables. Whinel do they call them writing tables? I can lick Doc Nutt or anybody who says they are anything but disappointment tables. Like the country cross-road store, they have every damn thing there is in the club on them—except the particular thing you want. Plenty of paper on one but no ink, plenty of ink on another but no pens, plenty of pens on another, but no envelopes, blotter, or mucilage. Jehosophat Christus Maria! Why don't you give somebody a rubber elastic "billy" and have him pound it into some "loon's" head. (Let me do it) that he must *twice* every day cast an eagle eye over every writing table in the club and see that they are "en regalé." No obsolete junk, no dirt and dust (the calendar on the one I am writing has not been corrected for four days). In fact make a ship-shape, neat and handy writing table for a club that otherwise is neat as a new red wagon. The so-called writing room on the fourth floor is a typewriter room and unless the mood is working strong you might as well write in a boiler factory. I would rather go in with the Rhummies.

R. D. Wolfe has just sold his paper, "Third Rail Flashes," to O. G. Christigan, the Glen Ellyn editor-man, who will continue to publish it without change of policy. Wolfe has for a long time been a life member of The Press Club. He certainly knows how to run that kind of paper, and, off duty is a man so gentle it inspires that his life membership may never die.

Trifling with Words.

Why put tin patches and axle grease all over our old elevator every few weeks. Why don't we tear out a square hole from basement to roof and put in an elevator that a coon who is wise to driving a mule, but does not know if he is an elevator or an aviator, can ride without slipping the blanket off so often?

Will that most excellent rhymster who wrote the verses "My paper, 'tis of thee?" favor THE SCOOP with a personal call?

Frank Roderus interrupted his agricultural pursuits long enough this week to report to the fourth floor convocation that he had done Balkan carnage on the cabbage worms on his farm. An invasion of 1,000,000 worms attacked his plants, numbering but 150, and Frank heard the call. He says that the groans and moaning of the dying were heard all over Glen Ellyn. The thought of his tender and defenceless sauer-kraut-on-the-hoof falling before the ruthless worms gave him courage and ambition, and he spent nearly a day in his efforts. Chemicals failed, so he went at the enemy with his bare hands and won victory—and a lame back.

THE PRESS AGENT.

SOMEONE IN THE TERRE HAUTE STAR.

In the inquiry by the Senate investigating committee into the operation of paid press bureaus conducted by large corporations and the "interests," considerable help may be expected from the high-class and conservatively conducted newspapers. The press agent evil has undoubtedly been growing at a rapid rate within recent years, and so skillful has press agency become that many newspapers would be glad to be put on their guard.

Commercial press agency in this country is, very largely, an outgrowth of the theatrical business, in which the honestly avowed press agent has long been recognized as a necessity. Today there is hardly a big business anywhere in this country that does not have press agents. The railroads have them, offering to the newspapers attractive stories of pleasure resorts or boasting of the luxurious accommodations of the road. Steamship lines employ them; so do the promoters of mining stocks, the managers of public service corporations, and manufacturers. The idea is not simply to secure advertising space in the newspapers for nothing, but to get into the reading columns of newspapers articles, supposed to be news, which would lose their force if frankly published as advertisements.

So large has the business of press agency grown, so widespread its ramifications, that it would be a distinct public service if a thorough investigation of it could be had. It would be a great help to the newspapers to know that press bureaus, supposedly organized only for the purposes of handling news, were accepting fees for securing the publication in reputable journals of a press agent's yarns. All newspapers worthy the name zealously guard their news columns against veiled publicity matter with a "purpose" in it. The legitimate publicity agent has his function in preparing unequivocal matter and keeping the newspapers informed of what the public might rightly demand to know. But the artfully concealed invitation to invest in a wildcat gold mine, contained in a seemingly harmless budget of news from Chicago or New York, or the deftly worded defense of a certain tariff schedule, or the guarded attempt to create "opinion" contained in a letter labeled "Political News From Washington"—it is to these that the insidious press agent has turned for money, and it is these the Senate committee is desiring to investigate.

Police, Injuns, Abduls, Lions and Holy Writ.

Wherever an Indian is, that is the center of all things. The meaning of that there observation lies in the application on it. The tepee of Chief Ogallala Fire, a Sioux chief, went adrift when he came down to see the Big Smoke, and has not yet recovered him. But he is here, enjoying with the unruffled calm of all noble reds the wierd things that roll across his un-winking vision.

As showing the inferiority of astrally wornout, effete and generally easymark qualities of the fareast

people, The United Order of Lions, from a camp near East Ninety-third street and Superior avenue, set up a heartrending cry concerning the loss of a petted and prodigious camel of the name of Abdul Hamid. If they would change their name from United to Untied Lions, Abdul would probably come home without police. If there is anything that a camel, or an Abdul, or a Daniel, or anything like that doesn't care for, it is the assemblage in one place of too many Daniels—or lions. Confirmation of this is as easy and as strong as proofs of holy writ.

THE STAG BATH.

BY THUR DRAIL.

A man's wife is usually the cause of a man's bath. The bath is a relic of the old barbaric ages and used as a means of torture. A bath room is an inclosure, in which this inhuman practice is indulged, and while not necessarily fatal to most men, those of delicate structure are often left a physical wreck.

A bath is an inland body of water entirely surrounded by porcelain. A small man with a heavy beard in a large bath tub looks like an island at sea, the beard resembling underbrush or shrubbery.

While the bath is a relic of antiquity it is still in vogue by men of gambling propensities or desperate characters, who don't care what becomes of them.

The annual bath in a flat is not looked upon nowadays as an aquatic event, or a man indulging even in a quarterly immersion is not regarded as absolute effeminate.

But when a man will walk two miles in the country to his nearest neighbor, with the thermometer 10 below zero, for a bucket of water, and heat said water over an oil stove, taking his bath in the wood shed, he is considered either crazy or a hero, and should be shut up in a boiler room or receive a Carnegie medal as large as a dinner plate.

NO OTHER WAY.

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

He who is a close observer reads
In each man's life this verity:
"Good Work" is the name of the road that leads
To the city of "Prosperity."

Try the Lunch Cart.

It is time to send for your wife to come home from her vacation when the sink won't hold another dish.—
Detroit Free Press.

The Old Woman's Mad.

BRAMLEY KITE.

I, Massachusetts, can produce
More educated fools,
Who tickle heels and are surprised
At vim of western mules.

A Monologue.

Impatient Intruder—Look here, you've been in there half an hour and never said a word.

Man in the Telephone Booth—I am speaking to my wife, sir.—*Sketch.*

HOME FROM SPRINGFIELD AND GLAD OF IT.



From left to right—William Colvin, Asso. Press; Jurius Woods, Daily News; E. O. (Ted) Phillips, Tribune; Bill Halloway, Examiner; Leigh Call, Illinois State Journal; Eddie Mahoney, Chicago Journal; Charles N. Wheeler, Inter Ocean; Arthur Evans, Record-Herald.

AN ALTRUISTIC EFFORT.

Our Walter H. Wood has assumed management of a magazine issued for the first time this month, but on a basis assuring continuance.

Child Betterment is published by The Child Betterment Bureau, which is a business enterprise, supported by subscriptions and sales of single copies of its magazines. Agents who sell this paper are allowed to state to persons whose patronage they solicit that the paper is published in the interests of homeless and neglected children and to help in finding homes for homeless children; but they are not allowed to state or represent that said paper is published in the interest of, or for the benefit of any society, institution or particular work for children in the state in which the paper is sold. It will be a favor to the managers of the paper if purchasers will report any violation of this rule, as they do not intend to allow any misrepresentations on the part of any employe of the magazine.

No advertising is solicited for the publication, the subscriptions alone being depended upon for its life.

There's the Alley, Why Not Use It?

Those members who are sticking it out in town while the fortunate majority are enjoying their new

electric yachts and aeroplanes have reason for feeling the slight that is being put upon them by the house management. No later than Wednesday morning while the home guard was going through a languid breakfast, it broke without notice that one of the scrub ladies engaged in making island of the occupied tables and leaving the other tables in desert steppes, was The Bohemian Girl. When with calm solicitude she was asked to prove her identity by singing it, her sole reply was "Nospikady," which was undoubtedly foreign, but irritatingly indefinite. It was thereupon resolved and carried, that hereafter all applicants claiming dramatic antecedents be taken immediately into either of the alleys adjoining the club house and there rehearsed or tried out by a properly qualified committee, generally consisting of Doctor Nutt and E. B. Norris.

This is special—that on Thursday, the 21st, in the Naval Reserve ships at anchor, or tied to the Randolph street breakwater, a perfect and unique exhibition, illustrating life on a warship in foreign waters, will be given. The entertainment will be booked by H. T. Whitton, 633 Board of Trade. Applicants will be treated exactly in the order of their coming.

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II. No. 33.

Chicago, Saturday, August 16, 1913.

Price 5c.

Come Spend an Evening With the Navy

"Our Navy," the splendid ships that carry the Stars and Stripes; "Our Navy," that produced a Paul Jones, a Lawrence, a Decatur, a Perry, a Farragut, a Porter, and a Dewey. "Our Navy" that gave birth to such expressions as, "I have only begun to fight," "Don't give up the ship," "We have met the enemy and they are ours," "Damn the torpedoes; go ahead!" "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley."

"Our Navy" from its inception on New Year's day, 1776, to August 11th, 1913," will be shown on the screen by means of motion pictures and stereopticon slides at the Press Club of Chicago, on Thursday, August 21st.

A graphic descriptive lecture will be delivered by Mr. H. G. Whitton, and special music and effects will be introduced. Pictures of the battle of Lake Erie and Perry's famous flagship Niagara.

There is no "padding." Every inch of the film is full of life and interest. The whole career of the

boys and men of the Navy, from the time the boy leaves his village home to join the service, till the time when, in the full blast of war, death and destruction are dealt around by the terrible engines the service controls.

"There are few entertainments in this country which, while affording amusement, are so calculated to stimulate patriotic sentiment, and they have been aptly described by Hon. Geo. Edmond Foss, late chairman of Naval Committee of House of Representatives at Washington, in these words: "They are the finest pictures I ever have seen."

Dinner will be served in all the dining-rooms at 6 o'clock. The entertainment will open

at 8:30. The whole occasion will be informal. The table service will receive some extra attention, but there will be no reception or other committees.

The exhibition will be in the library, which is a big room, but there will be plenty of seats for all. There will be enough to fill them.



THE SIREN SISTERS.

BY JOHN POSTGATE, PRESS CLUB.

He who loves not wine, woman and song
Remains a fool his whole life long.

—German Proverb.

No fools were we! Nor pale nor wan,
But full of buxom life;
We clutched the world within our span,
And scoffed at sturt and strife;
Our fingers snapped at canting call,
We mocked the midnight bell;
Wine, woman, song—we wooed them all,
And gloried in their spell.

So ripe lips laughed as wild hours ran,
And mirth waxed fast and strong;
'Twas not for us to quit the van
That gaily rolled along;
For goblet's glow revealed the fire
That lurks in half-veiled eyes;
'Mid music's swell we found desire
With bound'ries in the skies.

With hearts aflame from luring lips,
And minds enthralled with wine,
Aloft we soared in fairy ships
To realms of bliss divine;
But roses droop within the bowl,
While pales its rosy light,
And song that charmed the inmost soul
Grows faint and chill as night.

For woman, wine and gladsome song—
The Siren Sisters three—
Oft lose their zest when tempest strong
Turns chords and strings agley;
And cups that clink while bright eyes smile,
Sometimes are charged in vain;
While joys that bounding hearts beguile
Sigh out in said refrain.

Yet, though the course be tinged with grief,
With fitful rays to guide,
Both young and old find sweet relief
In drifting with the tide;
And while the stream glides swift along
To shores where goblins lurk,
We still may court wine, woman and song,
And scorn the churls who shirk!

BRAIN PANNERS.

Charles W. Holman has quitted, abandoned and otherwise put aside his editorship of Farm and Ranch at Dallas to become editor of the Bulletin or Magazine of the University of Wisconsin, and be the general publicity man of that institution. This means the freer use of his non-resident membership in the Club, where his most strenuous efforts have utterly failed to find him a single enemy.

Illustration of a triple play: Walter Bermingham to Walter Howey to Walter Washburne. Meaning that Bermingham hands his P. A. stuff to Howey to be run on Monday. Howey hands it to Washburne, who sits in Sunday night. Final put out, Herman Reiwitch.

B. Yarwood is considering an offer from an Illinois home-finding association for deserted children. He handled the "Joy" story which gave one homeless lad of 5 the pick of some 850 homes through the Record-Herald and he insisted that the boy's choice qualify under a set of rules he drew up himself and which

mean Bert's stories have split in two a future of clouds and left the little fellow only sunshine ahead. Incidentally, Bert knocked down a "bonus" for the stuff from H. B. C., the world's greatest managing editor.

Mackerly and Yarwood and Kirkland of the R.-H. saw a man beating a woman in an office across the street and dashed to the rescue. The beater, met downstairs, directed them up a blind stairway and half an hour later they rushed bravely to the rescue, while the poor woman was considering a proposition from the janitor to go out and take the top off a few cool steins. They canceled their offers to testify to the brutality of friend husband when the janitor the next morning asked a policeman to direct him and a perfect lady home.

We think so much of Bob Barry, of the Louisville Courier Journal, who is visiting Ben Ezra Kendall, that we have asked him to stick in this burg. Barry thinks so much of us, he says he will.

John Kelley, veteran police reporter of the Trib, has got himself a nice new soft felt hat. He wears it with a swagger. John looks good in one of them things. It's some kelley,—meaning the hat, you know.

One of the Tribune staff has had the name Daniel hitched to him for life. Walter A. Washburne tied it with a slip knot that can't slip. He can sling more words than many a big leaguer, and by that you may fathom his other name.

Jimmy Durkin says: "Bill Cochran's boat 'Cheese' was so strong it just naturally walked off, and walked back again."

How will you have your Parker? The Trib has three. There's Hon. Reed L. "Rusty," Gilman M. "Painless," and Harry "Lucky Curve." Take yer choice.

The County Building Glee Club, comprising Carl Pratt of the American, Jim McCarty of the C. N. B., George Gabe of the American, George Hammond of the News, Kid Ballantyne of the News, Jeff Jones, Beckman of the C. N. B., and little Roy Henderson, were at it again the other day. They made the whole building merry. It was a great thing. Everybody was smiling. Two women came down the corridor on the fourth floor. One turned to the other, all animation. "Oh, Dearie," she said, "just hear those poor prisoners amusing themselves. Isn't it just too interesting." Pratt broke a banjo string.

Jeff Jones of the City News Bureau is another of those who "done time in the Twin Cities." Mr. Jones is gonna belong too, soon.

Thurber W. Cushing of the Evening Post compelled to walk up stairs Monday night, saw the sign on the Chicago Real Estate Board: "Judicial Sales Room." "Gee," he enunciated, "I've often heard of judges being bought—but this is the first time I ever saw the place where they sell 'em."

John Morrison, guardian angel of reporters' cash at the Record-Herald, has returned from a vacation at Antioch. John established a new heel and toe walking record while in Lake county. He wore out seven pairs of shoes keeping in form for chasing R.-H. office boys.

George Bryant, the World's Greatest Police Reporter (not infringing the Tribune copyright) is expected back on the Record-Herald this week after ten days in New York. George went east armed with letters from McWeeny, Schuettler, Halpin and a few others and has been getting ideas on the methods of eastern "dicks."

Andy Jensen—"Empty Dome Andy"—of the R.-H., forgot that he was an office boy. On his night off last week, he heard shots and shouts from a north-west side flat. "Andy" beat the coppers to the killing, got the dope and stood ankle deep in the proverbial "pool of blood" while phoning his story to the office. He hit page 1 with it, too.

Old Ray Leek of here and the Sunday Room of the Record-Herald has been extracted from said s. r. to be day city editor for a week, much to the annoyance and anger of everyone in the local room except the reporters, copy-readers and boys.

Members of the Chicago Clearing House Association went on their summer vacation this week, leaving matters in charge of Hal Rockefeller-Morgan Lytle, in the financial room of the Record-Herald. Ten minutes later and the affairs of the old Chicago National bank, the defunct Walsh institution, were wound up after a delay of years and the democratic party's currency bill was meeting with unreserved approval of every banker in the city. Outside of that, Hal hasn't done much with the financial page.

Allan Rankin, sport person of the R.-H. must have copped his heiress. He had two men and a boy toting his package of diamonds for personal adornment this week, and nonchalantly guessed they weren't worth more'n three fo' hundred apiece.

Jimmy Durkin asks, "Why all these ham reporters who don't know where they put things? It'd be canned ham for mine."

KEEP AT IT!

One step won't take you very far;
You've got to keep on walking.
One word won't tell folks who you are;
You've got to keep on talking.
One inch won't make you very tall;
You've got to keep on growing.
One little ad. won't do it all;
You've got to keep them going.

—Novelty News.

OLDEST SAVINGS BANK IN CHICAGO

The Hibernian Banking Association

CORNER CLARK AND MONROE STREETS

Transacts a General Banking business.

Savings deposits of One Dollar and upwards received.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

OUR TACITUS IN THE TOUGH.

DEAR OLD MUSSELTOP: Just yegged into this old huddle of bricks last week after springing a couple of fancy crib-crackers with a bunch of fall-do and a slick mouthpiece out in Topeka. That's why you ain't lamped me in a century, and say, when I trimmed my bow-lights on the old main stem I thought sure I was a gill from the Barnaby belt.

But, chee, how The Scoop has fattened up since last I slid out on a Pullman ducat, eh kid? It's a REG-ular magazine now, like the Harness Breeder's Gazette and Harper's and the Safe Blowers' Beacon of Truth—ain't it?

But this is what got my can-muncher and nagged me on to knock out a yours-truly trick and drop it on the Deadwood route to the Editor. A bunch of tall-domes get up an argument in your sheet about New England glomming all the tall reading notices in the histories. Those darbs who put up the kick knew what they were gnawing about, take it from me. The South has done as much for this country as the North, and as for New England—. But wait, let's see how many prominent Southerners I know personally that ought to go down in the pages of history with oil paintings by Bertillon:

There's Memphis Louie, the moll buzzer, and the Arkansas Kid, who's now boarding at San Quentin, and Moggie from Canal street, the best dip that ever flowed out of New Orleans on a jerry murphy, and Atlanta Fred—he was some check kiter!—and Dixie Joe, the chocolate hophead, and Bernie from Covington, all-star doper of mudlarks, and—

But what's the use of moping any further. There's the men and I know their records. Take it from me, that gink who claimed everybody who ever looped the loop to be a Southerner didn't need to go out of his way to register Abe Lincoln, U. S. Grant, Daniel Webster, Yon Yonson, Lillian Russell, Jim Jeffries, Happy Hooligan and Luke McGlulke as blown-in-the-glass Southerners, just to nail his point that the South had the history trust.

What's New England got, anyhow? Boston Willie? Yes, he's good on a stick-up job. Hattie from Hartford? Yes, best mush hooker in the business. The Portland Stiff? Sure, but he's in stir for a lifer and don't count. And a lot of cheap guns like that. Say, most of that mob couldn't nick a ladies' fan at a policeman's ball!

I know what New England's going to do. It's going to crack back: "Forget those Pilgrim Fathers. They're dead ones. But what about Robert Emmet and John Redmond, and Honey Fitz, Mayor of Bawston?"

Guess that'll be a knockout—huh?

But I don't know about the New Englandeers claiming Jawn L. Sullivan. Didn't he come from South Boston?

Hoping you'll put the finger on all my old pals for me, I remain,

Yours over the river,

PHINNY THE EEL,

MORE ABOUT THE "MONS."

We used to call Philo D. Benham (Opie's brother-in-law), "The Bishop," because he managed a magazine at St. Louis for the Methodist Church. He was undoubtedly our very greatest punster—a charming man, too. He now lives on the beautiful island of Hiawassee, in the Tennessee River, remains faithful to the Club, and writes as follows:

"The sketch of Flanders is more than a faithful likeness. It is the real, posing, orating, gesticulating 'Mons' who, with mincing gait, struts through the columns of *THE SCOOP*, pausing at intervals, obligingly to press the button when some one else has offered to 'buy.'

"In any company Flanders kept the center of the stage and monopolized the spot-light. When Charlie Wallace, of Arkansas, strolled into the Club one day to meet Opie and me, he was invited to join our group at a table where Flanders, who had not before met Wallace, was declaiming in his usual vein. Now Wallace, whom Opie has immortalized as *Willis*, in 'The Tennessee Judge,' liked the sound of his own voice, and, among new acquaintances, would 'show off' in verbal gymnastics and grotesque gestures in a way that compelled attention. Several times the 'Mons,' realizing that he had lost his grip on his audience, essayed to break in on Wallace; but Flanders' slow, deliberate, forensic manner of speech could not prevail against Wallace's spread-eagle-style and exaggerated gesticulations. After a number of ineffectual attempts to regain his audience, 'Mons' saw that something decisive must be done to oust the entertaining usurper. Narrowing his eyes to gimlet-points, with which he drilled holes through Wallace, he leaned across the table and, shaking a forefinger threateningly under the Wallace nose, he shouted: 'Mister Wallace! For a time your antics are *amusing*; but after a *while* you become a *bore*!' 'Mons' had sized up his man; Wallace withdrew, outraged at the indignity, and 'Mons' was again on the throne.

"I believe it was the occasion of the opening of the new Plank's Tavern at St. Joe, Mich. The Press Club was invited. It was a *stag* affair, winding up with a grand banquet at night. The steamer with the Press Club delegation aboard docked at St. Joe in the early afternoon and was met by a reception committee with conveyances. The visitors were driven for miles over vine-clad hills and through countless acres of peach-orchards, strawberry and melon fields. For some of the boys, staples like corn, rye and hops held stronger attractions than fruit, and these soon turned back to the town. Returning from the drive a party of us, passing a refectory, recognized familiar voices within. Entering, we found Ed. ———, 'Mons' Flanders—and other choice spirits. ——— was saying: "'Mons," I want you to tell me how you can *carry* the enormous amount of liquor you do. Crossing the lake you stuck to the bar all the way from Chicago to St. Joe. You never missed a round. Since we struck this town it has been a continuous performance for you. You have drunk more than any ten men in the party and ought to be paralyzed, but you are as fresh as a daisy. How do you *do* it?"

"Hastily swallowing his drink and setting the empty glass on the bar, 'Mons' struck an attitude and replied: 'Mister ———, I will *tell you*' (pushing back the derby hat from his Napoleonic brow, and tapping his forehead significantly), '*The brain dominates the jag.*'

"Evidently, this was to be the opening of a long psychological discourse, demonstrating the power of 'Papa's' mind over the matter of booze; but the shout that went up showed 'Mons' that he had scored with the single sentence. Then some one offered to 'buy,' and 'Mons' got busy again.

"'Mons' Flanders was a strange and interesting combination. In appearance he tried to resemble the first Napoleon; and succeeded. In capacity for brag, bluster and booze he was distinctly *Falstaffian*, while his optimism almost rivaled that of *Col. Mulberry Sellers*. It is good that his memory is revived to those who knew him, and preserved to the present and future generations of Press Club members, in your classic chronicles."

P. D. BENHAM.

THE SINGERS AND THEIR SONGS.

BY J. E. GILMAN, PRESS CLUB.

Of what are poets made?

Of soul serene and fibre fine,
With love of man and things divine;
A strong desire the world to bless,
An inward sense of littleness;
With eyes that see, on every hand,
The magic of enchanted land;
All things to them, their songs intone
As sculptors view, in unknown stone,
A vision fair pervade.

Of what are poems made?

Of quaint conceit, and dainty phrase,
Of tangled thought like wild wood maze;
Of dreams embalmed, and color framed,
Ithuriel's spears at tyrants aimed;
Heart passions, fancies, hope and fear,
A great soul's ringing cry of cheer;
Divine devotion, thought refined,
Of mystic music gems entwined,
Of things that never fade.

And why do poets sing?

Because of thoughts that in them burn,
Of things inwrought where'er they turn;
For lofty purpose, high ideal,
The impulse strong cannot conceal;
As fountains filled and bubbling o'er,
Continuous crystal blessings pour,
Their inward longings must express,
Or else forego all happiness;
For this give fancy wing.

And what can poems do?

To fevered brain, they bring a calm,
To desert hearts a heavenly balm;
As cooling springs in arid land,
To verdure fair transforms the sand,
These aspirations high incite,
And cheerful gaiety invite;
The patriot's heart they fill with fire,
With fervent love the soul inspire,
And passions fierce subdue.

Pindar says, as cited by Plato, that whoever lives a life of justice and holiness, "Sweet hope, delighting, with him lives."

MILWAUKEE'S ONE AMBROSIAL NIGHT.

Among the earliest manifestations of the coming season will be a visit from the Milwaukee Press Club. Sufficient inquiry has been furtively made by Hunter Anderson and Walter H. Wood to enable this announcement without fear of a falldown.

The Milwaukee fellows used to come freely enough, and once while we were in Madison street they brought in a vast and sumptuous loving cup, and presented it with priestly ceremonies, conducted by Papa Kimball, who now resides in happier though less contiguous zones of life, and who did his share that night to drain it dry.

But that was before the time when in the evolution of liquids, Chicago had produced a beer that made Milwaukee jealous, and thereby set up a doubt of continuous fraternity. Yet they be a self-certain lot their Milwaukee yins, contemptuous of what would make others jealous. They will come.

We will do unto them things a many, and hope for fitting and abundant comeback. By that time Rudy Berliner will have had his Press Club band complete and immune to disharmony. At present there is now and then partially riotous dispute by Captain Franklin, who wants to play bass drum, where his 6.30 feet height and 8.04 feet girth would indicate the piccolo for his. At preliminary rehearsals, besides, it has been almost impossible to get the slide trombones to slide together. The tuba, moreover, is demanded by Captain Ffrench, not because he publishes the greatest music journal in the west, but on the puerile and vain plea that he fits the tuba, even as Franklin believes he does the big drum. The only musician who is likely to get unanimous vote is Walter Wood, who strikes out with the entirely original claim that both he and the snare drum run an average minimum of size and maximum of uproar. These points will be amicably settled even if half the band has to hand it strong to the other half.

And then our Own and Only Greatest World Organization, headed by braw young Anderson skirling "The Cock, the North" on a bagpipe that will call for three porters; Wood drumming the heads out of all the instruments of percussion procurable; Paul Neuman on a zobo zobing simultaneously "God Save the King" and "Die Wacht am Rhine," and John McGovern doing a sacerdotal tango. Then the Club Full Band and the Club itself in its most Clubable condition, with its most flaming gonfalons. In such wise and panoply shall we meet Milwaukeeeites at the railway station, paralyze traffic all the way thence to 26 North Dearborn street, get them inside and do unto them nothing whatever that we cannot think of.

And they shall stay within our doors as long as nature and their personal limitations may permit, and then, with or without the band, as discretion may direct, find their way back to the railway station, thankful, yea, most devoutly thankful of having discovered why and how Chicago has made Milwaukee jealous; and Chicago will be ready before the winter is over (O, that winter!) to go pay a courtesy return visit to them of Milwaukee, and make that pious Club weep over its beer—yea, over its own bier.

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Doggone that Doggone Dog!

DEAR SCOOP: Ben Kendall has a one lung dog. He spells it's name D-O-R-G. It's a funny pup, an English Bull, and comes of rich but respectable parentage.

Ben woke up in the middle of the night, about 9 a. m., and jumped out of bed. The dorg had given a funny kind of bark. Ben was alarmed. He put his ear to the dorg's side and listened to the works. He was convinced that there was something wrong in the machinery

So he put Dorg into the satin-lined basket he had accepted on trial, and hiked with haste to the nearest vet. Ben was all dressed up like Astor's horse, and spoke like a man who has just written his expense account. The vet smiled.

He used eight kinds of instruments. He used five different sorts of stuff on his hands. He straightened up from his work, all het up. The dog had pneumonia. One lung had vanished entirely away, the other threatened to vanish similarly at any moment. Moreover, there were other things.

One possible way of saving the other lung presented itself. A serum would have to be injected once a month, at \$3.50 per inject. Maybe in a year or two—

"Say," says Ben, "it's all right about the dorg having one lung, because I've only got a one-lunged salary to support him, but there ain't anybody going to inject my dorg."

Ben went to the man who had sold him the dorg. The man laughed when he heard all the vet's diagnosis.

"Why, that pup ain't old enough to have caught half the diseases that guy mentioned," he said. "Nothing the matter with him except maybe colic and fleas."

"But listen at him bark," said Ben, with dogged pertinacity. (I think myself persistency would be the right word, but pertinacity has attached itself to dogged like a pup to a root, and who am I, et cetry—how-ever—)

"'Sall right. Let him get out among the dog wood trees. Help wonderfully."

Ben's bought the dorg a new collar, and the afore-said s. l. basket, and the dorg threatens to outgrow both in a month. And he's going to get a silk quilt to lay the doggone dog on, he says. Perfectly scandalous, what?

PADDY.

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A LIBRARY OF HOSTILES.

Frederick Ward is one of our own family, of whom we hesitate to speak for fear of letting affection run away with judgment, and thereby impinge our own sense of good breeding and his somewhat overdeveloped sense of modesty.



Mr. Ward is entitled more than any other one of us to talk with first hand knowledge of the three legs or the house of keys of the Isle of Man, because he was born in that independent bailiwick of the United Kingdom and lived there until his nineteenth year. Not all of those golden years in idleness, mind you, but ten of them the happiest. Then he became a faithful servant of her good old Majesty Victoria, in the telegraph and cable office of the postal department. After that the stirrings of a fine ambition brought him to New York, where a brief turn in mere commercialism brought him through a process of natural direction into the deckhand level of art work. From that it was a short cut to Chicago and the establishment of a lucrative business in commercial illustration. The money this brought him enabled the establishment of a handsome library as part of a handsome home. The library is odd in its kind, because it is made up mainly of books written by authors with whom he wholly disagrees. It is not among the probabilities that any other working principles could result in a library more interesting.

Whose Trembling Limbs Have Borne Him to Our Door.

DEAR SCOOP:—Trying to get down to nature, to shake off the dust and turmoil of city life, has absolutely nothing on alleged godliness. Tearing myself away from the comradeship of the Press Club's hospitable doors I went forth to Bay View—for the benefit of those who do not know the place, North Michigan claims it. It calls itself a health resort. Reason why, it needs health. I went there for a chance to work in peace upon some plots outlined in the dim recesses of my soul, and get my first real holiday in fifteen years. Did I find either? I did not.

I have come back, with tongue hanging out and heart yearning for the old comrades, a less foolish and much chastened man. I thought I had gone to a health resort and found I'd struck a living cemetery, where block and lot numbers did duty for street and residential names.

My sympathy is with the British army sergeant-major when he divided up the regiment for Sunday church parade into three parties—"Church of England stand fast, Roman Catholic two paces to back march, and all fancy religions two paces to front—march!"

Bay View is essentially a place of fancy religions, especially those which are fancy. I was setting down a few odd thoughts on my typewriter in my room at the hotel, when a racuous, grating female voice greeted me from outside my door with the siren melody:

"Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but on the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy Gawd, and in it thou shalt not do any work," with a whole lot about neighbors and asses and family matters that were simply impertinent.

My retort required that same rest, with a preliminary invocation which should have reached but cannot be repeated in a journal so pious as THE SCOOP.

As for rest and holiday—you may not smoke, look at the honest cup of contentment, swear, fish on Sundays, nor even sneeze, or hellfire is your blighting and determinedly delivered lot. Liquor, the fragrant weed, contentment and happiness all are so removed from godliness that they have no place in Bay View environments, and as for being allowed to drive through the village

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on Sunday, it is a thing unheard of. If ever there was a spot on earth more removed from the ideals of perfect rest—then show it to me. Bay View aches for the rejuvenating hand of the Press Club's gay spirits—and although your special correspondent has done his best—it has woefully fallen—what a reforming-ground it offers only now can I realize to the full when rehabilitated in the jovial spirit of our good-fellowship. Thank God, I live once more. The sweets are all the more palatable now after the enforced draught.

W. ROBERT FORAN.

LIMERICKS.

There once was a keen kangaroo,
Who painted his children sky blue.
His wife said, "My dear,
Don't you think they look queer?"
He replied, "I'm not sure but they do."

There was an old man of Tarentum
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em.
When asked what they cost,
In case they were lost;
He replied, "I don't know, for I rent 'em."

Said a dog by the name of Tomatso,
To a pussy he'd met at the cat show,
"I see, madam, you've dined,
And I hope you have wined."
"Good Lord," said the cat, "does my rat show?"

Oh, a wondrous bird is the pelican!
His beak holds more than his belican;
He takes in his beak
Food enough for a week;
But I'll be darned if I know how the helican.
—Western Review.

We Are Mutually Missed.

Santa Barbara, Cal., Aug. 8.—Hon. Editor of THE GREATEST PAPER, care Press Club, 26 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Are you a Scoop Booster? *I am.*

FRANKINBERG.

Minneola Hotel, Fox Lake, Ill., Aug. 10.—Old Press Club: Greeting (and two weeks of 'em) from

DE LYLE F. CASS.
ARTHUR B. GLESSNER,
S. C. CORNELL.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 5.—Jay Cairns, Presiding Elder Press Club, Chicago, S. A.:

"O say can you see
O' homesick and me?"

Best to all,

Empress Theater.

BILL JOSSEY.

Justly Celebrated Rag Party.

"Mark, Wats-on your mind?" asked Kendall.
"Chase yourself, you wry witch," grinned the Trib re-write man, who was most justly grieved. "I was just trying to figure the Lawson my expense account."

"Understand Bill Cochran after the Cheese when she disappeared?"

"No, he ran to get a Hammond egg sandwich. He didn't lay Hanson on any though, but Goodness Howey Wood Lovett.

"Good night," said Kendall faintly, "god night!"

WOOING A SUFFRAGETTE.

O, come with me and be my wife
And you may cast my vote for life.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Oh, let me be your loving hub;
I'll mend the clothes and cook the grub.
—Springfield Union.

Oh, will you wed me, maiden fair?
The trousers you shall always wear.
—Allentown Democrat.

Oh, sweetheart, let no time be lost;
I'll ne'er be happy till I'm bossed.
—Altoona Times.

Come hike with me, my lady fair,
And we will live on your hot air.
—Yonkers Statesman.

O, do not fear that I'm a fakir—
I'll be your "sub" as window breaker.
—Indianapolis News.

But here's your most convincing dope:
You'll get the weekly envelope.

RECENT VISITORS.

R. T. Barry, Louisville, guest of Ben Kendall.
J. M. Coane, C. E., Melbourne, guest of Dr. Cooke-Adams.

S. I. DeKrafft, Los Angeles, guest of Dr. Nutt.
R. P. GoRelle, New York, guest of John Gregg.
W. N. Hanna, New York, guest of Hunter Anderson.
W. E. Ingersoll, New York, guest of John Gregg.
R. E. Johnson, Minneapolis, guest of C. H. Compere.
J. S. McCay, Long Prairie, Minn., guest of W. R. Humphrey.

H. Percy Millar, Jr., New York, guest of H. Percy Millar.

F. W. Peterson, La Grange, guest of Clark S. Thomas.

A. C. Simons, Paris, guest of Phil Sawyer.
T. L. Wampeler, New York, guest of Col. Wm. Lightfoot Visscher.

Frank Dallam, for so long a time on the Chicago newspapers, is on the New York Times copy desk. Nobody for quite a while has known where he was, but everybody knew he wasn't dead.

Boost when you can, and when you can't
Close down your own talk-making plant.
For, though it sounds queer, I'll admit:
No knocker ever made a hit.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Minneapolis waiter refused a tip of \$900. The heat in Minneapolis must be affecting all classes.

W. Whitbold
FLORIST
56 EAST RANDOLPH STREET

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GENTLE DREAMERS IN A CHANGING WORLD.

The New Review is a recent and rather important periodical of the kind that is so steadily displacing all but the greater dailies as living elements in the formation of American public opinion. In a recent issue the editor, Herman Simpson, emitted a long and logical article carefully and completely setting out the causes for the decline of the Socialist party as those causes appeared to him. It was interesting, but it overlooked the two real reasons why socialism carries in its own body the seeds of its own shunless death, like the man poisoned by the gypsy dreng: Socialists think with their hearts, never with their brain, whereby they have not and will not evolve a working theory that will work; and then, no matter how admirable they may be as individuals (and truly admirable you will find them, wherever they may be), they are incapable of cohesive continuity in action. Their fire is too weak to consume anything but their own time. Mr. Simpson might have let it go at that. It is the whole story. But nobody should wish to terminate their agitations. These can do nothing but good. They herald a new day, and will help hasten its dawn; and their dreams are a gentle medicine in the life of an awakening world. The party will not awake. It will die. But another, more practical, will make its best dreams come true.

AN EXPANSION OF THE INEXPANSIBLE.

Elbert Hubbard exploits The Fra as the Exponent of American Philosophy, and under that modest banner a platform: Votes for Women; Tree Planting; International Disarmament; Oral Rights; Good Roads; Children's Gardens; Agriculture in Public Schools; Taxation of Church Property. He must have added as truest of all, Shine Philosophy and the Exploitation of Elbert. The Fra for August is just exactly four times its former size, which is not very far off two times two the size it should have been before. How this was brought about is a question of aerostatics as applied to soap, water and pipes, and the determination of bursting points in chromatic films of that production.

DID HE KNOW, OR WAS HE COLD?

"For after all," wrote Montesquieu, "the most permanent empire is climate." From which it is sun clear that eminent philosopher was either infatuated with

hot air, polaric in his tastes, had highly disjected information concerning climate as a general subject, or a profound knowledge of hell.

ANOTHER OF OUR MEN MAKES GOOD.

Canada Monthly, Herbert Vanderhoof's highly successful magazine, has increased its page size to that of Puck, and its number of pages to 70, between covers.

The brief history of this magazine is interesting in at least one particular: It never lost a cent. Its earnings from the first were greater than its costs, and its rapid growth has been accompanied by a corresponding growth in profits. It is only seven years old, but it has become the largest and by far the most interesting and influential magazine in the Dominion, handsomely printed, artistically laid out, as well illustrated as any publication on this continent, and invariably well written. The circumstances, all round, are really most remarkable. They may be attributed to Mr. Vanderhoof's genius for business—he writes little himself, but he does better than run his own stuff: he knows how to find and keep the best kind of editorial skill, and that skill knows not only how to write, but how to fetch over the best work of other people.

Vanderhoof was for some years on the staff of the Inter Ocean—part of the time on the night city desk with Will Moore—before fired himself across the line and began to build up a new project in a field that at the time looked mighty barren, but that he has made fruitful.

That Clipson boy of ours would better come home about as quick as he can, or he'll find mother and the rest of us waiting for him at the cars with things that will hurt him hard when he tries to sit down. His latest postal from Natal may be all very well as a reason why there are so few harems in Myopic Missouri, but it does not clear him from its own very clear imputation that his ideas of society have gone on the skids.

The frank discussion now being carried on in the Mexican press as to who will succeed Huerta when he has been assassinated must be a trifle hard on that noisy person's nerves.

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PAN TRIUMPHANT.

CAROLINE REYNOLDS IN LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC.

Gypsy heart, can you not hear, faint and far adown the glen,
Muted notes of lilting reeds; Pan has found the road again!

Close your door to hush his song, draw the curtain at your pane;
Hide your eyes within your books—Gypsy heart, 'tis all in vain!

You who said the Pan was dead, nevermore his reeds should sing,
Did you think he would not wake with the first, shy kiss of Spring?

Pan has found the road again—hearken to the reeds' low call;
Rippling waters, brooding mirds, whispering trees—he sings them all.

Morning fires across the sky; morning dews upon the grass;
Pungent breath of foam-fringed sea, where the distant white sails pass.

Hot sweet noons when blossoms blow; drowsy hum of brigand bees;
Pillowed head upon my breast; sleep beneath the arching trees.

Hushed gray dusks when fireflies glow; shadows where the campfire gleams;
Smell of woodsmoke in the pines; dreams and songs and songs and dreams.

Gypsy heart, the door swings wide; reeds are rippling down the glen;
Ah, my heart calls low to thine—Pan has found the road again!

HERE BE CHIPS TO KNOCK OFF.

Dear Scoop: Who is Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, and since when has he been a "veteran musical critic . . . most thoroughly fitted to deal with musical questions?" In an article heralding a book by this Mr. Krehbiel, he is quoted thus: "The negro has given us absolutely all the music that can with any justice be called distinctively American."

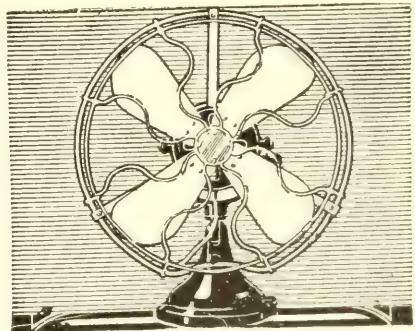
It is a fair inference that what is meant is "American," then, in the sense of being "national art." Songs with the alleged distinctive American style, twang, flavor, savor or sentiment. But *what* is "national style" in folk-song? There are distinctively Scotch, distinctively Italian, distinctively Welsh, English and Norwegian folk-songs, distinctive in this, that they possess an acknowledged "national" or "local" style. What gave them this style?

For generations untold, in pre-railroad days, the people living in a Welsh county, near a Norwegian Fjord or in a Scotch village, would live in the same place. They would be affected by the same environment and by similar evolutionary processes. These facts produced amongst them a unanimity of thought and feeling so great as to lead almost to identity of sentiments and of ways and means of expressing those sentiments. As a result, a folk-song created by one of them would

affect them all in almost precisely the same manner. Their emotions had run for centuries in the same (or similar) channels, so that when to one amongst them, the gift of self-expression was given, his product was at once recognized as an expression of feelings shared, in their most intimate details, by whole communities, states or nations. As a result, the song would be sung, from generation to generation of these people, who had, practically, the same mind—or the same emotional system. This process sums up, in a nutshell, the genesis of the folk-song and accounts for its "national" earmarks or style, through which a musician familiar with the nations and their general means of self-expression can instantly classify a folk-song—this comes from England, this other comes from Wales and that from Norway.

To be a folk-song (in the characteristic national sense) a song must possess distinctive "national" characteristics. These it can acquire only from a nation which (through long residence in the same environment) has tinged the lives of all its members with the same emotions. In what sense can this hold good for the negro, a member of an alien race, forcibly transplanted to an environment totally different from that of his original home in Africa?

Of the negro himself, anthropologists have ascertained that he is more than 99 per cent imitative, and less than 1 per cent initiative. Where are African inventions or literature? As is well known to all scientific musicians, negro music was the result of his attempts to imitate the white man's music. Such differentiation from the white man's music as is shown in alleged negro-music is the result, primarily, of his inability to imitate accurately; secondly, of his unconscious introduction into the white man's music of cer-



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Wm. D. McJunkin Advertising Agency, Chicago 1883

tain essentially African details of rhythm and of repetition.

Mr. Krehbiel says: "Like all other folk-music, it was in a minor key"—thus landing in one leap into a blatant absurdity, bolstered by a superstition born of popular ignorance. Space will not permit cataloging the thousands of folk-songs which are not in minor keys (musicians usually say "minor mode"), but the most casual reference to any genuine collection of popular songs or alleged "American folk-songs" will reveal the fact that ninety-nine of every hundred are in major "keys"—to conform to Mr. Krehbiel's terminology. But perhaps Mr. Krehbiel means that sad songs "naturally" find their expression through songs in the minor "key." This seems borne out in his words: "The prevailing note (sic!) was and is plaintive, the involuntary expression of a state of bondage and tinged sometimes by weird tones of pure sorrow or deeply seated superstition or a gloomy savage superstition, like that in 'Massa's in de Col' Ground' and 'Wake Nicodemus.'" It has ere now been said that Mr. Krehbiel is "tone-deaf" and his choice of illustrations seems to confirm the view. Let the reader kindly re-read the last quotation and then, if no musician, ask a musician-friend. This friend will assure him that "Massa's in de Col' Ground" and "Wake Nicodemus" are in the Major "key." (If his friend is a true musician, he will, of course, use the word "mode" in place of "key.") To further disprove Mr. Krehbiel's assertion that "all other folk-music is in a Minor key"—think for a moment of the American "Old Black Joe," "The Old Cabin House," "Listen to the Mocking-Bird," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Nelly Was a Lady," "Old Folks at Home," "We're Tenting Tonight"—all songs expressing, with varying success, various shades of the "plaintive" or of "tones or sorrow." Think also of the plaintive sorrow (to use Mr. Krehbiel's words) of such songs as the Welsh "All Through the Night," the German "Lorelei," the Norwegian "Saeterjente," the Irish "Last Rose of Summer" or "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls," the English "Ben Bolt" or "In the Gloaming," the Scotch "Land of the Leal"—no sadder song came from Scotland—and then realize that every song here named is in the Major "key." Of three hundred and two "popular" songs examined, which include all the songs here named, only two (less than 1 per cent!) are in minor. But musical critics are rarely musicians, and to them perhaps a fact is unknown which is perfectly familiar to composers of music, namely, that the keenest pathos is conveyed by the Major mode, not the Minor. True, to enhance the particularly Major effect, the Minor may be used before or after, or before and after the climax of pathos, but nevertheless, the saddest motives, phrases or parts of the saddest compositions are written in Major, not, as popular superstition has it, in Minor. Witness the most poignant theme of the first movement of Tscheikowsky's Pathetic Symphony, or the saddest part (the "Adagio") of Schubert's Tragic Symphony; Lohengrin's Farewell to Elsa, more than half of Wagner's great threnody on the death of Siegfried, the Trio of Chopin's Funeral-

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March—easily recognized by all sentient hearers as that soft melody that for the strong is too deep for tears, whilst compelling the tears of those not so strong. Finally, in all English speaking countries, the apotheosis of funeral sadness is Handel's Dead March in Saul—a funeral march in C Major.

Mr. Krehbiel's topsy-turvy assertion that Stephen Foster "caught enough of the negro feeling to write a little of it" is characteristic of the lack of musicianship which pervades his writing like a mist. The exact opposite is the truth. The negro, hardly ever an originator, but like the monkey, an inveterate imitator, "caught enough of the" white man's feeling to imitate it. His melodies are more or less successful adaptations of old hymns, camp-fire songs, dances and other popular ditties which he heard from our ancestors.

"All the music written by white people in this country might as well have been written in Europe, for it bears the impress of European artificiality." This assertion of Mr. Krehbiel's is less dogmatic than right down stupid. In the first place, it is a gratuitous insult to the memory of our greater composer, MacDowell, and shows the impertinent insouciance of ignorance in the presence of living American composers like Foote, Hadley, Farwell, Damrosch and Henry F. Gilbert—to name but a few. Who but an American could have written "Danny Deever" or "The Pirate's Song?"

Inasmuch as our best composers show none of the cramping limitations of "nationality," Mr. Krehbiel imagines that they are not (in their music) truly American. But as has been already pointed out, "nationality" in music is the result of generations of narrow, cramped, essentially parochial life—the kind of life Thoreau illumined in his phrase, "Lived and moved and had my being *under a dishcover*."

Cosmopolitanism and the steam-engine have given these composers a universality of mind and of outlook which effectually prevents them from limiting themselves to writing "American" music, and one reason for the spontaneous success of such songs as "Danny Deever" or "The Pirate's Song" is the fact that they come to us as the breath of a larger air, that universal

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atmosphere which may be breathed by all Americans ready for it and which can be fairly said to constitute Americanism in music without the narrow limitation of dialectic turns and ear-marks, possessed by those songs that express the merely "national" sentiments of Europeans. Where Europeans express nationality, we aim at universality.

If the misstatements contained in the advance notice are really excerpts from the book which Mr. Krehbiel threatens to inflict upon the public, we beg him to reconsider his decision. If he has one real friend, he will surely be dissuaded from adding another book to the shelves already crowded with volumes of misinformation.

JOHN A. CAMPBELL.

Broadly speaking, Mr. Campbell is accurate in all save his premise, part of his facts, and most of his conclusions. Trifles such as these commend to this journal an earnest writer on any serious subject, rather than operate in the contrary direction.

The whole of his really able and scholarly criticism of Mr. Krehbiel's book would have come with greater force if Mr. Krehbiel's book had yet been printed, or even been given out in advance sheets for review. The publishers' oversight in this slight particular needs no expression of disapproval. They are publishers. That is enough for them.

The present issue on the subject was created by this present writer, who welcomed the announcement of Mr. Krehbiel's book because of its topic—The Negro and Plantation Music of America—and who took occasion to say some things on that subject for which things and sayings he is ready and able to fight his way through all impediments, though twenty times Mr. Campbell's stop. He used to be professionally a music critic, in what is now so proudly called metropolitan journalism. He does not admit, he stipulates, that he was one of those critics who are not musicians, and is willing to take any critic who is a musician before any body of admittedly sound and capable other professors of music, and there convict that critic of all manner of bad breaks, such as a critic who is not a musician never would make. An accomplished professor of music has ever a bias, and bias is fatal to good criticism.

Mr. Campbell's denunciation falls, therefore, not upon Mr. Krehbiel, and that truly eminent writer may await his grilling until such time as he shall be led forth by that desolating and delinquent publisher. This writer, standing in the place of trial, rejects subjection to quibbles in the terminology of music and repeats that America has no music that can with any right whatever be called distinctively American. He goes farther, and says that we have not one of the elements that have produced folk-music in other great nations. Not one, save only the presence of an alien race whose innate sense of melody and whose imitative nature impelled a style of song that white composers have been able to simulate in forms of modern music.

We actually do owe our own music to the negro and the plantation. It is quite possible Mr. Krehbiel him-

self may take a position opposite to that. None of us knows yet what he is going to say, but all of us ought to know that he knows the subject so far as its data are in themselves concerned.

For the rest of Mr. Campbell's graceful letter, there is no more to be said beyond thanks—again. Unless he or some of his friends would like to come outside the gate and fight. That, too, he or they will be thanked for.

THE PICTURE OF THE FUTURE.

A REVERIE.

OUR STANLEY H. TWIST IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

To those of us who are fortunate enough to be permeated with its fascinating environment—who live, work, eat, sleep and dream of its all-absorbing atmosphere, the motion picture industry—with its constant changing panorama, its lights and shadows, its improvements and advancements, its politics and foibles, its champions and decriers, is even now but an infant in swaddling clothes, a mere pen scratch on the great diary of advancement.

The editor of The Clipper, with the best intent, has asked me to write my impressions of what the future of this modern day miracle will be. Here indeed is a task of almost staggering proportions. If one were inclined to enter into a practical and technical dissertation under this heading, he might keep on writing from now until the ink supply of the world were exhausted, and then find his essay only partially completed, so vast are the possibilities of the subject. But having neither the inclination, time, space nor brains to attempt this task, I shall have to content myself with a short flight into the ever-beckoning realm which lies just beyond the immediate horizon of present day accomplishment.

At mention of this realm, which will be our kingdom within a few short years, the brain runs riot at the very thought of the possibilities which lie there pregnant, waiting to be mowed down and made a part of the wonderful and fast advancing motion picture art.

In that day we will accept, as a matter of course, that which now appears, to the layman at least, as seemingly impossible. We will express no particular surprise at the fact that in every city, village and hamlet throughout this entire land of ours there will be maintained motion picture libraries, where the public will be permitted to review at their pleasure the latest films, as well as the masterpieces of the art of cinematography. These libraries will be run along the same lines as the Carnegie libraries of our present day, and many of them, no doubt, will be so endowed. Here one can go and see, free of cost, all of the important current events. We can witness the best dramas, the scenic marvels of foreign lands, stories by the greatest authors, and the latest discoveries of science. Or, if we feel so inclined, we can study, by picture form, our history, mathematics, geology, English, Latin, Greek, geography, and so on. Or, if we so

desire, we will be allowed to take from the files of such an institution such films as we care to use on our parlor projection machines at home.

When we drop into the theater in the evening we will notice that the audience is seated in a well lighted auditorium, which does not interfere at all with the projection of the pictures being shown. We will see upon the screen, in their natural colors, without flash or flicker, the local happenings of the day, events that have transpired but a few hours or moments before. And from the screen will come the real voices of the participants, and also all of the accompanying sounds and noises that were a part of the actual occurrence. These have been registered on a sensitive record which is a part and parcel of the motion picture camera of the day. And we will take it all as a matter of course, and seldom stop and think of the yesterdays when it was impossible to secure anything at all like harmony between phonograph and picture. At this theater we will witness a two or three hour performance of some great drama of the day, in which will appear the greatest actors of the time. We will absorb the play as it progresses reel after reel, scene after scene, with its beautiful vari-colored costumes, its exquisite natural settings, its wonderful light effects, its gorgeous properties and its beautiful voiced players, and, as the curtain descends upon the last scene, and we take the elevator to the palatial theater roof, where we shall find our aeroplane runabout, few of us will stop and consider that what we have seen this night for a mere pittance was impossible to our brothers yesterday at any price.

As we wend our way homeward we will stop for a moment at what once was the corner bookstore and in a few moments we will have purchased the early morning edition of the local events film. This we will review in the privacy of our parlor or music room before retiring for the night. Upon arriving at our home, on the outskirts of the city, we find that the children have just returned from a party next door, where they were entertained by seeing and hearing one of the best and latest grand operas, for which the highest priced stars of the day had performed.

The next day we decide upon a visit to a nearby city, and as part of our equipment we include two small, handy-sized boxes, and a sling case to carry them in. This is our pocket motion picture camera, with phonograph attachment. We will use this many times during the day, and that evening, and many evenings thereafter we will take our little outing over again in the privacy of our own home. We will have developed and printed the picture ourselves; or, if we so desired, we might have allowed the camera shop at the corner to do the finishing. We take a keen delight in producing our own motion pictures, and after a very little practice find that we can photograph equally well in either black and white, or in natural colors. We have also used the relief attachment that was known some years before by the title of Klineopast. This makes the picture stand out from the screen in a bold, natural relief, instead of being flat. It is the same effect, in short, that our brothers of the yesterday secured when

they looked at a double picture through what was then termed a stereoscope.

And in every school, both public and private, and in the kindergartens and Sunday schools, and in the nurseries and playrooms, the motion picture is used as the principal method of instruction and amusement. And in the archives of all governments and all municipalities there are film records preserved which show with absolute fidelity the customs, manners, happenings and achievements of not only the present day, but also of the years that have gone before. And here they will remain, jealously guarded, to be reviewed and preserved by the generations to follow.

If space would permit I could go on and on indefinitely, describing the onward march of the centuries' greatest invention—the motion picture. And who can say just when this wonderful art will reach the climax of its development? Certainly no mortal of our present age. The possibilities that lie in store for the motion picture man would baffle the imaginations of Verne, Poe and Munchausen, if they could but live today.

We, who are actively engaged in various phases of this great industry, are oftentimes accused of being dreamers. I don't deny the accusation—I admit it. Quite frequently, after some particularly strenuous task has been disposed of and I lay back and relax, I find myself being carried far away into the land of fancy, the realms of imagination, where the ear is ever clearly attuned and the eye never dims. And here, carefree and undisturbed, I take keen delight in allowing my willing mind to dwell upon the hitherto undreamt of possibilities that await the picture of the days to come. And many strange prophecies are thus born of fancy, the above being only a few, but I am certain that, as surely as day follows night, these prophecies will come true.

Farewell to Mary Ellen O'Donnell.

Miss O'Donnell was just over thirty years old when she laid down her burdens here and went away. For the greater part of those few years she bore a man's part in genuine, downright newspaper work—did as much as any of us, and as well; and was equally paid. Very few women in this country honestly deserved the high respect in which she was held, and the loss of any man among us would be no more sincerely mourned. She lived a brave life bravely; and now she need

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages.
She her earthly work hath done—
Home hath gone and ta'en her wages."

Cornelius Ford, who was recently appointed public printer of the government printing office, is a native of Hoboken, N. J., where he was a member of the state legislature for three terms. For eleven years he was president of the State Federation of Labor.

It is once more reported that Diaz will return to Mexico. A peaceful old age evidently means nothing to him.

PERSEVERANCE.

"We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."
—Illinois Farmer.

This Is Not a Book Notice.

Librarian Goble's insinuating and otherwise sweetly Irish plea has brought back to this exchange table Steam Machinery, the well written, wisely edited and beautifully printed monthly published at Duluth. It is edited by Charles H. Mackintosh, whose prompt response to an Hibernian touch would indicate an Ulsterman, for no Scot would have made it; and no Mackintosh ever yet was Irish.

The whole magazine is a bundle of delightful contradictions. Part of the contents are clear, cold articles on mechanical subjects, part are general, with a human business touch, and part are philosophically funny. Take for example this fresh wheeze on a wornout topic—"Advertise!"—think of that, in these days! Written for the August number by C. Henry:

You often used to hear 'em say
That "advertising doesn't pay",
But now they vote a booby prize
To him that doth not Advertise!

In auto-times, he'll surely fail
Who hitches on behind a snail:—
And that's about the selling-size
Of him that doth not Advertise!

Good goods alone don't go for much
Until they're recognized as such:—
The kind of goods the Public buys
Are those the makers Advertise!

Of all who wooed the Fickle Dame
How many now are known to Fame?—
The Smallest Schoolboy promptly cries:
"All them that learned to Advertise!"

Who will not, cannot, see this Truth
Will die unknown in early youth;
Above his grave, they'll write: "Here lies
A Boob Who Would Not Advertise!"

No one can carry in his head
All everyone has ever said:—
You've got to print it or it dies:—
So take the hunch and Advertise!

C. Henry.

And then S. MacHinery's "Hoistengineeroscope," evidently a regular department, reflecting the damnable effect of the Zodiac upon our planet:

Hello, August: Got July's job, eh? We know you of old; planked yourself down between July and September to stave off yellow leaves, Hickory nuts, Fall styles, the Coal dealer and Santy Claws for a month longer.

August was firstly named Germanicus, lastly for an ambitious cuss, Augustus Caesar. Hot times at the Christening; the Kilkenny cat affair was a love feast beside it. Several eminent near statesmen had 'bottles broken over their eyebrows before the rookus subsided and the scraps were gathered.

Hercules, Tacitus and a bunch of other names all bounced off. A motion to name this bunch of days August was introduced by a Roman vote getter from the 13th precinct of the 13th ward. This old jigger owned a string of boozeries and Terpsichorookeries and carried the ward vote in his wallet. He had sidestepped the caucus, then summoned all the insurgents and they threw the hooks into the regulars. A strenuous Christening, but it stuck and the jolly roadway down the centuries hasn't fazed the fastenings. August! we salute you, for true. We've had rough house ourselves.

August comes in with the roar of the jarr fly, the howl of the stock holder over the last fiscal report; the get ready whistle of the Fall style booster and those smoky looking fumes the earth sends off to keep from getting welded to the sky. The small boy watcheth for the "water-dog" in the swimming hole. Bradstreet and the other statisticians plant figures for the 1914 harvest.

The July honeymooners are convalescing; didn't buy the hotel after all; saving bungs to build a bungalow; bell-hops glad they're all left.

August is divided between Sundays, Workdays, Paydays and Dogdays. Sundays, 3rd; 10th; 17th; 24th; 31st. Workdays, all the balance. Paydays, all but 30. Dogdays, conjunction of Sirius and the Sun.

New Moon, 2nd; First Quarter, 8th; Full Moon, 16th; Last Quarter, 24th.

Librarian Goble may not know enough about books to be dogmatic and deplorable in respect thereof. But when he wrote his little Irish letter about Steam MacHinery, he made a brilliant display of an inborn sense in trade journalism.

A Disappearing Nuisance.

Dear SCOOP: In the last issue "Someone in the Terre Haute Star" expressed the hope that someone would investigate the business of "press agentry," to uncover the character and ramifications of an insidious vice grown to vast proportions.

Let me tell him that for years the American Publishers' Association has been issuing a weekly pamphlet exposing this very thing. Each issue contains an up-to-date list of the exploiters, the things they are exploiting and some of the ingenious and audacious methods they are using. The publicity field is full of agents who are struggling to get stuff printed. They use pull, threats, tears and offers of bribery, and sometimes resort to the last refuge of the scoundrel—a patriotic appeal.

But newspaper publishers generally are alert to all the press agent devices and the business is being depressed. There are still some starving publishers who accept tyranny, but more of them are declaring a willingness to starve.

The press agent is on the wane.

R.

An Original Version.

King of Siam wants an American bride. Therefore:

Then up spoke the King of Siam,

Who before had been still as a clam—

"I need, for sheer pride,

An American bride;

You say I am fussy? I am."

—New York Telegraph.

Photographing Fish Where They Live.

Sam. T. Clover's Los Angeles Graphic is running a series of strange and curious stories of ocean floor explorations, illustrated with startling photographs of deep sea creatures, taken near the ocean floor. The Graphic is one of the best things in Los Angeles, and is commended to readers in the east.

THE SALUTATION OF THE DAWN.

Listen to the exhortation of the dawn!
 Look to this day!
 In its brief course lie all the verities
 and realities of your existence:
 The bliss of growth,
 The glory of action,
 The splendor of beauty;
 For yesterday is but a dream
 And tomorrow is only a vision;
 But today well lived makes
 Every yesterday a dream of happiness,
 And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
 Look well, therefore, to this day,
 Such is the salutation of the dawn.

—From the Sanskrit.

Than Honey, Honey from the Comb that Droppeth, Sweeter Far.

DEAR SCOOP: I see in this week's issue you have a poem headed "The Daughter of the Press Club." On May 20, 1908, the Board met in special session and adopted Virginia Lee Davis, born May 19, 1908, as "The Daughter of the Press Club," and presented her with a large silver cup inscribed to that effect. This adoption is also recorded in the minutes of that meeting.

ONE OF THAT BOARD.

Investigation shows the fact to be precisely as stated. Lucky Press Club! To have two such delightful and beloved daughters!

Our first adopted daughter has for home parents Col. James G. and Mrs. Albertina Davis, who come to the house so often and bring with them their and our daughter so seldom that while they are always in our eyes and hearts, Virginia, ever in our hearts, is almost never in our eyes.



Vera Berliner has been pictured in this and many other pages. She has already established herself in the noble art of music, and every one of us is proud of her. Virginia Lee Davis has no record of professional standing in the sister art of drama, but if all ye wise ones will look at this situation in *A Tragedy in a Back Yard*, snapped without plot, script or rehearsal, you will be duller than you seem if you cannot see her holding great publics by their heartstrings before your heads grow gray—or much more gray.

Our Virginia is seated at the left. The entrapped adventuress at the right (nobody yet knows what the story is going to be, but there must be an adventure, and the *Tragedy* is probably over which is to be it) is a highly popular member of the younger set in Kenwood, Ruth Paramore.

JAMES E. WHITLEY delivered this jewel of truth at an inaugural dinner of the Old Guard of the New York Press Club, as reported by The Editor and Publisher and Journalist:

I am IT, every day in the year and many times a day.

I am always on the job, 24 hours a day and some overtime.

I am at everybody's service, but own no man as master.

I attend to everybody's business, for I make their business my business.

I am omnipresent, and, I think, omniscient.

I never had the lid on, for with me day and night are as one.

I speak in all languages, and there is not a corner of the globe where I am not busy.

I make and unmake kings and statesmen, and there is none too exalted to set up and take notice.

I make most of the trouble that's afloat, by speaking right out in meeting, and no man can say me nay.

I make and unmake millionaires, but am often glad to borrow a dime.

I am the last product of civilization, and now lead all human agencies of progress.

I whisper and the whole world listens, but any one, with the price, can get aboard and ride with me.

I am the cheapest thing you buy and I am quite sure, the best.

I play all parts in turn and nothing long, funerals and feats, fights and frolics, I am at home with all.

I am the reviewing officer before whom the whole human family makes its never ending parade.

I am hail-fellow, with saints and sinners alike, for all furnish grist to my ever turning mill.

I am no woman, yet I always have the last word.

I am everything you know or dream of, for I am

THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

St. Louis Press Club Is Walking Now.

On the tenth of this month the Press Club of St. Louis closed a lease for quarters at the Sixth and Olive streets corner on the nineteenth floor of the Railway Exchange building. The lease is for one year.

The suite will include office, reception room, lounging-room, billiard and pool room, card-room and buffet, the whole embracing a floor space of about 2,200 square feet. Under the direction of George Barnett, advisory architect for the club, and Mauran, Russell & Crowell, architects for the Railway Exchange building, the suite is being rearranged for the club's purposes.

The club will take possession of its new quarters October 1.

His—The Heart of a Boy.

BY BERTON BRALEY.

His hair is as white as the new fallen snow, and his face is deep wrinkled and seamed, but his smile is still bright and his eyes are aglow with all he has pondered and dreamed; and in spite of the years of his struggle and strife, his laughter is ringing with joy, for he's kept through the whole of a workaway life, the eager young heart of a boy.

Yes, that is his fount of perpetual youth, and so he can never grow old. His years?—they are little—a trifle, in sooth, mere words of a tale that is told. The body may cease to be limber and lithe and the weakness of age may annoy, but life, to the last, will be youthful and blithe, if you keep the gay heart of a boy.

The Giant's Robe

Any of the race of Armour must and for that reason be in his way Superman.

LAWRENCE ARMOUR

needs no comment farther than that, save that in filling out his share of the Family Giant's Robe, he finds and confers happiness in his devotion to the arts, his skill at polo, and his being a good club fellow all round.



The Whirling Cheese.

As a press agent, the good ship Cheese is almost human. The twenty-one foot sloop has been getting its owners, Paul Williams and "Skipper Bill" more space in the Chicago dailies than Perry has been getting for the Panama-Pacific exposition.

The Cheese has influence with the most obstinate city editors, and crowded news off the front pages several times last week. The redoubtable paragrapher of the Evening Post was susceptible to the space getting influence of the Cheese. It has been accused of having a strong pull.

Here be a few of the space getters that Airchambers Cheese made pessimistic city editors like.

It took a party of seven out for a spin on the ripples of Lake Michigan last week, and just for a thriller which would just fit under the cartoon on P. 1, tipped over, and the life saving seven human air chambers saved lives until the shouts of Assistant Skipper Williams were heard by Life Saver Mike on the sands of Clarendon beach.

The passengers on the Cheese and a motor boat towed the sloop to shore. With the exception of a few fractured ribs the twenty-one footer was all right.

The airchambers worked fine (in the words of Skipper Bill Cochran). But there wasn't enough romance in merely tipping over and getting three women and four men wet. Only a one-day story, too.

Here's one the city editors had to print: The good ship Cheese lay peacefully on the sands of Clarendon with three of her ribs in a sling.

Skipper Bill sighted her mainmast as he hove in at his lodgings one morning at a gong and a half. The next night a wail over the telephone reached Skipper Bill.

"Pirates have stolen the Cheese!"

Police boats, detectives and reporters sought the good sloop from Michigan City to Milwaukee. Not a clew could be cornered.

Much space for several days. Follow-stories on the piracy on Lake Michigan. Splendid press work.

Then came the story of the Cheese riding the waves topdown four miles from shore. A passing steamer picked her up and dragged her to harbor. The airchambers, famous now, were full of water. Tradition and good press agenting had pronounced them water proof.

The Cheese now rests quietly among the bumboats waiting for a tramp tug going north to tow her to Clarendon. Tug owners planning northerly trips will please call Skipper Bill.

Director Mark Skin'em Watson is understudying Eugene Hector as financial editor of the Tribune during a vacation spell.

Marvin Creager, telegraph editor of the Kansas City Star, visited Ralph Ellis, formerly of the Tribune and Record-Herald, now secretary of the Legislative Voters' League, and John L. Lovett of the Tribune the first part of the week. Creager was on his way to the Northern Lakes for a vacation. George Bowles, city hall reporter for the Kansas City Times, was a guest of John Lovett at the Club last week also.

The Educational Power of Our Jeff.

Tuesday evening's black and humid sky was torn at times by swift, irregular flashes, and everyone was nervous and anxious, until the storm broke and rain became illiberally fluent.

Said Reiwich to the dispensing chemist Jeff:

"Say! Isn't it raining?"

Jefferson looked across the room to the south window, and after judicious consideration admitted:

"It suddenly would appear that Jupiter Pluvius is favoring us this evening with an abundant downpour of aqua pura."

"Don't stun me with words like that," protested Reiwich. "What I asked you was, is it raining?"

"Easy to reply, suh, easy," quoth Jeff. "Easy and educational. The windows of heaven are opened, and the fountains of the great deep are broken up."

Reiwich stood in disturbed thought a moment, and then asked:

"What would you recommend in these extraordinarily moist conjunctions of nature?"

Said Jeff, quick, just like that, "A mint julep."

MORE BRAINS.

The Club has put on a table d' hote meal for the late toilers. From 12 o'clock until 2:30 in the morning a regular dinner is served in the main dining room and the menu promises some pretty delicious eats for the night boys. Everybody ought to eat a regular meal after thirty.

N. Banks Cregier, the famous old scout of the Rialto of Chicago, who was recently elected a non-resident member of the Club, gave a little party at the Club Wednesday morning for Frank Swenie and G. A. Wallen. Swenie is the son of the famous chief of the Chicago fire department.

That story you were asking about the one-headed "She Was Sure a Nice Old Lady" was the work of Mr. Jack Lawson, heavy man on the Trib. Someone cut it out and pasted it on the bulletin board with the inscription, "Best story written this year." Lawson came down early the other day, and Charley Washburne asked the reason. "O just came down to paste some more of my stuff on the board," Jack breezed.

Jimmy-James Aloysius Durkin was trying to hear what a nice old lady was whispering over the telephone the other day. Beside him Walter A. Washburne was talking into another 'phone. Typewriters rattled all about him. The windows were up, and the traffic on the street was heavy. Just back of him, around the rewrite desk where Mark Skinner Watson holds out, a group of the *Tribune* staff had congregated. Old Jack Lovett and Floyd Gibbons and Ben Kendall were all talking and laughing. Jim puts down the receiver and hollers over to the bunch: "Say, who's got the gavel? Who's got the gavel?" Believe me, he got silence.

Jakie Smith, *Tribune* office boy, has learned to strut. Likewise he shows a propensity to talk with anybody and everybody. After an introduction, Jakie will take from his inside pocket a little magazine, and turning to a

certain page will show the new acquaintance a yarn written by Jack Lawson. It's all about Jake, and his ambitions to be a reporter, and it's an interesting yarn. The artist drew a picture of Jake answering a telephone, and it looks just like him from behind.

P. D. Vroom, who doesn't belong, but who should, has gone to Denver to cover the Knight Templar convclave for the Trib. Besides which, he gets a vacation. Some of them guys has all the luck.

Alfred C. Berghoff is at the present time in Odessa, Russia, and will remain there for several months in charge of the Russian department of the Rumely Company.

John Kelley, famous police reporter, has taken a vacation. With Mrs. Kelley he is spending his time at St. Joe, Mich.

E. Buttermilk Fullerton and M. Skinnie Watson golfed Thursday at Park Ridge. Details were carefully suppressed.

H. Percy Millar of the New York Times made a short visit to the club on Tuesday evening, with his wife, son and grandson. Please note the grandson. Such a fact says a whole lot for a newspaper man. He was one proud grandpa, having the three generations with him, and they all looked well and happy. He is to have trouble enough when he returns if he forgets to bring with him the data in the matter of his book plate.

Mahogany Al. Chase, handsome copyreader of the Trib, has come out flatfooted for the tango. Says that's a good way to come out and he declares the dance is not immoral. He uses it himself.

Walter A. Washburne (you know him) is giving up his spare change to buy stogies or something for the boys in the office. At least, it is so rumored.

Only One of Thousands.

Dear Scoop: The appended excerpt from a letter just received by me from Frank B. Todd of the State Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Worcester, Mass., is self-explanatory and may be of some interest to you and to Col. Visscher. Mr. Todd is a cousin to "Bob" Burdette.

ROY O. RANDALL.

My Dear Randall:—I thank you very much for sending me the "Scoop" containing Col. Visscher's brief biography of my cousin, "Bob" Burdette. There is much of this article that I can personally vouch for, for during the time Mrs. Burdette was ill, in the days of Bob's early struggles, and he would not leave her, many times I carried copy for Bob from their little brick cottage home to the newspaper office in Peoria. I have seen him watch over and care for her like a mother for her baby, carry her in and out of church, and I would add to Col. Visscher's—"Crown his name with a perpetual wreath of fame."

Sincerely yours,

FRANK B. TODD.

In prominent headlines I read that two women have been found in Chicago whose feet are smaller than the feet of Mrs. Philander C. Knox. This is highly important, whether it is true or not. It reveals to the world just how hard put for something to print a saffron journey may find itself in the summer season.—New York Telegraph.

THE SCOOP

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CLUB CAUCUS

At the August monthly meeting, a Caucus was called for Sunday, August 24th, at 4 P. M., to nominate officers and directors to be voted upon at the Annual Election Thursday, September 4th, 1913.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT,

Acting Recording Secretary

VOTING MEMBERS.

According to the Constitution (Sec. 3 Article IV.) no one can participate in the forthcoming Club Caucus and Annual Election, whose dues are not paid to July 1, or whose house account exceeds the Constitutional limit as to amount or time. Get busy and settle up.

THE STORY OF THE CITY NEWS BUREAU.

BY R. F. (DAN'L) WEBSTER.

John Jones, a carpenter, 53 years old, 1043 South Washtenaw avenue, was seriously injured today (Thurs.) when a scaffold in the saloon of Edward Schmitz, 910 West Chicago avenue, collapsed. His right leg was broken above the knee. Police of the East Chicago avenue station took him to the Passavant hospital.

Thousands of paragraphs like the above are shot through tubes to every newspaper office in the city every day. They come from the City News Bureau. They are written by a man in the bureau office in the Western Union building, who sits from 7 o'clock each morning until 5 o'clock each afternoon confronted by a telephone, a ribbonless typewriter and a stack of wax sheets with black cardboard back. Few of the paragraphs are written by a reporter who has just seen or heard the "story" sent to the newspapers.

A telephone buzzes. "Give it to Smith," says a man sitting close to a table with a black soft stone top.

At the other end of the wire is a reporter, or (more usually) a youth who hopes to be a reporter. He is in the captain's room of any one of ten or twelve police stations. He has names and addresses, a few details of the particular incident which he is reporting.

Usually he has forgotten one of the essentials, such as one address, the age of a victim of an automobile accident, or how to spell the name of the captain of the police district. Perhaps he knows more. The man in the office is irritable. He has had to extract details by the most searching questions. The reporter has been "in the game" only a week. The man at the typewriter perhaps a year—rarely seven or eight.

After the deadly recital of bare details of, say a fire, the man at the machine unclaps his receiver from his ear and writes.

"It won't get in anyway," he thinks. "Cheesy little story."

"Three families were driven into the street," he pounds out in wax impression, "and damage of \$500 was caused when fire attacked the tenement house at 220 Robey street early this (Thurs.) morning. Fire started in the rear, etc."

The wax sheet is tossed to the nervous man sitting close to the desk. He scratches a number on it, the time of day, and then he reads it. If it varies an iota from what he has read ten thousand times in the last year, he makes the correction. He pushes a button; a boy, hands covered with blue ink, enters and departs with the sheet. A curious buzzing noise and the man

at the desk knows that the story told on the sheet is on its way to each of nine papers.

But what about the reporter? He wakes dully at 5:30 o'clock in the morning. He travels to his police station. He calls his office, then his police stations—sometimes six, sometimes seventeen.

At 9 o'clock a long envelope arrives at his station. It contains a white sheet marked "Note to reporters: Return this slip at once to the office with an explanation. Do not retain it pending investigation." On the slip is pasted a newspaper clipping with a big X on it. It is a "scoop."

While he was in the police court the morning before, a reporter from a newspaper had seen a drunken man, covered with sticky fly paper, brought into the station. He had written a "feature story" about it. But it is a scoop. The City Press reporter feels indignant and bewildered. He had telephoned no less than fourteen stories to his office that morning. Three of them were printed in some newspaper. Then he had forgotten about them and gone on to work. He is the true altruist. He works for everybody and everybody works against him.

A feature story is given to a newspaper reporter. It will get more space if it is exclusive. A news story worth the name is "covered" by one or more reporters from each paper, collaborating more or less. He is working alone. He is also "covering" eight or nine police stations, telephoning the office once an hour, watching the accident book, and running into the police court occasionally in an attempt to pick up a feature. He has to cover his territory.

Among the so-called "department" men the work is both harder and easier. The hours are generally shorter. But the competition is keener and the tipsters are busier. Relatively, the City News Bureau has no tipsters. The department man has say ten courts to cover, two clerks' offices, perhaps has to watch some semi-official organization like the Illinois Commission on marriage and divorce, and when the nervous man at the desk feels energetic, perhaps a Woman's party luncheon at one of the hotels.

"Long Green" McCarthy, who has held every position on the City News Bureau except that of general manager, is the present court expert. He knows every clerk and every bailiff in the county building. He knows the lawyers who give stories out and those from whom stories may be dug. He knows their reputations so well that he throws aside one divorce bill and looks up another without attempting to identify the parties to the suit.

But he and every other department man is embarrassed by having to do sometimes ten things at once. He reads his assignment slip in the morning, finds six cases in six courts, all due to begin at 10 o'clock. He must write something on every one before 11 o'clock. If there is a big case which will be printed he must "sit on" that case at least half an hour, and he must write 600 words or so at once. The mere physical labor of writing 600 words occupies, with an occasional run to the various clerks' offices, at least an

hour. A bigger story may break any minute, and he will have to handle it. He gathers the other assignments when he can, from the clerks, from the lawyers, and when he has to have "quotes," from the court stenographers. And he doesn't get them in by 11 o'clock.

He returns from lunch to find himself "scooped" on every story which made a showing. They are only "feature" scoops in many cases—bits of dialogue and spats between lawyers—but they have to be accounted for and he sees his pile of defeats grow. Often a story is marked as a scoop which is rewritten from City Press copy and clippings of the morgue in the newspaper office.

But the city press reporter has a number of advantages. He is not expected to go out of his run for a story. He knows every news source in his territory in a short time, and can usually make friends who protect him against the newspapers. He doesn't have to write well and he is his own judge of space.

The City News Bureau does not want writers. There is no use for them. Any one who can skeletonize the incidents known as stories accurately is the ideal rewrite man. But the manager of the bureau, whoever he may be, is kind to writers. He trains them to be accurate and industrious and when the training is complete he discharges them.

And the writers bless their stars that they worked for the Bureau. They also bless their stars that they were discharged.

Punk! Bunk! Junk!

DEAR SCOOP: After trying for two hours to write some "funny" campaign stuff on one of your wheezy typewriters I gave it up as a bad job and decided to make a kick. The poor abused pieces of junk, in our "silent" writing room, once known as typewriters, have seen better days. It would be impossible for them to see worse. They are good for anything but writing, in their present condition. The letter "P" on one of them is absolutely on the bum. It would take a heavy blow with a sledge hammer to make the letter "C" respond on another and the various ailments of the whole bunch would make the inventor loony.

In the first place the keys are rusty. In the second place they never have been oiled. In the third place they never have been cleaned. With about two bits worth of machine oil and a good rag, a good man in a good full day's work could put all of them into condition. As it is now they are growing worse each day, and will continue to do so unless something else is done yet, Mauruss.

When I set out to write that "humorous" campaign junk last night, I had my choice of the typewriters. The first one made so much racket that Jeff thought some one was trying to shake the furnace in the basement. The rusty keys of the second squeaked like a one-lunged automobile trying to climb a hill and the third absolutely refused to respond to my gentle touch. It was the same with the other machines. They rasped

and whined and grated until I thought the plaster would fall. The machine would start off at a two-forty gait and then change its mind and stop like a balky mule. I was determined to conquer and finish this rap, but it was an awful effort as the rust and dust from the poor hunk of scrap iron filled my eyes and made me gasp for breath.

Yours EZRA.

Chewsdah nit.

P. S.—That shows you what happens. I wanted to write Wednesday morning. The machine had its own opinion on that point, and got away with me.

SKIPPER CLIPSON.

Our own Edward F. Clipson, who is touring the world, in a letter to W. A. Washburne tells of some thrilling experiences in South Africa. Clipson was in the midst of the strike on the Rand where bullets whistled notes from "Home, Sweet Home" near Edward's ears. The Natal Mercury, printed in Durban, prints a column and a half of Clipson's experiences.

The letter to Washburne follows:

My dear Washburne: By the enclosed clipping you will see that although enjoying a sybaritic existence in a floating palace, we still have time and opportunity for adventures. It is most torridly hot here in this land of the Malabars and comic opera populace. We sail for Singapore in a few days and are due to reach Hong Kong about July 30. Shall leave the ship there and travel in China and Japan until August 20. Will be in Yokohama on that date and have not yet decided what my movements will be after that. Possibly I will return on this ship to Vancouver. Maybe will stay longer in Japan. Have discovered a fellow Press Club member aboard the Empress of Asia—Hawley by name, non-resident member from Kansas City. We are keeping up the traditions of the Club, but it is somewhat hard to do with only the assistance of Chinese bartenders and no Jeff aboard.

You can form no idea of what a life saver that bottle of Old Taylor has been in a wilderness of Scotch whisky and warm English beer. Imagine cock-tails made of Scotch whisky. Wouldn't that upset your stomach? Remember me to the Sunrise Literary Society.

Sincerely yours,

E. F. CLIPSON.

The item in the Natal Mercury quotes Mr. Clipson verbosely and his description should remind the old-timers of the Haymarket Riot days. The ship which Clipson is sailing on draws considerable attention from this same newspaper, in fact the rest of the three columns that isn't about Clipson is about the ship.

IN KANKAKEE.

BY J. M. H., PRESS CLUB.

I wish that you
Would listen to
My little rhyme.
It's all about,
Without a doubt,
An awful crime.

Joe Badger had
A bulldog bad
With savage jaws;
It killed one day
A child at play,
But broke no laws.

The magistrate
Just scratched his pate—
Looked wise and long.
Said he, "I'll bet
That dog will yet
Do something wrong."

And true, one day
The brute did slay
The parson's cow;
Which made, indeed,
I must concede,
An awful row.

The dog was shot
And Joe he got
A heavy fine;
By which you see
In Kankakee
Twice three are nine!

Our Sea Soldiers.



This is a very good picture of Lieut. Gerald Aliff, U. S. N., who is in charge of the Great Lakes training station at Lake Bluff. Lieutenant Aliff's exhibition of his young men at Grant Park this week has been the most really interesting feature of the Perry celebration. It is on at 8:45 every morning. After it is over the corps go through guard mount at 10 o'clock, and when that is done with the motor-boat races begin. Lieutenant Aliff

has many friends in the Press Club and favors us at the house every evening he has off.

Good Morning. Have You Met Joe Miller?

Chicago, Sabbath, August 17. Mr. Editor:—My meditations were broken this day by a brother Presbyterian who showed me some verses published in your paper called "The Old, Old Prayer." I was shocked that such a reckless handling of a holy subject should find prominent place in the organ of the newspaper men of this great metropolitan city. Such acts will verily have their reward hereafter. Do ye not know that perdition awaits those who either take from or add to the holy scriptures? This poem adds so much that I fear me very much for the eternal fate of the trifler who is responsible for the sacrilegious deed. Man, ye should purge yourself of all connection with such perilous production. Have ye no fear at all of your own fate in the day that is coming for us all? Fie, upon you!

A PRESBYTERIAN.

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YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED

To Dick Overton.

BY CLEM YORE, PRESS CLUB.

We are sad, old fellow,
We are miserable today;
Our hearts are fondly mellow
With a gloom without a ray.

We love you, Dick, and want you
To come as you used to come,
When there were no skies that were Blue,
Dick, and you were our old chum.

WHEN THE UNITED STATES GOES BY.

LAWSON BENNETT IN THE INTER OCEAN.

Recent amendments of the Army regulations relating to honors and courtesies slightly change the old rule with respect to saluting when passing or passed by the national colors "uncased," or displayed, by a guard or other armed body. Only the salute is now to be given and the headdress is not to be removed. It was formerly the rule to take off the hat or cap, often to the puzzlement of civilians unfamiliar with military customs or slightly deficient in imagination.

We remember a curious illustration of such deficiency some years ago during an excursion which the Press Club made to Fort Sheridan. The hour for dress parade had come. The troops were forming and down the walk from the commandant's quarters came the color sergeant and his guard—all veterans of twenty to thirty years' service, as their sleeve stripes showed—bearing "Old Glory" displayed.

All the officers standing about the lawn took off their caps and faced the colors as they passed. So did some of the civilians. One who did not, an elderly gentleman, evidently prosperous and apparently intelligent, turned to a newspaper man beside him and asked, referring to the latter's removal of his hat: "Why did you do that?"

"My dear sir, the United States passed by," was the answer, which so evidently added to the perplexity of the questioner that at least one observer of the scene wonders whether he ever has grasped the point of the answer. Yet the answer was strictly correct. The national flag, in the hands of armed men sworn to its defense, is the visible symbol of the Republic and all it means to every citizen.

These honors to the nation's flag are obligatory, of course, only upon those in its military service. But they may, and should be, rendered by every citizen. They show on his part the cultured imagination which realizes and appreciates all that the flag stands for and means. In thus honoring the visible symbol of his country's majesty he certifies his respect for himself as one of its sovereign citizens.

BY W. ROBERT FORAN, PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO.

"Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster anew with dirt?"

An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt?
We may not speak of England; her Flag's to sell or share.
What is the Flag of England? Winds of the world, declare!"

—Kipling.

What is the Flag of England, or of any other nation on this earth? Kipling gave answer as to his own Flag, yet what he said about the Union Jack is just as much true in general principles when applied to "Old Glory." A nation's flag is its external soul, the embodiment of all the virtues and values of a great people. Yet how few of us stop to think for a moment and realize what the flag is—and how many of us salute that flag, the emblem of national pride and honor, with the respect it is entitled to.

I have had the honor of following England's colors in many lands. British soldier no more am I, for here have I found a new home and a freer fortune, and am of your citizenry with all my heart. Yet the

instinct to salute the Flag is as strong as any other that was born in me, and so it was that last Saturday when our troops paraded in Madison street, I was stricken with amaze to find my own head the only one bared in all that vast throng on the walks, when the first stand of colors was borne by. I never had seen such a dull and indifferent disrespect shown to the Flag of any other land, by any other people—never once.

Mr. Bennett's editorial in the Inter-Ocean has aptly summed up the unwritten law of always honoring the symbol of the nation's life. The military and naval services are bound by strict rules and regulations to pay the utmost honor and respect to the Flag; but civilians are not. Nevertheless, all classes of a nation are bound by self-respect and personal pride to pay the same respect to their Flag as those citizens who fight for it. It needs no rules nor regulations to guide us in this—sufficient for all of us that the Flag is the symbol of our national honor. Than which, what more could we respect?

Let us not for one moment think that by the mere display of our national Flag on every possible excuse we have fulfilled all our obligations to it. Something more is required of us. Whenever the Flag is displayed in our sight it should be the bounden duty of all of us to raise our hats to it. For the Flag is our nation, and if we cannot pay the respect of saluting our nation, better far be dead—for we are unfit to benefit by the citizenship the Flag enfolds. As with the naval and military services, so should it be with us.

In battles, ever since the days of prehistoric men, there has been some symbol—be it flag or emblem—which has represented the honor of the race or nation. Wherever that Flag or emblem was in the fight, there would most surely be the greatest number of killed and wounded, and there the thickest and most severe fighting.

One remembers pages and pages of history dealing with wars, and in nearly every instance is placed on record some magnificent deed of heroism performed by soldier or sailor to protect the honor of his nation as represented by the Flag. In American history the same wonderful heroism has been displayed in connection with "Old Glory" as in British history in connection with the Union Jack. Throughout the nations of the world you will find that the same respect and self-sacrifice is cheerfully given whenever the national Flag is flying.

In December, 1902, the writer and three other British officers were dining at a well-known restaurant in Bombay. A native regiment's band was playing a selection on the lawn in front of the restaurant, and ended the program with the British National Anthem. Every man, woman and child in that room rose to their feet and stood at attention with the exception of three Germans. We four officers walked over to their table and asked them if they would be good enough to stand up and raise their hats when "God Save the King" was being played. They insultingly refused with the result that in a few minutes we had ejected them from the restaurant. We were all arrested, but later released. On being carpeted before the general officer commanding in Bombay, we explained the circumstances. His ruling was typical of the feeling of national pride in the Flag. He said:

"If the Flag of our nationhood is to be insulted, or not treated with respect in this restaurant, then no British band shall ever play there again, nor shall any of my officers patronize the place. To insult the national anthem is as bad as insulting the national Flag—and there is only one price for such a crime—and that is death."

From that day no British regimental band played at the restaurant.

In the Zulu war of 1879, when the British force was

annihilated at Isandhlwana, the first care of the commandant, on seeing that they would be wiped off the earth, was to prevent the Flag falling into the hands of the Zulus. He sent it off in charge of two officers who finally succeeded in reaching safety with it, although they had some terrible adventures and hardships to undergo before they saved the symbol of national pride.

There are hundreds of cases of like nature which could be quoted from the histories of all nations. But coming down to actual facts, why should not the Flag be treated with the same respect as you would treat your wife, your sister or your best girl? The Flag represents your whole family, your pride, your life and their's. Then why not show it the respect that it is entitled to? How few of us in America can understand all "Old Glory" means, and how many of us can realize why the army and navy treat the Flag with the homage due to a symbol of Deity?

With so many immigrants flocking to America from all the nations of the world it would seem wise to teach in the schools the doctrine of national pride and honor. Teach the children always to greet the Flag which has given them the greatest of all boons—citizenship—with the proper respect. Teach them to raise their hats to it wherever they see it, not half-heartedly and as if ashamed, but openly, proudly. Teach them to pull the heads off other children who refuse the salute. Teach them what nationhood means, as represented by the Flag and the national anthem. And having taught them, see they are never allowed to forget it.

If those among you who have traveled abroad can remember the sensation you experienced when you saw your Flag floating there above a building, you should never be able to forget what is due to that same Flag in its own country. And yet the man who raises his hat to "Old Glory" is looked upon with almost pitying mockery. Why raise your hat to a piece of bunting, the mockers ask? Why, indeed?

Because that simple piece of bunting is—the Nation.

THOSE COUNTY BUILDING BOYS.

BY E. J. DOHERTY.

Carl Pratt, conductor of the County Building Glee club, has composed a new rag. He calls it the "County Building Glide." It's a grand little thing for the reumatiz; you just can't help but swing your legs. The clerks and everybody in the building are complaining because of the exertion they are forced to put into their shufflers to keep in time.

Carl lights up that old pipe o' his'n, sets himself on a chair, and tosses his banjo in the air. Catching it with one hand as it descends he draws an index finger across the strings, and the glide is on. The banjo is tossed around like a drum major's baton, but the music continues just the same.

The orchestra has been greatly augmented since last we wrote our little piece for THE SCOOP. There are two violins, a mandolin, a mouth organ, a phonygraft, and a guitar. Jay Cairns threatens to add his Mexican guitar, and Glen Griswold of the Examiner says he has a San Domingan zither that he would like to ride without leather.

Jim McCarthy, who operates the mouth organ, is thinking very seriously of putting in a baby grand piano and a pipe organ. Jeff Jones suggests a steam calliope. The boys are just bound to have music while they work. Even the typewriters have become accustomed to working in ragtime, and Walter Brown calls up over the telephone every now and then to ask some of the boys what they mean by sending in copy that looks like pianola records. Environment—that's all.

The other day young Beckman was writing a story about a suit for divorce. The woman was telling how her husband had invited another woman to a church

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picnic or something. Carl Pratt and the virtuosi were spreading rag with gorgeous liberality. It bothered Beckman, but he finished his story, and Emil Hubka read it as its came in, as follows:

"Your oratrix further declares, the petition continues, that on or about the umpsteenth day of said month, the said James Aloysius Durkin did go to said O You Phoe-be Snow, you great big beautiful doll, and did request, invite, and ask her to Come on along, come on along, and then we'll have just one more little drink and then we'll all do what?—go home."

Hubka grabbed at the telephone like Phinney the Eel would at a schooner of bud.

"Whadda ya mean, ya won't go home?" he demanded. "Where have you been?"

"Out in the meadows with the daffydills." Beck just couldn't help it, the music simply made him say it.

Then Emil's tongue got twisted up in the meshes of Pratt's miraculous music, and before he knew what he was doing he was singing songs to Beckman.

Even the telephone girls are doing it.

"Hello Central, Hello Central," sings the reporter. "Is this you, Marie?"

And the girl sings back, "I'd like to know your address, I'd like to know your name." Or else "Number 1234 Main, don't forget the number while you slumber, open your eyes, show you are wise —" "Oh, they're busy, busy, Lizzie,"—and all that sort of stuff.

I stepped into the joint to telephone the other day while the whole orchestra was in session. I seemed to float to the table where the phones are chained. I took down the receiver, swaying to the marvelous rhythm, and got my office.

"I'll tell you a story of Loveland so fair," I started, and Cap. Scott, with a bewildered little catch in his voice, told me to come right in—he wanted to see me.

"When it's apple blossom time in Normandy," I retorted, and then I quit right there. It was time.

Why, say, when those bluegills get together and play like that, there's no one can tear himself away. There's a spell in the music, a bewitching, grasping, possessing strain that will not let you go. It makes you flop your feet and jump on a table and shout "Gee, I ain't mad at nobody."

There was a gooph dragged into the Juvenile court the other day,—which is on the tenth floor of the building. He had beaten up his children. It was his tenth offense.

Judge Pomeroy looked at him with all the dignity and ferocity of an outraged justician, and demanded how many times he must be punished before he would refrain from being a brute.

"Why is it that you must come into this court twice a week?" he growled, the carbolic fairly oozing from his dips.

The man trembled but made a plea for pity.

"No blame me, Judge, your honor. I lika da muse. I beata da kid, I heara da fine sweeta da rag. Onea

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time, twoatime. Ah, Judge, da muse, da muse!"

It was indeed "da muse."

The judge gave him a season pass to the glee club concerts, and discharged him. Can you beat it?

"THE NEWSPAPER MAN" AGAIN.

DEAR SCOOP: Perhaps you will think well of publishing the following clever verse on "The Newspaper Man," as a fit companion of the poem on the same subject by Col. J. G. Davis, printed several weeks ago, and the "Jewel of Truth" by James E. Whitley of the N. Y. Press Club, published in THE SCOOP last week. One night nearly ten years ago several of us were swapping talk in the ingle nook in the Club's Madison street quarters when in came Frank A. Burrelle and his charming wife from New York. We had a jolly time for several hours, nearly every member of the party chipping in with something good. The verses on "The Newspaper Man," I refer to above, were recited on that occasion by Mrs. Burrelle. At my request she sent me a copy of them later. I think she said they were written by Marie Hemstreet of New York. Both Burrelle and his wife are long since on the other side of the great divide. Both were delightful spirits, and were active as hosts when our club made its famous visit to the New York Press Club.

W. M. KNOX.

AS THE GIRLS SEE HIM.

He seldom is handsome or natty—
Has none of the charms of a dude.
Is oft more abstracted than chatty
And sometimes unbearably rude.
He meets us, then loves us, then grieves us
As much as he possibly can.
He kisses us, courts us, then leaves us—
This perfidious newspaper man.

Our mothers won't have him come calling,
He's no earthly good as a catch.
His morals, they say, are alarming,
His finances usually match.
He's certainly thoughtless, uncaring—
Thinks but of the hour, the day;
He's dangerous, dubious, daring,
Not fit for a husband, they say.

But somehow we girls are forgiving;
Perhaps he but needs us the more
Because he's gone wrong in the living,
And knows the old world to the core.
So we pass up the dude and the schemer
Who lead in society's van,
And cherish the thinker and dreamer
Enshrined in the newspaper man.

Rausmit! He Is Money Making.

John Gregg, inventor of the Gregg system of shorthand writing and member of the Club, held a convention of the teachers of his system at the Hotel LaSalle last week. Mr. Gregg is an author of many books on business methods and has traveled in all parts of the world introducing his invention. He says it works as well in Turkey as it does in New Jersey. Mr. Gregg is head of the Gregg Publishing Company and his company recently has acquired the twelfth floor of the new Woolworth Building in New York. Mr. Gregg was the guest of Franc Hernon at the Club.

Further Society Gossip.

DEAR SCOOP: As an ex-member of the profesh I wants to be wised up to this "Phinney the eel" who billed you for a lay about the swell grift guys he knows. Now if this Phinney travels with them yeggs he mentions he aint in danger of gettin paralysis in his hooks from packing around a bunch of ice on 'em. Them the guys that kick a yap jug and then swipe the farmer lady's washing off the line, to make the beadle think a bunch o' hoboes done the job. Now before I got settled for six spaces, I traveled with a mob that split to a match or a cannon. When we hit the gun rail there wasn't a grifter on the map who could tool like Big Alabam. When it come to a steer on the match game his side bo, Little Alabam, could peddle gunboats at a funeral.

Both of them guys could nick a prop under a copper's beezzer, with every simp in the boat glimmering, and cover before a squawk. Take it from a guy what has had time to meditate while hittin' yen in a steen by steen down below for a string on notches, this Phinney guy aint had no experience with a mob of swell grift guys. I aint tryin' to burn him, but if he's been handin' fall-dough to the law and puttin' coppers on the nut when he aint got the sugar, as long as me, he can afford to spill what he knows. Hoping to meet this "Mr. Phinney the eel" I pass.

Down Below,

GLOMMER.

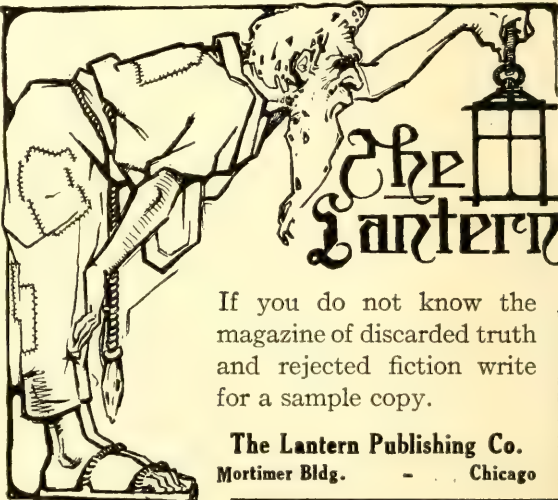
OASIS.

BY EDWARD DOWDEN.

Let them go by—the heats, the doubts, the strife;
I can sit here and care not for them now,
Dreaming beside the glimmering wave of life
Once more—I know not how.

There is a murmur in my heart, I hear
Faint, O so faint, some air I used to sing;
It stirs my sense; and odors dim and dear
The meadow breezes bring.

Just this way did the quiet twilights fade
Over fields and happy homes of men,
While one bird sang as now, piercing the shade,
Long since—I know not when.



If you do not know the magazine of discarded truth and rejected fiction write for a sample copy.

The Lantern Publishing Co.
Mortimer Bldg. - Chicago

WEEMEN'S WARK.

SOMEBODY IN THE GLASGOW (N. B.) HERALD.

Weemen's wark is never done;

O hey hum.

Trachlet oot and trachlet in,

O hey hum.

For a' my faucht and a' my pains,

There's nocht for me but weary banes,

Wi' a thowless man and girnin' weans,

O hey hum.

Up at fower or five o'clock;

O hey hum.

I men' the fire, then wauken Jock;

O hey hum.

Put on the kettle, mak the tea—

As sune's he's oot, I'm pairtly free;

Then back intae my bed awee,

O hey hum.

Up again, I lift the mat,

O hey hum.

Redd up the hoose, put on the pat,

O hey hum.

The parritch made, set oot to eul;

I wauken Leezock, Mag and Wull.

And get them ready for the schule.

O hey hum.

There's broth to mak', the claes to airn;

O hey hum.

Braid to bake and hose to darn;

O hey hum.

There's duds to wash, and guidness kens

Hoo monie ither odds and en's

O' needfu' wark on me depen's;

O hey hum.

Sleep I canna get a wink;

O hey hum.

The lee-lang nicht I lie and think;

O hey hum.

Think for oors o' hoose affairs,

Makin' beds and washin' flairs,

Scoorin' tables, stules and chairs;

O hey hum.

I'm thankfu' yet for mercies sma;

O hey hum.

That I am fit to wark ava;

O hey hum.

I'll wauchle on till Death comes roon

Wi' his muckle scythe to maw me doon;

I'll sleep at last—and that fu' sound;

O hey hum.

THE WISDOM OF SHACABAC.

Some ten years ago, in the era of Madison street, there were stolen, absently abstracted, or otherwise eliminated from the library, four copies (consecutively purchased anew in the order of their loss) of a most precious tome writ down by James Jeffrey Roche, and called by the name, "Her Majesty the King." It was an allegory, or tale, or parable extended, of unusual wisdom. Weariness afflicted Bramhall, who was then librarian when the fourth copy became absent, and he stated certain painful results certain to befall his soul if ever he would buy another.

The book is now out of print. But one evening Doctor Nutt, discussing with this writer the not remarkable but criminal habit of stealing books from the library which has been the one stenchful blight upon the otherwise fragrant memory of our Club, im-

parted information that he had a private copy, bought out of the first edition, and would be glad to loan it on condition that it be not put upon the library shelves, nor loaned again. The offer was accepted—with an honest heart and no strings to it—when careful inspection revealed no trace of the pages or any one of them having ever borne the ineradicable blue stamp of the Club's book mark.

Now, this book is not to be reloaned to anyone. But from it occasional gleams may be had through these columns. The first travels herewith, and concerns the philosophy of Shacabac, as delivered unto Muley Mustapha, after verbal conflict with Kayenna, who was the wife of Mustapha. Shacabac, to whom Mustapha confided his troubles, commented sagely:

"The spinster knows how to bring up children, and the bachelor to rule a wife. It is well that they remain single; else who would be willing to leave this happy world had they direction of its family affairs?"

"How hath it happened," asked the Pasha, after ruminating some minutes on this proposition, "that thou thyself hath never married?"

"Solely that I might devote myself to the improvement and instruction of my fellowmen; for, if there be one man on earth who knoweth less than all others, it is he who is the husband of a wife, and she will be the first to tell him the same. While Allah preserveth her, his halo shall never be too small for his head.

"No man knoweth what true happiness is until he getteth married; then is the knowledge rather a sweet memory than a new boon.

"Twice blessed is he in whose tent dwell both his mother and his wife's mother; for even though he gain not Paradise, yet shall he fear not Gehenna.

"In choosing a wife disdain not youth nor beauty; for these are things which time will cure.

"Love not a woman for her riches, but loving first the riches, thou shalt learn in time to love her for their sake.

"There are two ways of missing the miseries of matrimony: one is by not getting married, the other by not being born. The Prophet hath said there is a third, which is always overlooking the errors of thy partner. I know naught about this, but it recalleth an apologue:

"There were two brothers of Bassorah who dwelt under the same roof, both being married. They had the misfortune, about the same time, to offend their wives most grievously. Kadijah, the wife of the elder, was so incensed that she never spoke again to her lord. Zobeide, the younger, not only forgave her spouse, but made it a point every day, in reminding him of his fault, to forgive him again solemnly. Yet was the husband of Zobeide no happier than that of Kadijah; and when, finally losing patience, she procured a divorce from him, the ungrateful wretch only said, 'It is better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all.'"

A St. Louis judge rules that a divorced woman is not a widow. At least she usually isn't very long.—*Cleveland Leader*.

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

CLAIRE AND WILLIE AND SKINNAY.

A compilation of some of the best cartoons by Claire A. Briggs of *The Tribune* has been prepared in book form, with verses by Wilbur D. Nesbitt. The book is called "The Days of Real Sport," picturing "Skinney" and "Willie" and their "paws" and "maws," back in one of those home towns whence many of us came—where neighbors are really solicitous for one another's welfare.

The book is on sale at all book stores, and to all admirers of "Skinney" and his friends, it undoubtedly will be a welcome addition to the library. The cartoons are so familiar that any discussion of their value is needless. The verses which accompany each cartoon, written in the language that "Skinney" uses, are fitting, and portray in an excellent and humorous way, the thoughts inspired by the drawings. C'm'on over, youse fellers, and buy. Show yer 'preciation of two of the best.

THE SAN FRANCISCO PUZZLE.

On the first of September the San Francisco Call will cease publication, at least under that name, and will pass into the ownership of M. H. de Young of the Chronicle. There is a good deal about the matter which is not likely to become public until after that date; but enough is known to make it pretty clear that it will pile a heap of trouble on the minds of various people all up and down the Pacific coast.

First place, Mr. de Young is a wise young chap, with a head cram-full of newspaper knowledge. He never yet has had the worst of it in all the forty-eight years he has been in supreme control of a great publication. Whatever he is up to now, he will stay on top.

Next, nobody knows what Mr. Hearst means to do. He is another whose foolishness is that of the fox, and has grown so accustomed to storm centers that he cries when there are none. There is a story running around that he too is mixed up in this affair, but nobody can get a word out of him, whereby many are much disturbed.

Then again Mr. de Young announces that he will utilize only two or three of the Call presses, and will sell the rest of the plant, including the machinery, office furniture and fixtures.

Again, there has been a report that Mr. Chapin,

general manager of the Call, was trying to buy Post, for the purpose of running an all day paper, and his denial has not quieted that possibility.

Finally, F. W. Kellogg, who has handled all the negotiations, has assured the Call staff that there will be a demand for more men after the Call passes into other hands than there are at present employed by it. Mr. Kellogg says he isn't in it, but that has not stopped anyone from watching him. He has had too great a success in newspaper work to want to quit.

So far as words go, two things and two only appear to be "so:" Mr. de Young has bought the Call and somebody else is going to buy the plant, and start another paper with it. When the woodpile rolls apart, it may not be a negro at all who will emerge, but a large band of Indians in all the panoply of war.

THE MAKERS OF CHICAGO.

EDITORIAL IN THE BRITISH AMERICAN.

Chicago's 80th birthday anniversary came during Made in-Chicago Week. The latter idea was a happy inspiration, combining civic pride and business enterprise. It rallied to enthusiastic co-operation thousands of the manufacturers and vendors of wares whose vast miscellaneousness could not fail to impress citizens and transient visitors with the wonderful up-to-dateness of America's second metropolis.

Eighty years have elapsed since Incorporation day, when the total inhabitants numbered 800. A section of the Loop district of today comprised the new-born city of 1833. All the wealth, beauty, luxury and progress that have come since were nowhere visible to the first citizens except in their minds' eyes. The men with the grandest visions were assuredly the foremost of the early pioneers—foremost in the far-seeing faculty that was not in error in its divination of the most magnificent center of human energy and enlightenment in the world on the shores of Lake Michigan.

British-Americans may be excused for reflecting with pride that many of those Chicago pioneers hailed from the British Isles. England, Scotland and Ireland contributed to the industrious and intelligent group of men and women who guided the destinies of the coming hub of the continent. We do not for a moment insinuate that ex-Britons had any monopoly of brains in the planning and specifying process. Most of the old world nations have helped to make America and Chicago what they are. But the pluck and patience, the ardor and initiative, the courage and optimism of the true-born Briton played a conspicuous part in the designing,



Bell System

TO obtain the best results in using the telephone, speak directly into the mouthpiece in a clear well modulated tone. When a speaker turns his face from his auditor he materially reduces his chances of being understood. The same risk occurs when one talks over, under or aside from the telephone transmitter.

Chicago Telephone Company
Bell Telephone Building
Official 100

foundation-laying and building of this stupendous municipal triumph—Chicago. The Briton who has been here from the first, is proud to have been an active partner in Chicago's molding. He has participated in every department of her activities, from digging her ditches to teaching in her university. He helped both in making her sidewalks and in mapping out her City Beautiful. And it was an artist of British extraction—Charles Holloway—who devised Chicago's symbolic trade-mark—the clear-eyed lady in heroic pose bearing the legend of dauntlessness and victory: "I Will"

It is just a bit strange that this splendidly deserved recognition of Charles Holloway and his patriotic inspiration comes thus late and at the hands of a people he never claimed for his own. Charlie was of British origin, and dearly loved the old land and all it stands for in the history of civilization, but he came to Chicago so long ago and became so much a part of it, with his supercommercial vision, his imagination that projected its vast future from its often unclean present, that he was Chicago to the core. Today the great business associations display his symbol "I Will." It has become communal, and few remember its origin. He worked here at a disadvantage, for Chicago's day for artists is still a long way off. But his associations were congenial, and his gentle, happy spirit endeared him to the Whitechapel and the Press Clubs—he belonged to both—and it was only the ambition of his brilliant and devoted wife that lifted him away to New York, about a year ago; and it is a happy thing to be able to say he is making his way there through sheer appreciation of the noble idealism of the work he loves best to do. We shall hear of Charlie shortly, and so will all the others in this world who love supreme beauty set out by perfect hands.

What Do You Know About That!

BOSTON, August 12.—Ernest Jausman, a Russian newspaper man who arrived here from Hamburg last Friday, has been ordered deported by the immigration officials, who deem him "highly undesirable and unquestionably inimical to the best interests of the United States."

Jausman is said to have admitted escaping from Siberia, where he was serving a five-year term for writing in favor of a democratic form of Government for Russia.

DEAR SCOOP: A United States judge admits a Hindu to citizenship in Seattle, and an immigration agent in Boston shuts out as "highly undesirable and inimical to the best interests of the United States" a refugee from Holy Russia, who "is said to have been serving a sentence in Siberia for writing in favor of a democratic form of government in Russia." So. We can take a turbaned Hindu and put him in a way to be secretary of state, but if a Tolstoi or a Kropotkin comes to our shores he must be turned back to Siberia as "highly undesirable."

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

Fair Oaks, California.

The Secret of Life.

The London *Daily Mail* announces that Sir Oliver Lodge has some surprises in store for the British Association in his presidential address, which he will deliver on Sept. 10. He has already told the world

that "the boundary between the two states of the known and unknown life and death is still substantial but wearing thin in places, and live excavators are engaged in boring a tunnel from opposite ends. We are beginning to hear now and again the strokes of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side."

In a summary received from him of the argument of his forthcoming address, curiosity is stirred by his protest against comprehensive and negative generalization, and his insistence on the belief in the ultimate continuity of existence before and after death as essential to science. This, at least, suggests that he has new evidence to offer and fresh tests to disclose for all the evidence that has been produced in the past by him and his little band of workers.

The Lady and the Diplomat.

When a diplomat says "yes," he means "perhaps."

When a diplomat says "perhaps," he means "no," and when a diplomat says "no," he is no diplomat.

When a lady says "no," she means "perhaps."

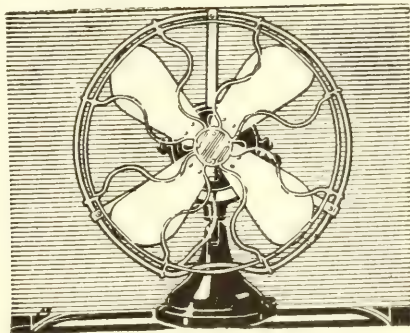
When a lady says "perhaps," she means "yes;" and when a lady says "yes," she is no lady.—*Berlin Tageblatt*.

From a Kalamazoo Gazoob.

Kalamazoo, Aug. 17.—Dear Scoop: Kin u say as how u all make your paper better every week and yit is never seen to be what mite bee cawled busy. They is meny ov us in countries deestrics as want to no this.

PATER FAMILIAS.

The acummy (get it?) of wasted courtesy is holding a swing door open for another fellow to get through.



Electric Fans
will keep you cool
for less than 1c an hour.

On sale at ELECTRIC SHOP, Michigan and Jackson Bldgs., 9163 So. Chicago Ave., 2537 Kedzie Blvd., and at the downtown offices of the

**Commonwealth
Edison Company**

120 West Adams Street

Wm. D. McJunkin Advertising Agency, Chicago 1883

JUST BRAINS.

Ed Pickard has gone to Glacier National Park, Seattle and points west. Will be gone several weeks, and hopes to catch a wimpuss for Dick Little.

George C. Rankin writes from Monmouth (down state) that his was the town which let John M. Glenn, Charlie Dryden, Billy Wells, Ted Philips and Bill Anderson out into a warm and affectionate world. A generous delivery, indeed, and one whereby Monmouth is glorified of her children.

George Morris of the Tribune, who has distinguished himself in many ways, has surpassed all his previous efforts. He married Miss Rose Tschan, and nobody knew or even dreamed of it until he wrote a letter about it to Miss Gretchen Krohn, society editor pro tem. The boys in the office have collected quite a sum for George, and believe he ought to pay an initiation fee, dues for the first and second quarters, and—well maybe he has other uses for the rest of it.

Mr. Floyd Gibbons hasn't been hanging around the Trib office as much as he used to. Reason—a very nice young lady from Minneapolis who is visiting him.

Johnny Allcock, nephew of the well-known Woodlawn police captain, returned the other day from Paw Paw with the announcement that he had found four really gentle readers of the Tribune chess column. What things these sporting reporters will run into.

Eddie J. Doherty, as rewrite man on the Tribune last Sunday night, had the pleasure of picturing his father, Police Lieutenant Doherty, as the hero of the rescue of the little girl who fell between two buildings. Incidentally it was a good story and a scoop. Eddie didn't mind a bit having to write it. The dad has declared there was a box of stogies in it. Hang around, fellows, hang around.

Jimmy Durkin had friend wife, friend landlady, Mrs. Mary Graham and Mrs. Graham's daughter, Isabella, at the club last Sunday night showing them our swell diggins. Jimmy had won \$100 in the pool the week before and he just naturally had to blow some of it.

Dan O'Leary, that tireless police reporter, is looking for news stuff. Dan will cheerfully accept murder stories, fire stories (he eats those), feature yarns, bold bad burglaries; he will even clasp your hand gratefully for good suicide stuff, and—O anything. He can be found almost any night at the Chicago avenue station.

Our Cupid is back after a strenuous vacation, and the Trib copy desk again sends out its heavyweight challenge. Paul Neumann's heft more than compensates for "The Cherub's" (Al Chase) girlish sylphness. (Pull your wordgat on that if you want to.)

Wm. J. Cleary, the Trib's rum expert, wishes it to be thoroughly understood that his wedding bells will ring out about the middle of October. The exact time and day he coyly refuses to make public. The party of the second part hails from Cleveland, and Bill says—well, he talks like Colonel Laura Jean about her.

Walter C. Howe, city editor of the World's Greatest Newspaper, is sitting in at the night editor's desk while Herman Reiwitch is vacationing. Walter Washburne is city editor in the interim.

The Chicago newspaper friends of Emmett R. Dixon, formerly head of the Inter Ocean copy desk, but who last week went to the Minneapolis Journal, extend their sympathy over the death of Mr. Dixon's mother. The Associated Press carried an account of the death of Mrs. Dixon in Philadelphia, Monday morning. The Chicago newspaperman's mother was a granddaughter of Postmaster General Hazard of President Washington's first cabinet. Mr. Dixon is now in Philadelphia where he went to attend the funeral services.

Automatic Telephone Service

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AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC COMPANY

Chicago, Illinois

Harvey T. Woodruff, sporting editor of the Tribune, leaves next week for a vacation. Woody says he only can stay away a week while the baseball season is on.

Roy Atkinson, night editor of the Inter Ocean, is in New York haunting his old haunts once more during his vacation spell.

William E. Hooker, veteran day city editor of the Inter Ocean, is on the job again after his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hendee of Wichita, Kans., are in Chicago visiting their son, Searle Hendee, of the Inter Ocean.

Sam Blair is back from his vacation in New York, spent filling in on the World there.

Mr. Parker has switched from the Tribune copy desk to the Ocean. He replaces Emmett Dixon, who lately went to Minneapolis.

Marquis James of the Inter Ocean has been moved from the lobster trick to the rim. The late watch responsibility is assumed by Horace Mann, who recently joined the Ocean desk from the Press.

James Evans Crown, city editor of the Inter Ocean, sat down the other night and wrote a real masterpiece about an old editor he used to work for in Richmond, Va. From office boy to managing editor it has been pronounced a classic, and Jim is being prevailed on to ship it to the Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Beckman has changed from the local staff of the Record-Herald to the Inter Ocean.

Mahogany Al Chase, copy butcher, whose terpsichorean powers have won him fame at every Tango tea, is furiously incensed at being called handsome. "Intellectual" is the word, or "dashing." Even "striking" might describe him. They can call anybody handsome, he says. The last two words would aptly picture his method of "reading" some of the Tribune reporters' best lines. Al is the cherub of the copy desk.

Ben Kendall reports that he has had no more trouble with his dorg. He gave him a bath and cured him, says Jimmy Durkin. To hear him bark you wouldn't believe he was only a one-lung, but Ben says he barks like that to fool folks.

No, brothers, the Cheese didn't take part in the Perry centennial on the lake. She's drawing two feet of water at the mouth of the Chicago river. One answer was received to our last week's ad. for help to Clarendon Beach, but the owners disagreed as to who should meet the stipulation of the tramp tug owner. Skipper Bill Cochran suggests advertising for bids now.

James Aloysius Durkin, the Tribune's office superintendent, will leave on his vacation immediately after the caucus. Jimmy says he won't go to the Emerald Isle this year but intends to take the frau back to the old home "counthry" next year.

Regelin, Jenson & Co.

Reaper Block

REAL ESTATE
LOANS

RENTING
INSURANCE

Peter D. Vroom, who went to Denver with the Knights Templar Commanderies for the Tribune, says that Chicago has Denver beaten just one thousand ways as a summer resort. Pete 'lows there isn't much difference between the hot winds of Kansas and the heat of Denver.

James Keeley, general manager of The Tribune, returned on Sunday from a six weeks' visit in Europe.

Jakie Smith, understudy for James Aloysius Durkin as Tribune office boy, returned to work on Sunday after a two weeks' vacation. Jake hasn't been telling how many fish he caught but he says he earned three Carnegie medals for fancy rescue work.

John Alcock, the rhum expert, has returned to work in the Tribune sport department, after two weeks at Paw Paw lake. John says there is a good opening for a cabaret at Paw Paw.

While daily contact with the men in an office force such as ours sometimes brings about a feeling of regret because one of them goes away, the change that brought Maurice Nelson forward to the cashier's desk last week has given satisfaction to everyone. Nelson has supreme mastery of the difficult art of saying and doing things in themselves both necessary and unpleasant, and in the other things that are mere courtesies he has been a favorite to the full limit, because he goes out of his way to oblige any member, and when he promises to do a thing, he keeps that promise to the minute. He came to us in October last year, and has been advanced steadily upon his merits, without trying either to create or use a pull, but by merely and steadily doing his duty cheerfully and quietly—and he never looks at the clock when there's work on and unfinished. Of such be the chosen.

Can you beat this? "Mac" Mackerley of the Record Herald city copy desk is trying to start an Emerson club among such low-brows as Burkhardt, Park, Bastian, Whitcomb, Sullivan and Kirkland.

H. M. Marston, night editor of the Record Herald, has returned from his two weeks' vacation brown as a berry, and Frank Marney is in the throes of anticipation.

When Frank Marney is off and Harry Hazelwood is sitting in on the Record Herald telegraph desk, Fred Mattison will have to groom himself to sit in on Harry's day off. Those who know Fred say he is there a million ways.

Handy Andy Jansen, the blonde Adonis of the Record Herald copy boy staff, who won fame by wading through buckets of blood to send in a story to the paper on his night off, has shown a determination to become a real reporter. He aspires to be a police reporter and has bought a set of Sherlock Holmes on the installment plan to learn the gum shoe work.

Wilbur Glenn Burkhardt of the Record Herald city copy desk, is buying a diamond ring, so they say. Everybody on the Record Herald is wondering if it means getting tin pans ready.

The Record Herald suffered a great loss this week when Bertram Yarwood went away on his vacation. It is rumored that he may decide to buy a farm and start in the poultry business. He has been inclined that way for some months.

The other day Theodore Shonts was injured in a railway wreck in France and Lillian Russell administered first aid to the injured. This made W. H. Whitcomb, editor of the Woman's page on the Record Herald, awfully jealous.

George Bastian, the late trick man on the Record Herald, is lonely these nights without Harry Hewes, who went to the Detroit Times as Telegraph editor. Hewes was always good for two or three hours after quitting time chewing the rag about various authors, and they always wound up on "Stringbeans" otherwise known as Strindberg.

Clarence Speed, city editor of the Record Herald, and Al Kirkland, night city editor on the same paper,

are planning to get off together and go on a fishing trip. Now if Speed schedules an eighty-inch non-parcil fish, will Kirk keep within space?

Not What Hospital, But What Tribe.

Jay (Casey) Cairns when not vice-presiding for the Press Club of Chicago is on the Record Herald staff, and Al Kirkland is night city editor on the same paper as well as boss of the copy manglers. They had a run-in the other night which is worth spilling some printers' ink.

"Casey" turned in a story about an injury to some gink in Elgin and said in his story that the man had been taken to "the hospital in Elgin." Now Kirk is strong for Elgin and the following dialogue ensued.

Kirk: Watcha mean "the hospital at Elgin?" There's more than one there.

Casey: Get off your foot. That is a one-horse town and there is only one hospital there.

Kirk: You're crazy. They've got a hospital there for the sick and injured and another for such people as you are.

Loud laughs. Casey executes a tango of derision, and makes exit singing aboriginal music.

Bearskins and Sandchicks.

At large in Upper Michigan, Aug. 19, 1913. Dear Scoop:—Tell all the boys I am having a helvetime up here in the wilds of old Michigan, and I wish my old hubby Dick Lee was up here with me. Every morn I am September Morn and at night I am August Knight. Get me Kid? I haven't seen any Joys (five-year-olds I mean) but I have seen a bear. It was a she-bear all right, but it didn't wear a slashed skirt and take it from me I wished I was back in that dear old Chicago. This bear walked right up to me and swatted me one in the mush. Talk about your swat the fly campaigns! You ought to have a few bears down there. But I was game and remembering the training I had years ago in a gymnasium I gave her a left hook and countered with my right to the jaw so hard that Mrs. Bear fell dead a la Luther McCarty. I am going to bring the skin back with me to prove it. Tell all the boys to have one on me. I've got several sand bank checks with me.

BERTRAM YARWOOD.

THE EX-SCRIBE'S LAMENT.

BY E. L. DE LESTRY, PRESS CLUB.

Dropped are the shears, laid down the pen,
I've fled the shop of ceaseless toil
Of recording the deeds of busy men,
And the ever-rolling world's turmoil.

I fain would seek a needful rest,
Forgetting papers and endless strife
Of gathering stories, the worst—the best—
Of the varied phases of human life.

Well—the rest has been earned,
And the rest has been won;
But a different story have I learned—
The true scribe's mission is never done.

As I sit today in the shade and think
Of the good old days, I must confess
I miss the smell of the printing ink
And long for the click of the dear old press.

Then bring me pad and bring me pen,
That I write the verses that sing in my brain.
I don't like the Now as I loved the Then—
I'm longing to be a scribe again.

BOOKS.

This journal is in delighted receipt of *The Great Lake Series* of history books, written by Edward Payson Morton, Ph. D., and illustrated from the morgue of Ainsworth & Company, publishers, Chicago. In an introduction it is carefully stated that "these readers are school books, and are not intended as a recreation for idle hours. . . . Exploration and trade in America have both romantic aspects and one or the other of these is sure to appeal to wideawake children. The scenes visited offer abundant material of both kinds—the chief difficulty has been to select. . . . Some knowledge of history has been assumed; for example, that the Revolutionary War was the struggle of the American colonies for independence from Great Britain." And it is expressly declared that the children whose momentous journey from Lake Champlain to Lake Michigan is the thread on which the whole mass of mighty facts concerning the subject matter is strung, are going to talk like normal human beings, not like precocious little prigs, escorted by a pedant; which declaration is certainly made good. They are Carrie and James, escorted by an uncle James and an aunt, instead of one fool Rollo and a mere spacefilling Uncle George! Who would think of going to see Uncle Tom played with less than four Marksés, two Uncle Toms, four mules, and a whole drove of Russian boar-hounds. No such trivial pinching in these liberal days of ours. Let's have two Rollos, one male and one female (it doesn't matter which) and two ditto Uncle Georges, male or female, and if so, how long?

These books are a bold and daring dash for freedom in American history. They have shifted the western radius of the history producing area from Boston to Lake Michigan, and have done that epochal thing without noise. That is, without noise as yet. If the historians' union of Boston finds out, there may be riot. It may not be too much to hope that there may be combat, in the which case *THE SCOOP* will gladly furnish all the mops and buckets of slop that may be needed to carry it on, without prejudice for either side but only a fervent desire that none may survive to tell the dreadful or any other tale.

But above all things in any consideration of this history for use in American schools, it is important to remember that author and publishers insist that the Revolutionary War was the struggle of the American colonies for independence from Great Britain. This is a firm stand to take—a most noble one. It dwarfs out of the horizon that History fifty times bigger was going on and covering American territory several times larger than all this terrific Rollo and George anabasis had begun, long before, was going on then, and still goes on with glory—not a glory that dims by one degree the real worth and wonder of the northeast as the northeast then was, but that thought only of its work, and never a bit of that work was connected with the pen.

Listen to something worth while: It is a story written by former Governor Bradford L. Prince of

New Mexico, of the old Palace in the City of Santa Fé, built in 1605, years before England and Holland had been delivered of the Mayflower's passenger list of psalm singing press agents:

"Without disparaging the importance of any of the cherished historical localities in the East, it may be truthfully said that this ancient palace surpasses in historic interest and value any other place or object in the United States. It antedates the settlement of Jamestown, New Amsterdam and Plymouth, and has stood during the three centuries since its erection, not as a cold rock or monument, with no claim upon the interest of humanity except the bare fact of its continued existence, but as the living center of everything of historic importance in the Southwest. Through all that long period, whether under Spanish, Pueblo, Mexican or American control, it has been the seat of power and authority. Whether the ruler was called viceroy, captain general, political chief, department commander, or governor, and whether he presided over a kingdom, a province, a department, or a territory, this has been his official residence.

"From here Onate, the first governor, started on his adventurous expedition to the Eastern plains; here a few years later, eight hundred Indians came from far off Quivira to ask aid in their war with the Axtaos; from here, in 1618, Vincente de Saldivar set forth to the Moqui country, only to be turned back by rumors of the giants to be encountered; and from here, according to his own report, Penalosa and his brilliant troop started, on the 9th of March, 1662, on their marvelous expedition to the Missouri; here in one of the strong rooms the commissary general of the Inquisition was imprisoned a few years later by the same Penalosa; here, within the walls, fortified as for a siege, the bravest Spaniards were massed in the revolution of 1680; here, on the 19th of August of that year, was given the order to execute forty-seven Pueblo prisoners in the plaza which faces the building; here, but a few days later, was the sad war council held which determined on the evacuation of the city; here was the scene of triumph of the Pueblo chieftains as they ordered the destruction of the Spanish archives and the church ornaments in one grand conflagration; here De Vargas, on September 14, 1692, after the eleven hours' combat of the preceding day, gave thanks to the Virgin Mary, to whose aid he attributed his triumphant capture of the city; here, more than a century later, on March 3, 1807, Lieutenant Pike was brought before Governor Alencaster as an invader of Spanish soil; here, in 1822, the Mexican standard, with the eagle and the cactus, was raised in token that New Mexico was no longer a dependency of Spain; from here, on the 6th of August, 1837, Governor Perez started to subdue the insurrection in the North, only to return two days later and to meet his death on the 9th, near Agua Fria; here on the succeeding day, Jose Gonzales, a Pueblo Indian of Taos, was installed as Governor of New Mexico, soon after to be executed by order of Armijo; here, in the principal reception room, in 1844, Governor Martinez killed the chief of the Utes by one blow with his chair; here, on August 12, 1846, Captain Cooke, the American envoy, was received by Governor Armijo and sent back with a message of defiance; and here, six days later, General Kearney formally took possession of the city, and slept after his long and weary march, on the carpeted earthen floor of the palace.

"From every point of view, it is the most important historical building in the country and its ultimate use should be as the home of the wonderfully varied collections of historical antiquaries which New Mexico will furnish.

"Coming down to more modern times, it may be added that here General Lew Wallace wrote 'Ben Hur,' while Governor, in 1879 and 1880."

O, George and Rollo! James and Carrie and the Uncle

and Aunt! O, you poor old picture of Father Hennepin clasping his hands over the awful discovery that the waters of Niagara fell down, not up! O, ye to whom is given this immortal task of making Americans of these millions of foreign children who will presently be governing our country by their mere ballot power! When are we going to get a school system that will teach these poor little millions, one and all inheritors of ignorance and repression, utterly all of merely latent mentality—when will we feed them the knowledge of the vast and noble things that have been done in the building of all this country, not of a bit or corner of it? How much longer before we shall have an educational system where the trousered granny will be succeeded by the film and the technical trainer, under an unpolitical plan that will make of these children Americans first, then useful Americans?

A Splendid Declaration.

Reaffirming Doctor Holland's statement in the first issue of what is now *The Century Magazine* (forty-one years ago) that it would be conducted in "the free spirit of modern progress and the broadest literary catholicity," the present *Century* editor very simply says these philosophic and prophetic things in the September number:

There is no escaping the fact that civilization, like the river tumbling and swirling between two lakes, is passing turbently from the old convention of the last several generations to the unknown, almost unguessable convention of the not distant future. The feminist movement, the uprising of labor, the surging of innumerable socialistic currents, can mean nothing else than the certain readjustment of social levels. The demand of the people for the heritage of the bosses is not short of revolution. The rebellious din of frantic impressionistic groups is nothing if not strenuous protest against a frozen art. The changed Sabbath and the tempered sermon mark the coldly critical appraisal of religious creeds. And science, meantime, straining and sweating under the lash of progress, is passing from wonder unto wonder.

The need of the moment is to discover where we are, what is accomplishing about us. Where have all these struggling activities brought us? What have they really done? What do they mean? Whither do they tend?

It is time we look this question of the present squarely in the eye, in order, if for no other reason, that we may intelligently face the future. It is time that, in business phrase, we take account of stock. It is time that the chemist, for example, trembling over the revelations of his amazing combinations, know that the psychologist, too, is excited about the astonishing developments of his own laboratory; that the elated conquerors of the air realize the achievement of those who plod in the groaning shops of town; that the biologist, amazed at his artificial propagation of life, appreciate the telegraphic annihilation of space.

Thus only may we wisely choose our steps in these

uncertain times, remembering that change is not always degeneration; oftener it is progress. There are periods when men live literature, not write it, and consequently literary barrenness may mean merely lying fallow, and still be progress. Especially must we not be too hasty of judgment, for while there are times to preach and times to act and times to pronounce judgment, there are at long intervals also times, between the passing out and the comings in, when it behooves all men to watch and to wait and to study the signs.

There are abundant reasons to believe that such a time is at hand, and *The Century*, now, as in the past, stands by to help.

PRESS AGENTS—AND PRESS PIRATES.

DEAR SCOOP: No, I don't know who "R" is who wrote last week about "A Disappearing Nuisance," but to show I have a different spirit of candor, I sign my real name to this missive. "R" writes about press agency and after gently terming it an "insidious vice," etc., he delivers a personal insult to me. He refers to "the last refuge of the scoundrel—a patriotic appeal."

For the last couple of months I have been doing feature publicity service for the second annual water carnival and the Perry's victory centennial commission of Illinois. Nearly all the stuff I wrote that was printed in the Chicago papers was based on the patriotic appeal. Does "R" still maintain that I am a scoundrel—I, a fellow member of the club? I should be interested to know it.

He says "newspaper publishers generally are alert to all the press agent devices and the business is being suppressed." In justice to the host of first-class, reputable newspaper men who are now engaged in publicity work and whose coöperation with city editors, dramatic editors and Sunday editors is a recognized and legitimate feature of newsgetting, "R" should tell us about this campaign of suppression as related to the Chicago press and the publicity men in whom editors place a confidence which has never been broken. Many of these press agents are members of the Press Club. Is it "R's" intention to drum them out of the organization as scoundrels and thieves, after having "suppressed" their means of livelihood?

He mentions "pull, threats, tears and offers of bribery." He should by all means press these charges against the publicity man as a class—since he dotes on generalization—and have the press agent members expelled from the organization.

"The press agent is on the wane," he triumphs, just as somebody else with a Press Club membership might carol, "the reporter is on the wane." As long as we accept reputable men of any occupation into our membership, why should they be attacked with sweeping generalities in the organ of their own club?

I am not writing as a press agent, understand. I am back in the editorial end, thank you, grateful for the experience and grasp of human nature and affairs that publicity work afforded me. Unlike the writer of "A Disappearing Nuisance," who condemns me as a scoun-

drel and prefers the shield of anonymity, I remain, sincerely,
GENE MORGAN.

The writer to whom Mr. Morgan refers may or may not retain anonymity, but it is only fair to say that he holds a position of high responsibility on one of our Chicago great dailies; and it is gently suggested to Mr. Morgan that he read the letter to which he objects in connection with the article to part of which it was a reply, before he nails down too tight for removal the opinion that press agents like Mr. Morgan, Mr. Wood, or any other of the dozen or more high-class men in our membership who live by doing legitimate publicity work. It was at the other and piratical sort the article and the letter were directed—and nobody loves that lot any less than Mr. Morgan does.

"Jack the Ripper's" End.

Sir Melville Macnaghten, chief of the criminal investigation department of Scotland Yard, who has just retired, revealed the fact that the mysterious murderer, "Jack the Ripper," who killed seven women in the east end of London in 1888, and whose end remained a mystery until now, committed suicide in November of that year. Macnaghten says the "Ripper" was a maniac.

"I have a very clear idea of who he was and how he committed suicide," says Sir Melville, "but that, with other secrets, will never be revealed by me."

Macnaghten adds that no record exists of the secret information in his possession.

WHY? O, WHY!

BY A PRESS CLUB MAN WHO DESIRES TO BECOME CLEAN.

I was in a fearful hurry
(For I had a dinner date),
As I rushed into the washroom
To smooth the hair upon my pate.

But I looked in vain for mirrors,
They were deeply hid with dust;
From their tops hung festooned cobwebs
Filled with dead flies, dirt and rust.

So I gave a lick and promise,
Brushed my hair and coat by guess.
Then, my friends, at my appearance
Bawled me out for carelessness.

Oh, the maids have got it on us,
They who, in the days of old—
Used for mirrors skyblue rivers,
Or platters made of burnished gold.

Why in all creation is it,
(I am asking wild with wrath)
That the mirrors at the Press Club
Never get a half a bath?

FOOD AFTER FATIGUE

Special Table D'Hote for Sunday ["Caucus Day"] —Price 75c.

—BILL OF FARE—

Fruit Cocktail
Consomme en Tasse
Fried Perch
Teal Birds with dressing or
Roast Prime Ribs of Beef-au-jus
New Potatoes in Cream
New Peas
Combination Salad
Tutti Frutti Ice Cream
Home Made Cake
Demi Tasse
Cheese and Crackers

WHOM THE GODS LOVE.

EVA DOBELL IN THE AMERICAN CANADIAN.

Time was I fretted lest the envious years
Should steal away some dear familiar grace
Of his strong youth, and that beloved face
Should change—that all life brings of smiles and tears.
The loss that deadens, and the sin that sears
Should on his beauty set their dimming trace;
The future bring me, wheeling up apace,
A stranger for my boy—Thus ran my fears.

Poor silly fears! How foolish they look now
Foolish as dreams in the cold light of truth.
Change touched him not. Life stayed to break no vow
Of promised joy. Grim Age that knows no truth
Spared his bright soul—Death kissed him on the brow
And dowered him with imperishable youth.

MORGUE FOR A COUNTRY PAPER.

WALKER JACK IN AMERICAN PRINTER.

Why don't you have a morgue?

I know of but very few country dailies or weeklies that attempt to keep cuts systematically. They usually are dumped in a heap under the imposing stone, and a few years later when the subject dies or marries again, good valuable hours are spent just at press time looking up cuts; then they are usually found scratched or defaced.

Work out your own system, and when it is worked out follow it. In the first place, if you are running a good, live weekly, you want to be sure to "swipe" some of the cuts out of the plate. There are pictures of men quite prominent in state and national affairs, and these go out with the political dope. Break them out of the columns of plate and keep them; they can be used at election time and when the politician comes to town, and again and again.

Here is the way to take care of these: You use a good-sized envelope, surely. Take some of these blank envelopes, print on the corner a space for name, and if you care to make record of when it was used, do so; also allow space for date when used, for this will refer back to date of the paper, and parts of a former story will link up nicely with one a little later. File these away alphabetically. The same can be done with mats. One of the drawers of a vertical letter file will do nicely. For mounted cuts an editor whom I know used as a morgue three or four thread boxes placed one above the other. He had the drawers marked alphabetically and indelibly marked each cut, laying it carefully in the drawer.

If the cuts are loaned, make a note on the envelope, giving the history of the deal. If the thread boxes are used, deposit in the place of the cut a card giving the history of the loan. If the thread boxes cannot be secured, take an old type stand, then break the partitions out of some old cases and file cuts away in these. Be sure to have the advertising cuts where the advertising man can lay his hands on them to prevent loss of time.

Strip the metal from those old advertising plates; sell it to the type foundry and keep house according to a system like the bigger fellows do.

THE MOVIES ACTOR.

BY J. A.

I have to be the President,
Or play a Bishop, say in Lent;
Whate'er may meet the shrewd intent
Of art that's sane or flighty;
'Tis mine, by skill to supplement
The Truth, escaped by accident,
Or whim of people mighty.

Sometimes I sail the raging main;
Sometimes, in mines, my pick shows plain;
Sometimes I wear a ball and chain;
And often boots with spurs on;
It gives me more or less of pain,
Because, when off my job again,
I'm quite a human person.

I'm not portraying genuine souls
Like actors whom their art controls;
My goat they get and naught consoles,
Or makes ambition flutter;
The cream of life Fate never doles
To me; I'm doomed to live on rolls,
Forever, with no butter!

THE HOE.

BY R. D. WOLFE, PRESS CLUB.

The hoe is a short word for long sighs. This instrument of torture was first introduced during the Reign of Terror and has since been the bane of the life of the small boy and the hen-pecked husband. It is usually found in the hands of a man wishing to give an imitation of industry or create a feeling of jealousy in the mind of a neighbor whom he hopes will creep through the fence some dark night and break the handle. It is used for the purpose of distributing the soil, and in the hands of a city farmer for the purpose of cutting down his wife's choice rose bushes. The hoe possesses such a low mentality that it has been known to destroy as many valuable and rare plants as obnoxious weeds, having absolutely no discrimination whatever. It is effective against all vegetation except the immortal wild morning glory.

It is a most expensive toy, although the most numerous of the common garden variety of cutlery. Several minor details precede the purchase of this instrument. First, purchase an \$800 acre lot from a real estate man, who tells you how to save money raising your own vegetables. Spend \$100 worth of time talking about country life with people who are also "reading up" on the subject. Then you are supposed to be in the proper mental condition to purchase a new 1913 model hoe. Select a hoe as carefully as you would a razor. While hard to work, an automobile license is not required to operate it, and very few hoeists have been arrested for exceeding the speed limit.

The fascination of hoeing is so great that men have been known to leave in the midst of an exciting baseball game and work themselves into blind staggers over the hoe. In fact, this form of dissipation can so thoroughly take possession of a man that he will even get up in the middle of the night and indulge himself in his favorite pastime by the aid of a lantern.

When you see an army of men taking suburban trains, loaded down with mysterious packages with

long, protruding handles, you may know spring has come, or summer has not gone.

BETTER WAGES FOR PRINTERS.

FROM THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Newspaper publishers of Baltimore have signed new agreements with Typographical Union No. 12, the contracts to be in operation until Jan. 1, 1920. The old scale was \$21 and \$22.50 for hand and machine work, respectively, on afternoon papers, and \$21.60 and \$24 on morning papers, with a seven-hour day, the handmen to work six hours more per week at single price if necessity should require.

The new scale is a straight seven-hour proposition. From July 1 to Jan. 1, 1914, the pay for night work will be \$24 per week and that of day work \$22.75. For the year 1914 the scale will be \$25 per week for night work and \$24 for day work; for the years 1915 and 1916, \$26 and \$25, and for the years 1917, 1918 and 1919, \$27 and \$26 per week. Overtime will be 75 cents an hour on afternoon papers and 80 cents on morning papers.

The scale committee of Columbus Typographical Union No. 5 has negotiated a new wage schedule with the publishers' association of that city, whereby wages will be gradually increased until May 7, 1916, when the pay of night workers will be \$29.50 per week and for day workers \$26.50 per week. This is an advance of \$2.50 per week over the wages previously paid. Other concessions secured are complete control of the proofroom, double price after two hours of overtime (the first two hours being price and one-half), seven hours' work on double-headers.

A new scale of wages for all composing room employees other than machine operators on Houston, Texas, newspapers was signed on July 17, to be in operation for the ensuing five years. The old scale was \$4.60 for day work and \$4.80 for night work, eight hours per day. Under the new agreement the hours remain the same, but there is an increase of \$1.20 per week the first year, sixty cents per week the second year, and at the beginning of the third year another increase of sixty cents per week will take effect, when the scale will be \$30 per week for day work and \$31.20 for night work.

A Brief Petition.

Trouble—don't rile me;
Hot sun—don't br'ile me;
Good luck—don't sp'ile me;
And let me rest.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Strenuous.

I would be willing to work," said Tyre Dout, "if I could get the sort of a job I want."

"What would that job be?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind calling out the stations on an Atlantic liner."

Headline states: "Warship Loses Torpedo Filled With Secrets." Well, if it contained nothing more deadly than secrets, we should worry.

Professor Bateson of London refers to it as the "Wildcat eugenism" of the United States." Don't know the Professor, but hazard a guess that he's the father of a large family—all fit.—*New York Telegraph*.

Doctors have been examining a skull a million years old in London and engaging in controversy as to the sort of man it used to think for. Why worry? The original owner of the skull is not a bit excited.—*New York Telegraph*.

State Bank of Chicago

| | | |
|-------------------|-------|--------------------|
| Capital | - - - | \$1,500,000 |
| Surplus (earned) | - - - | 2,000,000 |
| Undivided Profits | - - - | 661,819 |
| Total | - - - | <u>\$4,161,819</u> |

Statement of Condition August 11, 1913

RESOURCES

| | | |
|-------------------------|-----------|---------------------|
| Loans and Discounts | - - - | \$20,605,679.04 |
| Overdrafts | - - - - - | 750.48 |
| Bonds | - - - - - | 738,947.21 |
| Cash and Due from Banks | - - - | <u>7,334,212.52</u> |
| | | \$28,679,589.25 |

LIABILITIES

| | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------|----------------------|
| Capital Stock | - - - - - | \$ 1,500,000.00 |
| Surplus (earned) | - - - - - | 2,000,000.00 |
| Undivided Profits | - - - - - | 661,819.34 |
| Reserved for Interest and Taxes | - - - - - | 63,000.00 |
| Dividends Unpaid | - - - - - | 60.00 |
| Deposits | - - - - - | <u>24,454,709.91</u> |
| | | \$28,679,589.25 |

Interest Allowed on Deposits

Your Business Solicited

Officers

| | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|
| L. A. GODDARD | - - - - - President | C. EDWARD CARLSON | - - - Assistant Cashier |
| HENRY A. HAUGAN | - - - - - Vice-President | WALTER J. COX | - - - Assistant Cashier |
| HENRY S. HENSCHEN | - - - - - Cashier | EDWARD A. SCHROEDER | - - - Assistant Cashier |
| FRANK I. PACKARD | - - - Assistant Cashier | SAMUEL E. KNECHT | - - - Secretary |
| WILLIAM C. MILLER | - - - Assistant Secretary | | |

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| | |
|---|--|
| DAVID N. BARKER Manager Jones & Laughlin Steel Co. | H. G. HAUGAN Ex-Comptroller Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. Co. |
| J. J. DAU President Reid, Murdoch Co. | OSCAR H. HAUGAN Manager Real Estate Loan Department |
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**Southeast Corner La Salle and Washington Streets
CHICAGO**

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II. No. 35.

Chicago, Saturday, August 30, 1913.

Price 5c.

Regular Caucus Nominees to be voted for September 4th

President—Walter A. Washburne, Tribune.

First Vice-President—Julius Reynolds Kline, attorney.

Second Vice-President—Robert W. Maxwell, Inter Ocean.

Treasurer—Frank Collins, Banker.

Financial Secretary—William Frederic Nutt.

Recording Secretary—J. H. Ashley, Associate Editor, The Banker.

Librarian—LeRoy T. Goble, Author.

Directors—Jay Cairns, Record-Herald; Rudolph

Berliner, Musical Director; Charles Lederer, Author, Artist and Illustrator.

In accordance with call issued by the Club at its July meeting, for August 24, the above named were nominated for the offices designated, and elected at that time in regular form.

JUDGE MICHAEL F. GIRTON,
Chairman Regular Club Caucus.

CHARLES LEDERER,
Secretary Regular Club Caucus.



At the left,
Walter A.
Washburne
of the
Tribune,
Incoming
President.



At the right,
Charles N.
Wheeler
of the
Inter Ocean,
Retiring
President.



JULIUS REYNOLLS KLINE.

Surrounding the election to be held next Thursday were questions that if seriously pushed might have re-created some of the old disturbances that for eleven months each out of more than thirty years have kept the Club in animated, though not acutely enjoyable agitation. Only once before have those conditions retired so far into the background that their appearance within the next five days is the just about most unlikely thing you could think of.

That statement can be made freely now, since at the caucus held last Sunday the new men nominated are known to be practically unanimous in a desire to carry forward the policies inaugurated during the Club year now closing. There has been little or no discussion.

Walter A. Washburne, whose election is certain beyond all doubt, is a man of well attested executive ability and one whose efforts for the improvement and increase of the Club have been wholly single-hearted, without thought of himself or his own advantage in any way.

It was under President Wheeler's administration the new policies came into play, and the surprising improvement not only in the house itself but in the Club's

finances were made. Personally, President Wheeler has not had as good a show as we all wish he had, his duties to his paper keeping him away from Chicago during most of his term. But he goes out of office without abatement—rather with enhancement—of the very warm good feeling of all his fellow members.

Julius Reynolds Kline, the nominee for the office of first vice-president, is a lawyer by profession and has been in active practice in the city of Chicago for over twenty years. He was born in Philadelphia, Penn., December 15, 1865; was educated at the Keystone Grammar School, Pennsylvania State Normal School, Allegheny College, Chicago Law and Midland University. He was professor of law at the Chicago Law School, his last year being in charge of the post graduates. He is a member of the Chicago, Illinois State, and American Bar Associations, and has been awarded the degree of LL. D.; has served as adjutant general in the Illinois National Guard, retiring with the rank of lieutenant-colonel; was lately a commander of naval reserves, and is the honorable chief of the Ancient and Honorables of the Grand Army of the Republic.



ROBERT W. MAXWELL.



CHARLES COLLINS.

He is secretary and treasurer of the Allegheny College Alumni Association of the West, member of the American Red Cross society and National Geographic society, member of the Phi Alpha Delta Greek fraternity and is a 33° Mason. He has been a director of the Press Club for the past two years. Mr. Kline was an active newspaper man in former years, his special efforts being devoted to drama, music and art criticism. Of late years, in addition to the active practice of his profession, he has occupied the position of editor of the Voice-Review, which position he now holds.

Robert W. Maxwell, slated for the second vice-presidency, is one of those few happy mortals whose history is short and free of even the mildest form of woe. He is a newspaper man from the core out, or it is one of the great certainties that he would not now be up for so high an office in the world's greatest Press Club. He is on the Inter Ocean and his work has been such that so long as he holds his present gait he may keep his job, or as soon as he improves it, get a better.

Of Frank Collins, writer and banker, it is difficult to say enough to give him full justice for his admirable management of the Club's finances. He took the place for the benefit of the institution, overhauled its affairs from the beginning, found out for the first time exactly where we stood and at considerable personal sacrifice threw himself into getting things ship-shape. Under his business direction, ably seconded by Doctor Nutt, the Club's debt has decreased so that it is no longer even a remote menace. If ever any man deserved the thanks of any organization, Mr. Collins deserves ours, full measure, heaped and overrunning. And that's a fact.

The case of Doctor Nutt is remindful of the reporter who thought mention of a half million fire just up the block would have been a foolish waste of valuable space, since it was "right out there and everybody saw it." Doctor Nutt came from government service in England in the times that are elder now, and struck a high mark in Cleveland newspaper work before he came here and joined this Club. From the day of his entrance he has been a devoted worker for the Club's best interest. For so mild a man, he's a most surprising fighter when anything comes along worth fighting over.



DR. WILLIAM FREDERIC NUTT.



HARRY DANIEL.

He has been recording secretary several times, and during a part of the closing year, after Beecher Osborne's vacation of that office, financial secretary, too.

If there is any officer within our walls who gets small approval and abundant kicks, the financial secretary is that same. It is significant of this incumbent's general character that he knows humankind somewhat broadly, knows when the other fellow is right and gives in, or when he isn't makes him say so quick. The recent renewal of youth and comfort in the Club house may be credited to his activity and a way he has of doing things without saying very much. And his co-operation with Treasurer Collins has been vigorous, and felicitous in those results which are the admiration of those who visit the Club.

J. H. Ashley, up for recording secretary, is leading a double, yet graceful, life. He is a writer not prolific, both in verse and prose; he is associate editor of *The Banker*; and (between ourselves, so't please you) he is cashier of a bank. The bank is in Hinsdale and hath well stuffed strong boxes, wherefore those who see fit so to do may on that account make him decent obeis-

ance, and approach him with pleasings and with gifts. In full tennis array he hath no air of the money changer. In any array he appears as though Adonis had come again, and so say all. He is bound to make a good and faithful officer, notwithstanding these things.

Concerning Leroy Truman Goble, up for the honorable though sometimes irritating post of librarian: he is a bibliophile and better skilled in the judgment, love of and care of books than in the production of books themselves. Mr. Goble's temporary appointment, now approaching a more permanent footing, was made necessary by the withdrawal of our sweet natured, noble minded Joe Henderson, whose health broke and compelled his going to the country, where he is slowly getting well. Mr. Goble, during his brief occupancy of the place, has succeeded in putting the Club upon the highest footing with all the great publishing houses, and in forming the framework of a great and orderly library, so conducted that the long standing habit of taking books out and never bringing them back shall terminate. The beginning he has made in the accumulation of a high-grade working reference library has already brought to the Club several shelves of the best.



LEROY TRUMAN GOBLE.



GEORGE S. LOUIS.

Three directors are to be elected Thursday, and the candidates are all chosen from the retiring board. The nominees are Jay Cairns, Rudolph Berliner and Charles Lederer.

Personally, there is no man in the Press Club more popular than Jay Cairns. He has led an adventurous life in many far places, and knows the taste of fortune's ditches. But he is of courage and a cheerful nature, and takes her buffets and rewards with unmoved countenance. It is sincerely regretted that no picture of that round and rosy countenance of his can be presented here. None could be had in time, for he is busy handling careful and assiduous work on the Record-Herald. He is a feature man over there, and to say even that much is to state his quality and value.

Mark S. Watson of the Tribune was born June 24, 1887, at Plattsburgh, New York. He graduated A. B. at Union College in 1908 and worked on the Plattsburgh Press and News until 1909. Since then he has been with the Chicago Tribune as reporter and assistant financial editor, and now is rewrite man on that paper. He is a wise and quiet man, good at whatever he undertakes, and has been an excellent director.

Everyone knows Charles Lederer as a writer, illustrator and general artist. If memory serves, he began his illustrative work with the Chicago Herald before that humbly founded sheet began to swallow other and older ones. His new book, "Learning to Draw," has only this last week issued from the press, and has already begun a rushing sale. A notice of it appears in this issue of THE SCOOP. Mrs. Lederer gives her time and ability without stint in any Club event where women can take the place of men.

Rudolph Berliner has been one of our most valuable members this long while back. He directs all our musical affairs and has almost completed The Press Club band, which plays mounted or afoot, and numbers about forty people. It would be just a little hard at times to get on without him. Nobody can forget the consummate skill with which he directed that great orchestra at the big Auditorium show last April.

Perhaps more widely known in a personal way than any other Press Club man is Harry Daniel of the Inter-Ocean, who is a holdover. It is a genuine treat to take



RUDOLPH BERLINER.



J. H. ASHLEY.

this opportunity to present his simulacrum. He dallies daily with sports and drama, and in the way of handsome is as handsome does, he is in the sweepstakes class.

George L. Louis is a most excellent business man as well as a careful writer of clear English. He is one of the few fortunates who are at liberty to pass most of their time in the house.



CHARLES LEDERER.



MARK S. WATSON.

The Los Angeles Municipal Newspaper.

The Los Angeles municipal newspaper commission has formally gone out of existence, the three members tendering their resignations to Mayor Alexander. This commission was composed of George H. Dunlop, H. O. Wheeler, Jr., and Dr. T. Percival Gerson.

With their resignations they turned over an unexpended balance from last year's appropriation amounting to a little more than \$12,000.

Included among their assets also is a press for which the city contracted to pay \$13,500 on which \$6,750 has been paid. Under the contract of purchase this press reverts to the sellers if the full amount is not paid.

Councilman Haines W. Reed has changed the name of the Northwest Enterprise, one of his seven weekly papers, to that of the Los Angeles Municipal News, the name of the recent municipal publication which the people voted to discontinue.

It takes an American to stand up throughout a long trolley ride and call it an outing.

Taxi motto: I dare pay all that may become a man; who dares pay more is none.

A BALLAD UP TO DATE.

SOMEBODY IN THE NEW YORK EVENING SUN.

At the Art Club, O my darling,
Where the lights are dim and low
And the Futurists and Cubists
Fill you with an unknown woe—

Where the nudes are pale triangles
Goo-goo eyed Geometry;
Ears and limbs in weird rectangles
And the colors fierce to see—

At the Art Club, O my darling,
Think not bitterly of me
That I passed in stricken silence
From that grewsome scenery—

For my heart was throbbing strangely
And my brain gone all astray;
It was best, far best, my darling,
That I made my getaway.

JUST BRAINS.

Mac Mackerley, Record-Herald copy butcher, felt several 90-horse power pains in the region of his heart the other night. His first thought on coming to was of flowers. "Guess I'll collect for 'em now," he announced. "Why wait until I croak?" He was out-voted.

W. F. Whitcomb, feature editor of the Record-Herald, has become so engrossed in his \$50,000-a-year Sarah Bernhardt daily squeaks that he dreams about her. Not long ago he wrote it Bernhardt Shaw.

George Bastian, who has held down the lobster trick on the Record-Herald for eight months, will divide the honors with Wilbur Neil Burkhardt commencing Sunday. They will alternate on the shift, each three weeks at a time.

Grover Sexton, THE Record-Herald reporter, is a close student of weather predictions these days. The faintest possibility of showers makes him tremble for his verberna lid.

Stanley Osborne, of Around the World in Eighty Blocks fame, and Charles Carpenter, Chicago's oldest police reporter, were overheard recently discussing the relative merits of two new and widely advertised hair restorers. Both spoke authoritatively and pessimistically. Apparently the stuff had actually made their hair come out.

Jim (Percy F.) Lowder and Mrs. Lowder are visiting the home folks in Maine. He exhibited his versatility by sending a picture postal card to every member of the Record-Herald editorial staff, from City Editor Speed to Office Boy Jansen, and writing something different on each card.

Jack Spellman, day city editor of the Record-Herald, got back on the job this week after a two weeks' vacation, and he was a sight when he made his first appearance at the office. His face was that red it would make a beet blush with envy, and besides he had some hat on. It (the hat) beggars description. But it never beggared him.

Another returning prodigal on the Record-Herald was Luke Grant, the prolific City hall reporter, and the R.-H. copy desk on the city side looks forward

with interest to reading his descriptions of the doings of the aldermen.

Gloom, real dark, dark gloom, pervaded the city room of the Record-Herald one night this week and the cause was this: Sunny Dan Sullivan was sitting at the head of the copy desk, smoking a cigar and dreamily surveying his lowly menials. A still burning ash dropped from the said torch and lit on the trousers of his now famed ice cream suit, burning a hole the size of a pea. The machines in the composing room all went pi and Charlie Eliel jumped out the back window when the (of course necessary) language exploded.

F. M. S. Brazelton, night editor of the Record-Herald, left last Sunday for a three weeks' vacation. The boys in the office are wondering what kind of a fish yarn he will bring back.

There is a good gink on the Record-Herald by the name of George Bryant, who has just returned from his vacation, spent in New York. All the boys in the office are marveling that George came back without the Nyew Yawk accent, b'gosh.

Henry Barrett Chamberlin, the big boss on the Record-Herald, week-ended up in Michigan last week.

John Morrison, in charge of the copy boys on the Record-Herald, is said to wear a pedometer so he can have a record to show the boss how many miles he walks every night to round up the copy boys and keep the stuff moving.

Harry Hazelwood is now sitting in on the telegraph desk at the Record-Herald, while Frank Marney is up on the makeup, replacing H. M. Marston, who is sitting in on the night desk during the absence of F. M. S. Brazelton.

Outside of qualifying as a porch climber by skinning a fire escape after much desired pictures, the last week has been a quiet one for Homer Hogan of the Record-Herald staff.

Such is an illustrious name! Here is a perfectly good copy reader on the city side of the Record-Herald known to his mates as Wilbur Burkhardt. Last week THE SCOOP reporter called him Wilbur Glenn Burkhardt. Now comes Handy Andy, the aforementioned blond Adonis of the copy boys, and calls him "wheelbarrow" Burkhardt. But, then, what's in a monicker? Everybody else calls him Burk.

Andrew E. Jansen, blond Napoleon of Record-Herald and of all other copy boys, whose serious occupation is raising chickens, has confessed to the practice of gross deceit upon an humble Bantam hen. Whenever the hen, which was setting, hatched out a batch of eggs the chicks were removed from her sight before she realized that she had a family to support, and another setting of eggs placed in her nest. At a late hour she was the proud mother of three separate families and Andreas solemnly asserts that he hopes to keep her busy indefinitely provided she does not worry to death, or the egg-layers' union doesn't fall to it.

Frank Fleming, whose pastime is the pursuit of police news for the Record-Herald, is an inventor between times. He has devised a metal clip to which are attached a tiny electric light and a slender wire; when

the clip is fastened to a lead pencil or fountain pen and the wire connected with a pocket battery this proud and truly great man can write his copy or notes in the blackest darkness. Frank thinks the device will be useful to city and private detectives. He is now working on an automatic news detector and a wireless thief catcher, or even a wireless thief.

"Mac" Mackerley's efforts to found an Emerson Club among the low-brows of the Record-Herald copy desk having failed, Mac has peevishly taken to reading Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Maeterlinck, and such other apostles of gloom as he can lay hands upon when not otherwise and hatefully occupied.

John Fay, who has been the New York World's correspondent in Chicago for more than twenty years, returned last week from a vacation in the Northern states. John passed up the usual trip across the pond this summer.

Rumors come from red hot Kansas that W. Y. Morgan, owner of the Hutchinson News and a non-resident member of the Press Club, is about to enter the campaign for governor of Kansas a year hence. Morgan was the only man in Kansas who campaigned for woman suffrage in the Jayhawker state last spring—and the women won the full right of suffrage. Just now, "Billy" figures he ought to stand pretty close to the votes of Kansas women. Any assistance our women can offer, and all that, you know, just say so.

Harry Parker, who worked extra for a few weeks on the Tribune telegraph desk, now has a regular berth on the Inter Ocean. Parker is one of the Twin Cities recruits.

Sammy Blair returned from a vacation in New York to the Inter Ocean this week. Sammy tried out two weeks on the New York World and managed to get assignments every day. However, Sam says, there are a lot of recruits from the Pulitzer school of journalism around the World office this summer.

James Aloysius Durkin, Encyclopedia Britannica for the reporters of the Tribune, is on his vacation. But he didn't go far from home this time. The first part of his two weeks was spent in Elgin, Ill., at the races. In Elgin James was the guest of Preston B. Comstock, managing editor of the Elgin Courier.

In the wilds of Wisconsin with his sweetheart, Eddie Doherty is spending a couple of weeks away from the Tribune. Eddie admits that it probably will take place sometime this winter.

Clarke Lemuel Salmon, day city editor of the Kansas City Times, was a guest this week of John L. Lovett of the Tribune at the Club. Salmon knows press clubs from the president to the bartender and he got it from actual experience through all the various positions and offices that a club offers. Five years ago he started the ball to rolling that ended in a press club in Evansville, Ind. The club paid and is still paying. Salmon was returning from Magnolia Bay, Mass., where he visited with the owner of the Kansas City Star and Times, Col. William Rockhill Nelson.

The Cheese is getting her slats mended and a new tail piece put on. Skipper Bill Cochran said he didn't care if she never was fixed if she had that turning over

habit when she was out a couple of miles from shore. Bill says a tippin' over sloop is just like a shyin' mare. You can't break 'em.

THE CAUCUS.

(Dictated by "Jeff," editor-in-chief of the libation department, and special representative of The Scoop.)

Yes suh, it certainly was a momentous achievement. Of course a majority of the pugilistically inclined were slightly disappointed at the complete elimination of anything approximating the tempestuous, but the comportment of the entire assemblage was highly commendable throughout the proceedings.

Harmonization appeared to be the paramount factor and with the unequalled discernment and promptitude of the adroit floor leaders, this sagacious course was dextrously consummated in the most approved and abbreviated manner. This highly satisfactory policy conformed precisely with the views of the whole assembly and the eminent leaders wisely refrained from allocations on the suppositious and purely hypothetical exploitation of discommodious acrimony or acerbity, and dwelt solely on issues contiguous to the prolific welfare of the club.

Just before the august assemblage was called to order by a short salutation on the part of Mr. Jay Cairns, I took up an advantageous position near the door. My object in taking up a position near the door was in no way prompted by the thought that a contingency might arise whereby it would be advantageous to be near a spacious exit.

Deeming it my duty to miss nothing that occurred and knowing the importance of tabulating the entrance of each celebrity, I stationed myself near the door of our council rooms. It was with much satisfaction that I noted the complete absence of animosity on the part of the members as they took their places with every evidence of complete conformation to the general idea of harmonization.

Anyone suffering with the hallucination that it was impossible for such a gathering of lychnobites to assemble without something bordering a massacre of the fraternal spirit, would have been instantly convinced of their misconception of the characters of real journalistic stars.

However, editorial comment is absolutely unnecessary in a description of such an engrossing subject as the now notable Caucus. Acquiescing entirely with the viewpoint of every one present, Mr. Julius Kline eloquently declared that Mr. Walter A. Washburne had all the appurtenances and qualifications necessary to be president of the United States, but as that position was occupied at present, he should be the next president of the Press Club of Chicago.

Any one who had not familiarized himself with the wide popularity rightfully enjoyed by Mr. Walter A. Washburne undoubtedly would have misconstrued the great volume of applause which followed the mentioning of his name for the noises accompanying a bargain day sale in the fish market at Billingsgate.

Upon the realization that the Scoop's much cherished and long advocated policy of harmonization had

been accomplished it was with a supreme effort that I stifled a yearning desire to leap right up and holler "Hallelujah."

Sagaciously, however, I refrained. Never at any moment had I the semblance of a suspicion that any other course would be adopted. When I departed from my domicile early in the day, so that I could be present, there was something in the atmosphere which foretold the course that would be adopted.

When I left the council chambers, after the meeting had adjourned, a sensation of most exquisite and rapturous bliss chased around my spinal column like ants pursuing each other around an army biscuit.

In a most joyful mood I chaffered myself back to the libation department, where I dispensed large quantities of our delectable "groceries" to the gathering of elated members who had congregated around the mahogany.

Yes, suh, such a momentous achievement is not only conducive to prosperity, but it facilitates progress. Yes, suh.

Just Think of That Now, Will Ye?

If the doubling of the price of Turkish tobacco will lessen the cigarette fiends, the wars of the Sick Man of Europe will not have been waged in vain.—*St. Louis Times*.

Lost from the public eye: Chancellor Day, Battling Nelson, the Rockefeller pastors and the "hundred million dollar baby." No reward for their return to any front page.

GO OFF AND SING.

Go off and sing! The trouble drifts
Whenever spiritual singing lifts
Its music of the heart of things
On melody of trusting wings.
Go off and sing! The cloud will fly,
The golden morning mount the sky,
And in thy heart again its beams
Kiss bright the fading glow of dreams.

—Baltimore Sun.

Allsame New York Sun?

The Freeport Journal boasts itself in this interesting fashion: "Freeport has furnished many newspaper men who are now making good in other places. Gene Brown, of Quincy, is a former Freeport Bulletin man; W. A. C. Dunham of the Rockford Star, and Frank J. O'Rourke of the Register Gazette, were both Freeport Journal writers, as were also Floyd J. Preston and Ames B. Kellogg of the Aberdeen, S. D., American, the latter having also worked for the Bulletin. Earl Baltzer of the Decatur Herald was employed by both the Journal and the Bulletin. George W. Schoeffel is city editor of Harry Pindell's Peoria Journal, and Harold Herbert (both Freeport Journal men) is telegraph editor of the same publication. Chester C. Wells, formerly of the Standard, was editor of the Cardinal the paper of the Wisconsin University student body, and will enter upon his duties as head of the school of journalism at the University of Oklahoma in September. Albert Evans, several years a Journal man, is a special writer on the St. Paul Pioneer Press. Karl K. Knecht, the cartoonist of the Evansville, Ind., Courier, was at one time connected with the Journal. When Dean Walter Williams of the school of journalism at the University of Missouri, met the editor of this paper in Chicago a few years ago, he asked 'How is the kindergarten of journalism getting on?'"

DAMON AND DIRT.

Louis A. Damon publishes a monthly called Chicago Progress, and by reason of reaching so many influential people accomplishes much good thereby. He fights for a cleaner, healthier, better and more attractive Chicago. The Chicago newspapers unanimously and persistently fight for the same things and are getting them. Not that Mr. Damon's efforts are supererogatory. Nobody's are, even when it comes to a good cause never so powerfully backed. But isn't it going rather far for Mr. Damon to do what he did in his August number, which Chicago Commerce tersely describes as a photographic portrayal of back-yard conditions along the south side elevated railroads: "The scenes pictured are all intolerable and demoralizing even though they are still life. There are scenes of rubbish, ruin and disorder, to which the billboard service contributes no minor factor. No people can constantly accept such conditions as normal and pass an inspiring heritage of civic principles to the next generation."

Undoubtedly these photographs are true to their objectives. But the effect is to create an impression of disgust covering the whole town. Even all of the strip photographed is not dirty. On the contrary. And certainly the city with its beautiful resident sections, its parks, its wonderful lake washing that entire long eastern shore, cannot be fairly shown by any such treatment. Mr. Damon's idea of art would seem to be that no portrait should be painted unless the sitter had a filthy facial eruption.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Roe Purchase have recently returned from a vacation of two weeks spent on Half Moon Island, Lake Pistakee.

Papers Preserved by Vacuum Tubes.

The original copy of the Declaration of Independence, with its ink fading and its paper slowly crumbling to pieces in the archives of the state department, and other similar documents, may yet be preserved through a discovery by Prof. Nathan A. Cobb of the department of agriculture, writes the Washington correspondent of the New York Post.

While experimenting with the big vacuum tubes in which the department was storing samples of the various grades of cotton, Professor Cobb discovered that indefinite preservation of printed matter may be made in vacuum. About a year ago he cut a newspaper in two, placing half of it in one end of a cotton tube, which was pumped until a vacuum was obtained.

The other half of the paper was wrapped around the outside end of the tube. For six months it was left lying in a dark closet at the department. Then Professor Cobb took it with him to his Virginia home and suspended it in the sunlight in an attic window. The paper on the outside is a deep yellow, and the ink also shows the effects of light and air, while the paper on the inside is still white, no change that can be discovered having taken place in it.

Three Irishmen went out yesterday to find Pat McCarthy, who quit in his fight with Ah Chung at the St. Nicholas Rink Wednesday night. They found him and offered congratulations when they learned his name was Weisenberger.—*New York Telegram*.

REAL RECONDITE CHOCTAW.

DEAR SCOOP: O, look what's broke in! Nothing less than little Glommer with all the late fall styles in 1896 gun chatter! Welcome, little stranger. Walk right in while Harry Thaw is out!

But, honest, I hate to see little Glommer force me to it! It pains me much to state that little Glommer never glommed anything more than a gump that had been sloughed by a windcutter, or a piece of coal on a railroad track. He never had class enough to get a lag in the bird. The poor lob has been making criminal history by getting rapped for mooching or burning the pave, and doing a bobbin in the seam squirrel bazaar.



PHINNEY THE EEL.

Yes, Glommer has oft glommed the trimmings of a jerrimurph, while REGular graft-guys was pounding their lugs under brocade in the kip tank. But as a glommer that lets him out. The only trouble with Glommer is that he spoils his record as a moiling stiff by swabbing up the keery gow and then doffing it on like a guy with the notch, sneezing his scrag to a buck before the drop soiree.

Say, he couldn't glom a W. D. in a kid-show come-out. He couldn't sleeve a bug at the ringside, or fake the broads, and as for rooking a wool brad in a crush of blowens—but I hate to show him up any more, 'cause he's liable to wish the old Brecha-fuss on me. Mope, Glommer, mope, the drag is wet and the steaming's easy. Put a stick o' No. 2 in your heel and beat it. And when you meet those Alabam grifts give 'em the nixie weedon sirrah for me, will you?

But no back-crackin now, for the chandelier has

blown and the windjammers have slid for a dukie. When you turned dick it didn't even agitate the Jill belt. Back to New Jersey, or if you want to hang around this Press joint, don't punch any kraut but crawl under a chair and make a noise like a rug.

Yours with the varnish off,

PHINNEY THE EEL.

P. S.—Any goof that wants to meet me face to face can swarm to it. How do you like my latest Gainsborough?

Wanted—A newspaper story of the return home of a married man after years of absence in which the married man will not be described as an Enoch Arden. Enoch and his friend Fagin are being abused with overwork.—New York Telegraph.

Keep to the Right, You!

Passing the double doors in the club house, between the lounging room and the buffet, one person will sometimes go to the left and another to the right, thus finding themselves pushing at the same door, as they swing both ways.

This always brings to mind that story of Will Visscher's concerning George D. Prentice and a young man whom he met under similar circumstances. Prentice being the heavier of the two, the young man went sprawling on the mosaic. Prentice assisted the youth to arise and as he did he said:

"My young friend, I have a piece of advice for you: If you will always go to the right, in your way through life, you will never run against anybody but a damned fool and there will be no call for you to apologize to him."

The Brooklyn Eagle points out that the Castro revolt in Venezuela ended with Castro fifty times as far away as Sheridan was when the Winchester fight began. Absent treatment revolution is a very safe game, except for the underlings.

Don't Always Shame the Devil.

The plaintiff got into a quarrel with a certain O'Neill during a horse trade. The quarrel had gone so far that O'Neill had made application to have the other man bound over to keep the peace, alleging that he had threatened to do him bodily injury. When the case was called O'Neill testified to the circumstances. The cross-examination began by the opposition attorney asking whether he was under fear for his life.

"I am that, sor," admitted O'Neill, promptly and with force.

"Then," said the lawyer man. "You freely admit that my client can lick you?"

"Him!" came back O'Neill, with seven bull-power. "Him! That little black hearted runt! I can lick him an' a half dozen more like him wid me han's tied behin' me back! Him! The runt!"

Whereby he lost his case and demonstrated the unwisdom of at all times speaking what you believe to be the truth.

THE "INSIDE" STORY OF THE CITY NEWS BUREAU.

BY PATRICK J. J. MCCARTHY.

Friend Webster of W. G. N. wrote a story which appeared in *THE SCOOP* last week about the City News Bureau, until lately known as the City Press Association.

He did not write the real "inside" story of the bureau, though.

"Very incomplete, very inaccurate," says one of the old C. P. A. boys now holding down a good job on one of the afternoon papers. That's true. Dan'l did not write the real story of the bureau. The writer, whose name figures in that story, will attempt to write the real story, figuring that a come-back is due.

Mr. Webster is a college boy who graduated in June, 1912, from Williams, down East, a good school, which has sent some good ball players to the big (and some other) leagues.

He is a typical of the sort of college boys who go to the bureau after finishing their school work (or sometimes during the summer before they graduate), work for a while and then graduate to a paper. Some of them don't overcome the handicap of a college education, and fail to survive even as bureau reporters, and they are let out.

The real story of the bureau is that it is a school, not only for reporters, but for the boy who between fourteen and seventeen years of age, drifts into the office and is taken on to hand copy, or do the kid stunt at the Criminal court, city hall or county buildings. Some of the best newspaper men in Chicago are City Press graduates, and not a few of them ex-copy boys.

With barely a grammar school education when they started in, these boys have risen to responsible positions in the newspaper world.

To be personal, I will name a few. Hec Elwell, on the American desk, Bill McCormick of the same sheet; the three Johnson boys, Al, Charley and Enoch, on the American, Examiner and Journal, respectively; Eddie Doherty of the Tribune; Mr. Howey, the W. G. N.'s city editor; Mr. Bickett of the American; R. E. Blackwood, secretary of the Civil Service Reform Association, and Louis Fetherston of the Telephone company, are all City Press graduates; but my story is about the ex-copy boys who have received their education on the bureau and have grown up to rub elbows at murder trials, etc., with the very men for whom they carried copy in the old days.

At the age of thirteen two boys in short trousers were carrying copy on the Daily News. They jumped to the bureau because of the opportunity to advance and become reporters. Now they are covering departments for the Bureau at a salary which lacks only a few dollars of being ten times as great as was paid them when copy boys.

Dan'l says the Bureau does not want writers and that they do not have to write well. Yet a perusal of the papers every day will disclose a certain percentage of the stuff printed verbatim as it was sent from the bureau office, sometimes without even the lead being changed.

A word about the relative merits of college boys and the graduated copy boys. "Half-baked" (don't duck, Dan'l) is a term which has been applied to some of the college boys who have gone to work as reporters and have failed to stack up as well as the former copy boys, who absorbed real newspaper knowledge with the ink from the cyclograph in the back room.

Young Walter Hurst, sixteen years old, is operating that cyclograph nights right now. Along in the morning when no more copy is to be sent out and the morning papers are on the street, Master Hurst sits down to a typewriter and writes stories.

The dog-watch desk man who edits copy for the early afternoon editions finds his stuff good enough to send along without re-writing. Master Hurst has seen his stories with a head on the first page. Watch him. There have been others like him, to whom the clock meant nothing and the work everything. They want to be newspaper men, they worked to be newspaper men, and they become newspaper men because of these reasons and because they had in them some genuine genius for the work—without which they never could have arrived.

The Launching of The Cheese.

This is to respectfully deny that the crafty Cheese is obstructing traffic at the mouth of the Chicago river. She has been in dry dock for a week at the Clarendon beach yards, and in that time most of the holes have been plugged with water-proof Vienna rolls, bound in calf, same as served in the Club restaurant, and a new rind has been constructed. Repairs have reached a state where there is hope for a second launching next Sunday.

Skipper (by courtesy) Bill Cochran is planning to be present. By the way, ask Lubber Bill what he ever skipped besides a rope? Certainly not The Cheese.

Submitted by the press agent for The Cheese syndicate.

Cooley Plays Solitaire and Believes Everything.

North Bay, Ontario, Aug. 15, 1913.—Franc Hernon, Press Club, Chicago. Dear Franc:—I write this on my way down the French River, Canada. I saw in the Tribune the morning I left Chicago (Aug. 13) the first of a series of fishing sketches by B. L. T. under the caption "The Selectable River." Please clip these for me and save them until I come back, about the end of the first week in September, and will be your uncle. Remember me to Billie and the boys. We get quail once a week. Sincerely, E. L. COOLEY.

Editorial Note—Cooley couldn't tell a quail from a quill, if he were to meet them coming up the street arm in arm.

Willing to Be Heir.

Outside it was snowing hard and the teacher considered it her duty to warn her charges.

"Boys and girls should be very careful to avoid colds at this time," she said solemnly. "I had a darling little brother, only seven years old. One day he went out in the snow with his new sled and caught cold. Pneumonia set in and in three days he was dead."

A hush fell upon the school room; then a youngster in the back row stood up and asked:

"Where's his sled?"

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS!

The Association of American Humorists were entertained by the club at luncheon in the main dining hall Sunday noon. There was no humoring. John Gregg was in the building and refused to humor any one of them by so much as a single hume, and George Webber when solicited to go up and laugh at them as a professional compliment said he would not go until every man Jack and Jill of the party could show a union ticket, still in force. It was a quiet and quakerish crowd. The funniest thing about them is the queer way they have of making a living.

The *Examiner* man saw in them something more than a painfully perfunctory notice. He is a smart kid, one of the kind that could get a feature story out of his own murder. He told who they were and then he told what they did, as thus:

A JOKE.

"My girl and I were up in an airship 2,000 feet above the ground. Suddenly she looked down and said: 'Gee, I've busted another pearl button off my jacket. I see it way down there on the ground.'"

"'That isn't your pearl button,' I replied, 'that's Lake Erie.'"

ANOTHER.

"I had a fellow up in an airship when the engine suddenly stopped. We were 3,000 feet in the air and falling fast, when my passenger, seeing we might fall in the lake, shouted: 'Guide it over the land; I can't swim a stroke.'"

These are the two best "jokes" committed in Chicago yesterday by the combined Press Humorists of America, who met here prior to going to Peoria today, where their annual convention is to be held.

When the humorists began to assemble at the Hotel Sherman, Gloomy Gus wasn't in it. Naturally, the hotel employes, from manager to the newest "bell hop," looked forward to a day of side-splitting laughter.

"They're funny as a crutch," said one bellboy. "Underwriters' conventions got 'em backed off the boards for liveliness. See that party over there?" and he pointed to a man with a funereal expression. "Listen to what he tried to pull off on me. He said: 'Boy, I'm Guest here.' 'Yes, sir,' I said, 'you're a guest all right.' Then he said: 'Don't you get me boy? I'm hotel guest and also Edward F. Guest.' I looked at the register and sure enough there was his name, Edward F. Guest, Detroit. And he is the funny guy on the Free Press down there."

Everybody could tell, however, that the hotel was filled with regular jokers, for they all wore big silk badges to prove it.

It was on the lake front that the "button joke" was "pulled" by Charles A. Leedy, jester for the Youngstown Telegram.

As none of the balance of the twenty-two perpetrated any, Mr. Leedy was the hero of the non-jokers who made up the party and the despised of the balance of the jokers. His success was so great when the party reached the Hotel Sherman he dragged the other airship joke to light. Efficiency "joke" scorers refused to give him credit for two whole jokes, declaring that he can only be credited with one and a half.

She—I wonder why they hung that picture.

He—Perhaps they couldn't catch the artist.—Boston Transcript.

BOOKS.

DRAWING MADE EASY. BY CHARLES LEDERER. Published by the Capital Supply Company—\$1.50.—Knowledge of drawing of a practical kind is of more use and is the least apt to be forgotten of any form of study not in constant use. Aside from the fact that the study of art encourages and fosters a love for the beautiful, as expressed in form and color, it has its every-day practical value. Information of various kinds can be imparted more readily to others by means of pictorial illustration than by the description of words, written or spoken.

More can be told by a few correctly placed lines than by many words. What geographical truth can be told by words alone? Pictures have ever told more than words. Facts are more easily impressed by pictures than by words. The date may be forgotten when William Penn signed his treaty with the Indians, but the fact that Penn did make an agreement with the red men, which is the most important feature of the event to know, will stand by one for life if the culminating or most important scene connected with that transaction has, by means of a picture, been impressed on the mind. A person may not know the latitude and longitude of the Pyramids of Egypt, but if one has seen a picture of them the conception so obtained will be more lasting and precise than could be given by pages of print. Art is the handmaid of every-day knowledge. There is no trade, no profession, no business of any kind, in fact, whose follower is not benefited if he has a knowledge of how to convey intelligently to others a pictorial message.

Pictures! Where can you go nowadays to escape them in some shape? Nowhere; so why not learn something about them and the way to make them? Certainly such knowledge may be found *at least* as useful as that of algebra, Greek, Latin, or a dozen other seldom-applied parts of higher education.

The real reason why drawing is not taught more frequently, and especially more successfully, in the schools is because there is a scarcity of practical teachers and manuals of drawing. There are words a-plenty. There is theoretical art a-plenty. Of the practical application of the rules of drawing with easily understood illustrations there is a famine. In the schools, as a general thing, drawing is made an almost incomprehensible task. It should be and can be made a relaxation, a recreation, without in the least degree losing its value as an educational feature. Drawing in the schools would not then be considered a fad but a most important, useful and sought-for branch of instruction.

Anyone who can learn to write can learn to draw—and draw well. To become a great artist is another matter. Success,—fame,—cannot be guaranteed.

It is not the design of this work to supply a "complete art education." Indeed the author frankly says he knows of no one who possesses such. Many years of diligent study and patient labor would be necessary to attain even such knowledge of matters appertaining to art as would be requisite for a career in the highest paths of art. Many necessary branches have barely

been broached in this book of 352 pages. The subject of artistic anatomy, for instance, if pursued to anything like completion, would alone entail the study of a bulkier volume than this. Likewise, a full knowledge of the laws of perspective would require a volume by itself. Many other subjects that are treated in the present work have been the themes of exhaustive series of books written by specialists. The information conveyed by them cannot be successfully abridged to a few pages. Therefore it would be impossible for such an humble work as this to supply more than a smattering of the knowledge necessary to teach children the rudiments of art as applied to school work. The pupil desirous of taking up the more ambitious branches of even black-and-white illustration must constantly go to Nature, including the living model. Text books and exhaustive works on art, each devoted to a single topic, must be read and the rules they contain put into constant practice for months at a time. If the pupil possesses the means, attendance at one of the art institutes in the large cities will be of immeasurable value.

Assurance is given that sufficient instruction is contained in this volume to enable the teacher to impart to the pupil all knowledge of drawing that should be required in the school room.

It is further assured that the instructions are easily learned and can be taught with comparatively little effort.

Because of the author's many years' experience as a practical teacher of drawing and in the field of illustration, he believes that he can teach many things in the way of drawing in the easiest way. He has divulged many useful "tricks of the trade." He has brushed aside some of the popular notions of the difficulty of learning to draw well, especially if the pupil possesses the slightest talent in that direction.

Having been jack-of-all-trades in a pictorial way, the author feels that he does not display undue egotism when he says that the knowledge he has gained—at the that most thorough of teachers, Experience—and which he now places at the disposal of the school teacher should meet all requirements of the graded schools of this country.

To be had of the author, autographed and post paid, \$1.50. Published by the Capital Supply Company, Educational Publishers.

IMMORTALITY ESTABLISHED THROUGH SCIENCE. By John O. Yeiser, Omaha, Nebraska: National Magazine Association. \$1.00 postpaid. Mr. Yeiser has sketched in brief form the outline of a book which he expects to write. Chapters on the origin of the earth and of life and on the evolution of man give material for certain deductions from the law of evolution. Discussions follow on the existence of the soul as independent of the body, on the possibility of its metaphysical growth, of the possible inherence in the parent cell. Other chapters are on the soul's lack of "prebirth memory" and on reincarnation. The author claims that "While I have been exceedingly careful that all statements of physical facts are true, I do not claim to know that these metaphysical deductions are right, but I do claim

that they are reasonable enough to be worth thinking over."

We Salute You, Caesar—But!

6,300 South Park avenue, August 25th, 1913.—DEAR SCOOP: Bravo, Gene Morgan! Morituri te salutamus! We press agents, who are forced to kneel in supplication to the tyranny of those like "R," who condemn press agency and kill a story, whether of news value or not, which emanates from the keyboard of a press agent's machine, hail you!

I had not the fortitude to protest, like Mr. Morgan, because my membership is still in its infancy.

I am not yet familiar with the camaraderie of the Press Club. I have been told that good fellowship bound the club in an iron hand; and now "R" proposes to oust such "scoundrels" as James Hamilton Lewis, Chicago's greatest press agent and a man who constantly appeals to patriotism; Jay Cairns, greatest political explorer of modern times, and a patriot to the core! Harry Daniel, who press agents sports and theaters alike! Bobby Clarke, who has placed more "political truths" than most others, and who brought The Climax over the theatrical horizon safely and successfully; Eddie R. Mahoney, who made the La Salle theater possible and later directed the campaigns of many well known politicians. I might go on indefinitely recalling to mind prominent members of our Club who have acted as "Ursus" to something or someone in which patriotism played an important part.

R's prediction that the press agent is on the wane receives a terrific jolt when the United States of America sent out a call for an exploiter at a salary of \$8 per day.

It is the press agent that makes the dramatic editor possible. It is the press agent who has proven the city editor's best friend. It is the honest, sincere press agent who makes the fourth estate a flourishing possibility.

I am writing as a press agent—a man who has made many a patriotic appeal in behalf of Colonel Lewis, Barratt O'Hara, and John W. Rainey.

I am proud of my title and boast of the friendship reposed in me by the newspaper men of Chicago, who can all tell you how much of a "scoundrel" I am.

RALPH T. KETTERING, Press Agent.

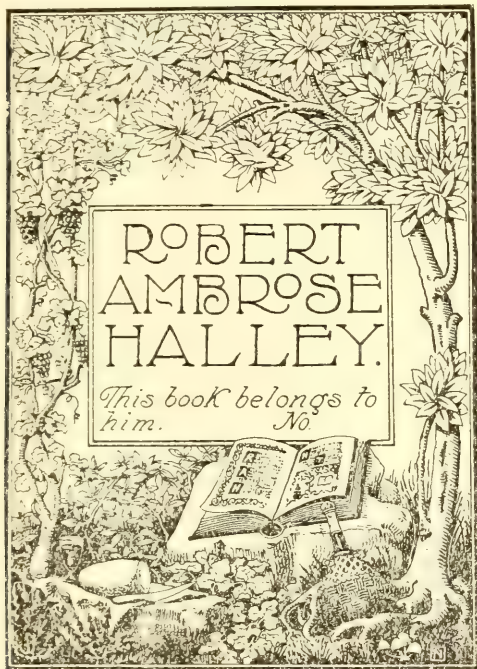
Of Course—Of Course.

Wouldn't it be sad if those Western banks, after receiving Mr. McAdoo's \$50,000,000 to aid in the movement of crops, should send it to other parts of the country, where money is dearer and the profit greater? But, of course, it is not likely any banker would thus follow an ordinary law of trade or business in this age of altruism when every citizen recognizes his highest duty and understands that the poor farmers' interests are paramount. He who makes two automobiles to grow on the Kansas estate where only one grew before is the highest type of patriot.—New York Telegraph.

Suggestion to the piffle writers: Why not run an article entitled, "How to Keep Young and Attractive?"

IN A LITERARY GARDEN.

The book plate shown herewith is in harmony with the modest library whose books it marks, and for which it was designed by an artist conversant with the owner's tastes. While the books vary in interest as in topical classification, every volume is recognizable as a proper component of a contemplative reader's collection of books. To whatever shelf the eye may turn, whether to history, to travels, essays, classics, the drama, or poetry old and new; whether to fiction or to the pleasing accumulation of bibliography and literary biography, each volume seems to be one which would satisfy old Omar under his tree



The owner of the library belongs to the library-and-garden class of people as divided by John Ruskin; having no garden out-of-doors, he has gathered a garden of such literature as he loves, where he can roam among the flowers of old ballads, songs and stories; of letter, anecdote and reminiscence of bygone days.

Yet it is not the library of a purposeless dreamer. It was gathered by a student who added each volume not for its rarity but for its utility or interest to himself. "You are not a real bibliophile," said a friend to him one day; "you always reads your books." There are volumes on the problems of today, the promise of the future, as well as the pleasing things of the past. Dr. Halley reads not only retrospectively; mingled with the stories and experiences of the past are the dreams and visions of better things, the brighter days that are coming to the world; the prophecies of the seers of today, the heralds of the coming dawn.

Robert Ambrose Halley came from Tennessee. As a boy he was a voracious reader, the love of books beginning with the early school days. Through his school days, his years of teaching, and even through

the hard routine of early newspaper training he continued to read and study. In later years he has given especial attention to sociological studies, particularly to the relations between employer and employee. In sixteen years of daily newspaper life he did much beyond the day's work in the way of verse, essays, sketches, and more important contributions. Becoming especially interested in Tennessee history, he devoted much time to unearthing from the original records and sources pleasing long-forgotten bits of history and biography, and numerous contributions of this sort were used in the daily press, many in the American Historical Magazine, and elsewhere. He wrote the Civil War from a Southern Standpoint, a handsome octavo volume, for the Barries' History of North America series; was co-author of the History of the Tennessee Centennial, with which enterprise he was prominent connected even before it was a certainty; has written a number of other volumes relating to Tennessee and Tennesseans. His club affiliations are not many. He is a member of the Press Club of Chicago and the Writers' Guild of Chicago, of which he is an officer. He is also a member of the American Historical Association, Mississippi Valley Historical Association, and Illinois State Historical Society.

Anything for Anything—All No Good.

The Brooklyn Sunday Eagle has this extremely attractive list of exchanges advertised. Don't you boys go tumbling over yourselves getting there. In such a market there's always something left over:

Small printing press and magnet for wigwam tent, cowboy suit and sombrero. George Weaver, 375 Cumberland street.

Two boys' books for two other boys' books. Vincent Mangier, 196 High street.

Collection of 500 stamps, various kinds, including two fine approval sheets, for boxing gloves or a basketball. Hyman Hartig, 538 Blake avenue.

Doll's brass bed in exchange for what you may offer. Jessie Herlt, 437 Jefferson avenue.

Stamps to Exchange—A fine packet of canceled 5-cent stamps. C. Shively, 174 Jamaica avenue.

Wigwam tent and leather trimmed cowboy suit with sombrero, for a small printing press or a camera. George Atkin, 1076 Jamaica avenue.

Fine air rifle, single shot, and a typewriter, for a camera or a pitcher's glove. Apply after 6:30 p. m. Henry Flack, 830 Park avenue.

Pair of rubber boots, size 5, and rubber rain cape, both in excellent condition. Boots can be lengthened and shortened at will. Exchange for second-hand bicycle or something else. Julius Fried, care Greenberg, 25 Myrtle avenue.

Pair football shin guards, electric engine, fourteen feet of track, wireless detector, electric moving picture machine and fifty-five feet of film for some homer and bald-head pigeons. Frank Cordua, 323 Clinton street.

The mermaid is a favored soul,
She's clever and she's sweet;
But if she cannot have her way
She never stamps her feet.

—Yonkers Statesman.

THE KNOCKING OF THE CHIPS.

Three weeks ago THE SCOOP with considerable pleasure announced that Mr. Krehbeil of New York was about to issue a book on The Negro and Plantation Music of the South, and took occasion to say that the only music that had any reason for definitely calling itself American music was of negro origin. It did not say Mr. Krehbeil was going to say so, for Mr. Krehbeil's book had not yet appeared, other than by announcement—not even by advance sheets—and therefore nobody could by any means know what he might have in mind, or what utter. This writer, however, put forth his own mind on the general subject with unreserve, though at no great length.

The next week Mr. John Campbell, a man of undoubted credit in the literature of music, with a long and honorable career behind him, and it is sincerely hoped at least as long an one before him, replied to the editorial, basting right stoutly the unaware and absent Krehbeil for things not he but the editor had said. The editor printed Mr. Campbell's letter in full and without change—and appended a reply in which Mr. Campbell's every point was answered; and which concluded with a statement that he would dispute upon this theme until Mr. Campbell's eyelids could no longer wag, or some other such Shakspearean quip, and even fight Mr. Campbell or any of his friends about it if they cared to come through the gate. The following letter came back last week, and would have been printed at once but for the forms being already made up:

Dear Scoop: "Some of his friends," did you say? As one of John A. Campbell's oldest friends, allow me to congratulate you on having come so near the truth as to agree, substantially, with John. Your little joke, that Campbell is "accurate in all save his premise, part of his facts and most of his conclusions" must be intended for yourself besides for him. Or how could you so closely agree with him as to admit that "we have not one of the elements that have produced folk-music in other great nations." For, is not this an admission of agreement with Campbell's: These compositions "come to us as the breath of a larger air, that universal atmosphere which . . . can be fairly said to constitute Americanism in music, without the narrow limitations of dialectic turns and ear-marks, possessed by those songs that express the merely 'national' sentiment of Europeans"?

Your second joke is even better: To be a just critic of music, he must be no musician, since, as you say, "an accomplished professor of music has ever a bias, and bias is fatal to good criticism." This truly shows the two-edged sword of wit, since "professors of music," seldom know much—if they did, they would not "profess." "He who can, does; he who cannot, professes"—thus saith my friend Saint Bernard Shaw. But—and here's the other edge—if by "professor of music" you mean one who is truly learned in the art and science of music, then you stand self-convicted. For your claim then, reduced to logical nakedness, is that only he who is ignorant of art can be a good judge of that art. As another eminent art critic once said: A definite standpoint, or bias, is essential to artistic criticism. "For there is no art without style and no style without unity and unity comes of the individual"—or of the biased, personal standpoint. What! would you have us appreciate all things equally,

and praise all things? There is only one who can do so, not the critic, but the auctioneer.

Yours Scoopulously,

Rudolf Bismarck von Liebich, Mus. Doc.

Your letter does not rebut a single point made by this writer in the article which it attacks. But if you still believe you have answered anything, the columns of this journal are still and freely open to you or any of your friends."

Respects to you, Herr Doktor von Liebich. But prithee, do come out and say something ayont quibbling. Say something outright and to the only real point at issue.

True, O How True!

One of those profound statisticians who not long aforetime were gently amused by the song that said it was eighteen miles from Schenectady to Troy and eighteen miles from Troy to Schenectady, having at personal effort amounting to exhaustion canvassed all the linear and curvilinear facts in the case, says that "French authorities, although not all, hold that Panama will be by far the shorter and cheaper route between Europe and Australia." How far a great fact shines when French authorities, even in part, indorse the obvious!

Business Men Buy Paper.

The Mantorville (Minn.) Express, edited by H. A. Smith for the last thirty years, has been sold to an organization of the business men of the village. Prof. L. F. Knowles, for the last three years teacher of manual training in the schools there, will be managing editor. He plans to make the paper an adjunct of the manual training department of the schools. Editor Smith was forced by ill health to retire from active newspaper work, and left last week with his wife and daughter for Enumclaw, Wash.

Down Where the Sandalwood Grows.

A perfume well deserving its vogue is taken from sandalwood, the finest wood coming from the Indian province of Mysore. Here in a belt 240 by 16 miles grows seven-eighths of the world's supply. This wood, used for cremation on funeral pyres, and for boxes, fans, etc., and medicines, has been known from the most ancient times.

New Kind of Picture.

Paris daily newspapers are beginning to use pictures transmitted by a method embodying a copper plate prepared from the original photograph negative, says the Scientific American. This transmitting plate resembles a half-tone plate and consists of parallel lines in gelatin upon the copper surface. In the black parts of the picture the lines are wide, covering nearly all the space, and in the whites they are very narrow. The plate is wound around the cylinder of a transmitting instrument, synchronized with a receiving instrument which operates by the deflection of a beam of light.

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

A Wide Open Invitation

All members of the Press Club are invited, as my guests, to attend "Quo Vadis," really the foremost and greatest photodrama, at Joe Howard's Theatre, formerly the Whitney, Van Buren street near Michigan boulevard, Tuesday night, Sept. 2d. Tickets may be secured from Doctor Nutt. Come on, boys; join my theatre party, and bring the ladies. 'Tis a proud man I'll be to see you there.

RALPH T. KETTERING.

OUR TWO MASTER PHILOLOGERS.

Two or three men of Alpine brow and polar mind have been orally objecting to the further appearance in THE SCOOP of anything written by our two highly curious and certainly interesting soul-chums, Phinney the Eel and the Glommer. The objection is not so severe as relating to the information so doubtfully conveyed, but as against their many new words.

That's just! That's just it! They are new words, and who cares where they came from? A language that ceases to have new words is getting ready to die—is dying. Here in this new, rich land, English is growing faster than ever it grew before. It is growing so fast that the English who live in England are themselves falling behind and getting scared at it. They can't keep up. They are not hep to us.

If you don't believe that, just look at the supplement in the back of any dictionary. All those new words—more words than there were altogether in Queen Elizabeth's day—came out of the slangery. It is possible the word slangery itself is new, born on the moment of this instant thought. Don't be so far back as not to see that the real linguists of these fast talking days are the Phinneys and the Glommers, who rap out definite meanings in new words and have neither time nor use for the niceties of prunes and prisms. Clear the way for these new and practical philologists, who may not know what philology is, but who certainly do know how to put across exactly what they mean, just as next year or the year after these sweet-lipped, laughing-eyed angel girls of ours, with their glancing hair

and their aura of heaven, will be saying them the same way. Go to. Too little learning hath made thee silly. And you, Phinney and Glommer, go to it!

WHO CAN EXPLAIN THIS BIBLE THING?

On a single day recently the American Bible Society shipped from the Bible House, New York, 32,700 Bibles, New Testaments and Scripture portions. No fewer than 96 large cases were required to hold them. It is not well known that there are 300,000 Mexicans resident in Texas, speaking Spanish of course. They want Bibles, and so to Dallas, one of the society's agencies, there went a large consignment in Spanish. The Dallas agency requires Bibles in more than thirty different tongues, so many are the peoples and nations settled in the southwest.

Chicago took also some of these Bibles, but Chicago surpasses even Dallas in the number of languages it requires in the Bibles which it handles. Nearly sixty tongues are taken for the polyglot peoples who have made homes in the northwest. Portuguese Bibles and New Testaments in this shipment went to Brazil, where the society has had an agency for thirty years, and where the demand for Bibles is steadily increasing.

It is an interesting fact that Spanish, Portuguese and others of these foreign tongues, wanting Bibles, want those of expensive bindings, at, say, \$5 per copy. These people seem to be laying in family Bibles, and they lay in lasting ones.

The Panama Canal opening is going to affect Bible distribution immensely. It is calculated that at Panama will spring up, with this opening, perhaps the second greatest polyglot center of the world. Port Said, on the Suez Canal, holds the record of canal-created centers today. There a system of Bible distribution, many tongues, many people, has been built up that is held to be remarkable. The American Bible Society, taking the work up in good time, has already despatched its Panama agent to Port Said, there to learn the methods of this Bible distribution. Returning he is to duplicate it at Panama, perhaps to improve upon it.

There is much in common between the two great Bible-distributing societies of the world. These are the British and Foreign and the American, with a Scottish society that does a great deal. For many years the British society has worked in Central America, and the American has worked in Persia. Now it has been agreed that each shall withdraw, and the British society take the whole Persian work, and the American society all of the Central American work. It is not so simple a transaction as it appears, however, since one society owns plates of Bibles in one language, the other in another, and both are wanted it may be in both fields. Adjustments that will take years to carry out will accompany the transfer of the sole conduct of these fields. The changes are made for efficiency, and both mean enlarged work and greater financial returns.

For many reasons beginning in dismal puritanism's solemn days, the Bible has been the one great seller; but the intrinsic facts lying back of the sale

are more occult than even the religions founded on the book itself

A reader of the Bible in English is easy to get at. In the splendor and direct power of the King James version there is so much of the world's most glorious literature that a reader pays no attention to the dubious history of the Hebrews, their utterly scandalous patriarchs and princes and their annoying god. In the beauty and the tenderness, the pure humanity, the ethics and the luminous spirituality of Jesus he must be dull and brutish who can fail to see light, notwithstanding all the obscurities the so-called science of the theology has clouded over it.

But that is because the men who made that translation had command of our tongue at the most bold, picturesque stage of its evolution. There were less than sixty thousand words. Of these, the translators used over twenty-four thousand—only seven thousand or so more than Shakspeare, who in somewhat over seventeen thousand words said all that ever was or ever can be said. It was marvelous work. If you want to see the difference and the reason for it, try the revised version. The old King James stuff shines with the splendor of stained glass on a great cathedral floor. The revision has the inanity that would follow if the stained were replaced by plain glass, having no color. The book would speak no more in the tongue good old Paul demanded, that would be "understanded of the peoples."

That being perfectly clear truth as to the Bible in English, how comes it these funny societies can put it over on races that know no English, who so far as they have any reasoning power whatever could not at any price accept the old testament, with its utter lack of spirituality and its extremely doubtful ethics, or the message of Jesus, that had been delivered in much greater clarity and abundance at least five hundred years before Jesus was born—how comes it they will buy Bibles written in their own dialects, containing nothing at all or at best nothing they had not known before or could in any event understand.

And this is the more remarkable when the bald fact is that if it were treated as other books are the Bible would be shut from the mails; and no parent of a girl less than twenty years old at least would allow that girl to read one-quarter of the Hebrew stuff on or for any consideration.

It is one of the puzzles of the book game, and all of us are in that game, one way or another. There is no question of religion involved. It is a question of trade—salesmanship. How do they do it? If anyone has an answer, now is the time to cough it.

W. D. EATON.

"JOURNALISM."

The following is an editorial clipped from the Kansas City Star:

The duties of a newspaper compel its editors to meet opposition, threats, competition, strikes, riots, floods, pestilence and foreign invasion as a matter of daily routine. Wait until the student of journalism has a sure enough newspaper desk job and some gloomy morning a large and florid man with a mean eye and pugnacious jaw stalks into the office, and, standing between him and the door, roars out:

"Say, did you write that about me?"

Or if this experience is belated, there are the gamblers who send threatening letters promising diabolical revenge if opposition to them is not withdrawn. Then there are the grafting politicians who wait at an alley with pieces of lead pipe, and the wife-beater full of righteous indignation and whisky, who takes a pot shot at the editor or reporter on his way to midnight lunch. Or we might refer to the "big advertiser" who says that if the news of his daughter's elopement with the Iceman is not suppressed he will withdraw his financial prop. Still worse is the plight of the writer who unwittingly reveals the blotch on the domestic escutcheon of the stockholder in his newspaper, or who starts a "crusade" for morality and decency in a "wide open" town.

Now, nothing could be full of any more meat than that, and every newspaper man knows it. Likewise, they know a lot more than the Kansas City Star says nothing about.

And all of it is part of what is called the "business" or "profession" in which certain men who would be funny if their line ran less close to things very much disapproved by the federal and all state courts. What "school of journalism" can train a man to meet the work, the never alike but ever recurring things and people and events and questions that take up practically the whole of his existence? Which of them can endure a student (the word is an euphemism, fall-guy being the true designation of all such) with the breadth of mind that enables perception in the lines of legitimate production, or the power that makes a man think instant and in terms of copy only, no matter what the subject, even to the tragedies of his own life?

A society should be organized to prevent that—that—what is the proverb? There's something in it about "is soon parted"—or something like that.

THANK HEAVEN, THEY'VE GONE.

Two reasons are all trimmed and ready for the Presidential proclamation of Thanksgiving day. Jack Johnson has definitely declared that he will not return to the United States; and Harry Thaw, from Canada, has made a statement to the same general intent.

If to these two permanent departures could be added the forcible expulsion of all those who discredit the honest and necessary art of press agency and those managers who are willing to exploit any notorious or disgusting thing that a morbid public will pay money to see, all would rejoice. Nobody cares how Thaw got away. He was only an homicidal fool, cursed with too much money. All his countrymen desire in his case is that he stay away. The bunch of tainted flesh he left behind him should be deprived of the right to turn his name to her personal profit, but the possibility of that being doubtful, the last act of her pruriency will soon put her to the wretched end which always overtakes the vampire kind, and her presence with its associated offence will trouble a decent world no more.

With Johnson it was different. He was only a great big beast, good natured until he bounced into prominence by walloping another great big beast. The point on which he built fame and fortune was a

needle's point—no more; for the only difference between them was that the walloping beast was black, while the walloped was white. That the black beast represented the moral and valuable traits of his race not in any way whatever, and the impudent niggers we raise here in the north believed he did, had nothing to do with his troubles at law. He might have gone on bragging and selling sophisticated alcohol so long as a poisonable nigger chose to take that way to the everlasting bonfire, and nobody would have minded, for nobody bothers about that sort of people anyway. But when in his fool pride he began to make the United States laws look like a pile of slats and accompanied the performance with a declaration that he was a bigger man than the president and could do what he liked because he himself was champion of the world, the mildly surprised courts took hold of him and found out it was true that he had broken serious laws and broken them flagrantly and frequently. They went so far as to decree punishment, and then let him out under bond to appear for sentence while some trifling foolish other ceremonies were toward. He took advantage of this amenity by going to England, where some of the managers of the kind hereinbefore described were ready to put him on the stage. But, as the Brooklyn Eagle says, "with a proper sense of dignity, the Variety Artists' Federation protested against the engagement, pointing out that it was 'a matter of public decency,' and condemning 'the tendency of certain managements to sacrifice good taste by making engagements based on unsavory notoriety acquired through the law courts or otherwise, rather than on the abilities of the performers.' This protest has called the matter to general public attention, and it is being echoed so heartily as to make it likely that the engagement will be canceled." If it is, what will the poor brute do? Nobody in Europe will fight him, and he has no skill in any other craft. He can't come home, though it is certain he would if he dared. He can't fight here either. He would go straight from the ship to a federal prison, and that is the only place our people would permit him to live.

Both disappearances were blessings. We have need of a few more, which may heaven send, and that right soon. But with none other, the deeply enjoyed absence of this twain furnishes ground a-plenty for having the swellest Thanksgiving this country or any part of it has seen since that year of 1631 when Boston, that perennial fountain of erroneous history, was relieved of a black starvation by the arrival of a shipload of potatoes.

O. HENRY AND ANOTHER.

O. Henry holds the blue ribbon for posthumous production. About a dozen of his stories appear every month, for the most part in magazines, each claiming to have been his real, sole, only and effective discoverer, Macaenas, promoter and hymnist. The Westerner, a rather beautiful thirty-two-page magazine, published in the entirely beautiful town of Earlington, Wash., is the latest to sound this deathless hewgag. It is possible this abstention would not have obtained until

now if it were not that our own Charles Eugene Banks is on the Westerner editorial staff. This paragraph, therefore, has double value—it demonstrates that O. Henry's stories can be published without naughty stories being simultaneously told about them—and it betrays the whereabouts of Eugene, under whose luminous eyes care shall be taken that it appears. He has the world forgotten, but is by no means by the world forgot. The mountains may fall upon him, or he may bury himself in the uttermost depths of the sea, yet shall he be found, and things shall be said about him. And isn't it strange his discovery now is referable to the appearance in a single publication of two men, one of whom is most certainly dead (technically), and the other not dead, nor speaking?

DOUBT.

WRITTEN FOR THE PUBLIC (CHICAGO) BY JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

Truth shall be born in a manger,
Error shall sit on a throne;
Truth shall walk as a stranger,
Naked and friendless, alone.
But when the conflict is ended
Truth, we are told, shall be crowned,
And where she was seated, unfriended,
A splendor shall gird her around.

And then in the days of her glory,
When she shall be honored of men,
And poets shall sing of her story
As theme for a laureate's pen—
Let allegiance be never too eager,
But let loyalty breathe its complaint
That those whose praises were meagre,
Now hail her as Empress and Saint.

But is she the same that we fought for,
Regal and crowned as a queen,
And is she the Truth that we sought for,
The truth that in vision was seen?
Is it she who in darkness and terror
Had fled through the night and alone;
Is it Truth that we see, and not Error?
Has she come at last to the throne?

With armies, with flags and with banners,
When her hosts seem triumphant, oh, then
Ye shall hear with distrust the hosannas,
The shouting and marching of men.
Go look for her humbler sister—
(The half-Truths are crowned for the day!)
Go seek in dim paths where they missed her
Who walks the more desolate way.

"Just the Place for a Snark!"

In the superabundance of a wisdom which is trite to an uproarious climax, Mayor Gaynor of New York let loose on the editor of The Heights, a suburban newspaper, this burst of premosaic thunder:

"Get all the news you can for your newspaper, but do not suborn any one in order to get so-called news or facts, especially if you are trying to get them for revenge on some one else. And don't print news that is indecent. A newspaper proprietor ought to have the respect of the community."

If the multiplication table can get down to a set of rules more primary than that, for heaven's sake, sound the bugle and let the fight begin.

LUCID THOUGHT AND SPEECH.

JOHN FLINN, CHICAGO PRESS CLUB, AND EDITOR OF THE
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR.

The same journal that last year startled the American educational world with an elaborate formal indictment of the high school has, through its editor, furnished the same constituency with another bone of contention. Now the results of a college education are found disappointing. The evidence for the charge is based on a limited number of replies to letters sent recently to the many thousand youth who were graduated last June. They were asked to tell what the college had done for them physically, intellectually and socially. A majority declined to notice the request. A minority answered in a way indicating, so it is said, that neither in secondary school nor in college had the fundamentals of logical thought, lucid expression and legible chirography been mastered.

Were the analysis accompanying these data less touched with the terminology of the "efficiency" fad, and had it less of the tone of a business man's complaint it would have more weight with some persons. It is easy enough for men of the world to find material for jest and irony in the style and ideas of youth who, for four or more years, have been in an academic atmosphere. The sentimental notions respecting themselves and their careers which some newly-fledged graduates cherish are, it must be admitted, quite often ludicrous. But far better so than for them to be cynical or wholly utilitarian in point of view. Vacuity of intellect and hardness of heart may exist where considerable skill in rhetorical composition and in punctuation are to be found. The highest test of the success of a college is not in graduates' skill in writing an application for a job. Rather it is to be found in the way in which the duties of the task are performed, once the right to essay it is conceded.

This being so, it is well not to be too pessimistic because the average college graduate is not equal to the alumnus of a business college in writing those communications which pass between men who buy and sell. Of course every college should have as its working ideal the sending forth of youth who can think logically and write concisely, lucidly and legibly.

The ideal has hardly been better expressed recently than by President Meiklejohn of Amherst: "To understand is always to express by an idea, a principle, a

universal. Nothing is more conducive to despair in a teacher than the mind which always responds to an illustration, but can never grapple with a thought.

. . . The school should train, from the beginning to the end of the course, the student's power to understand what he sees, to think what he perceives, to abstract and separate, to compare and unify, to restate the world of human experience in terms of those ideas and symbols which make it intelligible."

"A FRIEND TO MAN."

Seven years ago, while Charles Eugene Banks was a part of our inmost Press Club group, the poem reprinted was urged upon his attention as striking, being in his own clearest thought and broadest humanity. Some very good woman who lives in Montana has caught this same one out of the many good qualities that make you like him whether or no you want, and being now the (quite evidently) sentimental editor of a magazine where they are wise enough to let him have his own way—O, here! Read the whole thing for your self. It is the best enlargement of good old Homer's plea that ever was, and it shall not die; but its occasional passing along the daily winds of print is like celestial perfumes from the wafture of an angel's wing:

Editor the Westerner: Dear Sir: When death claimed Sam Walter Foss, the world lost "A Friend to Man." But like all other great men, Mr. Foss left many lessons of life behind him. These lessons do not teach us how to get rich quick. They teach us, if we read them aright, how to do likewise. The following poem, according to my way of thinking, is one of the best lessons that Mr. Foss bequeathed to the people. I would like to see it printed in the "Conference Table":

Let me live in my house by the side of the road

Where the race of men go by—

The men who are good and men who are bad,

As good and as bad as I;

I would not sit in the scorner's seat

Nor hurt the cynic's ban;

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,

And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,

By the side of the highway of life,

The men who press with the ardor of hope,

The men who are faint with the strife,

And I turn not away from their smiles or their tears,

Both parts of the Infinite Plan;

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,

And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead

And mountains of wearisome height,

That the road passes on through the long afternoon

And stretches away to the night,

But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice

And weep with the strangers that moan,

Nor live in my house by the side of the road,

Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road

Where the race of men go by;

They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,

Wise, foolish—and so am I;

Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat

Or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,

And be a friend to man.

(MRS.) J. A. BOURNE,
Butte, Montana.

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AN ANCIENT OLD VENERABLE VETERAN PRESS.

When in the unbounded and unconquerable certainty of very early youth this present SCOOP writer bought (unsight unseen) a one-third interest in a daily paper published in Des Moines, he made haste thither and lived through an eight months' joke that with all the emotion of immaturity he believed at the time to be a tragedy. That story is not to be retold now. It is recalled by the discovery that there were once (at least) two stop-cylinder Guernsey presses on earth.

The Berkshire Typothetae held their annual meeting this year in Canaan, Connecticut. At this reverend meeting a very extra reverend old printer was induced to tell of how he had at one time run a Guernsey in the town of Canaan, also Conn. All other printers present were beard wagers and checker players, which mannerisms and infatuations make aging printers wise; and they scoffed at so absurd a machine until the extra reverend reared up and let out the facts, as thus related by the Canaan Gleaner:

"It was a queer press made in the time of the Civil War or before by Gordon McKay of Pittsfield. It would print two pages of an eight-column paper. It had a peculiar motion. Instead of reversing on its rack the forms ran out, then dropped five or six inches and ran back under the cylinder, then rose to the former level, the most unique operation ever heard of in a printing press. The press was taken on a wagon and drawn to wherever it found a job.

"These presses found a mission immediately after the close of the war in printing a class paper in the south for colored people's societies. The particular press run by Mr. Oatman had been used on the Lee Chronicle by W. H. Hill, and went with that paper's effects to the Gleaner office, from which place it went out into New York state and in the seventies to Canaan.

"Mr. Oatman was called to Canaan to settle up an estate, Mr. Pease, the owner of the office, having died. (No wonder.) As he went toward the office of the News he heard a noise like a threshing machine. A few steps more and he saw a white horse working a treadmill, from which a belt ran to a second story, where the Guernsey press with its combination of perpendicular and horizontal motions was getting off the edition with the aid of the horse. The uproar of the press and the 'threshing machine' was something to wake the dead. Mr. Parsons, present editor of the News, then a boy in the store underneath, remembers the running of the Guernsey press. He can never forget it, and says it used to shake the building so they were afraid the press would come through the floor. What became of the press finally no one knows."

Which is a consummation devoutly to be thankful for, because of all the machines having mentality and temperament, it was the most immoral—the most ingeniously so. This disconcerting apparition of it comes something like rumors of a crime long done and hoped to be forgotten of all mankind. There never was a press that was so sure to go wrong in some new

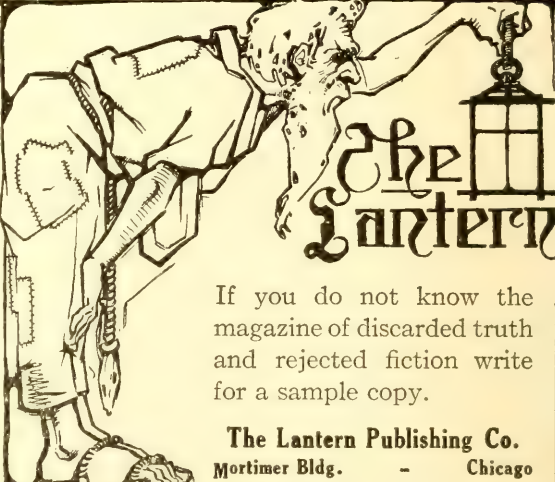
and appalling way and then sit back and grin at you. It made a fellow hate himself for being a printer—and yet its horrid memory has not vanished from the earth. Challenge is here delivered to that Oatman person to come forward and try out which of us best knew and most tearfully hated that product of the devil in his blackest mood, and to keep talking about it until one or the other drops dead. For it is Kismet that one must die if each were to disburden his heart in the premises.

In the case of the Des Moines Guernsey the motive power was not furnished by a horse, but by a gigantic Swede, who used to turn the fly-wheel until his shirt got up around his neck, and he stood in a broad puddle of his own perspiration, and the whole place reeked. He used to have to stop and rest five or six times during the performance, for we printed a whole ream of flat 24x36.

A Century Old Press.

A. L. Cather, owner and publisher of the Asheville (Ala.) Argus, is taking out his old Franklin press, which he and his father have used 50 years, and which has been operating just one hundred years, having been started five years before Alabama was admitted as a state into the Union. The press has a frog frame and weighs a ton and a half. It is embellished with 18 stars, indicative of the patriotic zeal of its makers who could not resist the temptation to proclaim that the United States had grown to the dignity of that number of commonwealths. This century-old machine is still printing a four-page six-column sheet every week in turning out the St. Clair paper at the rate of 300 per hour. Mr. Cather, the owner and publisher and editor of the paper, also fills the job of pressman. And a fine strong man he must be to run as fast as that. Why, son, that beats a token an hour, which is a speed so giddy nothing like it has ever before been heard of.

Wireless now connects the six state capitals of Australia and will shortly girdle the continent.



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The Lantern Publishing Co.
Mortimer Bldg. - Chicago

HERE'S HOW, YOU SMART CITY FELLERS!

FIRST PAGE, FIRST COLUMN, SWEET HOME HOWLER, CUT-OVER COUNTY, WIS.

Thomas Tittlebury painted the band stand on the Town Square last week. That's right, Tom; always do your business on the square and you won't have a hard time getting a living.

The Methodist church has decided to give a picnic for its Sunday school members on Saturday, September 5. Since the announcement Superintendent Amos Jordan says the enrollment in the Sunday school has nearly doubled. He is now wondering how he can keep the enrollment in attendance between the date of the picnic and the annual Christmas entertainment.

Susan Crabtree from over at Spring Dale was at Huttleton's general store last week buying some calico. 'Pears like someone is going to have a new dress.

The well down at the town creamery dried up last Monday and customers are now wondering whether this will result in a milk famine in the village or not.

Hank Prouty has just built an addition in the rear of his barber shop for clipping horses. Hank says he now has the best all around hair cutting emporium west of Niles Corners.

Hezekiah Amberton returned from New York yesterday. Hez says he saw the famous flat iron building but that he couldn't see how it got its name, as he couldn't find a laundry in the whole building.

"Dad" Avery had his whiskers singed off in an explosion of a kerosene lamp in the rear of his barns two nights ago. Dad says he doesn't know whether this is an omen or not that he will have a blight in his hay crop this year.

There will be no musical program other than singing at the services in the Baptist church tomorrow. Cylus Titmouse is repairing the pump handle on the organ.

Smoke a Golden Sheath cigar.

Marcus Moore was up at the Post Office last night and bought a two-cent stamp. What's her name, Marcus?

Three hay stacks on the Jonas Mussle farm caught fire last Tuesday night and created considerable excitement among the nearby farms. It is thought the fires were the spite work of two hoboes who were given some pies by Mrs. Mussle earlier in the day.

Abner Jimpweed was up at the butcher shop yesterday buying a pound of round steak. Looks like prosperity is passing over the Jimpweed farm.

"Grandpa" Hatch was in town Wednesday looking as spry as ever. He stopped at Huttleton's to get his yearly supply of chewing tobacco.

Our local sketch artist, Cy Barnstead, returned from the city yesterday, where he has been attending art school for three months. Cy says he is going to get a job now drawing money.

The boys of the Geyser Hose and Ladder company had a practice drill down Main street last night. All

the girls from the village were out to see the boys and their new uniforms. During the commotion someone stole the newly painted fire ax off the hose reel and Town Constable Spratzel is now working on the case.

Joe Dempsey was in town Wednesday with a load of potatoes. He reports that "Ma" Dempsey has put up thirty-six jars of elderberry wine during the past two weeks. We expect to be out your way soon, Joe.

Madge Leighton, the beautiful and gracious daughter of our esteemed and respected fellow townsman and Postmaster, has announced her engagement to Jonas Babcock, clerk in Cuttler's hardware store. The ladies of the Baptist church sewing society are all in a flutter at thoughts of losing their most popular member. Sim Cuttler has announced that he is going to increase Jonas' salary starting next week.

Considerable excitement was created around the Post Office last night when a special delivery letter came addressed to Hector Wiggins. Many of the boys hung around the Post Office until late to see what the bad news was. When Hec opened the letter he relieved the boys' minds by inviting them all over to have a drink on him, as he was a full-fledged "uncle." Hec's brother Frank, who left this town five years ago to go into the hardware business at Jordan Center, had an eight-pound bouncing baby boy born to him Thursday. All the boys are calling Hec "uncle" now.

Miller's Famous Medicine show will be in town for three days starting next Thursday.

Dud Rucker, proprietor of the Kozy Kandy parlor, and Jim Hammerling, the blacksmith, got into an altercation Thursday over a game of "horseshoes" they were playing near the village green. After fellow townsmen had separated the two "Dud" got up and said he wasn't going to believe any longer that horseshoes were lucky. Jim is still champion of these parts.

Ward Mann closed down the saw mill Wednesday and has gone to Spring Dale, where it is reported his mother is dying.

The boys of the Gloria Cornet band will hold a practice next Thursday night above Cuttler's hardware store. All the boys are asked to be present, as the band is going to start practicing "The Blue Drill Hornpipe."

Bud Baxter's son Alex appeared at the district school yesterday with his first pair of long pants. The boys made an investigation to see if he was still wearing long stockings. Bud says that all the credit belongs to "Ma" Baxter, as the suit is the same as the one he bought two years ago from the drummer who lost all his money in a poker game at the Lafayette House.

Andy Brisbane has taken his sorrel "Nellie" off the plow and put her on an oat diet. Andy's lady friends report of late several speedy trips behind Nellie. The boys at Huttleton's general store say that Andy is

getting Nellie in trim for the County Fair races. Good luck, Andy.

Town Marshal Zack Squibbs has placed a rule against any loitering around the pump in the town hall square. Zack says that Minnie Fisher reported to him last night that one of the loafers at the pump insulted her Wednesday by calling to her, "Oh, you kid." These evil practices are some of those brought to town by drummers from the city. They must be stopped. Keep up the good work, Zack; the town is with you. Our youth must be saved from demoralization and we want to take our stand right now that we are with Zack in all his efforts towards this end.

Hugh Black, the town undertaker, reports that he has repaired the wheel of his hearse and also given it a good coat of paint. He begs now to announce that he is again ready to do business at the old stand with no increase in prices. He also reports that he has received a new supply of furniture from Grand Rapids.

A match carelessly thrown in Avery & Smith's general store Tuesday night lit on a celluloid collar on display on one of the counters and for a few minutes it looked like there would be a serious conflagration in the store. Some of the boys ran over to the Town Hall and rang the fire bell but the fire was put out before the bucket brigade arrived. Dud Smith estimated the firm's loss at \$35. Only a crate of evaporated apples, a gross of celluloid collars and a barrel of straw hats were consumed by the fire.

Abner Prouty, the aged father of Hank Prouty, proprietor of the local tonsorial parlors, while standing on the station platform Wednesday noon waiting for local No. 14 from the east, was struck in the stomach by a mail sack hurled from one of the mail cars on the express going west. Abner was taken to Dr. Tubbs' office over the drug store and was soon feeling all right again. He says the government never did know how to deliver its mail anyway.

Abe Huskins has been going to the Reed farm every evening to help in the milking and churning. The elder Reed says he is going to get a "separator" for his milking if his daughter don't quit going with fellows.

Sid Hammond, who has been in the city for the last three years attending a school for bookkeeping and stenography, has returned to town and has accepted a position as floorwalker in Sampson's livery stable.

Buck Whitting, from up Slater's road, reports that a slick city chap tried to sell him a set of galvanized lightning rods Monday. Buck said the man had such a good way about him and had such a prosperous look that he grabbed those rods like chain lightning. In the thunder storm Tuesday night the chimney on the

house where one of the rods had been placed was struck and in the morning Buck said he found the rod melted and the chimney ruined. Town Marshal Zack Squibbs was notified of the stranger and he says he promises something interesting on the case in a few days. Grandad Hilicker, who examined the metal rod after the storm, said he could see it was never meant for taking in lightning.

Wanted—A bright, ambitious young man to tend store, drive hearse, take care of kitchen, garden and to make himself generally useful. Apply to Black, the undertaker.

A postcard from Germany was received at the Post Office Wednesday addressed to Sam Steubin. The card was written in German and the postmaster and some of the loungers could not decipher what the message on the card said, or whether it was from Sam's mother or girl.

A 30,000 Power Kick.

Postmaster-General Burseson recently received a petition which contained over thirty thousand names protesting against the present law which prohibits the opening of first and second class post-offices for the purpose of delivering mail to the general public on Sunday. This petition was so large that it could not be easily sent through the mails, and was consequently wrapped together in one large roll and sent by *express* to the Postmaster-General. The governors of eight states, together with thirty thousand business men from all parts of the country, signed the petition, begging the Postmaster-General to use his influence to have the usual mail-matter pass through the post-offices to the public on Sundays as it did prior to the passage of the obnoxious Sunday-law rider that was attached to the Post-office Appropriation Bill during the last session of Congress.

Most of these business men are traveling men who have their mail for the whole week forwarded to a certain town or city where they plan to stop over Sunday, and then are unable to secure it till Monday morning, and frequently not at all. This proves again that Sunday laws restore no rights to any one which he does not already possess, but deprive many of their natural rights.

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RED LIGHTS.

BY J. A. IN THE BROOKLYN EAGLE.

I am no Puritan to don
The garb of sanctity, and yet,
I hate the Red Lights districts, on
The roads o'er which the chauffeurs fret.

The cul-de-sac that turns you back
Provokes a groan unanimous;
And street contractors have the knack
To stir profanity in us.

They rip and tear at road-repair,
Hole-making zeal, you hear it whizz;
Then, what a change! Their listless air
As slow as cold molasses is.

And so, although no paragon,
Like some reformers I have met;
I hate the Red Light districts, on
The roads o'er which the chauffeurs fret. J. A.

Panama to Talk by Wireless with Washington.

A special to John Flynn's paper, the Boston Christian Science Monitor (one of the very best papers ever published), says that construction is to begin on the large naval radio station at Caimito, to be known as the Darien Radio station. This is to be a 100-kilo-watt plant of the same power as the Arlington station, near Washington. In the size of its towers it will exceed the latter; all of the three masts will be 600 feet high, whereas at Arlington one of the towers is 600 feet in height, and two are 450 feet high. The bases of the towers will be about 180 feet above sea level, and they will be arranged in a triangle, approximately 900 feet on a side. The sending and receiving radius will be nominally 3000 miles, so that communication may be held direct with the Arlington station, instead of by way of Key West, as at present. The station will be able to "talk" to San Francisco, 2875 miles away, by air line. The present stations at Colon and Balboa will be continued in use, to handle messages for ships using the canal and the Caimito station will be used exclusively for official business of the government, principally as a relay station for communicating with ships of the navy in southern waters.

It will be able to send messages as far as Valdiva, 421 miles south of Valparaiso; and, on the Atlantic side of South America, as far down as Buenos Aires. It could reach a vessel anywhere along the eastern coast of the United States, or midway between New York and Gibraltar, on the Mediterranean route; in approximately east and west lines, it could communicate with the island of St. Vincent, 500 miles west of Africa.

In sending, the station will use the Poulsen wireless apparatus, employing sustained oscillations, considered an improvement on the spark method. Situated between the canal and the Panama railroad, its antennae will span an arm of Gatun lake.

The water will afford good electrical grounding, and furnish the waves a good "grip" in starting. The Federal Company, which is operating stations along the west coast of North America, has the contract for furnishing the apparatus.

The navy department has authorized the Isthmian Canal Commission to construct the following buildings, at estimated costs as shown: Power house, \$7,800; operating buildings, \$4,000; quarters for operators, \$7,600; total, \$20,000. The Penn Bridge Company is the contractor for the towers; the concrete footings for them will be installed by the canal commission. Forces of the quartermaster's department will have charge of the work to be done by the commission. Lieut. R. S. Crenshaw, U. S. navy, is stationed on the isthmus in charge of radio stations.

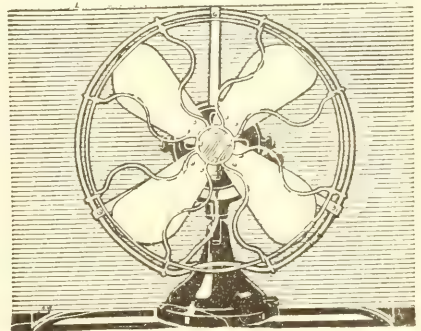
A Good Big Stunt.

On account of the annual convention of the National Retail Druggists' Association this week at Cincinnati, the Chicago Retail Druggists' Association published a forty-eight-page paper last week in place of their usual sixteen-page sheet.

A. E. Ormes, a member of the Press Club of Chicago, and editor of the Retail Druggists' regular publication, did all the interviewing for this big number, took the photographs, wrote all the stuff, read proof, secured the advertising, wrote most of the ads, ordered the cuts, tended to make-up and looked after the mailing list on this little special issue for the pill rollers. If there is any credit in getting out such a publication it is obvious that he is fairly entitled to some share of it. He carried off a big stunt in handsome shape.

On Monday he left for Cincinnati with the local druggists to attend their convention and will be gone all the week.

As between eating their cake and having it, it seems the Bulgars did neither.



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will keep you cool
for less than 1c an hour.

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**Commonwealth
Edison Company**

120 West Adams Street

Wm. D. McJunkin Advertising Agency, Chicago 1883

ON BEING BOTHERED BY YOU.

J. P. M'EVROY, PRESS CLUB.

Dear Yar:—

I bid you hit the trail
And pester me no more,
And here you send another wail;
You make me sore.

Think you I have no more to do
Than smear this classic hall
With guff about our sporting crew?
You've got your gall.

Blime Bo, my time is slim,
And what I have is full;
So I can't meet your every whim
And shoot the bull.

I have a job (or as I write,
I have one, sotospeak),
And I can't make your labors light
Each passing week.

So take this guff and pound the path
And don't you dare come back,
Or else you'll stir my hellish wrath
Sincerely,

MAC.

WOT CHUNLMUN DONE THIS?

The question is asked in serious anxiety. The script was left without name or comment, and to the waste basket therefore it should by law have gone. But a man who can use the same word so many times in one paragraph, and get away with so many fractured places and still so fine a description, could certainly write, if only he were shown how and had a little sense. Gor! If only he *knew* how to write, *couldn't* he write, *just*. Gor!

I lay asleep in the library.

Sweet visions had come and gone; fair maidens had gathered about my couch, had overpowered me with their subtle fragrance, had touched my face with their waving tresses, had even brushed my cheeks with lips as perfect as the dewdrop on a rose.

They had passed and battles were waged before my sight; I saw the bursting shell, I heard the screaming shrapnel, I watched the artillery sweep grandly into place, I sat beside the soldiers in their dying agonies.

They too, faded into the mists, and I floated down unnamed rivers past all the charms of nature. Rapids roared around me, mountains and precipices clothed with their evergreen mantles and crowned with the enduring snows rose before me; I floated by the summer fields gay with a thousand flowers, through the woods singing in the rain, over the falls of a mighty river, into the tossing waves of the everlasting sea.

They, too, were lost in the enveloping folds of the dream and a sense of imminent disaster or impending doom came over me. I fought for breath, my being weighed down by a mountain's pressure, cold sweat pricked itself out on my brow and I saw approaching, through the shadows, the ANGEL OF THE SCOOP holding in his right hand the oriflamme of our order, than which there is nothing more powerful, THE PEN. Fierce anger blazed upon his countenance which gleamed as molten brass. With steps stately, dignified, nonhesitant he drew near while I sat spellbound with horror. Then in a voice like the roar of thunder on a summer afternoon he cried, "Where is that stuff you promised me?" and with his oriflamme he struck me athwart the midriff.

I awoke and behold it was a dream, and going quickly to the Hall of Silence, I wrote this, my contribution.

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Chicago, Illinois

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

BY J. FRANCIS, CHICAGO.

Of the many literary pranks with which the name of Eugene Field is connected, one of the most innocent and amusing was the "Saints and Sinners" entertainment given to the band of congenial spirits whose eccentricities had conferred renown upon that corner of McClurg & Co.'s bookstore which was reserved for the sale of rare volumes. That corner and those who assembled there were a never-failing source of inspiration to Field. Clergymen, physicians, actors, newspaper men—men of all professions who loved books and the company of book lovers, made that particular corner a kind of club for their leisure hours, and Field, with characteristic wit, in a happy moment dubbed the coterie "The Saints and Sinners"—the first title of course referring to the wearers of the cloth. Satires of individual members of the group and of imaginary meetings of the bibliomaniacs furnished Field with intense amusement and his pen with constant and delightful occupation. So amusing were the sketches that they were copied far and wide, and the corner and the choice spirits who gathered there became well known throughout the land, while the humorous accounts of their meetings which he wrote, and many of which were entirely imaginary, were often received with the utmost seriousness, to the huge delight of their genial author.

The most interesting event in the history of the famous corner, which, by the way, was destroyed by fire, was planned by Field for New Year's eve in 1890, and to it all the choice spirits whose names he had so freely used, and many others, were invited to spend the parting of the dying year and welcome the dawn of the new. The invitations read thus:

"Saints and Sinners' Corner"

Dec. 31, 1890.

Be there.

10:30 p. m., sharp.

The meeting opened with an informal entertainment of story telling and recitations, Melville E. Stone being in the chair, and an extremely merry gathering it was.

Regelin, Jenson & Co.

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REAL ESTATE
LOANSRENTING
INSURANCE

Field was in the very highest spirits over the success of his peculiar "watch-night" meeting. At the first stroke of the midnight hour, to the great surprise of those holding high revel in the corner, the lights suddenly went out, leaving the room in total darkness, and from a far-off corner of the store came a voice, in deep sepulchral tones, uttering this:

Dear wife, last midnight while I read
The tomes you so despise,
A spectre rose beside my bed
And spake in this true wise:

"From Canaan's beatific coast,
I've come to visit thee.
For I am Frognall Dibdin's ghost,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

I bade him welcome and we twain
Discussed with buoyant hearts,
The various things that appertain
To bibliomaniac arts.

"Since you are fresh from the other side,
Pray tell me of that host
That treasured books before they died?"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"They've entered into perfect rest;
For in the life they've won,
There are no auctions to molest,
No creditors to dun.

Their heavenly rapture has no bounds
Beside that Jasper sea;
It is a joy unknown to Lowndes,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

Much I rejoiced to hear him speak
Of biblio-bliss above,
For I am one of those who seek
What bibliomaniacs love.

"But tell me, for I long to hear,
What doth concern me most—
Are wives admitted to that sphere?"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"The women folk are few up there;
For 'twere not fair, you know,
That they our heavenly joy should share,
Who vex us here below.

The few are those who have been kind
To husbands such as we;
They knew our fads and didn't mind,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

"But what of those who scold at us
When we would read in bed?
Or, wanting victuals, make a fuss,
If we buy books instead?

And what of those who've dusted not
Our motely pride and Boast—
Shall they profane that sacred spot?"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

"Oh no! they tread that other path,
Which leads where torments roll,
And worms—yes, bookworms!—vent their wrath
Upon the guilty soul.

Untouched of bibliomaniac grace
That saveth such as we,
They wallow in that dreadful place,"
Says Dibdin's ghost to me.

"To my dear wife will I recite
What things I've heard you say;
She'll let me read the books by night
She's let me buy by day.

For we together, by and by,
Would join that heavenly host;
She's earned a rest as well as I,"
Says I to Dibdin's ghost.

At the conclusion of the recitation, and while the last line was still echoing through the room, the lights again shone forth and revealed the unknown reciter and the author in the person of Eugene Field. Only a very few had been let into this secret, and the surprise was complete. Congratulations were showered upon him by the jolly gathering, and good-fellowship reigned supreme. Illuminated menus suddenly made their appearance among the assembled bibliomaniacs, who had made themselves comfortable in all sorts of informal ways—some lounging on counters, some on chairs, but most on empty boxes brought up from the cellar to serve as seats. No gathering of schoolboys could have been more hilarious, more irresponsible, more given up to the innocent joy of the moment. A huge bowl of choice punch had been prepared for the saints, and there was abundant stimulation of a more potent kind for the incorrigible sinners. The menu was a generous one and contained many toothsome dishes appropriate for a bohemian gathering of this kind. When the feast had come to an end and the party were lingering over their coffee and cigars, Field rummaged around the other part of the store until he found an autograph album. This he brought to the improvised banquet hall with great glee and in his merriest voice requested that every one present at the "watch-night" service inscribe therein a memorial, grave or gay, of the jolly occasion, himself dedicating the volume with an impromptu verse in his happiest vein, and his album was one of the most cherished of the many interesting things in the famous corners which went up in smoke at the burning of the store February, 1899.

When the session finally came to an end the morning hours of the day ushering in the new year had well advanced, and as the last song was sung and overcoats and hats were donned for the street, one and all re-echoed the sentiment of Paul du Chaillu, who declared with emphasis that he had never enjoyed the birth of a new year more than that spent in the company of Eugene Field and the "Saints and Sinners" of Chicago.

"Harry, dear, do my skirts show?"
"Below or through?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Parson—Do you know where little boys go when they smoke?

Boy—Yes. Up the alley.—*Cleveland Leader.*

EVEN 'WAY OUT THERE!

BY E. J. DOHERTY, PRESS CLUB.

An old man, bent almost double beneath the weight of three heavy mail sacks, zigzagged down the narrow cement walk to the new station house. It was after schedule train time, but the old man walked leisurely, patiently. Many years in that line's service had shown him how inutile it were to hurry.

It was a quiet, lazy day, the last of my vacation. The scene is in a very small town in western Wisconsin, and the events herein set down occurred while we, a party of four or five, were waiting for the train which today would be early, being only an hour behind its schedule.

The veteran mail carrier threw his bundles to the floor with unnecessary violence, and sat down to await the coming of the station agent.

Something bobbed up over the crest of the hill. We speculated as to what it could be, and were unable to guess. It was a woman's hat in locomotion, the most curious hat I ever saw. The woman who held it up with her head was leathery and wrinkled and hideous. She carried a box and a faded green umbrella.

There was a young pig in the box. She had just bought it of the farmer over the hill. The box she had obtained at the town grocers' together with a bit of string, which she had wound about it, and through which she had shoved a stick, forming a sort of pack-age tourniquet.

She had given piggy some slimy food, and what the young hog did not eat had trickled through the chinks in the box and splashed the green-gray sateen skirt she wore. She set the box down carefully. Piggy stuck his snout through a chink in the top and squealed. Then he shoved a foot through a knothole in the side and pushed out a board.

The woman decided she must have more string. Down the road a bit, a man sat on a fence rail whittling something for two boys. She approached him, asked for his jack knife, and severed a rope from a trunk. With this she reinforced the box.

The pig squealed again. The old man awoke and demanded the pig's lineage. The woman gave him absolutely no consideration. She walked to a nearby mud puddle, and wet a handkerchief, old and gray and wrinkled—a handkerchief that had once been young and innocent, though you might not think so.

Again and again she wet it, wrung it out, and wet it again, disturbing a myriad of butterflies in the process. The wet handkerchief she assiduously applied to the hog feed on her dress.

The wrinkled patriarch wiped his perspiring brow with a Mexican flag and observed that it was goin' to be hot. He dragged out a dirty pipe, filched some loose tobacco from an inside pocket and poked it down.

He opened his mouth in a long prodigious yawn. One lonely star gleamed dully in the cavern of his throat, a solitary tooth with a gold crown. The pipe stem he placed directly under this tooth—a feat he accomplished at the first trial, and then he borrowed a match. It was the woman who supplied it.

The two boys came running up to the station displaying a hand-made "windmill," which the man had whittled for them. The carver followed slowly behind, examining carefully with eyes and teeth a nickel the boys had given him.

He, too, was old. Probably as old as the mail carrier. But he was straight as an arrow, and six feet something, a white haired relic of a once powerful man. He also smoked a pipe. When he talked you had to listen closely, so closely his words shingled each other.

After a half hour of drowsy idleness, the station agent appeared, and we bought tickets. The two old

men, and the somewhat younger woman, were excited when they heard me mention Chicago.

"Ye haven't any string about ye, kind sir?" she asked. "I do be thinking that 'ere pig will git loose on me yit. The ruckish agint made me give fifty cents to put the pig in the baggage car. The last time I tuk a pig home I chucked it under me shawl and tuk it in the train."

She was rather pleasant to talk to. She would drop one subject and take up another without notice. When she got going you couldn't stop her. Her questions seemed to be literally shot out of her throat, and often she stopped half a second for an answer and continued.

It was evident she was leading up to some vital question, and that she feared the answer. The two old men edged up quietly and stood with open ears. The mail carrier's pipe had gone out, and he fished with a despairing hand for some natural leaf. The woman reached into her Scotch-plaided near satin bosom, and handed him a pouch, never checking her language.

But the mail carrier beat her to it.

"Be you from Chicago?"

"I be."

"Well, they do say as how Chicago be quite a big place, and I don't know but what you might not be acquainted with a man I knew there?"

They were all hanging onto my expected answer.

"Yes," I said, moving my chest out several inches and gazing down the rusty tracks, "I might."

"Well, he's a right young man like yerself. He works on one o' them there newspapers in Chicago, and his name is Chase."

"You don't mean Mahogany?" I inquired. "He's reading copy on the Tribune." The woman's green gray eye—which matched the skirt—took on a coy look.

"Ye mean the Intire Ocean, young man," she jerked.

I leave it to you, what could I say?

"Wait," she demanded while the words clung in my throat. She reached in behind the plaid and took out what seemed to be a bundle of rags. It unwrapped readily, and there, in a wrinkled leather case, was the photograph of a young man, handsome, intelligent, striking. It was Al, without a doubt.

The woman put the wet handkerchief to her eyes. The men stared.

"He owes me two bits," said the whittler, removing his pipe and replacing it. I wrung his withered hand with silent sympathy.

The woman, however, reached into a purse and took out two dimes and a nickel, which she gave him. Then she wiped a tear off the photo—using said handkerchief—put the wrappings around it, and replaced it in its customary place.

"I—I never knew him," she said, and I felt sorry for her. She took it so hard.

"But I seen his pitcher in a magazine, and I pasted it on this here bit o' cardboard. And ye say ye know him! Sure ye are a lucky young man."

The old carver was wending his placid way toward the town saloon, holding the coins in his fist. The mail carrier stuck close to me. The woman, overcome by emotion, had gone inside with the station agent.

Down the rusty tracks a cloud of smoke appeared, grew larger, swirled and curled and billowed, dense black smoke. Only that it moved so slowly and kept so religiously to the tracks one would have mistaken it for a small tornado or cyclone or something of the sort.

The mail carrier sidled up to me, and holding the pipe with his single tooth and talking through his gums:

"Yu'll be telling Al Chase when yu'll see him that my darter, Icelene Turrek, wants some Tango lessons. She

would so. You'll tell him that? She read his ad in the papers."

There was an agonizing shriek in my ears. A cloud of soft coal smoke enveloped me. I turned around coughing and gasping, thinking for half a second it was Michigan avenue on a windy day, and dimly made out the train.

I shook hands with old man Turrek, promised I would speak to the Tribune cherub, helped the near satin woman of the pig on board, and climbed on myself. The woman did not speak to me again; she was too deeply absorbed in something. Her silence was sacred to me, and I could not bring myself to interrupt her. She got off at the next station.

I wonder how many other women scattered over the country side carry bleeding hearts because they do not know their hero, because they have never met the cherub, because they will probably never see Al Chase. Such is life, more's the pity. What tragedies a handsome man's handsomeness will cause! But let that handsome man have a care! Let him have a deep, sleep-murdering care, or some time he will perish through plethora of his own pulchritude.

And They Mobbed Merkle.

Unconscious humor is a rare jewel. Sometimes it is described in a phrase made famous by one Merkle. Sometimes it is not. To those who read, and may therefore run, we leave the task of designating the class to which the following incident should be assigned.

The scene is laid in a morning newspaper office. A report of a murder is received from the City News Bureau.

"Marshall Howes is convinced that the man (Charles Scherer) was beaten with a club. On this theory, Charles Chickalkes, 16 years old, was arrested."

After the story was in type, a correction was sent in from the City News Bureau—"Make name of prisoner Gust Duck-alkes, instead of Chick-alkes."

This correction in names appealed to the humor of the city editor. He promptly ordered it run as an "add" to the story, assuming the play on names was so patently funny that it could not escape appreciation even by those unaccustomed to peruse the poultry journals.

The assistant managing editor of the newspaper read the story of the murder, then the correction following and forthwith despatched to the outer office, the following note:

"Is anything gained by this return to the old time way of making a late 'add' to a story? The required change in type could have been easily made."

Then to show how a real editor works, he marked a clipping accordingly.

Which leads one to remark, that perhaps it wasn't Merkle's fault, after all.

Later; Luke Grant with characteristic Scotch humor upholds the decision of the assistant managing editor that levity is misplaced when predicated on a wallop over the head with a club.

"Step up front" in Japanese is "O-orini-naranu Okatawa, Nakahodoni, Negaimasu." No wonder the nation feels crowded.

Books Received

THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE. Richard G. Mouhon. (M. A. Cambs) Ph. D. (Penn.). The Macmillan Company, New York and London. \$2.50.

A SPLENDID HAZARD. Harold Macgrath. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Publishers. \$1.50.

CAESAR. A sketch. By J. A. Fronde. Formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York and London. \$1.50.

THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME. By Hall Caine. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London.

*TRANSACTIONS OF THE AMERICAN ELECTROCHEMICAL SOCIETY. Vol. XXIII. Published by the American Electrochemical Society.

*LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. \$1.50.

DADDY LONG LEGS. By Jean Webster. The Century Co., New York. 89c.

*Public Document.

THE SNAP DRAGON. Horace Hazeltine. Desmond, Fitzgerald, Inc., New York. \$1.25.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LAWYER. Arthur M. Harris, of the Seattle Bar. West Publishing Company, St. Paul. \$1.50.

THE MOHAWK VALLEY AND LAKE ONTARIO. By Edward Peyson Morton, Ph. D. Ainsworth & Company.

THE STORY OF ASENATH. John Willy. The Hotel Monthly, Chicago, Ill.

WHAR THE HAND OF GOD IS SEEN and other Poems. By Captain Jack Crawford (late chief of Scouts, U. S. Army). Lyceum Publishing Co., New York.

Lo, the Poor Hindu and His Chupatty.

Dinner as accomplished by the Indian peasant is the simplest thing in the world, says the Christian Science Monitor. The properties consist of a brass dish about 12 inches in diameter, an iron saucer, a brass vase of water and a pile of coarse flour called ata. First he makes a little mud oven three sides of a square, just large enough to support the iron saucers, then he collects a few sticks and starts the fire. The flour is mixed with water into a dough, a portion of which he deftly works into a ball or flattens between his fingers to a pancake just the size of the saucer, which is now warm enough to receive it. While this is baking he prepares the next one. As each is sufficiently cooked he stands it to stiffen by the fire and as they are finishing off he washes the brass dish clean, then washes himself, refills his water vases and has his meal. If he is well enough off he may add rice, vegetables, and melted butter to this frugal repast, but the chupatty, as it is called, is always the foundation even if enriched and sweetened.

During a fire in a tenement house the occupants threw their cook stoves out of the windows. This is said to be the first such occurrence outside of vaudeville.

After all the Court of Public Opinion is the Court of Last Resort.

FIXING THE STREETS.

Clearly written from the heat, the following comes from Irvington's poet colony by way of the Newark News.

They took a little gravel,
And took a little tar.
With various ingredients
Imported from afar;
They hammered it and rolled it,
And when they went away
They said they had a pavement
To last for many a day.

They came with picks and smote it
To lay a water main,
And then they called the workmen
To put it back again.
To lay a railway cable
They took it up once more
And then they put it back again
Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits
To run the telephone,
And then they put it back again
As hard as any stone.
They tore it up for wires
To feed the 'lectric light,
And then they put it back again,
Which was no more than right.

Oh, the pavement full of furrows,
There are patches everywhere;
You'd like to ride upon it,
But it's seldom that you dare;
It's a very handsome pavement,
A credit to the town,
They're always diggin' of it up
Or puttin' of it down.

Bet Him the County Building to the Sfanx He Doesn't Know How to Pronounce Elgin.

DEAR SCOOP: This is a horse on Speed, Record-Herald city editor. It came on a letter: "Mr. Clarence L. Steed."

THE TRAVELS OF KIRKLAND.

Members of the Record-Herald staff have received the following messages from A. H. Kirkland, night city editor, who is away on a vacation:

Cairo, Egypt, Aug. 24.—Have seen the pyramids. Pretty fair chunks of stone, but not up to the watch factory back at Elgin. The Spinnix, or Sphinx, as miscalled by the uneducated who form the population here, is about on a par with the statue of Christopher Columbus which Chicago panned and canned.

London, Aug. 25.—Well, here we are at Westminster Abbey, but it don't compare, folks, it really doesn't compare to the First M. E. church on Fourth street, Elgin. And it's stuffed full of dead ones, and statues with one hand stuck out as though they demanded pennies of you. They have a paper here called the London Times. It's about like the Jones Magazine section (defunct) of the R.-H.

Paris, Aug. 26.—I can't imagine what makes people talk about the Eiffel Tower. Now, back in Elgin there's a water tower and——but what's the use of talking? Haven't found a real city since I left Chi., so am going home on the first boat and will see Elgin first—that's seeing the United States first. Hope that the stockyards is still among those present in the list of Chicago smells.

KIRK.

The Y.M.C.A

DEVELOPS

MUSCLE—MIND— CHARACTER

A world-wide fraternity for the conservation of manhood.

Its multiform service commands the respect and support of private and corporate philanthropy.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago conducts work at twenty-one departments. Seven modern buildings located in the business and residential districts are equipped with standard Gymnasiums, Natatoriums, Dormitories, Educational and Social features. The fees are within reach of all young men and older boys.

Visiting members are invited to be our guests while in Chicago.

Everyone would do well to read Katherine Tynan's review of T. A. Daly's two books of Dago verse appearing in the current number of Marion Reedy's paper. They open a new and wonderful horizon of thought and feeling, imagination, passion, power and fun. You lose if you pass them by.

"EVER SINCE I WAS!"

BY EDWARD PORTER, PRESS CLUB.

(This was the answer of a little girl, sewing in a New York sweatshop, to the question of Miss Elizabeth C. Watson, of the Child Labor Bureau: "How long have you worked?")

Poor infant toiler in this Work-Weary World,
Your message haunts me—depresses, yet inspires!
May it sit heavy on the consciences
Of those who hold within their mighty power
The lives of helpless little ones like you!
They who should bloom the flower of our Nation
Depriv'd of sunshine—nipp'd in the bud:
Man's inhumanity finds here its deadliest folly.
Blasphemous Business, the Oppressor! One would think
In Childhood Conservation would be seen
Man's Biggest Business. It crushes life;
Denies the right to live: Then, in the name
Of him who prov'd himself the Children's Champion,
Gives what 'tis pleas'd to label "Charity!"
God save us, every one, from "charity" like this!

"Ever since I was!" A wondrous answer that;
So simple, but withal so full of keenest pathos:
Four childlike words; yet do they echo deep
A World-old protest 'gainst the Creed of Mammon.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

FOREST CHENEY IN THE LANTERN.

The man or woman who wins fame and fortune before the footlights must be a temperamental athlete. He must be able to receive the impact of a compound magnetic blow and cause it to rebound over the footlights at the battery of human magnets from whence it came.

A great audience is a powerful battery composed of many cells which transmits its wireless force to the man who dares to face it. The problem that confronts the debutant when he appears before an audience in the capacity of a professional entertainer is not one of technical skill, but is one of personality—of temperamental force.

The most powerful man may be easily knocked off his feet if he is not prepared to meet the blow.

Within the nature of every man there lurks a "doubting Thomas," who questions, and, questioning, seeks to know. The dawn of human knowledge sent forth its first ray of light when this lurking "Thomas" asked his first question.

The nature of man is antagonistic and invites all things to do battle, but the nature of man is also kind when once the battle is decided. Success before the footlights is won by a battle royal through the impact of magnetic blows.

The great artist leans forward—far over the center of his temperamental gravity as he walks down the stage, and, like a trained athlete, receives the magnetic blows squarely and loses not his poise.

What is personality? It is the concentrated extract of human nature. There is the genius intellectual and the genius emotional and personality as the result of the combination of both in equal parts.

After many years of study and practice, a student may acquire a valuable product in the form of a finely trained voice or a great technical facility on some musical instrument, but his success as a public entertainer will depend upon his ability to deliver the goods. Not only must the sound of his voice or the tone of his instrument reach the ears of his listeners, but the vibrations of his own personality must fill the auditorium and create therein an acoustical atmosphere which makes vital and effective the sounds which are the medium of his expression. Genius is vitality plus.

To feel is easy, but to convey feeling to another is the secret which all public entertainers endeavor to discover.

What we do is incidental, but what we are is representative.

The great artist makes fugitive the latent forces which dwell within his nature and by a compelling force awakens the correspondent forces in his audience.

Temperament is emotion under control, the constitutional endowment of persons who have developed the power to attract and retain forces which in action form the vital principle of life.

Death is a negation; life is all there is.

The successful entertainer moves, his actions are subtle, alive and free from the handicap of self-conscious friction.

His art is but the medium through which he expresses the complex forces of his nature, the form which he endows with the subtle characteristics contained within himself and which find correspondent attributes in the personality of each individual who forms an integral unit, the multiple of which constitutes his audience.

The power to influence others is used by every one consciously or unconsciously, and the potency of its effect is the measure of a man's success in any undertaking wherein he is dependent upon the co-operation of his fellowmen. That this power can be developed by proper study and training is fully evidenced by the remarkable influence exerted by the few over the many.

History is made by a few men who exercise this power and thus impress their thoughts and emotions upon the plastic minds of those who come within the range of their influence.

The man who wins before the footlights sets in motion the plastic and elastic mass of humanity before him and causes it to vibrate in harmony with himself. It matters not what his stunt may be; if his audience does not get it, he is a failure.

Knowledge is the manifestation of mind, while feeling is the evidence of life; to know and to feel is to BE.

Success is gained by endowing knowledge with potential force, by making real the things you do.

Freak Newspapers.

A few years ago a journal called the Lunatic Herald made its appearance in London. There is a beggars' journal regularly published in Paris, which gives particulars of charitable institutions and of "pitches" that are worth "working," besides announcing in advance the big society weddings, funerals, and parties where a beggar may do good business; and there is published in Zurich, Switzerland, the Engaged Couples' Advertiser, the object of which is to furnish advertising firms with the names and addresses of those who are about to set up housekeeping. The latter profit by the numerous samples of goods sent them. The Hirmondo of Budapest is the only "newspaper" in the world which telephones instead of printing its news. For half a crown a month the subscriber has all the news of the day phoned to him. At noon he may take up his receiver and listen to an enthralling short story, and in the evening he may listen to the music and singing at the Grand Opera House.

Mrs. Pankhurst will find this one of the easiest countries to starve in if her methods include vitriol and dynamite.

Japan has one advantage over the United States; she is fifteen thousand miles farther from Mexico.

LAST SAN FRANCISCO CALL.

Chester H. Rowell, editor and manager of one of the best newspapers on the Western Coast, has never succeeded in impressing his public with a proper appreciation of the depth and beauty of his love for John D. Spreckels, who bought The San Francisco Call, and who operated a long line of assorted hatreds from that editorial seat. Mr. Rowell's paper is the Fresno Republican, and a hummer. Early this week Mr. Rowell in his sheet let go of his opinions in the whole matter in words and manner as follows:

The sale of the San Francisco Call to its competitor, for purposes of extinction, ends a long and very significant episode in California journalism. Founded in 1856 by a few printers and afterward taken up by some of the most important men in early California journalism, the Call in its early days rendered valuable service to the public life of San Francisco. Afterward it became the property and the plaything of John D. Spreckels and since then its variegated career has been chiefly interesting as illustrating all the possible ways in which a newspaper ought not to be run.

For a long time Spreckels showed a veritable genius for choosing managers who could not run newspapers, but who could work the proprietor. So notorious did this leg-pulling feature of the successive managements of the Call become that in a moment of anger the Examiner once published perhaps the most undignified editorial ever printed in California, in which, after recounting the various managements of which Spreckels had been the victim, it predicted that the same course would continue until at last the proprietor of the Call should be laid away in his grave and "on his tombstone would be carved the simple but appropriate epitaph, 'John D. Spreckels, Damned Fool.'"

The Examiner's prediction was not entirely carried out, and some of the managements following this time were reasonably efficient and successful in the business conduct of the newspaper. After the earthquake and fire of 1906, however, the affairs of the newspaper were found to be so demoralized by internal maladministration that there was a complete reorganization, and for a considerable period the Call, for the first time in its history, was a real and independent force in the life of California, and a definite success as a newspaper enterprise. When the other San Francisco newspapers broke away from the graft prosecution, the Call remained faithful and was a very brilliant and efficient supporter both of the graft prosecution in the city and of the Progressive movement in the politics of the state. The policy of the Call during that lucid interval was the one which if continued permanently would have meant business and journalistic success for the newspaper. With the Chronicle, a rock-ribbed and stupid conservative, and the Examiner, suffering under the handicap of its Hearst traditions and ownership, there was room in the morning field in San Francisco for a vigorous and consistent Progressive newspaper, and the Call brilliantly filled that field.

It was too good fortune to last, however. By some office revolution never disclosed the control of the paper changed. The Call became a joke and a wreck. A year ago it was taken over by the present management which at once undertook, as recently imported managements generally do, to secure local favor by exaggerated localism and indiscriminate boosting. That policy fell to pieces of its own absurdity and since then the paper has marked time by perfunctory but generally workmanlike newspaper work.

Now, having made one more failure, the Call goes out of existence, a monument to the fact that no newspaper without a consistent, definite and positive policy can long survive, either in the esteem of the people or

the confidence of the business world. During all these years the problem of transforming the Call from failure to success has been ridiculously simple. Any intelligent newspaper man could have done it, but only one was given the chance to try and he only for a brief interval. The paper dies, with a record of never having stood for or against anything long enough to have established a place which any one will notice is not filled with it gone.

STANDARD TIME BY WIRELESS.

Wireless telegraphy promises to become as radiant and pervasive as the sun itself. A great time-announcing service has just been put in operation from the top of the famous Eiffel Tower in Paris, a steel structure more than 900 feet high. This distribution of accurate time is by the standard zone system based on the Greenwich, England, meridian as zero. Any private person, getting a license and apparatus costing \$10 to \$15, can pick up these time signals.

The signals, which are the same at all the stations, continue for three minutes and consist of a number of Xs and Ts in the Morse code. At three minutes to the hour assigned to a particular station every wireless instrument within range receives the letter X for fifty seconds, followed by twenty-four Ts, the last of which indicates the hour. Definite periods of silence precede and follow each T, and in every case the signals are sent on the same wave length, 2,500 meters.

The most important use to which the wireless time signals will be put will undoubtedly be to test the time shown by a ship's chronometers. These should always indicate the time of the Greenwich meridian, the difference between which and the local time, ascertained astronomically on the vessel, enables the longitude of the latter to be ascertained.

Prices of Newspapers.

The history of the London Times, which now sells at four cents per copy, provides a remarkable illustration of the fluctuations in prices of newspapers during the last hundred years.

The cost of the Times on its first issue in 1788 was six cents; but eight years later it was raised to nine cents, and in 1799 to twelve cents. Ten years later another cent was added to the price, while in 1815 it rose to fifteen cents.

This was due to the fact that during the reign of George III, the Press was subjected to several heavy imposts. At the beginning of the reign the tax on newspapers was two cents a copy. In 1766 it was raised to three cents, other increases following till in 1815 it had reached eight cents per copy.

This was a general rise in the price of newspapers to fourteen cents a copy, a condition of things which lasted until 1836, when the duty was reduced, the tax being entirely abolished in 1855, when the price of the times was eight cents. It was reduced to six cents six years later and remained at that price for half a century.

It is generally thought that the Times is the oldest London daily, but the Morning Post was in existence in 1772. The oldest Sunday newspaper, the Observer, was established in 1791, when it was sold at sixteen cents a copy, a price which was also charged for the Weekly Dispatch.

The result of these prices was that the average person could not afford to buy a newspaper, but used to pay for the hire of one.

The Hecth-Hetchy valley is worth saving in spite of its name.

THE EXPERT STENOGRAPHER IN BUSINESS.

FRED H. GURTLE IN CHICAGO COMMERCE.

The business stenographer, man or woman, does sometimes get on your nerves. You know what you want or, between us, particularly in spelling, perhaps you don't. However, you have something to say, in your way you say it, and in her way she puts it down. It may be funny business—often it is. But this point is only by the way, for now we are talking of the highly proficient stenographer taking any sort of dictation, at any sort of speed, in any sort of place.

Of approximately 1,500,000 commercial stenographers in the United States about 5,000 are expert shorthand reporters or court reporters, and of the 5,000 about 200 are located in Chicago. The work done by these 200 people represents an industry that has grown up slowly and silently but steadily. To show the very important relation existing between the work of the skillful stenographer and the general business of Chicago and the nation is the purpose of this report.

We may form an idea of the derangement in business that would ensue if some accessory like the telephone were suddenly withdrawn. Some such derangement would follow if business were suddenly deprived of the aid of shorthand reporting, with its accessory, the typewriter. Every court of record in this country would have to postpone its work if deprived of the work of the stenographers. The quality of the work of the press would be greatly depleted because of the inability to record addresses of our statesmen, as well as many other items of interest now supplied by expert stenographers. In your own meetings you would not be able to disseminate the information contained in the addresses at your weekly luncheons.

Shorthand reporting has passed through an evolutionary process similar to that of business in general. Some of us can consider the time when a reporter's outfit consisted of a desk, pen and pencil, notebook and a ream of legal cap paper. While the evolution of the modern business office has been going on, with its increasing use of adding machines and other mechanical appliances, an analogous change has taken place in the reporting line, so that now a well equipped office has an organized force with a host of accessories undreamed of in the early days. And with the expanding of facilities the field of operations has grown until now there are reporters whose duties take them to all parts of the United States and to foreign countries.

Any estimate of the volume of the reporting business in Chicago would be only an approximation. Scattered over the loop district it may appear anything but large, but were it concentrated into one establishment doing an annual business of probably three-quarters of a million dollars, it would represent a respectable industry.

This merely represents the volume of business done by them, but with this should be considered the life, liberty and property that are preserved by the accuracy of our records. Many a time a man's liberty is

dependent on one question and one answer of an entire record. Again a large judgment may be sustained or reversed because of a few words. It can be readily seen that controversies would arise if the conflicting recollections of court and lawyers were to govern the decision.

Without any ostentation this silent corps of highly skilled, semi-professional workers has exercised an influence in bringing conventions and enterprises to Chicago, and in other ways has represented a force whose influence makes for the growth and developments of Chicago.

Thus far we have spoken only of the business and material side of shorthand reporting. Just a word about the immaterial but not unimportant side. The shorthand reporter frequently comes into close and confidential connection with large business enterprises by virtue of his relations with the attorneys for those enterprises. Matters of the most important and confidential character are entrusted to the shorthand reporter and yet no breach of this confidence has ever come to our knowledge.

It may not be generally known, but Chicago, owing to conditions not necessary to dwell upon here, is one of the most difficult places in the world for the shorthand reporter to work. The result has been the development of a group of the most expert writers. It is not too much to say that Chicago has had in its time some of the greatest and most famous shorthand writers in the country if not in the world.

For some years an effort has been made to secure suitable legislation tending to raise the general standard of character and ability required for such a highly skilled and responsible class of work.

All appreciate the importance of a license to physicians and surgeons. A strenuous effort would be made should this license be removed to have it replaced, and yet you are allowing a condition here in Chicago where court stenographers are not licensed. They have in their hands the destiny of your business, or a portion of it, and the life and liberty of some one in whom you may be interested.

When some of our best stenographers last year endeavored to have a license put through the legislature we were charged with endeavoring to create a monopoly on court reporting in Chicago, whereas the reverse would have been true, and your liberty and property would have been better taken care of. We think a license would tend to increase the efficiency of court stenographers. A licensed court stenographer is as important to your business as a physician is to your home.

Your opportunity today is to be as careful about the selection of your court reporter as you are about your bank. What we need today is a helping hand from business men to raise the standard of our profession. That is the object of the associations, local and national, which represent the shorthand reporters of Chicago and of the country. This is the object of our daily work.

IT IS THE CAUSE! IT IS THE CAUSE, MY SOUL!

This incident, of not infrequent kind, was written for the Brooklyn Eagle by Charles Steizle. It is difficult to touch the subject without being maudlin, or pulling out the tremolo stop, or being simply sickening; and it would be no compliment to average intelligence to say Mr. Steizle has escaped without any touch of these qualities. But his story would not be retold here if at the core of it, alive and burning, lay the most piteous tragedy of all time—the suffering of a still fine soul laid bare. There are thousands of sincere men and women who are trying with all their might to obliterate that tragedy, which they never can do, though they will bring about a mitigation. These people would thank Mr. Steizle for all of this kind of stuff he can grind. It's just what they want.

It was in the back room of a saloon in the "red-light" district of a big city. Seated at the beer-soaked tables were a dozen "women of the street" and a few men. Over in the corner stood a piano, tin-panny and out of tune.

"Come on, Lizzie, sing something for us," shrilly shouted the crowd, addressing themselves to the girl who sat at the piano, who had been playing tango tunes to the delight of her rather tipsy audience.

After a bit of persuasion, which wasn't altogether peaceful or polite, Lizzie arose and one of the men took her place at the piano. Lizzie herself wasn't absolutely sober, but she stood in a fairly steady position and sang "The Curse of an Aching Heart," to the great delight of her listeners, who showed their appreciation not only by hand-clapping but by pounding the tables with empty glasses. She had a very pleasing mezzo-soprano voice, which showed signs of cultivation.

"Give us another; give us another!" they demanded, as the girl was about to take a seat. For some minutes they pleaded with her, and finally Lizzie stood again next the piano and with something of a sneer upon her face, she began:

"The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over every one apart,
My rosary, my rosary!"

"Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer;
To fill a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end,
And there a cross is hung!"

The sneer had left her face and she seemed to have gained full control of herself. There was an uneasy shifting about by the men as she sang the words, but the women listened most sympathetically as she went on:

"O memories that bless and burn!
O barren gain and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn
To kiss the Cross, sweetheart; to kiss the Cross."

When Lizzie finished the song every girl in the room was in tears. Then somebody ripped out an oath and called the waiter, who was ordered to bring drinks for the crowd, and things went on about as usual. But during the singing of Nevin's "Rosary" there came to

the surface for a few moments the finer instincts of that group of women—many of them sodden and bleary-eyed—which instincts are supposed by many never to have existed among women of this class.

Why do girls go wrong? What is it that leads them to such depths of degradation as one may witness in almost any city in this country? Right off the bat you'd say that girls go wrong because they're bad—that's all.

"They've got the devil in them—always had—and now he's showing himself."

Hold on a minute. The truth of the matter is that these unfortunates are scarcely different in any particular from the average woman in the ordinary affairs of life. It's true that their surroundings and their associates are horribly degrading—particularly the male portion of their associates, and for their environment men are almost entirely responsible. But in the regular, day-by-day things of human life they are much like their sisters in better circles.

Sometimes girls go wrong because they've got so much that's good in them. You don't believe it? And do I mean that it's a bad thing to be good? No—it's a good thing to be good. But look at the "women of the street" when they first go wrong, or just before they take the first wrong step. Good-looking, most of them, full-blooded, warm-hearted, free-handed, the social instinct strong, and responsive to the affectionate appeal. All the elements that make good wives and mothers.

These are good characteristics—aren't they? You don't find many shrivelled-souled among them. And at this time in their lives they are just about as free from general sinfulness and general wickedness as the average girl. They may be vain and perhaps they're weak in some respects. But the pull upon their characters is heavier than it is with the average girl—some girls didn't go wrong because they never had a chance! These "fallen women" have been tempted above most women. They are not necessarily more sinful, normally, than their sisters who live in decency and comfort, with their friends and families about them. An excess of virtue may become a vice. To be too full-blooded, too warm-hearted, too free-handed, usually leads to a bad end. The woman who is too "religious" becomes a hopeless fanatic.

THE BEAUTY LOVER'S CREED.

(Courtesy of the Prang Company.)

I believe in Beauty as the manifestation of triumphant life.

I believe in looking for Beauty everywhere; watching for it, searching for it in the great and in the small, in the unusual and in the commonplace things of this wonderful world.

I believe in working for Beauty always; planning for it, trying for it in the making of all that has to be made, and in the doing of all that has to be done.

I believe in living the Beautiful life; a life in right relation to the lives of others and in harmony with the eternally unfolding life of God.

HENRY TURNER BAILEY,

Head of Chautauqua Summer School of Arts and Crafts.

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Price 5c.

FOR the first time since the formation of the Press Club of Chicago the officers who were put in nomination at a regularly called caucus was confirmed by practically unanimous vote. The annual election of officers and directors was held this year on Thursday last, the 4th. The reason for a state of things so unusual in a club of so large membership and so much activity was that the management of the Club since October last, when its finances were straightened out and a general renovation and brightening up of the house was taken in hand, had pleased everyone, and there seemed to be no desire that the policies and activities which had so silently and so thoroughly accomplished so much, should be changed or interfered with.

The ticket in full as elected is peculiarly representative of the newspaper interests, which are dominant. These are the names:

Walter A. Washburne, President, Tribune.

Julius Reynolds Kline, Attorney, formerly an active newspaper man and still the editor of a magazine, Vice-President.

Robert W. Maxwell, Second Vice-President, Inter Ocean.

Frank Collins of the Union Central Trust Bank, Treasurer.

William Frederic Nutt, author and physician, Financial Secretary.

J. H. Ashley, Associate editor of The Banker, and Cashier of the Bank at Hinsdale, Recording Secretary.

Leroy T. Goble, book and book-plate expert, Librarian.

In addition, three directors whose terms had expired by limitation were elected to succeed themselves. These were Charles Lederer, artist and author; Rudolph Berliner, the Club's musical director; and Jay Cairns, feature man, Record Herald.

The unanimity with which the former administration was approved and continued, the perfect good feeling and genuine enthusiasm of everyone in the house through the long hours of voting, the declination of the individual members to hear any suggestion of change, and the perfectly free hand given Doctor Nutt, Treasurer Collins and their associates, the Club feels stronger than ever it did before. It is coming into its own with little effort, by itself. We have arrived at harmony, sound credit, an estate of around \$300,000, and can look forward with easy minds to a prosperous future.

JUST BRAINS.

Ray Pierson, w. k. sport editor on the world's greatest, has become one of the North Side Italian colony of newspaper men and is just hankering for that regular morning swim. To adjust himself to his environments, as all truly great men do, he is privately and pianissimo rehearsing dago songs. Any day from now on he may occasion a sudden call for the hurry wagon.

Head Setter Lockemus of the Trib composing room, the man who makes the heads fit—and that word can be split two ways—has also moved up north. The help of all the saints will not be half as much as he will need if he should burst forth in Calabrian melody.

Herman Reiwitch has returned from Benton Harbor to the Trib makeup job. He's been taking the bawths, and he prances when he walks. Galloped into the office the other night like poison ivy.

Arthur J. Pegler, star man of the Chicago American, is back again, making lots of work for the copy readers and the makeup.

Joseph Garibaldi Davis went to the recent cricket match for the Trib, and while he was peacefully looking on, one of those batted balls up and bit him on the leg. Joseph has been forced to wear crutches since then.

While Charley Gotthardt's wife and three children are in Pittsburgh the demon heavy man of the Trib has turned housewife for six roosters and twenty-seven chicks. Charley may be adamant and all that, but he's got a tender heart for tender poultry.

Old Uncle Jake Lingle, independent North Side police reporter, is coming back to the Trib from a week's vacation.

Dad Franklin, dean of American railroad reporters, has at last taken a vacation. He has worked—up to September 1—for 364 consecutive days. Dad has purchased a \$600 hydroplane and is enjoying life at Fox Lake with his wife and daughter. Meantime Sandy McEdward fills his job.

During the absence of our own Jimmy A. Durkin, Monsieur Paul Flavin, the Clarendon Beach sooner, is bossing the Tribune crew.

Jack Lawson, press agent for the summer dump at Tomahawk, Wis., has been reduced to the copy desk. When not reading heads he and Joe Pierson talk about black silver foxes. This is a joke. Jack and Joe bought \$100 worth of stock between them in the fox scheme—something way up in Great Edward's Island or some such locality—and have never bought anything better since. They are wondering what the promoters of the scheme think of Chicago newspaper men.

Ben Wand, telegraph editor of the Review at Decatur, Ill., was in town last week looking us over.

Ben Kendall, the author of Jeff's story of The Caucasus, has pledged himself to bring W. K. McKay, the new managing editor of the Evening Post, into the fold. Mr. McKay has so many friends in the club that he will find it quite like home.

Ring Lardner, the Tribune's clever sporting paragrapher, is an applicant for membership.

Otto A. Engel of the Tribune sporting department, a former member, has an application in.

Old Bill Wathey, of the R.-H. sport desk, is still spending 'Press Club P. G. profits' on vacations. Just now he is sojourning in Minneapolis. Bill used to did his 'cubbing' up there and likes to breeze around and show the boys how it is to be famous. Bill has branched out as a poet.

Mysterious Allan Rankin, another of the Record-Herald sport 'experts,' hasn't explained as yet how he came into possession of those two diamonds. It is reported, however, that the same person he met while doing golf is to blame for the sudden display. Society person, too.

Chet Faust and Ebert B. Dunsworth, of the R.-H., who are chasing Phoebe B. Bebee for cognomen honors, are getting to be regular cut-ups. They were seen in company with Joe Muldoon the other night coming out of the Musicians' Club. Chester Allan Faust is having some new cards printed.

Old Hen Fisher, a R.-H. scribe, since dropping a few bones in a rhum game the other night, says the "S. I." stuff doesn't tell any more. The worst of it was one of the young upstarts did the dirty work.

Boss Axelson, of the R.-H., won't deserve the name of Chicago's globe trotter when he gets back from the world's tour next spring. Going abroad every winter isn't half bad, however, name or no name.

Ebert B. Dunsworth, who went around the world on \$9.99, and opened up in Manila working on a paper down there for six per week, has branched out as a hero. He went to Bill Moore's assistance the other night when the Inter Ocean M. E. was beaten up and saved his life. The funny part of it was that "Dunny" failed to mention it around the office and his own paper didn't use his name in the story. Quite different from the time J. Patrick Brady, Canada's well known citizen, took Moore home.

Yes mates, Bert Yarwood, the Wisconsin bear catcher, is back on his native heath and writing pieces for the Record-Herald. His vacation has taken none of the ber from his first name, as he has shown with all the stories he has turned in. Also there are three more hairs on the spot that was growing bald. Beauty parlor?

The other night genial Dan Sullivan, sitting in as night city editor on the R.-H., yelled out to all the reporters: "All off but one. Fix it up between you." Sexton, Hogan, Brown and Osborne immediately got busy matching pennies to see who would stay. Luke Grant nonchalantly put on his coat and hat, remarking that he was not in on the deal and got by with it.

Here is a sad, sad tale. A. H. Kirkland, night city editor of the Record-Herald, who is strong for Elgin and is spending his vacation there, was hunted high and low by "Handy Andy" Jensen, the blonde Adonis of the office boy staff last week during the automobile races and couldn't find him. No one seemed to know him. Such is life! Kirkland knows Elgin, but Elgin knows him not! Incidentally, Andy's motorcycle broke down on the way back and Andy had to walk from Maywood into town lugging the machine.

Noah Webster was a great man and he got out a great book in his dictionary but yagottahanditta R. W. Ransom, day managing editor of the Record-Herald, for first aid to the reporter and copy-reader in his manual on the correct use of English in newspapers.

Why is it that Dan Sullivan and Jay (Casey) Cairns, both scribes on the Record-Herald, have it in for each other? Members of the staff are sort of getting used to it now but the other day Miss Suzanne Sexton came into the local room just as they were having one of their famous spats and she fled in terror. She thought they were going to fight.

Gus Axelsson, the venerable sporting editor of the Record-Herald, recently worried himself sick over Fan-opinions on English-versus-Slang in Baseball. After deciding this momentous question by gathering all the votes and then suiting himself, he was forced to seek the sylvan solitude of Milwaukee for a few days' rest. Gee, it's tough this being a sporting editor.

Billy Birch, also of the R.-H. sporting department, has just about decided to let the State of Indiana limp along without him. During the last racing meet at Porter, Birch guided the faltering steps of the Hoosiers around the pitfalls of sin yawning so invitingly, so suctionally near.

Bill Wathey, pugilisticator for the Record-Herald, is riled—not to say piqued—over the E. Post's effusions crediting Gus Axelsson with being the Rhum expert. Wathey, while not willing to lay himself open to lese majeste, allows as how Gus ain't no sech thing. Let 'em fight it out anyway they like—or don't.

J. P. McEvoy, who compiles the Record-Herald's sport Colyum is busily packing his appurtenances in anticipation of a vacation. He doesn't know yet whether he will check his baggage or carry it under his arm or in a Thermos bottle.

When a reporter has a "day off" he is supposed to keep away from newspaper offices, but Melville LeRoy Slater of the Record-Herald couldn't resist the temptation to put over a story or two last week—drafting of a divorce bill against "Gil" Anderson, winner of the Elgin road race. He scooped the town. When he's working it is worse than that.

"Dick" Lee, the R.-H. expert in county affairs, is spending his vacation down in Indiana, where the paw-paws, snakes and popular authors grow.

R. W. Ransom, day managing editor of the R.-H., has issued a new edition of "Hints and Don'ts for Copy Readers and Reporters," the second. There is a big demand for the book outside the R.-H. office. There never was a better compilation of warnings against the various kinds of outrage that may be unconsciously committed upon the English language when the language isn't looking.

D. J. F. Sullivan, the silver king, has done two remarkable things lately. Besides delving courageously into the vitals of Gibbons' "Rise and Fall off the Rooshan Empire," first commended to the literati by Mr. Noddy Boffin, he has been seen to smoke a stogie.

W. H. Whitcomb, the world-famous society editor of the R.-H., had a talkative streak the other day.

Incensed at some "heart column" letters, he said: "Da—— That is—Gee! gosh!" One lap ahead of President Wilson.

Now that "Duke" Yarwood has returned from his vacation, the town can again begin to read feature stories that are really worth while. The telephone girls have returned to working overtime.

While all the speed bugs were speeding up at Elgin C. L. Speed, city editor of the R.-H., was speeding up the boys on the copy desk of that paper.

The little daughter of Assistant Night Editor Marston of the R.-H. fell and broke her arm last week. A skiagraph was taken of the injured member and, after treatment, the little girl attended school Tuesday with her arm in a plaster cast.

J. P. McEvoy, colyum conductor on the R.-H., first had to sing for his vacation, like Little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper. Now that he has his vacation he is tuning his lyre to the croak of the Indiana bullfrogs and crickets, and it is expected that when he returns the colyum will fairly dazzle.

George C. Bastian September 1 "celebrated" the ending of his eighth month on the R.-H. dog watch. He was presented with a gold medal bearing a dog rampant, surmounted by two clocks, ghouls and an "extra" couchant, but traded the outfit to his shift partner, W. N. Burkhardt, for a "twofer."

Stanley Osborne, famous for his Around the World in Eighty Blocks, has become a follower of a Zion City cult in the hope that by divine healing he may regain at least a fringe on top of his head. Every time he takes off his hat every woman in the room blushes and turns her back. Mac Mackerley, who is almost but not quite as badly off, is watching the experiment with pathetic anxiety.

Fred Matteson of the R.-H. telegraph room was overcome by the heat Tuesday night and was obliged to go home for the evening.

Manly J. Kathey of the R.-H. sports is the latest to ride the Masonic goat, affiliating with St. Cecilia, the daylight and newspaper men's lodge.

Helen S. Weed, twelve years old, the daughter of Clarence E. Weed of 225 West Fifty-ninth Place, a copy reader on the telegraph side of the R.-H., had a narrow escape from death last week when, while riding her bicycle, she was run down by a fire department auto truck. The truck driver swerved his machine so that only one wheel passed over her hand, breaking the bones. The injured member has been placed in a cast and little Miss Weed is doing nicely.

Grover Sexton, the "popcorn king," dined sumptuously the other day at Mr. Siegel-Cooper's restaurant and the next day the entire other side of the street burned. There seems to be a weakness of connection in this item, but the facts as facts cannot be disputed.

H. B. C. Chamberlin, the "top chief" of the R.-H., is back at his desk again after two days of illness.

E. R. Jones the other day had the ill luck to find a bad cold that became misplaced last winter. He already has a bushel of Petoskey folders and hay fever remedies, but friends may write if they wish. All correspondence will be filed cheerfully.

The next time there is a Mexican crisis John Howard Todd of the R.-H. will go down there, wave his hand, speak the words "Manana tamale," and settle the whole thing without mussing up the landscape. He will do this with the unassisted assistance of his world-famed eagle eye.

August Bartz, mainspring of the R.-H., tried the other day to push a hole through a cement sidewalk, with indifferent success. He is now carrying it—the hand, not the cement walk—in splints.

Banker John Malcolm Morrison of the R.-H. is hourly awaiting a summons to Washington to settle this currency question. He probably will be the final witness, and is expected to deliver a keystone speech that will empty a whole cargo of oil on muddled waters.

Pip Marney, telegraph editor of the R.-H., will leave soon for Springfield on his vacation, but it is not for rest that he goes. For two weeks he will root for the Springfield team of the Three-I League, which is next to last in standing at present. The reason for the rooting is the nightly riot that is pulled off between Marney and Harry Hazelwood of the same desk, who is from Quincy, which stands first in the league. There has been no bloodshed as yet, but if the rooting remedy does not work there may be.

A. H. Kirkland may know Elgin, but Elgin knows him not, according to that Adonis of copy boys, Handy Andy Jansen, who went to the Illinois city on his motorcycle recently. He asked everybody from the cop on the corner to the mayor about Kirk, but could find no one who recalled him. To cap the climax the motorcycle broke and Andy had to carry it into the city from Maywood.

Richard Fairchild, the R.-H. Sir John Millais of feature writers, is at present down in Dixon, Ill., comparing convict labor and newspaper work. It is reported that he finds—as a mere spectator, of course—that road making is child's play.

John L. Spellman (Jack Spellman in disguise), day city editor of the R.-H., stands in the sun an hour each day to preserve that becoming coat of tan which cost him twenty bones a week at some summer resort.

J. R. Park of the R.-H. copy desk, who weighs fully ten pounds with all clothes on, had the scare of his life the other day. He actually cast a shadow. This circumstance proved such a scandal to him that he at once cut in half his daily allowance of food. Park suffers to such an extent from obesity that he has been known to hide behind a stogie and to slip down a bath tub vent after the plug is pulled.

No Euphemism for His'n.

It was in a school in Glamorgan that one of the boys would persist in saying and writing, "I have wrote." To cure him of this he was set the task of writing one hundred times the words, "I have written" after school hours. The teacher went home, and forgot the boy for a time. On hurrying back, she found he had left this note on her desk: "Dear Teacher: I have wrote 'I have written' a hundred times, and I have went home."

SPORTS IN FOREIGN ACCENTS.

OUR GENE MORGAN'S SPECIAL TO THE CINCINNATI POST.

"Darkest" Russia is going in for athletics. Czar Nicholas has appointed a "Ministry of Sport" to encourage athletics. Voyekoff is the first minister of sport.

The following "sport page" items are what newspaper readers in St. Petersburg may expect shortly:

BASEBALL.

The Moscow Soxicofts put it all over the St. Petersburg Giantiskis in a wild-eye tussle, with a score of 46 to 18. In the seventh inning Vcxshgzbwujski, the great Moscow slugger, poled a homer over left field and let in the inmates of the bases.

The Soxicofts had a grenadier of the Royal Guards chase each base runner with a bayonet, and they went around the sacks to beat a round of vodka.

Young Chqckbklhtqitoff, the great Giantski twirler, went wild, and Manager Mugginski McGrawich replaced him with Marquardoffski. Moofski, an umpire, choked to death announcing the batteries.

TENNIS.

A distinguished assembly gathered at the Nevski Prospekt to witness the racquet finals between Percikoff and Reggovich. The game was postponed as a Nihilist had substituted dynamite torpedoes for the regular tennis spheres.

Casualties: Grand Dukes, 68; Princes, 567.

GOLF.

Members of the Duma held their annual amateur golf tournament at the St. Petersburg Country Club.

Riotous scenes occurred when police attempted to break up the tournament because members of the Duma voted without the Czar's permission.

PUGILISM.

Kid Slugginski battered Young Peterovitch in a whirlwind heavyweight shindy at the Imperial Sporting Club.

Peterovitch lasted seven rounds before succumbing to a well-timed punch on the sjkyhgtzvbskghski.

After the fifth it was a cinch that Slugginski would take Peterovitch like the Japs took Port Arthur.

A purse of 4,000 rubles was the divvy of the beef trust.

In the prelims Cossack Louie pounded Patsy O'Raferty like a brass samovar. Patsy in private life is Nicholoff Pjkgvxtqwkhlhski.

FOOTBALL.

Coach Staggoft of the Imperial University of St. Petersburg is confident of an invincible lineup.

Mffghovich, the great little quarterback; Walkoverski, star center; Murdervich, the sterling halfback, and that sturdy tackle, Killemoff, have reported.

Since football has taken the place of revolting as a student sport the Czar will award a diamond-studded medal to the author of the best rooters' yell.

The most popular college yell at present is: "Rah-

ski! Rahski! Gexzkaitqtwr! Tfgskajykyq! St. Petersburg! Tigeroff!"

ROWING.

There is much activity in rowing circles.

The first row of regatta day occurred when the soldiers of the Ninth Boohoffski regiment mutinied because they had been deprived of black bread for dessert.

Target practice was then indulged in by the artillery and some good scores made.

The second row took place when Cossacks charged a mass meeting of the revolutionists on Peter the Great avenue.

Six bombs were hurled. Pieces of brick and surprised Cossacks are still dropping around the city

LET THERE BE LIGHT, SOTOSPEKE.

DEAR SCOOP:—In an organization such as ours it seems fair to suppose that there are a number of men with whom reading or writing (sometimes both) are favorite forms of exercise.

The beautiful new upward reflecting chandeliers, with their dim religious light, which all of us admire from an artistic plane, give ample light for the patrons of the fourth floor back, as well as for the devotees of rum, but those possibly unreasonable persons who expect and sometimes want to read or write of an evening are strictly up against it.

In the writing room on the fourth floor are two drop lights which make possible the use of two of the renovated typewriters after dark. Aside from this writing in that room or at the writing table in the library is difficult for those with the best eyesight, but impossible for others. As for reading, either in the library or on the fourth floor, it can only be with difficulty and always at the expense of one's eyesight.

Complaint on this score is very general among the membership of the club, as may be found by making a few inquiries, and some who used often to spend their evenings here no longer come around just because of this one condition.

A few drop lights for the writing desks and tables and some wall lights for the readers would probably remedy the situation. The handsome canopy lamps on the library table should also be connected with the lighting circuit, and would then give service to several readers at any time when wanted.

A. E. ORMES.

Fortune and Men.

To some she brings her sweets and lays
Them at their plates; from some
She hurries off through crooked ways
And fights o'er every crumb.
Yet through her strange perversity
She works her own defeat,
Since every fought-for crumb that she
Must yield is doubly sweet.

"Are you the same man who ate my mince pie last week?"

"No, mum. I'll never be the same man again!"

"ON THE STAIRS AFTER."

SOMEBODY IN THE WASHINGTON STAR.

When there's gayety assembled and the lights are all aglow

Why is it that we falter in the conversation's flow?

Why is it that we do not think till half past two or three

Of something which at ten would have been first rate repartee?

Repose declines to greet you. It is banished from your bed,

As you keep on thinking over all the things you might have said.

When your name has just been mentioned in connection with a speech

And every thought you ever had has drifted out of reach;

When you say, "To public speaking, unaccustomed as I am,"

And then relapse into an imitation of a clam,

You realize with bitterness that when three hours have fled

You have insomnia, thinking of the things you might have said.

'Tis the fate of many a statesman with a crisis on his hands,

It's the same way with a lover who in bashful silence stands.

In every line of effort we are likely to be caught

In fierce resentment of some bright but useless after-thought.

Of all the gloomy specters that oppress our souls with dread,

The worst are recollections of the things we might have said.

THE MAN WHO WOULD BREAK INTO THE PESTHOUSE.

This is a bit of almost forgotten history, reprinted from the Chicago Dispatch of January, 1894, the writer being Wilbur Davis. The dramatis personæ include Harry Fulton, then managing editor of the Chicago Times and now in the theatrical business; Walter A. Washburne, then a reporter on the Times and now of The Tribune, and Vic Harding, then a reporter on the Times, now a practicing attorney in Chicago:

TIPS OF THE TOWN.

There is a certain Chicago journalist who has recently arisen from the ranks of the responsible position of managing editor of a morning paper. With commendable ambition he resolved that his advent in the managerial field should be marked by some journalistic feat that would cause the greatest effort of his fellows to pale into insignificance.

For days he racked his brain in an effort to evolve an idea. Finally the idea came. It was brilliant, prodigious and daring. He nursed the idea for several days and chuckled in fiendish glee as he thought of the sensation it would cause.

After selfishly monopolizing it for some time he magnanimously resolved to take the town by storm. The issue of the morning of Jan. 24 was the date set for its appearance, and the entire staff was put to work upon it.

The scheme was to arm a reporter with a kodak,

fill him up with vaccine and Kentucky lemonade, and send him out to spend a week at the smallpox hospital. Plans had been made to fumigate his copy, arrangements had been completed to print double-column cuts of victims of the scourge as they lay on their cots in the pesthouse, and thousands of three-sheet posters had been printed announcing in graphic and startling terms the "idea" of the new managing editor.

Two reporters, whom for convenience sake will be known as Washburne and Harding, were assigned to the case. Washburne was to secure admittance to the pesthouse and Harding was to describe the daring of his companion in entering the dreaded place.

It was exactly 1 o'clock when the boys set out on their mission. An hour later they had reached their destination. It was a bitter cold day. Snow had fallen and the wind blew in from the tenth ward and whistled uncomfortably through the attire of our heroes.

There is a high board fence around the hospital and the gate is always locked. The boys couldn't get in. Washburne in melodramatic fashion placed his hands to his head, and staggered. Harding waved his arms at the dismal looking structure. Presently someone appeared at a window, raised it, and shouted to them to jump the fence.

With great effort they ascended to the top of the fence and looked down. What appeared to be a nice, soft snowdrift was directly underneath. They jumped. The nice, soft snowdrift was a pile of hard stones and lumber lightly covered with snow. Washburne sprained his ankle and Harding had stone bruises all over his body. Leaving his companion behind some trees Washburne advanced to the house. All he wanted was entrance. Once inside, no one, not an official, is allowed to leave in less than three weeks.

On the way to the house he met a sister of charity to whom he told that he was a smallpox victim. He had left his overcoat with Harding, and with coat collar turned up looked really sick.

She led him to the resident physician and after he had entered the goal, he said:

"I am a reporter on the *T—s*. I am assigned to spend a week in the pest-house. I am in, and the rules are that I cannot be allowed to leave in less than three weeks."

The doctor laughed and said:

"You've made a mistake; this is the living quarters of the nurses. There is the pesthouse," and he pointed to another wing of the building.

Washburne left. It was about 3 o'clock, and until dusk the couple hid in a corner of the yard. They found a ladder with which they decided to make a burglarious attack on the hospital. Then followed a chapter of errors. They raised the ladder and ascended the second story. The ladder slipped and they fell to the ground. The noise scared the attendants, who made a search for the cause. The bulldog was unchained and joined the search. An ambulance arrived and a smallpox victim was carried by them. They

were fearful of contagion but thankful the arrival called off the man hunters. And then these journalistic lights planned to escape. It was after 10 and they had been exposed to the elements since 1 o'clock. To add to their discomfiture, the police had been notified and a patrol wagon was approaching on Blue Island avenue.

Fearful of capture they dropped their luggage, and left copy-paper, pencils and the managing editor's nice new kodak somewhere in the snow that covered the tenth ward.

About midnight they reached the office. The M. E. was furious and would listen to no excuses, and foot-sore, halfstarved and frozen, they started to their homes.

Let the veil of charity be drawn over their experiences that night and say naught of Washburne's landlady, who knew of his assignment, locking the door, and from the second story window telling him to place the key in the mail box and leave at once. She was fearful of contagion.

In the loft of a building on Fifth avenue is a M. E. with an idea, thousands of three-sheet posters advertising the idea, and four galleys of display "ads" telling of the nerve of the M. E.'s reporters in working out that idea. The fact remains that there is newspaper enterprise and newspaper enterprise. And again some newspaper enterprise which is appalling in its senselessness.

Now Is the War Over?

DEAR SCOOP: I am sorry to see Gene Morgan so heated by what I had to say about certain press agents. Also I want to thank you for your footnote to his letter. You have caught the spirit of my comment. No one knows better than I the excellent standing of reputable press agents. But I wasn't speaking of these. Every newspaper man knows there is a legitimate field for press agents, as there is for doctors. I hit only at the quacks.

Mr. Morgan seems to have taken me in a narrow and personal sense. No one could commend more warmly than I his work on the Perry carnival. When I wrote the phrase "patriotic appeal," I had in mind such persons as used Mulhall to secure influence for selfish ends under the patriotic mask of "welfare of the country."

Of course I approve the press agent who serves a useful purpose to the newspaper. My comment on an item in *THE SCOOP* bore reference only to the host of undeserving who defraud or blackmail the newspapers.

I am sorry Mr. Morgan saw a personal attack in this. Nothing could be more remote from my thoughts. Had I meant to attack members of our club I surely would have signed my name.

I do not think my name adds any value to this communication, but I give the editor permission to give it to any one interested

R.

"Many a successful song writer," inform two chaps who would boom the business, "never heard of tetrameter, pentameter or a metaphor." Right! But why dilate upon that of which all men are painfully aware?

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mr. Leigh Reilly, for eight years in editorial charge of The Evening Post, and who by his conscientious and efficient work has won the affection and esteem of his co-workers here, leaves today to take a position with the Chicago Tribune.

While we are exceedingly sorry to lose him, we are pleased to know that he is going with the "World's Greatest Newspaper." The door of The Evening Post is always open to him.

Mr. W. K. McKay, who a few years ago was city editor of The Evening Post and has for the last four years been managing editor of the Louisville Herald, will today assume the duties as managing editor of The Evening Post.

JOHN C. SHAFFER.

Mr. Shaffer is owner and editor of the Evening Post and not long ago was president of the Press Club of Chicago. Leigh Reilly has a personal friendship with every man in this organization. The announcement appeared in the Evening Post last Wednesday. It is an acknowledgment and commendation probably without precedent.

Speeding Her Over the Hill.

THE WOODBINE TWINER.

Over the hills to the poorhouse, I'm setting a sizzling pace;
I've mortgaged the home for an auto and I'm playing her
straight and for place.

There are others well up in the running but, I'm holding
my own, you bet—

I can see the roof of the county farm, but I'm going to
get there yet.

Of course, I couldn't afford it—there are very few who
can—

But the family whined about it and insisted I wasn't a
man

If I didn't get six cylinders, a tonneau, some tires and
plugs.

And go out and speed on the highway with the automobile
bugs.

The girls had to hire a "shuffer," a lantern-jawed-son-
of-a-gun.

And when sonny goes out for a joy ride, I'm sorry he
hasn't one.

For whenever he hits a lamp or sends the old car in a
ditch,

I cough up some more spondulix to fatten the bloated rich.

Whopee! Clear the way for I'm coming—just passed a
bunch of my friends.

All bent in the same direction, where the road of the
scorcher ends.

It's the pace of a drunken sailor, at the helm of a rudder-
less ship—

Over the hills to the poor house, I'm hitting a heluva clip.

The Paths of Glory.

"Wonder," says Beau Broadway, "what obscure colonel in the United States army is now headed toward the White House, via the City of Mexico?" Alas, brother, whom? And what may come before that most momentous inauguration? "O, that a man might know the end of this day's business ere it come! But it sufficeth that the day will end, and then the end is known!"

HIS GALL AND HIS GAL.

OR, THE BRIGHT MAN'S BRIDE.

The girl certainly was good to look at. She tripped into the Tribune local room and walked right up to Reporter Corbin:

"Are you Mr. Cochran?" she murmured.

Corbin was so flustered and the name sounded so much like his own that he nodded his head.

"Yes, mam, that's me," he replied.

"My name is Miss Anna Armstrong," went on the girl, "and I just arrived in Chicago from my home in St. Louis. I worked on the Republic when you did, you know—"

Corbin was too much involved and impressed now to make known the mistaken identity.

"I'm here to get a job," she continued. "I have a lot of letters to you."

"Fine," countered Corbin.

"Well," said the girl, "do you think I can land on The Tribune? I haven't much money with me, and I can't wait long."

"We will go down and have supper together," suggested Corbin, "and talk it over."

"Oh, that will be great," agreed Miss Armstrong. "You were such a splendid political reporter in St. Louis. Everybody knew you so well. I have heard of you a lot since you left the Republic. Is it any different in Chicago?"

"No, not so much," said Reporter Corbin. "Still one is St. Louis, you know, and the other is Chicago. One is on a river, you know, and the other is on a big lake. That makes a lot of difference."

"Yes, that's so," replied the girl sufficiently awed by these momentous comparisons. "But then the work is much the same, isn't it? You certainly could not do better work than you did in St. Louis. I'm sure. The governor thought you were the best journalist in America."

Corbin winced.

"As long as I was in St. Louis I was a pretty fair reporter," he agreed, and with great determination decided to change the subject. "Did you ever think of marrying?"

"Oh, heavens, no," she said.

"What would you think of a proposal from me?" said Corbin.

"Oh, my, Mr. Cochran, this is so quick. You always were such a well-known political reporter in St. Louis."

"Yes, I got a fair reputation as a reporter," admitted Corbin, with shrinking modesty. "But I'm not looking for stories just now. I'm a single man, as perhaps you know, and you certainly make a hit with me. What do you say?"

"I'm willing."

"All right. Be ready tomorrow. I'll meet you at the station and we will keep it quiet."

The next day at one o'clock Cap. Stott, day city editor of The Tribune, cast an inquiring eye over the filling local room.

"Has anybody here seen Corbin?"

Nobody had. Nobody could explain it, but he wasn't on hand the next day nor the next, but that night a little message came into the Tribune telegraph room.

"Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 26.

"Rutherford Corbin of Chicago denied wedding license here today after appeal to federal court. Popp."

"Waukegan, Ill., Aug. 28.

"Rutherford Corbin, Chicago newspaper man, married here to Miss Anna Armstrong of St. Louis.

"Smith."

Then the following appeared in the Tribune on Friday morning:

"Rutherford Corbin, a Chicago newspaperman and a son of the late Maj. Gen. H. C. Corbin, was married yesterday at Waukegan to Miss Anna Armstrong of St. Louis by Justice Balz, after they had tried in vain to have the ceremony performed in Milwaukee, where Corbin insisted the federal judge officiate after a local judge had refused on the grounds that he had not complied with the Wisconsin law. Five days' residence are required in the Badger state.

"Corbin argued in the federal court that the United States judge could not refuse him his rights as a citizen of Illinois and must marry him forthwith, his license, procured a few minutes previously, entitling him to that privilege.

"The court proving obdurate, Corbin went to Waukegan, where marrying is made easier."

"How did you break the news that you were not William J. Cochran?" asked the boys when Corbin showed up at the Tribune local rooms with his bride on Saturday.

"I told her at Waukegan," said Corbin.

Cochran, political reporter for the Tribune, is denying himself to all callers, and refuses to be interviewed.

"Just think," he confided to a friend, "she had letters of recommendation from every editor on the Republic. She was a clever newspaper woman, too."

But William J. Cochran is still a bachelor. Not that he has not as much trouble as any married man. He is skipper of the Whirling Cheese.

FROM THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH, PRESS CLUB.

[The American Press Humorists are holding their annual convention at Peoria, Ill. One of the humorists, Douglas Malloch, of Chicago, "The Poet of the Woods," was asked by the United Press to tell what it all was about. Here's what he wrote]:

Peoria, Ill., Aug. 28.—Things are in a bad way. For that reason the American Press Humorists have coagulated in Peoria to dispose of questions as puzzling as those that Mrs. United States asks when Mr. United States rolls home from the club and has difficulty in finding the keyhole for entrance and a loophole for escape.

With a Thaw in Canada and a Frost in Mexico, this is a time that requires strong men. The administration has offered its good offices to Mexico, which, to begin with, is something that no genuine Democratic administration ought to do.

We have sent John Lind to Mexico to talk Minnesota Spanish to the natives, but the dove of peace was still acting very much like a sparrow up to the hour of going to press.

On the other hand our noble Harry K. Thaw is over in Canada endeavoring to keep out of an asylum by keeping in jail. Thus we see how the administration has blundered. Had Lind been sent to Canada and Thaw to Mexico everybody would have been satisfied.

Then there is the currency question. Our currency has a larger circulation than any other paper in the world. Yet it is not large enough at that, and something or somebody must be done. I am glad the United Press has asked me for a solution of this vexing problem so that it may be settled for all time.

That solution is woman suffrage. Let the women vote. Then they will have the right to carry the money. And when the women carry the money we shall have an elastic currency.

Then there is the tariff. I understand that there are still a hundred paragraphs of the tariff bill to be written, and a humorist knows how hard they are to write. There should be a high tariff on all the necessities of life, and a low tariff on the luxuries. In this day we must have gasoline for the car whether we have grease for the griddle or not.

The automobile has more or less to do with modern American life, and considerable to do with up-to-date demise. Nowadays the American public is divided into two classes—those who are dodging automobiles and those who are dodging payments on them.

In Chicago the other day a stranger trying to cross Michigan avenue said he would rather be in hades than be a pedestrian in Chicago. And in less than a minute he got his wish.

Another thing the matter with the country is that we have too many parties. Perhaps the gentle reader would like to know what these different parties are.

A Republican is a man who worries a good deal more about what is going to happen to the country when he is out of office than he does while he is in.

A Progressive is a man who thinks the boat isn't moving fast enough, so he jumps overboard.

A Democrat is a man who would lick the other party oftener if it wasn't for the fact that he is always too busy licking some other Democrat.

That is what ails the country. We should have less politics and more poetry.

THE FRIENDLY BREEZE.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

A wee little breeze on a summer day
Went frisking over the hills away,
Over the hills till it reached a spot
Where grew a little forget-me-not.
Peering under her bonnet blue,
The zephyr whispered: "How do you do?"
The shy little flower with swaying head
Her answer gave, though no word was said.

The fragrance that came from her petals fair
Like incense arose on the summer air.
And borne by the zephyr it reached a place
Where children paused in their eager race
To hunt for the spot where the violets grew.
"I smell them!" one shouted, "say, don't you?"
And the little breeze laughed as on it hid:
"They'd have missed the place, but for me," he cried.

THE MAN WITH THE HOSE.

BEAU BROADWAY, IN THE TELEGRAPH.

You have seen him in the garden tending plants with mother's care.

Or watering the seedlings with a consequential air.

Oh, what tender thought he's paying to the little shoots and roots!

As happy as a schoolboy at the giddy water chutes.

See, his mind is centered gravely on a bed of mignonette, Or on his wife's pet poodle as he drowns a violet!

Ah, how lovingly he sprinkles garden seeds and budding rose!

Making green the sward around him, making puddles with the hose.

If you're passing on the sidewalk and he quickly wheels about,

Then you get it full and plenty, call him silly names no doubt.

He grins and says he's sorry, begs you not to be annoyed,

And you gasp with dampened hobble, nose all wet and hat destroyed.

Then you move away to safety, then you turn and say your say;

Makes him grin a little broader, like a billican at play. Then you tell your friends and neighbors all about your ruined clothes,

Or write letters to the papers scoring all the men with hose.

When the paths are dry and dusty he will quickly change all that;

He's a man who knows his business, knows exactly what he's at.

See him fooling with the faucet, grasp the nozzle, turn on spray,

Face the world with deadly weapon, filling passers with dismay!

He is not a nature faker—you can't call him one of those—

He is just a nature sprinkler, who likes fussing with a hose.

We should glorify and honor men who water gentle flowers;

Not condemn their simple pleasures just because they are not ours;

We spend our leisure drinking, or on Sunday afternoon With a widow on the river, in a harmless little spoon.

When I see a man in shirtsleeves toying with a rubber pipe,

Spraying water on his neighbors, helping backward things get ripe,

Then I say: "Ah, there's a man, a goodly man, who knows

That with men, as with the ladies, much depends upon the hose!"

"Gerruls," said the benign operator of an elevator in a loft building when they reached the lower floor, "gerruls, get out quick and let thim other gerruls at the top come down."

He had a lift full of young women operatives from the cloak and suit department on the top floor, and they continued their miscellaneous conversation after the platform struck the ground.

"Get out like good gerruls," he repeated, "an' lave me go up for thim others."

"Pipe the harp," said one of his fair charges, "pipe the harp. He can't po'nonce 'goils.'"

A VIRGINIA DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

Jay Lewis sends to Beau Broadway from Richmond this picture of John Peter Crutchfield, the Richmond police court justice known as "The Virginia Judge." He has been on the bench twenty-five years and gives a great performance daily.

"You say you were not disturbing the peace; just singing?" observed the justice to four young men. "Well, let's hear you sing. If you sing like a male quartette that knows its business I'll let you off. If not—well, go ahead and sing what you were singing when you were arrested."

The young men looked at each other. Then they raised their voices. "Sweet Ah-de-line!" they wailed, in a high tenor tone.

"Ten dollars fine!" chimed in the deep bass of the judge.

And another:

"Yoh 'Onnah, dat woman done slam a stone at me," complained a dark damsel, pointing to another Venus in ebony. "She done hit me on muh haid, yessuh, you 'Onnah."

"Oh, Lawdy, you 'Onnah, hit wahn't nuffin, but a pebble. Yassuh, yoh 'Onnah, nuffin' but a pebble. Why, hit wahn't even uh rock; nussah, jessa pebble, yoh 'Onnah!"

"Le's have a look at that rock, or pebble, or stone, whatever it was; I suppose you got it, sergeant?" said the Cadi.

"Yessuh," replied the court sergeant, disappearing into an anteroom. In a minute he had returned with the granddaddy of all paving stones—a solid block of granite.

"Pebble, hey?" said the judge. "Wall, sergeant, jest look that pebble over and see if it's huht any. A nigger's haid is mighty hahd."

Rastus Brown was before Judge Crutchfield charged with getting too familiar with a hencoop. One arm was done up in a sling. His trousers were of a sieve-like appearance.

"Stand off, there, tell I have a look at yuh," observes the Court, squinting at the considerably shot-up young negro. "Hum! six months!"

"What was the charge, Judge?" asked a bystander who had missed the opening proceedings.

"Dunno," replies his Honor, "but from the look of him I reckon it was bird shot."

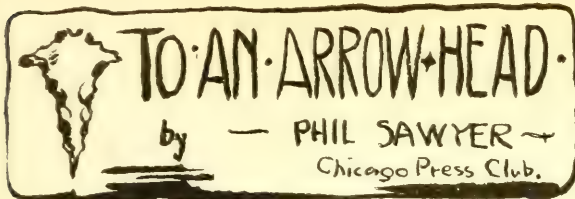
"Well, ye married him fer better er fer worse and now yer kickin' because ye got the wust on't," is one of Cadi Crutchfield's familiar sallies.

And again:

"Huh! Nigger from Cahliny, are ye? Think ye can come up here an' raise a fuss jes to show how smart ye be. The Cahliny niggers must be taught a lesson. Two yuhs!"

Also:

"Why, man, you cain't blame that nigger foh hooking that watermelon. What you want to leave it a-lying round loose fuh? No, suh! I ain't going to convict a nigger what takes a watermelon that is lying around loose. This nigger is discharged and don't you come into this court again with such a fool charge."



Little yellowed arrow-head,
Charm I like to wear,
Hanging to my watch fob.
Tell your secret, if you dare.

Made to be so deadly,
Poisoned for the kill,
Will you now confess it,
Or be forever still?

Fashioned to be fatal,
Your looks will not belie,
Have you served your purpose,
In a last lone cry?

I forgive you—now I have you,
Though I'm curious to know,
Who you killed and why you killed,
As you tore loose from the bow.

Maybe 'twas a rival lover,
That your master cared to check,
Or, mayhap a great big grizzly,
That tumbled with your peck.

Fashioned to be deadly,
Your looks will not belie,
Tell me—have you served your purpose,
Snuffed out a life in a cry?

LIBERTY E. HOLDEN.

Those of our people who have worked on Cleveland newspapers will be at least interested to know that L. E. Holden, owner of The Plain Dealer, died there a few days ago. He was only eighty years old, but for half that time he had been a very rich man, and took almost miraculous good care of his money. He was a school teacher when he went to Cleveland, and cultivated the friendship of wealthy men, some of whom owned a great silver mine in Utah, about which they became uneasy, and so sent him out to get the facts. He got them, but when he reported it was no good, they had such utter confidence in him that they threw their stock on the market at any price, and he bought it in. It was about 1885 that he had saved up money enough to start the Plain Dealer. Shortly after he applied a transposition of the letters in his name to a big and beautiful hotel at Bond and Superior streets—the Hollenden. He lived in an odor of singular sanctity, believed in William Jennings Bryan, and died because he got tired, in spite of his invincible confidence in himself.

Chief McWeeney ought to know that diaphanous gowns have nothing on September Morn. This suggests business for the plain clothes men who know dresses wherever they can't see any.

THE BULLDOG AND THE BADGER AND THE GANG.

BY EDW. J. DOHERTY.

It was up to Alf. Houser! Badger and bulldog were ready, the latter running around in circles, anxious, excited. Within his cage the Badger, unfed for many days, waited, placid and calculating.

The boys who attended Clarence Snider's clam bake had agreed on Houser as the referee of the badger fight, and they waited for him to pull the string that should release the badger and send him forth to fill his empty cavern with bulldog.

Houser was astonished! What—select him above all others to referee such an outrageous thing? Select him to lend his name to such a wanton piece of inhumanity? Never!

"I came not here to witness such a degrading spectacle," he said, "much less to soil my conscience and my hand. Should I but take hold of the rope which would start this innocent little animal to his doom, I should feel within me such a seething of my blood that I should come near unto fainting.

"Away from me, ye unclean. I will have none of this brutal sport. I tell you I won't. Are you monsters? Are you humans? Know you not that we might be all arrested for this night's bloody work? Desist. Repent while yet there is time"

The waves that broke upon the Clarendon avenue shores took up the refrain. The inky skies folded up their stars to shut out from them the awful picture about to be painted on the sands.

The boys who had come to see the battle were overwhelmed with varying emotions. Paul Neumann stood upon his head, so filled he was with contrition, while Perley Boone winked silently at the crib house light.

Jim Dorrance fell silent, and Victor Kubers circled round like a Comanche whose virgin lips have at last been stained by firewater. And some one in the back set up a wild and weird haw! haw!

"Have you no hearts?" the Examiner's pride burst forth in bitter emphasis. "Think of this poor little Badger, kidnaped from his native Wisconsin hillside, to make a Roman holiday for Clarence Snider and his pack of bloodthirsty friends. Think of him starving for weeks, so that, like the gladiators of ancient Rome, he will thirst for blood, and hunger for raw meat, so that he will have courage to look upon the savage teeth of yonder canine. Away! I will have none of you."

'Twas useless. He wouldn't, so he wouldn't. Threats, pleas, entreaties, promises, friendly curses, had no effect upon his adamant sense of humanity. So it was up to someone else to let the badger out.

"One, two, three," slowly counted some one of the Examiner squad. Houser whipped out his silk handkerchief, and held it over his eyes while the watchers screamed in fiendish glee. Then Houser looked, and saw in the flickering shadows thrown by the bonfire, not what he feared, the torn and mutilated body of the little badger, but—well, Neumann cooked potatoes and corn in it later.

The badger fight was the principal attraction of Snider's (process) pork and bean clam bake. One dollar a head was charged. The Examiner's auto truck was chartered, so nobody had to walk. And after the unsanguine event had been pulled off, they roasted several ears of corn, and drank some beer, and then everybody went home for something to eat. Snider's going to pull off another soon. Here's hoping it proves a real success. Hugo Krause of the Anti-Cruelty Society will be invited, just to show him that when it comes to badgers, they are no more cruel than badges, and himself is known to sport one of them

ONE OF THE BEST THINGS YET.

Wednesday Evening. DEAR SCOOP:—The evening papers announce that a movement has been started by Will J. Davis and others in Chicago, who were friends and admirers of Eugene Field, to raise a fund for building a worthy monument over the grave of our well beloved poet, in Graceland cemetery, and also if possible a suitable memorial in one of the Chicago parks.

Should not the Press Club of Chicago, of which Eugene Field was perhaps the most famous member, be prompt to take a leading part in giving this movement its moral and financial support? Let's have some suggestions from the membership of the club in the next issue of the Scoop as to how this may best be done.

A. E. ORMES.

A "Descendant" of Both Napoleon and Wellington.

Miss Marjorie Patterson, an English actress, has an extremely interesting family history if her press agent knows what he is talking about. In 1825 Richard, Marquess Wellesley and second Earl of Mornington, married Marianne, daughter of Richard Caton, of Philadelphia, and widow of Robert Paterson, whose sister, Elizabeth, was the first wife of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, Marshal of France, and brother of Napoleon the Great. Of this Patterson family Miss Patterson is a member, thus being related to both Napoleon and Wellington. As for her being a descendant of the real Napoleon and the genial Irishman who handed him such a beautiful wallop at Waterloo, methinks the press agent doth assert too much that might not be happily discussed in the presence of ladies, especially of such as would not care for the Ninth Satire of Juvenal. The brother thing might involve less embarrassment. And surely, even for stage purposes, to be a near descendant of that true broth of a boy should suffice. There is no ground for interest either way, forever, protest the press agent never so much that she is a descendant of the Great. All that lot are dead. The only one question in the case is, can she act?

Why not, asks Beau Broadway, for the variety of it, call the militants the bombettes and their oratorical opponents the bombasts?

AND THEY THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY.

BY A MARINE REPORTER.

With a fine disdain for the conventionalities, and absolute disregard of the high cost of living, Triggs, a railroad attorney, has a summer home on the East shore and a standing reservation for a stateroom on the lake steamer for Friday nights. One of the perquisites of his position is a pass over the line, but as the line doesn't reach Michigan points, Triggs uses the steamship line as a commuter.

Of course he is well known to the officers and crew, and, as he is a practical joker, there has been a vendetta declared against him all season. From the bridge deck to the stoke hole plots against the practical joker have been developed, but somehow the jokes in rebuttal have never landed right, for Triggs managed to turn the points against the jokers. But recently the purser and the captain put one over on Triggs that he won't forget for awhile.

It was on a Sunday night trip, Chicago bound, that the purser started things.

"By the way, Mr. Triggs, did you ever go in for boating on the lake? The reason I ask is that last season we picked up a small boat out in the lake and towed it to port. We have held it for the owner to claim and pay salvage. He hasn't showed up, so the captain suggested that as you are our steadiest passenger we ought to give it to you. I don't think that the power plant in the boat will speed her as fast as you want, but an engine wouldn't cost very much. What do you say?"

This sounded good to Triggs, to whom all boats were alike as long as they could float.

"Why, that's very nice of you, and if you feel disposed to give the boat to me I shall surely make good use of her. What will I need to fit her out?"

The purser scratched his head and mused.

"Well, not so very much. There is no bilge pump on her, and you will need an ensign, port and starboard lights, a riding light, mushroom anchor, mooring line, batteries and oil—you can get gasoline up north—and life preservers. That will be about all that you will need to equip the ship."

When Triggs left the ship at Chicago the purser gave him a list of the new equipment needed, and during the week Triggs spent his spare time buying it. He didn't forget a yachting suit, either, and by putting pressure on the tailor managed to have it delivered to the boat in time for the Friday sailing. The equipment was also at the dock, delivered from one of the most expensive department stores.

"Captain Triggs, welcome to our ship," effused the purser as Triggs mounted the gang plank. "Our captain has decided to extend to you marine courtesies, and asks that you take the bridge with him on the way out of the river."

This phase of the yachting game impressed Triggs mightily and, in honor of the distinction conferred, he climbed into the new yachting suit before joining the captain. That worthy was much impressed by the

brass and braid on the new suit, which made the steamship uniform look dingy by comparison.

At breakfast the purser volunteered to have the equipment of the boat put on by his men on their arrival at the northern port, which offer was duly accepted, for Triggs never was able to make a screw-driver function properly. Just before making port the captain devoted a good deal of time showing Triggs the charts of the lake and explaining navigation rules. In fact the lesson lasted after the ship had docked, and Triggs was not aware that they were at the wharf until a cabin boy paged him through the ship.

"Mr. Triggs wanted at the port gangway!"

This provided an interested audience for the launching.

On his way down Triggs stopped at the bar.

"Joe, send down a pint of wine for the christening."

Joe's superiors had anticipated this necessity, and he had taken an empty, and filled it with seltzer, duly corked, and covered the stopper with gold foil.

The purser stopped Triggs before he reached the gangway.

"By the way, Mr. Triggs, what have you decided to name the ship?"

Triggs had not thought of this formality, so while he scratched his head the purser suggested one.

"Why not call her 'Plummet'? That's a good name for a boat."

So Plummet was decided on then and there.

The dock was gay with bunting—as gay as it could be made with faded decorations. It was crowded with sightseers, for the passengers and dock loiterers had been tipped off to the event. The purser led Triggs to the christening place, where the boat was covered with a piece of canvas.

"All ready, Captain Triggs. Will you break the bottle?"

Then the purser yanked the canvas off, and there were the resplendent lights and other new fittings. In fact the Plummet groaned under her finery, for she wasn't made to carry so much deck load, inasmuch as she was but a fisherman's dory, unpainted, dried out, and open at the seams.

Triggs was so mad when he saw that the joke had been turned on him that he dropped the bottle on the dock, and its life seltzer ebbed away in pitiful gurgles. Pushing the crowd aside, he shoved the Plummet into the water, and, true to her name, she sank. Then he made a quick getaway.

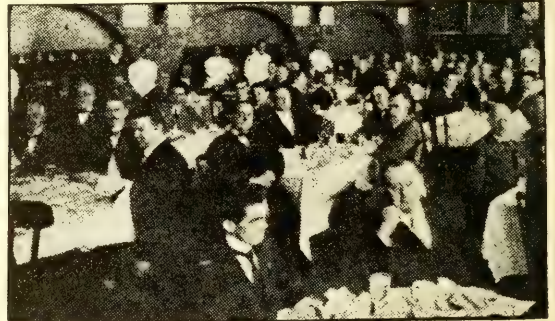
That night at dinner the purser and the captain split a bottle of wine that Triggs had paid for, and lifted their glasses to the toast: "To the good ship Plummet."

Louise Llewellyn, formerly well known as a reporter on Chicago newspapers, went to Paris two or three years ago for voice culture. Miss Llewellyn returned to this country about the middle of August, and had a quite successful appearance in New York last week.

The Reformers Require Reformation.

Summing up a compact statement of the Democratic situation in Illinois, George Webber, in his issue of today says: "The fact is that the direct primary election law, designed to destroy bad 'boss' control of political parties, has created a demoralized condition, not only of parties, but, also, in many instances of the public service. There is no estimating how far this disorganization of our public service may be extended, to what extent plurality government will be carried. About the only remedy for it is for the 'leaders' of each of the conflicting elements, or factions, of the two great parties to unite on primary nominees, and let the voters decide between the two at the regular elections. Or, the two-election system might be adopted wherein the two candidates having the largest vote at the first election would be pitted against each other at the final election. The effect of this system is to induce those elements that are most in harmony to unite against the elements that are most differentiated from them. In general, it may be hopefully accepted that the present Mexicanization of American politics is evolutionary and that saner methods and better governmental practices will come about."

A man and his wife are surely one. If you doubt it, read this from an editorial in the esteemed and intermittently scholarly American: "In 1893 Arthur Isert, a veteran of the Civil War, and his wife left their home in San Francisco to earn a living as an engineer."



**Keep the Money
In the Family
By Eating at**

The Press Club Restaurant

Early Summer Specials to Order

QUICK SERVICE REASONABLE PRICES

PATRONIZE

The Press Club Restaurant

A BIG CHANGE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

From sources of information which must be fully trustworthy, the New York Fourth Estate of August 30th, almost two days ahead of the event, and four thousand miles away, told what was to and actually did happen in the case of The Call, in San Francisco. This is so good a piece of newspaper work, even though The Fourth Estate is not a newspaper in the daily class, but a weekly, that this journal feels privileged to admire it, and to reproduce it as first printed. The event intrigued is the most important in the newspaper field of the Pacific coast these twenty years. Says The Fourth Estate:

San Francisco continues to be the most active center of newspaper news this week. The latest announcement is that a corporation headed by F. W. Kellogg has purchased all the mechanical plant and other physical property of the San Francisco Call, except the color press, which was sold a fortnight ago to M. H. de Young, and on Monday next, September 1, will begin the publication of a six-day evening paper under the name of the San Francisco Call.

Mr. Kellogg states that John D. Spreckels will be interested with him in the publication, but as a minor stockholder. The new Call will have the International (Hearst) News Service in the evening field, and Mr. Kellogg's intention is to make it the best evening paper on the Pacific Coast.

C. H. Brockhagen, who has been business manager of the Morning Call since it passed under the management of W. W. Chapin last fall, goes to the new Call in the same capacity and most of the members of the staff in all departments will retain corresponding positions.

The numerous weekly papers of San Francisco have been full of surmises as to the interest which M. H. de Young or W. R. Hearst may have in the new paper, but nothing of a definite character has been obtained.

One thing may be definitely stated, and that is that there is nothing whatever in the talk of "dormant franchises" or "unused memberships" in the Associated Press. Under the present organization nothing of that kind exists anywhere. The membership of the Call in the Associated Press will die after the Call makes its last appearance tomorrow as a morning newspaper, and it is not at all probable that a membership can be secured for the Call as an evening newspaper, or, for that matter, for any newspaper in San Francisco at the present time.

F. W. Kellogg started his newspaper career in Cleveland, with the Press, and served with the Scripps-McRae League of newspapers as advertising manager of the St. Louis Chronicle and afterwards as general advertising manager of all the Scripps-McRae newspapers.

In 1899, with L. V. Ashbaugh and B. D. Butler, he started the Clover Leaf list of newspapers, which now comprises the Omaha News, St. Paul News and Min-

neapolis News. In 1910 he sold his interests in the Clover Leaf League to Mr. Ashbaugh, who a short time afterwards also bought out Mr. Butler, and became sole owner.

Since then he has been living at Altadena, Cal., near Pasadena. His last newspaper connection was with the Chicago Tribune, for which he did some special work. Mr. Kellogg is a relative of the late George W. Scripps.

The William J. Morton Company has been appointed special representative of the new Call in both New York and Chicago.

It is probable that the new Call will be a penny paper, but at the time of going to press this question had not yet been settled.

Some Sensible Advice.

BY C. L. BARKER, WINDSOR, CANADA.

To false situations there is one safe refuge—truth.

A reputation as a "star" reporter is to be preferred to the corroding care of a desk job.

Tell the facts. That is the pattern sheet, but it won't do any harm to weave in a little embroidery with your theme.

The masterly inactivity of some reporters is the explanation of the reason why they are overlooked when the salaries are raised.

When a man goes sailing the reef-sown oceans of existence it is a good plan to stick to one job until you find a better. Don't be jumping about all the time.

Keep up your reading. Read books and magazines as well as newspapers, if you seek to have conferred on yourself the accolade of literary knighthood.

Up to a certain age it is a fine idea to get all the experience you can. After that set your compass by the lodestar of the mighty dollar and save all the money you can.

Many a clever writer has joined the stack of discards by running out of trumps with too little attention to sleep and rest and clean habits of life. The other fellow may not be so talented, but he will win out with a good suit.

Be careful to avoid any dangerous or libellous references—it is better to play safe than be compelled under court order to distribute celestial dew as balm for the wounded feelings of a subscriber.

It is wise to remember that unclean speech is more offensive than profanity, more destructive to refinement than crime and more loathsome than carrion. Therefore, always remember to keep your newspaper clean and your articles free of suggestive allusions.

Be known as one who is more likely to understate the facts than to exaggerate them. But when possible get the exact facts.

The hero of "Three Weeks," if you could call the young man in Mrs. Glyn's novel by any such name, is to marry an heiress. Those searching about for appropriate wedding gifts might ship on a few gross of tiger skins.—*New York Telegraph*.

A PERSONAL DISQUISITION.

BY GENE T. SKINKLE.

A book plate, to be characteristic, should bring out some distinctive idea in literature. Mine requires no lecture to designate its idea. In the middle of the dark ages the only learned class were the monks. Hence to depict a studious character what is better than a monk in his cell?



Answer: More monks in more cells.

A friend of mine, a Southern writer, on first seeing my book plate, quoted the old rhyme:

When the devil was sick
The devil a monk would be,
When the devil was well,
The devil a monk was he.

I do not care to attach any personal significance to this quotation. However, said writer borrowed one of my books, and stated that he loaned it to the minister of the church to which his wife belonged. (He carried his religion in his wife's name.) As yet the book has never been returned. Therefore I am in doubt as to the efficacy of book marks, especially when mingled too promiscuously with religion and editors.

Before I designed the book plate I am now using, back some forty-odd years ago, when I had not been expelled from school, I used an entirely different book plate—one that was in general use in the text books of the public schools of this city. My wife and daughters have carefully preserved a few copies of the books for

amusement purposes. From them I submit the following excellent book plate admonition:

Don't steal this book
For fear of your life
For here you see
The owner's knife.

JOHN RICE AND THE DOLLAR MARK.

Our Wallace Rice has a son, John, who is an actor and gives threat of being a good one. It was at dinner on a Sunday afternoon at his father's house that Elia W. Peattie and her strapping big engineer son fell into a dispute concerning the dollar mark, and had gone quite a way with it before John broke in learnedly, though not in these exact words, with the beginning and conclusion of the whole matter.

Most old documents and books spell out the names of monetary units in full. Of nine Spanish arithmetics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, five gave no abbreviation for "peso" (also called "piastre," "peso de 8 reales," "piece of eight," and "Spanish dollar"). In some early Spanish books, however, there are abbreviations: "pes.," "ps.," "p." It is a remarkable coincidence that the three names by which the Spanish dollar was known, peso, piastre, and piece of eight, all began with the letter p, and all three formed the plural by the addition of the letter s. Hence p and ps answered admirably as abbreviations for any of these names. Men wrote the p with a flourish, and raised the s somewhat above the p.

The transition from this symbol to the American dollar-mark apparently came about unconsciously, in the effort to simplify the complicated motion of the pen. No manuscript is so convincing on this point as the two contemporaneous copies, made by the same hand, of a letter written in 1778 by Oliver Pollock, then "commercial agent of the United States at New Orleans." Pollock's services to the United States were great; he was in the West what Robert Morris was in the East. His letter is addressed to Col. George Rogers Clark. Both copies of the letter show the \$ in the body of the letter, and in the summary of accounts, at the close, the \$ and the flowing ps are both used. A careful examination shows that writer made the p with one continuous motion of the pen, but that the symbol \$ required two motions—one down and up for the p, and the other a curve for the s.

Before 1800 the dollar-mark (\$) was seldom used. It appears in eighteenth-century manuscripts not more than 15 or 20 times. None of these are earlier than Oliver Pollock's letter of 1778. But the dollar was then a familiar coin. In 1778 among the Philadelphia theater prices, according to printed advertisements, was "Box, one dollar." An original manuscript document of 1780 bears 34 signatures, headed by George Washington. The subscribers agree to pay the sum annexed to their respective names, "in the support of a dancing assembly to be held in Morristown this present winter." The sums are given in dollars, but not one of the signers used the \$ symbol; they wrote "Dollars," or "Doll," or "Ds" The dollar-mark clearly came over into general use from the accountants or

bookkeepers who, first employed it as a means of saving time."

Everyone wanted to ask John what he had been reading or where he found all his learning. It sounded like Popular Science stuff, but nobody liked to say so.

Mrs. Rice looked appalled. Mrs. Peattie looked amused and shifted the subject with the familiar quotation.

"What a wonderful son that can so astonish a mother."

The subject was abruptly changed. Nobody knew what John might spring next.

Young Peattie is working on the extension of railways across the deserts of southern California; young John is acting in New York. Bob and Mrs. Peattie are still living in the old Bond avenue home, Mrs. Peattie doing the best literary reviews ever produced in America. Mrs. Rice is devoting her entire time and life to the care of her mother, who is near unto a hundred years old. Bob Peattie still holds his syndicate connection. The one thing newest and most welcome in all the group is that Wallace himself has come back home into our membership.

But it would be a satisfaction to know where John really did get that dollar-mark story.

"BRITISH EAST AFRICA."

One of our Foreloper guests interrupted a dispute over a question of held-out news by trilling this song, to instance the futility of trying to keep back anything the public really wants. It originated among some English newspapermen in East Africa while Colonel Roosevelt was in that country. It goes to the air of "The Road to Mandalay".

At the Port of Kilindini,
Looking eastward 'cross the main,
We welcomed Teddy Roosevelt
As we hope to do again.
And the rain it fell in torrents
And the world was far from gay,
But we did our best to greet him
Our way in B. E. A.

He traveled up the railway
And he said the sights were grand,
And he also said "That's bully,"
As we well can understand;
For the game is here in thousands.
And it's here we'd have him stay,
Just to see giraffes and rhinos
Near the rail in B. E. A.

We heard of hand-fed lions
And of rhinos on the chain,
How he bravely faced all dangers
And deadly beasts had slain;
Still we've nothing heard but rumors,
That's the truth, we must confess,
We have not the truthful story,
For he shut out all the press.

Yes, he shut out all the press
And he left them there to guess,
They raved and grouched and grumbled,
They were left in such a mess.

But that's all passed and done with,
For they were not far away.
And their news is scattered broadcast
Over all the world today.
Still he sent in news on Tuesday,
It is nice to be polite,
But the New York papers had it
On the previous Sunday night.

Oh, it really was a frost,
And one finds it to his cost
If he tries to balk the press men
He is very often lost.

A CHARACTERISTIC REMARK.

BY BRAMLEY KITE, PRESS CLUB.

The four corners, Phillipston, is about half way between Gardner and Athol. There is a store located at the corners where gasoline can be had on week days but not on Sundays.

Many car parties stop there on Sundays under the impression that they can obtain gasoline, and are very much surprised to find that no license to sell on that day is issued.

The party who keeps the store circulated a petition for a Sunday license. A man and a woman were in the store. The storekeeper asked the man to sign the petition. He refused, and departed. In a short time he returned and said: "I will sign that petition if you will give me a plug of tobacco." A local editor cannot see the point, thereby proving the caption.

It so happened that the writer of this had occasion to use a hansom cab in Glasgow one Sunday morning. In the plaza opposite St. Enoch's station hotel was a cab rank. In the rank was an outfit which he had often used because it was so very good, and had always taken it by time, and paid sixpence an hour over the regular two shilling rate. He beckoned the trap to the hotel portal and started to climb in, with the formal remark:

"This'll be by time."

"'Twill be five shillin's the hour, sir," replied the long-lipped Presbyterian on the box.

"It will not. Your charge is two shillings the hour, and I always pay you a half crown."

"It will be five shillin's the hour, sir," doggedly.

Appeal to the hall porter seemed the least undignified manner of settling the question, but it brought more light than relief.

"The man's quite right, sir. Ye wadna expect him to break the Lord's day at the week day price."

If the man who sent to THE SCOOP a week ago a note about the death of Emmett Dixon's mother will personally call upon THE SCOOP editor he will confer a favor. Nothing unpleasant, but only a family question.

Inland Press Meeting.

The next meeting of the Inland Press Association will be held in Chicago, at the La Salle Hotel, on September 16. The principal address will be given by Jason Rogers, publisher of the New York Globe.

Government Wants a Press Agent.

The United States wants a press agent to boom the good roads movement, according to an announcement of the federal civil service commission. The position may be competed for by any male citizen. It will pay \$8 a day.

O, poverty! O, bleeding Kansas! More than two million farmers are using telephones in their homes and half the calls are to the garage.

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WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

IN GENE FIELD'S MEMORY.

Mr. Orme's suggestion in an accompanying letter that the Press Club of Chicago join in the movement to erect a monument to Gene Field calls for and deserves the immediate attention of the Club as a Club and of its members as individuals.

It is a little strange the initiative in a movement so proper and so inevitable should have been so long deferred, and then taken up by outside friends of Gene instead of by his fellow craftsmen, who knew him so well, and were so fond of him. But since it has come about that way, no man has any better license to take the lead than Will Davis, who was very close to him for many years.

Gene left us in 1895. It is hard to believe so many as eighteen years have passed since then. But perhaps this helps explain the movement now forming. None of us knew, while he was here, how great a man he was. He was the chum, the day and night companion in work and play, and the best and chummiest of us all. Perspective was needed to disclose his real height. The world has had time, and time has given distance, to show how far he overtopped others—then familiar and supposedly his equal, but now forgotten, sunken below the horizon over which he still towers, a high point in a range of mountains. It is really less the stirring of an impulse of memory than an acknowledgment that we, too, have found his altitude, and in simple reverence set up, for all to see, the semblance of what in the state of mortality he was.

It would be fitting that an informal meeting be called to consult with Mr. Davis on this subject, and arrange either to co-operate with him, or to have him co-operate with us in carrying the proposal to as early a completion as good art and good craftsmanship may permit. None of us should be niggardly in such a matter. All of us should feel shamed to let the work pass to the mere mercenaries with whom, when he was here, he had naught in common, nor any feeling but amusement. He was a great poet—but he was first and to the very last a newspaper man.

A TRADE THAT CHANGES FAST.

The Monitor, edited and published weekly by the inmates of the state prison at Stillwater, Minnesota, is in many respects a remarkable piece of work. Taking advantage of the editorial seclusion, and the probability that some unhappy print of olden days might be in charge, some "exchange" put over this on it.

"When one remembers that in an ordinary column there are 10,000 pieces of type, that there are seven wrong positions each letter may be put in, and there are 70,000 chances to make errors, besides millions of chances for transpositions, he will not be too critical. In the sentence, "To be or not to be," by transposition alone it is possible to make 2,759,022 errors. So you see the perils that beset a printer."

About the time the old timer who passed it began to do time, that paragraph, every word of it, might have been true. But by the adoption of the Linotype machine, which makes the line and not the individual type the unit of composition, most of the errors possible with hand-set type became impossible, and the painstaking investigator just quoted fell back into the shadows, that are shading more blackly into oblivion from day to day. They are at this hour almost forgotten.

The change has wrought a marvelous acceleration in the rapidity of work in printing, but a woeful deterioration in the quality and ability of the men employed—save, of course, job hands. Instead of printers, who by force of the ancient environment became educated and wise, it brought in machinists, who had no education and who took up their occupation at an age when education would have been impossible even if they had cared for it, which they did not. And at the imposing stone, instead of men whose eyes were quick for errors and whose manipulation had to be delicate, swift and clean, we have for the most part Etain Shrdlu artists who through haste and the ease of handling slugs substitute forever the malplacement of lines for the honest and infrequent old accident of pi.

Printing is more of a business now than it was when the old timer of Stillwater had to go to stir—but far less of an art. It is a better business now many times over. In press work, for example, and in offices making a point of really good job work, the present would make the establishment of fifteen years ago look like junk. The discovery that the house was always making money when the pulleys on the cylinders were moving is not a very old one, but the thoroughness of its adoption as a top rule in work accounts for the prosperity of many shops that then would have failed. He is a fool who would say things were better in the old days. But he must be blind who for a moment could escape the wretched fact that quality-standard in the men has sunken so low that a recovery may by the very sanguine be hoped for, but by none really expected.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

In the Century Magazine for September, Maurice Maeterlinck gives liberal consideration to the possibility of life after death. It is beautiful work, and that question is always just as much alive as the ego that it frets. But the curious thing about this and all similar considerations is that they fail to connote in the operation of unquestioned natural forces all around us, sounds that of a certainty give us guaranty that there is no death. It is impossible.

Our planet's finite contact with the infinite gives us

every moment shocks of influence from far spaces, where life and the force that is life must also be—in whatever other form, differing from ours not at all in the essential fact of life.

The manifestations of electricity alone are too appalling for thought, if taken in any other light. And electricity is everywhere. Yet no man knows what it is. Here are two instances that tell us how far the best human thought may be outrun when its blind help is called in:

With a recently invented instrument of great delicacy, Henry C. Gawler, the United States radio wireless inspector of the New England district, is able to trace with remarkable accuracy any operator that is interfering with naval or commercial stations. An instrument composed of two flat sticks, joined together by a pivot, and which can be closed almost to the size of one, the ends connected with "cable" wire of delicate construction and embracing 30 tiny wires, forms this simple "tracer."

From the top of any roof or at any wireless station, Mr. Gawler can locate the general direction of wireless waves. From that position, Mr. Gawler goes to another station near by and from observations taken there, does a little geometrical computation, getting the general location of the station. Then Mr. Gawler goes as near to his "station" as possible, and by means of a hand instrument about the size of a watch locates the exact spot where the wireless waves are generating.

In this manner Mr. Gawler traced the Brookline youth recently accused of interfering with naval and commercial stations. It was the first case to come up in that district since the laws were enforced. Sitting in the privacy of their own homes amateur wireless operators have little thought of being detected, says Mr. Gawler, but less than two hours were occupied in tracing this case.

It was "eight bells" on a ship lying at anchor down in the Gulf of Mexico. The men had retired for the night to their bunks and hammocks, and the wireless operator, alone in his watchfulness, was "listening in" at the head 'phones.

Suddenly, out of the pitchy darkness of the sea, a message that curdled the blood in his veins leaped down the antennae and hummed its fearful content: S. O. S.—S. O. S.—S. O. S. And a few minutes later, in response to the customary reply: What is your position? the answer flashed back: 125° 27' 37" West 47° 33' 10" North.

That meant that out on the Pacific ocean, 140 miles west of Seattle, Wash.—2,850 miles away—a vessel was calling for help.

The call of the Pacific! The operator hardly believed it. With tremulous fingers he repeated the call to the station nearest to the vessel in distress. But already the wireless watchers along the Western coast had caught the message, and relief was on its way. Clear across the entire North American continent, over land and sea and mountain ranges, the ship's cry had been heard.

The heavens, the earth, the mountains and the sea were open highways for that flow of human thought. Life responded to life by means as much unseen as little understood, but out of it all stood forth the fact of life. What does it matter what form or state our real selves take on or live in when we have left their mortal cases? To assume their death is to assume an absurdity, a nature which must be nothing but a blind ferocity, having no purpose, now nor any time, but only a state of murderous chaos, which we know does not prevail. And how shall puny mortal mind make good its reason for raising the point at all? We are "most ignorant of that we're most assured—our glassy essence—and like angry apes, play such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep."

Henry C. Sheldon has written a book which he calls "Christian Science So-Called."

This book is entirely and almost vindictively hostile to Mrs. Eddy and all her claims. It is wholly given over to arguments and statements which exhibit the founder of Christian Science as a self advertiser and mountebank. Her system of religion is attacked by methods of reason, morals and science. It is painful to have to admit that the writer has carried out his work as well as he has. It was an ungracious and unnecessary effort, and with all its force, illiberal in the extreme.

If it were not true that people are usually better than their systems of religion would promise, what could be said of the rest of us? And it is a solid fact that this is not the first time that a person whose character is not regarded by all as exemplary, has inspired and quickened multitudes and has, on the whole, performed a high human service.

There is the noble point of Christian Science, so called. It could not command for one moment the serious attention of even a third grade intellect. But to the multitudes of smaller intellects and accordingly of more acute egotism, it has wrought an inestimable good. To attempt to destroy it would in the first place be futile; in the next to discomfort those whom it does sincerely comfort and help. Foolish or not, it has done and is doing good in the world.

From Daniel Webster's Notebook.

In a notebook of Daniel Webster's, one of the entries made at Washington, Jan. 18, 1839, contains this conclusion: "For all the happiness of life, which has been so far exceedingly happy, I desire to render the most devout thanks to Almighty God. I thank Him for existence; for the pleasure and glory of rational being; for an immortal nature, and for all the gratifications, the joys, and the means of improvement which has blessed my earthly life; for the time and the country in which I have lived; and for those objects of love and affection whose being has been entwined with my own."

AN ODE TO THE PIPE.

In Four Whiffs.

BY FRANK RODERUS, PRESS CLUB.

1.

The callow youth of twenty smokes his dainty cigarette,
And smiles with joy because he has no cares to make
him fret;

He thinks but of the present, he lives but for today,
And with each puff of smoke he blows perplexing
thoughts away.

2.

At thirty, when tenaciously he fights for wealth or
fame,

He nurses great ambitions no discouragements can
tame;

Some great achievements then he plans; success is
near, not far.

He dreams of grand and subtle schemes, while smok-
ing his cigar.

3.

At forty disappointment and affliction have been met.
He holds some pleasant memories with some he would
forget.

'Tis then, when solving problems with a mind ma-
ture and ripe,

That he enjoys the comfort and the solace of a pipe.

4.

The pipe, then, is symbolic of sweet peace and calm
content.

And the smoker, be he wealthy or possessed of not a
cent,

Draws with each fragrant breath that is extracted from
its bowl.

A blissful consolation that is restful to the soul!

THE FATHER OF POSTAL RAILWAY
SERVICE.

About fifty years ago the inventor of the railway postal car was struggling for its adoption and a postal reform. An honor shown its founder, its establishment and triumph, are the grounds of the accompanying article written for John Flinn's paper, the *Christian Science Monitor*, by William P. Campbell, former assistant general superintendent of the United States railway mail service.

When the Chicago board of education named a new \$250,000 grammar school the George B. Armstrong public school, in honor of the founder of the railway postoffice service of the United States, it paid a compliment to a man who did a great work for his country. His labors and accomplishment made it possible for this republic to grow at the astounding pace that it has shown in the last five decades.

The man who conceived and established the railway postoffice service of the United States was the late George B. Armstrong of Chicago. No other person had anything to do with formulating the fundamentals of this great service as it now exists, and which was recently referred to by former Postmaster-General Hitchcock as the backbone of the department. For

seven years he was its head, elaborating the details as necessities arose and extending the system throughout the national domain, from the day in August, 1864, when his first postal car was run, until May, 1871.

Mr. Armstrong came to Chicago in 1854 as assistant postmaster under Isaac Cook. Mr. Cook was a Democratic politician and won his appointment as one of President Pierce's aides in the young metropolis of the West. He was bright enough, but he had no idea of postal necessities. The Chicago office was growing so rapidly that he was literally overwhelmed with mail and knew not which way to turn for relief. Complaint after complaint was made to the department until something had to be done.

So Postmaster Cook went to Washington and laid his troubles before Horatio King, the then acting postmaster-general. That official advised Mr. Cook to appoint as his assistant an experienced postoffice man and named young Mr. Armstrong as the proper person for the place. At that time the latter was a clerk in the contract office of the department at Washington. The appointment was duly made and Mr. Armstrong moved with his young family to Chicago in 1854.

His powers as an organizer and his thorough expert knowledge as a postal official soon became apparent. It was not long before order had been restored and the Chicago office recognized as one of the most efficiently managed postal centers in the nation.

When General Grant's army—known as the western army—camped at Cairo, that office, which before then had been a small postoffice, suddenly became one of the most important. Gen. Clark E. Carr, in his highly entertaining book on the "Railway Mail Service," writes as follows in regard to this incident:

"As a recognition of his political service in the election of General Logan to Congress, and the success of the Republican ticket, President Lincoln made David T. Linegar postmaster at Cairo. He knew no more of the duties of the office than we in northern Illinois, besides he had no Armstrong to teach him. The office was small and the business light—as I remember, he had three clerks. Suddenly, within 48 hours, the Cairo postoffice, one of the smallest in the United States, became one of the greatest. Mail bags were thrown in by the hundred and by the thousand, filling up the rooms, projecting out of the windows and piled up on the platform. The western Union army had come to occupy Cairo and the region round about. I myself was there and saw the appalling congestion of the mails. This was in the spring of 1862. Poor Linegar, entirely bewildered, could do nothing but telegraph to the postmaster general at Washington for help. A few postoffice clerks, detailed from the cities, were taken to Cairo, but they could do nothing without an effective head. It was a matter of surprise and gratification when George B. Armstrong appeared. Never was such a man more needed and never was a man better equipped for such an emergency.

"The upshot of the matter was that in an incredibly short time the congestion was relieved, the letters were distributed and delivered and the clerks had time to take care of the mail as it came in upon the trains and from the army."

There was not the slightest difficulty in taking care of the enormous volume of mail matter that came in after Mr. Armstrong had disposed of the original accumulation. He submitted to General Grant his plan to prevent a recurrence of the trouble by requesting all correspondence intended for Grant's northwestern army

to be addressed to the individual, giving in the order named his company, his regiment, his brigade and his division. General Grant issued the order at Mr. Armstrong's request and thereafter the mails moved with the smoothness of clock work.

It was while engaged in this potent work at the Cairo postoffice that Mr. Armstrong first conceived his plan for the organization of an efficient railway mail service. He had foreseen the growth of the western country. To his neighbor, Francis A. Eastman, afterward postmaster of Chicago under President Grant, he said as early as 1861, as quoted by General Carr in his work: "I tell you. Mr. Eastman (who is still living in Chicago), we do not yet know what to do with our postoffices. We have but a village here compared to the city we shall have. This vast western country is still almost empty of settlers and even so, the mails that are hourly dumped into the postoffice fill up the entire space and paralyze the men. Unless something is done toward relief the postoffice system will break down of its own weight."

The year afterward, in 1862, when he had time to elaborate his plan, he had another talk with Colonel Eastman. He informed Mr. Eastman that "he had thought out a way to relieve the postoffices of the country, and to save an immense amount of money to the government in new or enlarged buildings and to work a notable economy of time in the transportation of the mails." Under this plan he thought the postoffice buildings would not for many years require to be enlarged and the time it took to transport the mails from one side of the country to the other would be reduced to a very few days.

To Colonel Eastman he said, excitedly:

"I am going to put the postoffice upon wheels."

Colonel Eastman, in his reminiscences of that memorable interview says:

"I did not ask him if he was crazy, but I had my suspicions."

Colonel Eastman adds: "Still later, Mr. Armstrong called upon me at my office (the Chicago Times newspaper) to ask my assistance as a newspaper man to set before the public in a favorable light the fact that he had invented a railway postal car. He then first made known to me that his plans were complete and that upon a day named and fixed he would run it upon the Chicago & Northwestern Railway."

It took two years after the conception of his plan for postal reform before Mr. Armstrong could get the attention of the postmaster general. If it had not been for the civil war, there is no doubt that he would have induced the department to make a test of his plans much earlier. He impatiently waited until the spring of 1864, when he addressed three letters to the postmaster general, following closely one upon the other, and dated May 10 and 14 and June 10, respectively. These now famous letters, really the foundation stones of the present perfected railway mail service, attracted wide attention among business men and postal officials. Mr. Armstrong had then printed in pamphlet form at his own expense and distributed wherever he thought that the seed would grow.

The result of these letters was the following letter to Mr. Armstrong from Postmaster General Blair:

Postoffice Department, July 1, 1864.

Sir: You are authorized to test by actual experiment, upon such railroad route or routes as you may select at Chicago, the plans proposed by you for simplifying the mail service. You will arrange with railroad companies to furnish suitable cars for traveling postoffices; designate head offices with their dependent offices; prepare forms of blanks and instructions for all such offices and those on the railroad not head offices, also for clerks of traveling postoffices.

To aid you in this work you may select some suitable route agent whose place can be supplied with a substitute at the expense of the department.

When your arrangements are complete you will report them in full.

M. BLAIR, Postmaster General.

To George E. Armstrong, Chicago, Ill.

There were two or three men who enlisted themselves enthusiastically in the cause at this time. One of these was former Vice President Schuyler Colfax, who had been chairman of the House committee on postoffices and postroads and was familiar with Mr. Armstrong's plans and ambitions. Mr. Colfax, as speaker of the House, was able to give great assistance when the subject was brought before Congress. E. W. Keyes, postmaster at Madison, at that time a power in Wisconsin politics and a devoted friend of Mr. Armstrong's, was potent in having the Wisconsin Legislature pass, on April 8, 1865, a resolution indorsing Mr. Armstrong's postal reform.

The first railway postoffice in the United States was established by Mr. Armstrong under Postmaster General Blair's instructions on Aug. 28, 1864, on the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. It ran between Chicago, Ill., and Clinton, Iowa, and was a sort of crude compartment fitted up for the purpose in the end of a baggage car. The Rock Island road followed the Northwestern as the second to adopt the system and the Burlington was the third. The first complete railway postoffice car was built in 1867 by the Chicago & Northwestern road and ran between Chicago and Fort Howard, Wis.

There was deep rooted opposition on the part of the postal officials and the railroads to Mr. Armstrong's plans. They thought him a visionary on the subject of postal reform. The new service was objected to by

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the railways on the ground of the extra expense that it would entail. The postal officials had fallen into a rut and were inclined to follow the "let well enough alone" policy. They disliked to have the department so seriously shaken up. But Mr. Armstrong was a sturdy contender with a prodigious amount of hope, courage and enthusiasm. He could not be suppressed. His ardor and intelligent advocacy of this postal reform plan finally enlisted the support of the Chicago & Northwestern road.

Mr. Armstrong invited representative newspaper editors and leading business men of Chicago to witness his trial trip of the first railway postal car run in the United States. The party went out to the meeting point, Dixon, Ill., and returned the same day. Among them was Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago Tribune, who had been one of Mr. Armstrong's fiercest opponents.

On the trip Mr. Medill was asked by the founder what was the feasibility of the plan.

"Why, Mr. Armstrong," said Mr. Medill, whose ability and astuteness were recognized all over the country, "your plan is the craziest idea that I ever heard of in regard to mail distribution. If it were to be generally adopted by the postoffice department the government would have to employ a regiment of soldiers to follow the cars and pick up the letters that would be blown out of the train."

Mr. Medill's remarks was a fair type of the criticism that Mr. Armstrong encountered on every hand. It took only the first trip to demonstrate to Mr. Medill the value of the plan and to his honor may it be said that the Chicago Tribune became one of the strongest advocates of the new reform.

The trial trip was an immense success. It demonstrated beyond all doubt the practical value of the new plan. All opposition gave way to enthusiasm. Everyone predicted great things for the new system.

While in Cairo, Mr. Armstrong and General Grant became intimate friends, hence General Grant was familiar with the plans of the proposed railway postoffice service. Consequently when he became President, one of the first of his official acts was to have the service made a separate bureau of the postoffice department and George B. Armstrong was placed at its head as general superintendent.

In May, 1881, the clerks who were associated with Mr. Armstrong in the establishment and development of the railway postoffice service, erected to his memory a bronze and granite memorial which now stands in the vestibule of the Adams street entrance to the Federal building in Chicago.

When the founder of the service left it in 1871 his system had been placed on all the trunk lines of the nation. He saw it operated and the great value of his postal reform shown to the satisfaction of railway and postal officials, and the great business interests of the country. Indeed, it has been said that it was the railway postoffice service that gave to his nation the opportunity to make the progress that has characterized its recent history. It was discovered from bits of memoranda found among Mr. Armstrong's papers that he

appreciated what the business public would demand as its interests became more intense, and he had been at work at still further improvements in the service.

The personal and local interest of this story lies in Mr. Armstrong's long residence in Chicago, and in that his son and namesake, George B. Armstrong, became widely known through his staff work in Chicago papers. George was for a long time in the Inter Ocean city room, and until sometime in the late nineties was a feature man on the Evening Post, where he served about nine years before he started out for himself by founding a piano trade journal, which he still conducts with success at his offices in the building next Howard's (formerly the Whitney) theater. He was formerly one of the steadies of the Press Club, and why he is not now, passes all understanding.

THE DIRTIEST THING EVER.

William E. Moore, managing editor of The Inter Ocean, was seriously injured at 1:30 o'clock Wednesday morning when assaulted by Lascar Straus, 4515 Drexel boulevard, as he was entering a Cottage Grove-Jackson Park street car.

Mr. Moore was taken to Mercy Hospital where physicians declared he would be confined for several weeks. Straus, who is a publisher at 45 Plymouth court, was arrested and later arraigned before Municipal Judge Mahoney in the South Clark street station. The case was continued until Sept. 12 pending the outcome of Mr. Moore's injuries.

The attack, which was unprovoked, was made after Mr. Moore had boarded the street car at East Monroe street and South Wabash avenue. He is recovering from a recent and very serious illness and was walking somewhat slowly down the aisle to a seat when Straus, who was intoxicated, came up behind him. He suddenly kicked Mr. Moore and struck him in the back and then followed up the assault with a blow in the chest.

Mr. Moore was knocked between two seats in the car. As Straus started forward to strike him again John Dunsworth, a Record-Herald reporter, blocked him and went to Mr. Moore's assistance. Dunsworth then called a policeman and had Straus arrested. When he asked Straus why he had made the attack, all he had to say was "Somebody else wanted to get on the car besides him."

The defense made by Straus in the Municipal Court next morning was that he was intoxicated and remembered nothing about the assault. Mr. Dunsworth was present at the hearing and asked for a continuance in view of Mr. Moore's condition. A warrant was later sworn out against Straus, charging him with assault to do bodily harm.

To do bodily harm, indeed! What else was it he did? He was on the edge of murder, and so far as concerned any intent expressed in act, it was murder he wanted to do and would have done.

Mr. Moore is one of us, a man in high esteem, as good a newspaperman and as good a man in every way as any in this town—a valuable citizen, devoted to and carrying out high aims.

The excuse offered by Straus raises a question that has been adjudicated often enough to make it plain that drunkenness is no mitigation of crime, but rather an aggravation. This culprit should be dealt with in that light, and get the farthest limit of punishment the law allows.

There is another thing to be thought of, and that is the rednecked indifference of South Side street railway employes in the early morning hours. Every car running in that division of the city is a vehicle of danger to respectable people. Where was the conductor when this fighting drunkard climbed aboard? If it had not been for the fortuitous presence of another newspaper man, the chances are that Moore would have been killed. The man operating any of these cars is, of course, expected to be brusque or brutal, because he has so few decent passengers and so many who are anything you like but that. He may in a sense be held in light reproof, being what he is and doing what he has to do—poor thing. But even so, his passengers, the sober ones, anyway, should have what little attention he would like himself in a reverse position. Why didn't he throw this assaulted, inoffensive passenger off the car and let the souse glorify himself and drive on? It would have been kinder to the sober passenger, and saved him a fresh break in a half healed leg, besides other hurts that, as things happened, cannot heal for weeks.

If that berserk souse and that conductor go not over the road to pay and work out fines a good and plenty, then let us completely change the night service on our electric cars for the sole use of men who smoke rolls of calico filled with horsehair, or are squiffed to the roof, or who want to hand it to some or anyone; and have the police promptly and carefully arrest all who are merely sober and who want to go home, and lock them up overnight "for their own good."

Straus says he is a publisher. Of what?

THE GLOMMER SWARMS PHINNEY.

DEAR SCOOP:—Nothing peeves me so much as a gimpy steer when the flag's out. Here I go and pipe this Phinney the Eel as a canary and he come back with a wimp rap about a damp drag. I'm squelched. Steer me to a gob slough and hand me what's coming. What'll the mob think when they get wise to a lay guy fogging an endsifter as a grift smear. How I come to wob for a sag peeler molling a sloaze to the prize grift is a fink break.

Miffing cob bleats at a side wall lay was a hick rail, and a peedle frame after a rube bilk with a pea was a cinch, but I sure dragged for a cinder when I glimmed Phinney's chatter. Who'd a thought I'd atipped a peer and slid to the scuttle on a soft coal bark. But as I heard a swell mouthpiece yawp once, "'Tis human to get ditched," so Mr. Scoop you'll have to slip me the easy comeback squeeze for milling a slag dump.

Honest, I thought Phinney was filling with a swell grift mob. Of course, I couldn't get hep to his lay, never having had a chance to rap to him, and I naturally thought he was a grifter, from the chatter.

But as you know yourself a lot of them 'bo's pick it up from downers. I ain't duffing and I never bobbed a gummer in my life, but Phinney really has got some chatter at that. Outside of "A No. 1," he's the first 'bo I ever saw who could swab the kerry gow like a real grifter. From the map that I lamped in THE SCOOP last week I'm laying odds he's a good side kick at that. Some day I'm going to swarm over and both of us will go to the Editor of THE SCOOP and find out what he means by calling us "Philologers." If the Editor wants to burn us why don't he write English.

Still settling in the stir,

THE GLOMMER.

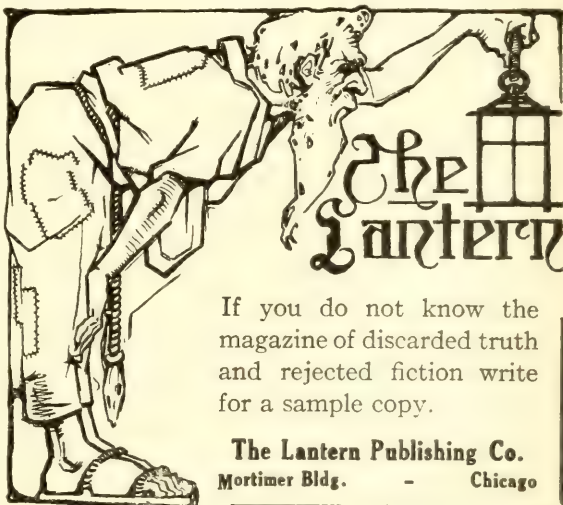
Stetzle's View of the Day's Work.

The same Charles Stetzle whose melodramatic sketch of degraded womanhood was reproduced in the last preceding number of THE SCOOP, writes again to the Newark Evening News, this time with a view of work from opposite planes of perception, as thus:

"A farmer noticed that his wife looked rather worn and dejected and he asked her what ailed her. She sat looking at her mending a while and then remarked:

"I don't feel just right. I was up at 5 o'clock this morning, got breakfast for the farm hands, then for the children; washed the dishes and got the six youngsters off to school; skimmed the milk, churned the butter; put up a lunch for the field hands; ironed and got dinner for the men. Then I washed up the dishes and swept out the house, finished a dress for Mary; fed the chickens and got supper for the family and washed the dishes. Then I put the children to bed, and I really don't feel like doing my mending. I've been reading about that new hookworm disease that makes people feel tired, and I'm afraid the hookworm's got me."

"Perhaps this was an extreme case. Possibly most women don't work quite so hard as this farmer's wife. It was all work and not much play for her. To some people work is the curse that God sent to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. But it wasn't work; it was something else that was a curse. We need not stop



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to discuss this theological proposition. Without work most of us would be very unhappy. We get far more tired of what we have than of what we do. And yet work may become a great burden. But some of us get lots of fun out of our jobs.

"There are different ways of working. First, there's the work of the slave, driven by the whip of a master, whether that master be a human being or simply necessity or the fear of losing one's job. Work under such circumstances has not very much joy in it. Then there is work for work's sake—just the pleasure of being busy. It is a fine thing for a man to be absorbed because of the joy of doing things, with his mind concentrated on some big undertaking, regardless of the number of hours he works or the pay he gets. Some men can afford to work this way—just because they like to work. But there is the work which is engaged in so that others may be made happier and more comfortable; so that somebody else's path may be made smoother. In such cases enjoyment may be found in the work as well as in the thought that it will bring happiness to other people.

"There is another way of getting pleasure out of one's work and that is to have a definite plan toward which one is aiming. When an engineer plans to build a new line of railroad track he sees the end from the beginning. The whole job is complete in his mind's eye before the first tie is laid or the first spike driven. Such an outlook gives purpose to every day's work. It relieves from the dreariness of making the day's work merely a series of jobs. It gives zest and enthusiasm and makes one forget the smaller vexations and worries in the hope of final realization."

After all, it is only one day's work at a time. Emerson said: "Each new day is as the beginning of life." Therefore, it is a good thing to forget one's past failures as well as one's past successes and press toward the mark which has been set before one.

Let's thank God that it's only one day at a time. And so get a good night's sleep and tomorrow morning you will be refreshed—with a clear mind and a steady eye and a strong arm you will be ready for the tasks of the new day.

"If I were poor would you be as eager to marry me as you are now?"

"Every bit, my dear, but we might have to postpone our wedding for a year or two."—*Detroit Press Press.*

The awkward young man flushed and stammered:

"D-d-did I step on you?"

"Did you?" said the graceful brunette, "you walked on both my feet and a couple of my knees, that's what you did!"—*Youngstown Telegram.*

LIBRARIES IN BUSINESS.

"Libraries in Business Organizations; Their Expanding Function," was the subject of a paper recently presented before the American Library Association at Kaaterskiel, N. Y., by Miss Louis B. Krause of Chicago, in which an outline of the services rendered by these institutions was given.

It was pointed out that the evolution in the function of a library did not stop at furnishing a definite book asked for, or all the information obtainable on a given subject as quickly as possible, but it was soon expected the librarian would understand the specific interests of the members of the organization, and to a certain degree think for them in keeping up the field of print and in bringing to their attention, without a request on their part, certain facts of which they would like to be cognizant. To this duty was added the forecasting of possible future needs, and the collection of information in advance of rush demands.

"The magnitude of the work of modern business organizations requires," said Miss Krause, "the division of labor into a number of departments, and the workers in any one department may not always be acquainted with the information which may be available in another department. The library, by keeping in touch with individuals in all departments, becomes a central bureau of information in being able to refer the members of one department to those in another who possess the particular information desired.

"The business library also assembles and files the manuscript data of original research conducted by members of the organization, materials which constitute one of its valuable assets. Research data in the possession of business corporations is often a worthy contribution to scholarship.

"Business men are often called upon to serve the public as good citizens in various capacities, and also to serve as officers or on committees of national business organizations, and thus have interests outside of their regular work. Their librarian is expected to assist in any need which arises by reason of these outside interests, and not only may be called upon to furnish information, but also to do editorial work in preparing material for publication.

"The welfare and education of employes has also become a prominent feature in the work of many large business corporations, and the library is expected to be a prominent factor in this work, as it is the logical educational center of the organization.

"Library work in business organizations is no longer a theory or a tentative experiment, but has proved itself in the firms adopting it to be an integral part of the successful work of the corporation."

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Chicago, says The New York Telegraph, will never know the full delights of culcher until some genius supplies that center of art with noiseless corned beef. And New York will never cease to be a center of attraction to Chicago so long as one can hear them eat anything.

HAUPTMAN'S SYMBOLISM.

BY WALLACE E. SMITH.

Literary journals in Germany are still disputing Gerhard Hauptman's centenary play, refused as being unpatriotic and not appropriate for the celebration of Germany's victory over Napoleon. Friends and enemies do not spare powerful language, paper and printer's ink. Enthusiasts create new schools with Gerhard Hauptman on the pedestal. Students fight duels—

It is just the same now as at every other time during the last twenty years when Gerhard Hauptman has come forward with a new work. And he himself, letting the others fight and dispute and argue, pro and contra, retires to one of his homes, and soon the rumor is spread that Hauptman is working on a new drama.

"The White Savior" is the title of a dramatic poem to which Hauptman is putting the finishing touches at the present time. Mexico, its discovery, culture and history, have interested Hauptman for a long time. The scenes of his new drama are laid at the court of the Emperor Montezuma. Ferdinand Cortez is one of the main characters. The name "White Savior" is chosen as a symbol of the Christianity brought to the empire of the old Azteks by the Spaniards. The play will be produced in Berlin shortly before Christmas.

Too, Too Common Sense.

The unknown writer of this following bit should be publicly thanked. Its origin is not credited as it floats, and it is so good that it may have been drifting a long time. It sounds like the work of George Phair, of the Examiner, the first and only man as yet known to write baseball in good English that anyone could understand:

"Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the Chicago Americans, likes baseball reports best when they are written in plain English, while professors at the University of Chicago deplore the possibility of the elimination of slang from the accounts of games. These unexpected attitudes were learned in a vote being taken by a local newspaper to determine just how the followers of the national pastime want the games described.

"I am in favor of a clean, plain English story of a baseball game," said Mr. Comiskey. "What readers want to know is who won the game and how it was won. When these facts are covered up with a lot of useless words the reader is apt to grow tired."

"I think it would be pretty tame to report baseball in plain, ordinary English," said Professor Nathaniel Butler. "There is a species of humor on the sporting page which is enjoyable. We want the picturesque in the reports, but the writer shows a defect when it is impossible for the layman to understand him."

"Several other professors at the university declared their preference for stories sprinkled with slang."

[That professor, whose name is furthest unknown, evidently does not know there is a difference between slang and slumgullion].

THE WHARVES OF MONTREAL.

SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL IN CANADA MONTHLY.

I am sick, sick of the town's roar, and the roaring pavements wide,

For the year's turned and the wind's turned, and it's turn of the setting tide.

And the sea's grey and the sky's grey, it's south that I would be,

Where the wind's warm and the sun's warm, and the shark swims lazily.

The gale's come and the gale's gone, and gone's the blooming clover,

And the sun's south, and my road's south, for the golden summer's over.

Oh, it's free heart, and it's light heart, farewell to fog and sorrow,

With our sheets set, and our decks wet, for we sail at dawn tomorrow.

THE PEN OF A READY WRITER.

The Brooklyn Eagle will find steady support in its statement that perhaps there is no better portrait of William J. Gaynor than that which the thoughtful reader can derive from the little red book, "Mayor Gaynor's Letters and Speeches," which has just been issued. Not all the traits of the Mayor's character are brought out in this collection, but the man who reads between the lines can supply omissions from hints here and there. Neither is such a reader likely to be taken in by the air of extreme simplicity in which many of the letters are written. Not since Mark Antony's "I am a plain, blunt man; I only speak right on" has there been a finer example of the art which conceals art than in the preface to this little red volume:

I fear you will find no art in my letters. I only aim to express what I have in my mind briefly and in the most expressive words.

If that were as simple as it sounds you would not have to go back to Abigail Adams or Ben Franklin to match this collection of shrewd sense and homely wisdom. Fortunately the Mayor indicates the method by which his skill has been attained in his advice: "If you want a good vocabulary read the Bible and simple books." Fortunately also the aid which this volume will give to the Mayor in his campaign for re-election is likely to emphasize the value of a good, simple English style. Whether in this case that is a gift—as the Mayor implies in his "Don't try—just write or say what you mean"—or an art, as is suggested in his hint as to one of the sources of his vocabulary, it warms and wins whereas the turgid stuff put forth by many public officials merely dulls and deadens.

It must be borne in mind that some of these letters read better bound up in a book than they can have done to the recipients who tore open their envelopes. The letters to Mr. Prentice, Mr. Fall and to the Rev. M. Kerbawy must have reminded their recipients of Paul's "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous." One may even doubt whether the Mayor's chastenings have as yet yielded "the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." They have, however, yielded the fruit of amusement to a large body of readers.

CURFEW.

Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The curfew bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence—
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

The book is completed,
And closed like the day;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies;
Forgotten they lie:
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearthstone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

CAN THE COMBINATION BE WORKED OUT?

NEWARK EVENING NEWS.

Lord Haldane, in his address to the American Bar Association, preserved that attractive balance between idealism and sound practical sense which is characteristic of British statesmanship at its best. His central theme, "Higher Nationality," was at once a plea for solidarity among the English-speaking nations, on grounds of self-interest, and an argument that such solidarity must rest upon a texture of international ethics binding together the peoples by means of that instinctive fusion of self-respect and mutual forbearance by which alone the maintenance of law, order and morals is made possible.

To be effective, Lord Haldane declared, this community of feeling among English-speaking peoples must depend more upon the spirit of the community than upon formal law or the explicit rules of conscience. There was no English word, he said, that exactly expresses this community spirit, but the German word "Sittlichkeit" conveys the meaning. Sittlichkeit he defined as comprising "those principles of conduct which regulate persons in their relations to each other, and which have become matter of habit and second nature at the stage of culture reached, and of which therefore we are not explicitly conscious." In short, it is etiquette, with the trivialities left out.

Out of this feeling for "good form" the chancellor held it possible to build up an international faith of a kind new in the history of the world. Naturally, he recognized that its development was more hopeful be-

tween nations with some special relations than within a mere aggregate of nations.

Quoting words of Woodrow Wilson while the latter was Governor of New Jersey, Lord Haldane emphasized the opportunities open to lawyers to aid in fashioning a more hopeful and resolute kind of public opinion and to serve their country "in its courts, in its legislatures, in its seats of executive authority." He pointed out the special responsibility of lawyers for the preservation of the future relations of friendship between the United States, Canada and Great Britain, inasmuch as the lawyers play so large a part in public affairs, and influence their fellowmen in questions that lie far beyond the province of law.

Lord Haldane's argument, unhappily, ignores the great shifting process of emigration. He proceeds upon the apparent assumption that Canada and the United States are English-speaking nations. True enough, English is the vernacular in each country, but, for large portions of the population, it is an acquired tongue, and they are not really English-speaking people. If, then, there is a distinctive "Sittlichkeit" common to the English-speaking group, this community spirit is no longer pervasive here to the extent that it was before immigration sat in, and, unless the old Anglo-Saxon ideals are to survive the influx of other nationalities with other sittlichkeits, too much dependence may easily be placed on his group interest.

It is with this fact that we will have to reckon even more in the future in considering our foreign relations. The old ties binding us to Britain, of which much was made only a little while ago, have become weakened, and we now have to speak in broader terms. While it would be more accurate to speak of a North European grouping, taking in the Teutons and Celts, even that is too small to comprehend all the elements gathered in this country. The Latin, Slav, Hebraic and Asiatic elements have to be included nowadays, and, in fact, the only grouping that can be forecast for the future must be comprehensive of the world.

What the future has in store for us will depend upon the process of assimilation now going on; upon the extent to which the strangers coming here are molded by the standards of our established civilization and the extent to which they reshape our civilization. Until these things can be measured, it is perilous to count heavily upon any particular sittlichkeit.

And yet discussion of this whole matter may easily be overdone. At heart, human nature is pretty much the same. The code of sittlichkeit is largely the product

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of education, of the liberalizing influences of commercial relations, and of increasing culture. Subject individuals and races to these influences, and eventually they will react in pretty much the same manner. Experience will soon prove the worth of good faith and fair dealing, and these, after all, must always be the basis of international relations.

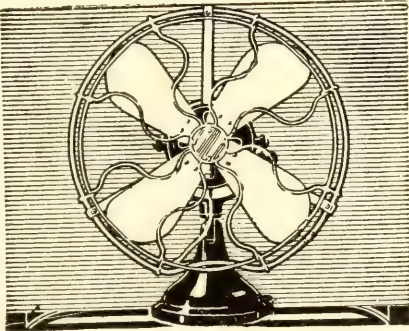
At the last moment before sailing last Wednesday Lord Haldane informed Mr. Rawles of the American Bar Committee that the utterances above outlined (rather than discussed) were to be understood as officially expressing in outline a policy determined upon by his own government; in fact, he went so far as to say he had been sent here to state them as for his government.

They present a splendid idealism, but very much remains to be looked into before their practicability can be determined. Such an alliance could undoubtedly assure the peace of the world for the full era of history in which we are living a middle period. Compositions of difficulties between this country and Canada would probably be easy; but what about ourselves, carrying as we do such an enormous mass of torpid ignorance, people totally incapable of perceiving, much less understanding, the stupendous part that must be played by the country to which they have come, and about which they know and are likely to know nothing at all. To be of any force and effect, the compact must be understood by the people of all three countries, and must be Anglo-Celtic, not in mere words, but in actuality and the truest spiritual depth; and one of the three, our own, has ceased to be Anglo-anything and become nondescript, of extremely doubtful cohesive power in any direction.

AGE AND WORK.

OUTLOOK.

The London Spectator, commenting several years ago on the number of old men holding foremost positions in the world, said that men were working at least ten years longer than their grandfathers had worked. A generation ago the direction of affairs in Europe was in the hands of a group of old men: Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Bismarck, Gortschakoff, Cavour, Pope Leo. The London Chronicle recently called attention to the large number of old men who are active in various professions. Lord Strathcona, who has long been one of the foremost men in Canada, and who is said to be one of the largest land owners in the world, is 92, and enforces and illustrates the gospel of moderation in all things. Sir Andrew Clark, the distinguished physician, said to Lord Strathcona a few years ago that there was no reason why he should not live to be a hundred "if only you will keep on working." Work and the interest which goes with it are undoubtedly determining elements in longevity. The living brain keeps the body alive, which is probably the reason why intellectual men have the greatest chance of long life. The elderly man of active habits who retires, not only from business but from all kinds of work, invites rapid decline of vitality. But there must be moderation in work; an old man can not drive his faculties with impunity. An able American who died in the eighties made it a rule not to work when he was tired. The Outlook commented recently on a new book by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who has reached the age of ninety, having outlived a brilliant group of scientists of whom he was the contemporary. Cheerfulness is another element of longevity. Sir George Birdwood is quoted by a correspondent of the New York Sun as declaring that this is the day of "the old man of vitality," and as attributing his active age to "a certain playful deviltry of spirit." Lord Wemyss is driving a motor car at ninety-four, and plays a good game of golf. At eighty-five Lord Halsbury began the work of codifying, or at least condensing, the whole body of English laws into twenty volumes. These veterans who decline to be placed on the retired list differ in their habits, but they all agree in emphasizing work as the best conservator of youth. In Shakespeare's time a man was old at forty; and, as the result of dissipation during the period of the Restoration, English public life was full of invalidism in the days of Queen Anne and the early Georges; but the air of the country and its habits of life are now favorable to sustained activity in old age. A list of Americans who, like Mr. Bigelow, Dr. Eliot and Mr. Choate, have kept their energies while judiciously lightening their burdens, would be interesting and significant. In old Japan men were expected to retire from activity at sixty; in modern Japan there is no age limit; there is no man more prominent in all enterprises that concern the welfare of the nation than Baron Shibusawa, whose service to the public under the old system would have ended fifteen years ago.



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THE WHITE SLAVE.

IN THE COW BELL.

VANDYKE BROWN, a painter.

MRS. BROWN.

JAMES CABARET, a patron of art from Kansas City.

Scene—A studio, big picture on easel, Mrs. Brown mending a pair of trousers, Brown looking at picture

Brown—If Cabaret doesn't buy this picture I'm a ruined man. We must have some money, friend wife. We are dead broke.

Mrs. B.—Tell me about Mr. Cabaret.

Brown—I—I don't like to. You wouldn't admire Cabaret.

Mrs. B.—Why not?

Brown—Oh—he—he's one of the kind of fellows who expect to be introduced to a pretty model when he comes to a studio.

Mrs. B.—Well?

Brown—Well, then he would probably invite said model to attend an Epworth League meeting with him. He's a hellion, if you will allow the expression.

Mrs. B. (Coldly)—Where did you meet him?

Brown—Never you mind. The question is to sell him this work of art.

Mrs. B.—You certainly can't have any model here to meet him—but, we must think of a way—(brightly)—why can't I be the model?

Brown—Be reasonable. If he thought you were a model you probably would have to grab a knife to defend yourself.

Mrs. B.—Nonsense. Don't I always sell your pictures? You couldn't sell an ice cream soda in Gehenna. Leave it to me. When is he coming here?

Brown—Right away.

Mrs. B.—Well, you disappear. If he expects to meet a model here he'll meet no model but me. (Knocks heard.)

Mrs. B.—Run, run.

(Brown dodges behind a screen. Enter Cabaret in plug hat, tan spats, cutaway with braid on edges, cham-
ois gloves, yellow cane and flower in buttonhole. Cabaret smiles engagingly on catching sight of Mrs. Brown.)

Cabaret—Mr. Brown in?

Mrs. B.—No, but I'm—I'm his model.

Cabaret—Hm, h-m, hm. (Slides around wall.) Did you pose for this? (Points to Venus of Milo on table.)

Mrs. B.—Why, no. That's an antique.

Cabaret (Gallantly)—You're not antique. (He edges around looking at nudes on wall.) Did you pose for this?

Mrs. B.—No.

Cabaret (Pointing to another nude)—Did you pose for this one?

Mrs. B.—(Desperately)—Yes.

Cabaret—Ah-h-h, swell piece of work, swell. Does it look like you?

Mrs. B.—Y-y-yes. I—I sup-suppose so.

Cabaret (Betrays excitement, hurries to another

nude)—Did you pose for this, too?

Mrs. B.—(With calmness of despair)—Yes.

Cabaret—And is this like you?

Mrs. B.—Exactly.

Cabaret—I've wasted my life. I've wasted my life. Why didn't I study art? Listen, little one.

Mrs. B.—I suppose you mean me.

Cabaret—Who'dya suppose I mean? Listen, I want to take you out and show you a regular time. I want to show you the kind of a fella I am.

Mrs. B.—Didn't you come here to buy a picture of Mr. Brown?

Cabaret—Yes, but never mind, I can attend to that any time. Come over here and let's have a nice, confidential talk. I want you to know just the kind of fella I am.

Mrs. B.—I saw that as soon as you came in.

Cabaret—I came from Kansas City. Do you know that Paris, France, is the Kansas City of Europe? Now get on your hat and let's hurry out before that fella Brown gets back.

Mrs. B.—Please don't. You frighten me.

Cabaret—Waddy mean frighten you?

Mrs. B.—I am afraid of you. I don't want to do anything like that. I don't want to be asked out.

Cabaret—You mean you want to be a good girl?

Mrs. B.—Of course.

Cabaret (With emotion)—God forbid that James Tirebuster Cabaret should lead any poor girl astray that wants to return to a decent life.

Mrs. B. (Angrily)—What?

Cabaret (Tearfully)—Yes, if you want to reform I'll help you. I know what you poor girls have to endure from these artists. I know what these fellas are like. This here fella Brown is one of the worst of the lot.

Mrs. B.—How dare you! What do you mean? (Screams.)

Cabaret—There, little girl. Don't be hysterical. I'll help you to brace up. Don't cry.

Mrs. B.—How in the name of common sense can you help me?

Cabaret—You can't be beyond help. The vilest sinner may return, you know. No matter to what depths you have fallen I will aid you to get your living in some honest way.

Mrs. B.—Are you insane?

Cabaret (Unheeding)—Do you know what I am going to do? When I came here (weeps) I meant to waste my good money on that rotten picture. I came here with that purpose, with the money in my pocket. I thought I'd give it to this chap in cash just to see him faint away at the sight of money. But now—do you know what I am going to do? I'm going to give this money to the girl's lifeboat home in Kansas City. I'll help some of you white slaves to a life of decency (weeps). Little girl, you have changed the whole course of what I intended to do this afternoon. I'll help some of you poor girls and that is far better than wasting money on that bum picture.

(Exit Cabaret—curtain.)

PARTICULAR PIUTE PETE.

BY CLEM YORE, PRESS CLUB.

Piute Pete was a son of a gun; yes, a son of a gun was he.
 He had no sense as a recompense for his state of adversity.
 He knew the hills, their rocks and rills and laughed at the cutting cold.
 With Pinto Phil, some grub and will, he started out for gold.

Far up those hills, those harrowing hills, they traveled day by day.
 They found no gold, but the biting cold made 'em curse the time away.
 Down came the snow, as they traveled slow, and at last were hemmed in tight.
 The grub was spent and their bellies bent and Pinto lost his sight.

Piute Pete, hungry and sore, conceived a hellish desire.
 He gathered some wood as best he could and built a flaming fire.
 As Pinto Phil, hungry and ill, edged close to the heated air,
 Piute Pete prepared to eat a human sirloin rare.

He took a bead on his forty-five and pulled the trigger quick.
 He hit poor Phil behind the gill—laughed at his dying kick.
 That very night, with a waistband tight, made so by fresh fried meat,
 On a fir tree nigh his food supply he hung up by the feet.

When a hungry man lies in the hills wholly surrounded by snow,
 With nothing but meat, starving to cheat, 'tis liable soon to go.
 So Piute Pete at length did eat all of his grubstake chum,
 And then said he, "I quickly see, I'll soon be on the bum."

Harried and hungry next morning he looked across the snow.
 Mushing his way, at break of day, a miner traveled slow.
 So Piute Pete, with his taste for meat, squinted across his sight,
 And plugged the cuss, without much fuss, and ate his fill that night.

When the spring sun heats a mountain it certainly melts the snow.
 With a rippling song, as they hurry along, the creeks begin to flow.
 And this was so with all the snow, that hedged in Piute Pete.
 As he hurried down to Rico town, taking his grub to eat.

A thigh bone hid in his blanket roll, he munched on a piece of shank.
 He blew into town and sat him down before the city bank.
 Old Sheriff Doud, he sure allowed, he recognized that meat.
 He took Pete's bone, it made Pete moan, as he led him down the street.

They tried him and found him guilty in about a month or so.
 The old judge said, above Pete's head, "I see why this town can't grow.
 We work with a zest, and do our best, bringing folks from all around,

But you cannibal pup, you eat 'em up, as fast as we bring them down.

So they put him away in the bandhouse; they put him away for life.
 And the warden said he would sit on his bed and curse his blooming strife.
 He turned up his nose at the food that goes up at Canon City,
 And every day you can hear him say, "Tasteless men I pity."

Nothing Could Be Clearer.

"I note," says Beau Broadway in the New York Telegraph, "that Harry Thaw has written a poem on Broadway. In his Matteawan waste paper basket was found this:

There are lights aflame on Broadway,
 There are hopes and lives undone,
 There are debts of sin no man can pay,
 And Broadway hates the sun.

There are vain regrets on Broadway,
 There are secret sighs and tears,
 For one must smile as well as wail,
 And the weakling meets with jeers.

"There are those who regard poetizing as the hallmark of aberration, but not infrequently these cynics are themselves unable to sing. Harry Thaw's product is not tremendous, but it is clear. And in any event, he threw it into the waste paper basket when he had finished it."

Change of Ownership.

L. V. Ashbaugh, whose name appeared at the head of the editorial column of the Chicago Press as publisher, has withdrawn from the company and ownership, and Chas. R. Crane is now the owner and publisher.

Ashbaugh is publisher of the Omaha News, the St. Paul News and the Minneapolis News. He and Crane together established The Press, something over a year ago.

W. C. Rogers now represents Crane in the ownership.

"The road to hell," says the Rev. Dr. Len G. Broughton, "is paved with slit skirts." Then the intentions are O. K., yes?—New York Telegraph.

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HITTING SPACE AGAIN:

(Somebody in the Newark News.)

A sonnet is a handy form of rhyme,
Full often used when working days are dry,
An easy means as filling space we try,
With lazy pencil in the summer time.
While others' brows are marked with labor's grime
We need but scanty inspiration then,
When sparkling verse and witty we would pen
And win fame as a mighty clever mime.
We only need some names of famous men,
Some politics, an incident of news,
A little wit, if possible, and then,
Some jingles just "Intended to Amuse."
Then string together, somewhat thus, the verse;
Few, indeed, could do a job much worse.

The Limerick.

The limerick, too, has its use;
As an ever convenient excuse
To kill space and time
It's a handy old rhyme,
So our friend we will now introduce.

It'll use up lines five, ten or more,
When grinding out copy's a bore,
And ambition wanes

For there's no need of brains
In turning them out by the score.

It's a lazy man's method, you see,
When it cuts down the work thus, say we,
So we spend the days hot
In writing this rot,
As happy as happy can be.

No Relief in Sight.

Where, where are the children, lighthearted and gay,
Who brighten the hours with their laughter and play?
We miss them; they've gone to some place far away—
They're on their vacation.

And where are the ladies, so handsome of face,
Of courteous manner and exquisite grace?
They've left the hot city's too ardent embrace—
They're on their vacation.

And the gentlemen, those we're accustomed to greet
In office or library, parlor or street;
The ones we are anywhere happy to meet?
They're on their vacation.

But where are the end-hog, the tough and the boor,
Who spit on the sidewalk and on the car floor,
Who occupy seats, though the ladies must stand,
And whose pipe or cigar is of d—nable brand?
Where, where are these brutal excuses for men?
Are they gone where we never will see them again?
Oh, no! They're all here. They never take a vacation.

THE LAST SURVIVOR OF A GREAT VOYAGE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR.

How rapidly history has been made during the lifetime of many persons yet living is brought to mind by the following news item of recent date:

"Pittsburgh, Aug. 21.—William Hunter, aged 84 years, last survivor of the expedition under Commodore Perry, which in 1852 went to Japan in three sailing ships and opened the Japanese seaports to the world, died in East End yesterday. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, and went to sea as a boy. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted as an able seaman and served on the Saratoga and the Constitution. Later he was a

carpenter. He retired twenty years ago."

Since 1852 Japan has undergone a great change. The feudal government of other days has been abolished, representative government instituted in its place, its great ports have been made free to the commerce of the world, western civilization has made extraordinary gains there and today Japan, an almost unknown land sixty years ago, is one of the important nations of the world. It has humbled Russia and is even now demanding recognition for its people by the United States as the equals of other foreigners.

Scarcely less wonderful is the advance the United States itself has made since that time. When Perry went to Japan, the territory west of the Mississippi was just beginning to be settled. Filled with bands of roving Indians, it was the scene of continual encounters and the broad acres now under cultivation were merely plains over which the buffalo roamed. Even the Pacific coast was sparsely settled and the discovery of gold, destined to attract to it thousands from this country and Europe, had been announced only a short time before.

This visit of Perry's was before one of the greatest wars of history—our Civil War—and before the United States had assumed that rank among nations that it has taken since then. It was before railroads spanned the continent and before the steamboat became a common sight on every navigable river and lake.

ROSEBERY ATTACKS MANUSCRIPT SALE.

In a letter to the chairman of the Glasgow and District Burns Clubs Associations with reference to the sale of the Glenriddel MSS., Lord Rosebery says: "The conduct of the directors of the Liverpool Athenaeum seems incredible. One would have thought that the second or third city in the empire would have insisted on keeping so precious a possession. I have indeed little doubt that the MSS. never belonged to Mrs. Currie at all, but were entrusted to her husband's father for biographical purposes. The widow probably found them among her papers, made no question as to the property, and thought she was doing a wise thing in transferring these precious documents to the care of the Liverpool Athenaeum. Nor was it the duty of the Liverpool Athenaeum on receiving them to scrutinize their title to them. But it certainly was incumbent on the directors before selling them to make quite sure that Mrs. Currie was justified in giving them, and that they were justified in selling them."

A man in Chicago named Legge is leading a crusade against what he calls "suggestive" songs. I think he should declare war on his own name, if you ask me.—Beau Broadway.

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ST. LOUIS CENSOR.

It is generally assumed that we are sufficiently civilized to permit to individuals some little latitude in dress and habits, but are we really much better than the people of those ignorant ages when they persecuted any person who displayed a disposition to depart too far from the conventions with which the rabble was familiar? We read in Monday's paper of an outrageous assault at Atlantic City, because the mob did not approve of the bathing suit worn by a Mrs. Charles Lanning, wife of a Burlington, N. J., hotel keeper. The skirt is reported to have been of the new split variety. Under this she was clad in purple tights. Anyhow, that detestable class of people who condone the sins they are inclined to by damning those they have no mind to, at first, expressed their virtue by throwing sand at and hooting the woman.

This roused the cowardly bigotry of the male to action, and both men and women were soon throwing far more hurtful missiles. "Mrs. Lanning, struggling to escape," the dispatch says, "was buffeted backward and forward for more than ten minutes. She fell on the sand, where she was trampled upon and rendered unconscious."

A fine exhibition, truly, of American manhood and American tolerance! I do not know anything about Mrs. Lanning. Her dress may have been improper, but the chances are it was merely new and strange. Ignorance and prejudice always resent both, and by reports that have come from that part in years past, Atlantic City is the summer resort of both ignorance and intolerance. Both make indecent exposures of themselves there every summer, while at the same time, it is notable, despite the presence of so many people who bask in their own righteousness. Atlantic City is distinguished by about as much scandal and wickedness as any summer resort in the country. As I say, the propriety of Mrs. Lanning's dress is beside the question. If it was improper, there are plenty of officious officials who would have found great pleasure in conducting the woman to a place of retirement. While that was being done, the mob could have looked the other way, had it possessed the ordinary feelings of decency and humanity. That it did not, but was guilty of an infernal outrage instead, is characteristic of Atlantic City and elsewhere. There are far too many people in this country who think it is up to them to regulate, by assault or otherwise, the dress, habits, language and general demeanor that does not please them in other people.

MELTING ARIZONA HEAT.

WASHINGTON STAR.

Carl Hayden, representative-at-large from Arizona, is not at all bothered by the tales of hot weather in Washington during summer time. He has had experience in heated spells in his native state.

"I was in southwestern Arizona one summer," said Hayden, "where the mercury stood most of the time at 130 in the shade, but would occasionally get a hump

on itself and run up to 160. In the sun it was from 150 to 200. People who understand the climate go into seclusion from 11 a. m. and stay there until late in the afternoon.

"But a tenderfoot out there that summer wouldn't take advice. He thought he knew all about everything and didn't propose to lie around loafing like the trifling natives. He would go out and work right through the heat of the day like he did back east.

"He tried it one day, and that settled it. When he started out he was a tall man, 6 feet 3 inches in height. When he came in that evening he was only 5 feet high. He had melted and run down during the day! His legs were straight in the morning, but they had softened in the sun, and when he came in at night he was so bow-legged that a two-year-old calf could have jumped through the loop.

"He was really peculiar looking. His features had melted and run together so you could not tell where his mustache left off and his eyebrows began, and his ears had slipped down on his neck. After that he knew enough to stay in the shade in the middle of the day!"

Old Peterby is rich and stingy. In the event of his death his nephew will inherit his property. A friend of the family said to the old gentleman: "I hear your nephew is going to marry. On that occasion you ought to do something to make him happy."

"I will," said Peterby; "I'll pretend that I am dangerously ill."—*Boston Transcript*.

The Y. M. C. A

DEVELOPS

MUSCLE—MIND— CHARACTER

A world-wide fraternity for the conservation of manhood.

Its multiform service commands the respect and support of private and corporate philanthropy.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago conducts work at twenty-one departments. Seven modern buildings located in the business and residential districts are equipped with standard Gymnasiums, Natatoriums, Dormitories, Educational and Social features. The fees are within reach of all young men and older boys.

Visiting members are invited to
be our guests while in Chicago.

TAXATIONS AND EXEMPTIONS IN CHICAGO.

George W. Weber, in the Letter for the current week's issue, summarizes a terse statement of the laws recently passed at Springfield and the situation they create. It is not a happy view for our people to face. His conclusion runs thus:

It will be seen from the foregoing that the exclusion of the bonded debt tax from the three per cent, or "scaled-down," class is limited to three years. After that period the bonded debt tax will have to go back into the three per cent limit class. And it is worth while to understand what the bonded debt tax really amounts to. The Illinois Constitution says that the municipal government which issues bonds shall provide for the collection of a direct annual tax sufficient to pay the interest on such debt as it falls due, and also to pay the principal thereof within twenty years from the time of contracting the same. Thus the annual tax on account of bonded debt—for principal and interest—amounts to about ten per cent of the face of the bonds. At present the bonded debts of the municipalities included in Chicago amount to nearly \$100,000,000, and the annual taxes, to pay the interest on the debt and the principal of it, amount to nearly \$10,000,000 a year. And the real trouble is that, while the funds calculated to pay the outstanding bonds are used for that purpose, new bonds are issued for new projects and the bonded debt, especially of the city, is kept at the maximum permitted by the Illinois Constitution. Thus the effect of the constitutional provision is not to bring about the extinction of the bonded debt by paying it, but to perpetuate a sinking fund tax, and the constant reissuance of bonds.

First thing you know, rednecked legislation is going to make our fair city a rattling fine place to keep out of.

HELP HOME HEALTH.

In its third quarterly issue for 1913, Home Health, official organ of the Home Health Club of Chicago, the editor and manager makes a well timed appeal to all who have a genuine interest in the improvement of living conditions among those who most need the knowledge of how to live, and especially those who desire to conserve child life in this city. Here is the letter:

This is the time for the Home Health Club to take its proper place among the solid, substantial, powerful organizations which have the force and strength to aid in directing the making of laws for the benefit of future generations.

For fifteen years the Home Health Club has fought for Cleanliness, Hygiene, Sanitation and other things which make for Health in the Home. We have advocated rules of Home Life which will help to build up a better people, create a more moral state and uplift the moral and physical standards of Humanity.

Thousands of you have joined the Home Health Club and have received various benefits. Your membership in the Club, while of great value from a Health standpoint, has not cost you any money. I have expended my time, energy and money to defray the rapidly increasing expenses for maintaining the club with its large and wide spreading correspondence until we have arrived at a point where we must get closer together in order to carry on the work effectively.

Therefore, at the suggestion of a great many club members, who clearly foresee the future of this great organization, we have developed a plan for creating contributing memberships for all who wish to participate in the active

work of the club. A beautifully engraved certificate of CONTRIBUTING MEMBERSHIP, which carries with it a POLICY PRACTICALLY INSURING GOOD HEALTH (at a cost of One Dollar per year) will be issued to every member who desires to become associated and identified with the great work before us.

I will send full particulars and a complete explanation of the plan, showing how all present members can become active contributing members and secure these certificates without expense by encouraging friends to join the Home Health Club.

So now, that we have arrived at the point where we must take up the fight for better Health conditions and for the good of Humanity, let us all join hands and go heartily and bravely to battle. By helping each other we can accomplish a wonderful work for posterity.

Write me for full particulars of this new plan at once.

Yours for Health,

DAVID H. REEDER.

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Say, Maria, I came away in a hurry this morning and forgot to take the ice card down from the front window. Will you——"

"Pardon me, sir, but this isn't Maria and you've evidently got the wrong number—but you are quite right about the ice card not having been taken down from the front window. I'll attend to it at once. Thank you, sir, whoever you are. Good-bye."—*Pueblo Chieftain.*

Tommy—Pa, what would you call a motorcycle?

Tommy's Pa—A motorcycle, my son, is an ordinary bicycle driven crazy by an over-indulgence in gasoline. —Newburgh News.

Use



Old Dutch
Cleanser

On Hard Things
To Clean

MANY USES AND FULL DIRECTIONS ON LARGE SIFTER-CAN 10¢

Reducing Rubber to a Metallic Form.

A recent discovery is the perfection of a chemical process, whereby rubber can be vulcanized to metals, such as iron, steel, copper, gold, silver, platinum and aluminum, says the New Orleans Picayune.

The importance of this discovery can readily be seen by manufacturers and chemists engaged in the rubber industry, especially those in automobile manufacturing in re-enforcing the automobile tire tread with steel, thereby increasing the life and efficiency of the tire, and considering the wonderful advance that will be made in the manufacture of electrical goods.

The discovery was but recently made by Leslie Dunn, consulting engineer, who is a member of the international congress of inventors, and who, prior to becoming a resident of New Orleans, was managing director of the Rotary Engineering Company of England, and president of the Dunn Water Gas Company of New York, and was employed for several years as consulting engineer by the Brazilian government.

Ah! Naughty, Naughty! Tut, Tut!

President Woodrow Wilson, U. S. A.—“If you don't take care, I shall have to treat you the same way as Europe treats the Turk.”

Mexico—“And how's that?”

President Woodrow Wilson—“Well, I shall have to—go on wagging my finger at you.”—London Punch.

MOSTLY AIRY PERSIFLAGE.

“Here's something queer,” said the dentist. “You say this tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small flakes of gold on my instrument.”

“I think you have struck my back collar button,” replied the victim.—Buffalo Commercial.

Hoax—It must be true that the good die young.

Joax—Oh, I don't know. Sometimes they outgrow it.—Philadelphia Record.

“What would happen if an irresistible force met an immovable body?” asked the professor of science.

“The result,” replied the pretty co-ed, “would be some very interesting by-products.”—Ladies' Home Journal.

“Waiter,” indignantly cried an old gentleman in a restaurant, “I just found a needle in my soup.”

“Oh, sir,” fawningly replied the waiter, “it is merely a typographical error—should be noodle, sir; should be noodle.”

“Language was given for the concealment of thought,” said the ready-made philosopher.

“Yes,” said Miss Cayenne, “many an impropriety is hidden by a scientific word of four or five syllables.”

Eaton & Mains have just put forth a book by Henry C. Sheldon on “Christian Science So-Called.”

“And when they call up from the office, dear, and ask what's the matter with you, shall I say indigestion?”

“Indigestion! Nobody has indigestion now. Do you want to disgrace me? Tell 'em it's complicated ptomaine!”—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

'Tis there that you find there are many

Good men with a pen, up in years.

Who strive as they may have not any

Assignment, but well grounded fears,

For loved ones at home and the larder.

The rent and some bills that are due;

'Tis then you begin to think harder

And wonder what's coming to you.

BROMLYKITE, PRESS CLUB.

FROM “TRIUMPH OF THE SINGER.”

JOHN HALL WHELOCK IN “POETRY.”

I shake my hair in the wind of morning

For the joy within me knows no bounds.

I echo backward the vibrant beauty

Wherein heaven's hollow lute resounds.

Turn not away from my song, nor scorn me,

Who bear the secret that holds the sky

And the stars together; but know within me

There speaks another more wise than I.

Your Business and My Business

“I must be about my Father's business.”

The Christ-man earnestly proclaimed;

So we must do with mind and hand

The business that is for us ordained.

Be it the church, the school, the mart, the store;

Be it the law, the pen, the pestle, one or

Know that in serving those who need, [more;

This service is not a broken reed,

But is hallowed—an impulse all Divine.

The Father's business is yours,

And pours the Father's, too,

Of Domesday, Justice, Love,

Inspire the acts you do.

It matters not if you buy,

Or sell, direct or serve;

If your heart be pure and right,

The gain your good work doth bring,

You earn and well deserve.

Charles Albert Carr

A Bumper Wheat Crop Good Prospects for Cotton—with Fairly Good Corn and Oats

means another prosperous year for the country people.

Our millions of readers do not live in little rented flats or tenement houses with only about two weeks between them and starvation.

Instead, they live in their own homes, have money in the bank, own automobiles, or are thinking of buying them, and know what real living means. They are good spenders, too. Go after their trade in the only logical way—through the columns of the local home weekly paper. *The paper they all read.*

You can do it easily, cheaply and effectively by using the

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Western Newspaper Union
Chicago and New York

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II. No. 37.

Chicago, Saturday, September 13, 1913.

Price 5c.

IN the last week of October the Executive Council of the National Editorial Association is to meet for the purpose of fixing upon the place and date of the next annual convention of that organization. Their meeting place not having as yet been determined, the Press Club of Chicago suggests that they come here, hold their deliberations in our house, and accept our hospitality.

All the members of the council and of the Association itself are either editors or owners of newspapers, for the most part dailies. Several are members of our Club. If they come, they will be made most heartily welcome.

JUST BRAINS.

W. V. Stevenson, of the Des Moines office of the Associated Press, who has been feeding a wire here, will return to Des Moines for a week or so to let a man there take a vacation. Mr. Stevenson attracted attention in the Chicago A. P. by greeting Paul Williams with a cry of joy when that youth drifted in at midnight to open the early service.

"Why, that boy, I raised him," feelingly exclaimed Stevenson. "I began training him when he was so long," placing his hands eighteen inches apart.

"Hello, Red," sulkily remarked Williams, taking out a cigarette.

"Are you smoking now, my boy?" reproved Stevenson. "I often warned you against the practice when you were a little shaver in Des Moines. I am glad I am to be here with you for a while."

Rumors that Stevenson was a family connection were corrected by Williams, but the opinion holds in some A. P. circles that Stevenson was Paul's godfather.

Although Clarence Snyder, Jr., of the Examiner, has been prevented from enjoying his usual summer vacation, he arranged for his famous black bull dog to spend the summer away from the heat of the city. The pup is having a vacation at the home of Mr. Snyder's father in Racine.

R. J. Dustman, formerly of the Columbus, O., Dispatch, and more recently of the Associated Press staff in Columbus, joined the Chicago force of the Associated Press this week.

C. G. Marshall, of the Associated Press Inspection Service, is spending several weeks out of the city.

L. M. Feeger, recently on the editorial staff of the Associated Press, resigned last week to become managing editor of the Richmond, Ind., Palladium.

L. R. Merrill, our cartoonist, is down with a case of ptomaine poisoning and is not likely to be with us again for a week or so. Joke on Merrill. He has ptomaine poisoning, but he does not call it ptomaine (Pt as in Ptolemy) nor does he pronounce it in three syllables. Question to Merrill: What should your beastly old disorder be called, in its native language?

J. C. Royle, of the Associated Press, spent the first week of his vacation in New York holding a towel to his forehead, while his Chicago opticians made a new set of glasses for him on telegraphic orders. Royle got his cheaters knocked off in a jam on the Sixth Ave. L. He took three weeks' vacation, the third at his own expense, Royle's rule of life commanding that he be good to himself. He put in ten days catching blue fish on Great South Bay and returned brown and busted.

Robert W. Maxwell, telegraph editor, is in the I.-O. night desk, and W. E. Brown, of the copy desk, is sitting in as telegraph editor. Mr. Maxwell will leave in October for the east to direct the activities of the Swarthmore football eleven through its hard games, meanwhile Mr. Brown will continue at his present duties. Phil Fowler, who recently joined the Inter-Ocean desk from the New York American, will probably sit in at the telegraph desk on Mr. Brown's nights off.

Robert Haight left the Inter-Ocean copy desk for the Examiner Tuesday night. Mr. Haight's vacancy on the I.-O. desk has not been filled.

Marquis James, of the Inter-Ocean copy desk, goes around with genial countenance and the word that he is to leave the rim for the rewrite desk October 1. James always claimed the copy-reader as the lowest form of animal life, which assertion was denied with considerable asperity and earnestness by Paul Neumann when voiced at the club round table the other night.

James E. Crown, city editor of the Inter-Ocean, was sighted at the Press Club Monday morning for the first time in a hundred thousand years. He was taken in tow by President Washburne, Paul Neumann, Dr. Nutt and other of our best proselyters and about won over. In the old days Jim was a member of the Club, but when he drifted to New York he drifted away from the fold. Mr. and Mrs. Crown plan giving up their South Side apartment next month and moving for the winter into the Hotel La Salle. He says he will join the Club then and become a regular patron of our justly famed dining-room.

Far be it from this chronicler to hint that the esteemed American would do such a thing, but dark rumors have floated about that the pictures said to be of young Erich von Goldschmidt-Rothschild are rank fakes. Certain of the Inter-Ocean staff refuse to be convinced they are not likenesses of "Doctor" Walter Roderick, the demon I.-O. rewrite man. In fact the Inter-Ocean bulletin board carried a copy of the American layout legended: "This is really Baron von Roderick." The case was put before Capt. Evans of the bureau of identification, detective headquarters, and the captain is puzzled. Really the Inter-Ocean rewriter and the scion of the millionaire family are doubles, it is said—especially since Doctor Rod has grown his toy moustachio, so remarkably like that of our distinguished European guest.

William W. Loomis, for several years a member of the Press Club of Chicago, has been elected president of the Cook County Press Club to succeed the late Charles Gallion. Mr. Loomis is president of the Citizen Publishing Company of La Grange, which owns and publishes a string of thirteen weekly newspapers circulating in the western suburbs.

R. R. (Birdie) McCormick has been signed up for club membership by President W. A. Washburne. B. L. T. is an applicant. E. S. Beck has recently become a member. Bill Mather has handed in his applica-

tion. Now the bunch are going after James Keeley, Percy Hammond and Joe Garibaldi Davis.

Sy Sanborn is away with the Sox, but Sam Weller, our Jim Cruisenberry, is with us for a month while the Cubs are in town. Jim's busy picking out bonehead plays from bonehead letters. Only one letter out of a hundred is printed, he says.

C. A. Cain, formerly Trib reporter, and now city editor on an Atchison (Kansas) sheet, walked into his old office the other day, and hardly recognized a soul. Only Jimmy Durkin was familiar. Cain is strong for the Club. Taking a non-resident membership.

Leigh Reilly goes to work on the Tribune soon as assistant managing editor, with jurisdiction over Sunday, feature, and syndicate departments. He succeeds Bill Handy, who is now in South America.

Miss Gretchen Krohn has been signing her Sunday society stuff since Mrs. Edith Kirkwood has returned from the coast. Mrs. Kirkwood is the Trib society editor.

Barratt O'Hara was in the Trib office last week to see some of his friends over there, a few hours before he left for Springfield. The left'nant governor looked real jaunty.

George Morris, while on his vacation, first got married. Then, after some days, he sent a big "muskie" to the Trib overset club bunch, George will again be press agent for the women's party. The boys presented George and Mrs. Morris with a silver service.

Ted Phillips is back, Cap Stott is back, and—all's right with the Tribune. Our Durkin is back. Cap spent a week in Indiana, where his aged father is sick, and Phillips was in Springfield. James Aloysius was in Elgin watching the wheels go round. John Lovett, dice editor, goes to his home in Kansas Monday for several weeks. Harry Walsh spent his in Chi—the real summer resort.

Miss Harriet Ferrill has returned to the Trib after three weeks in Missouri. She drew an advance of \$25 when she went on her vacation, not knowing how much was coming to her. She received \$49.25 while in Missouri. Miss Ferrill gets along real well on space.

Who is the thinnest man in the Press Club? For many days, yes, for many months, Will Eaton has been handed the palm, but lately it has been discovered that there is a man working on the Record Herald who says he has him beaten. Said man is J. R. Park. Eaton is outweighed four pounds by Park, but the latter is an inch and a half taller. Who is the thinnest? Data for guesses: One of them has to sit three times to get one negative. The other has to put on an ulster and stand on the dark side of a building to cast a shadow. Which is which?

Dick Lee, who besides being an expert in county affairs, is almost responsible for the invention of Indiana, has returned to his duties on the R. H. after his vacation of this summer and previous to his vacation of next summer. Mr. Lee, who is noted alike for his pulchritude and his proverbial philosophy, says

this thing of working between whites will eventually destroy the human race.

"Sunny Jim" Lowder of the peerless smile, who made Harry Lauder famous besides inventing the Scotch dialect and doing a few other little stunts, has returned to the bosom of the R. H. after having seen all that Maine had to offer while on his vacation. He brought back safely the stick that Dean Sumner presented to him.

J. R. Park—may his shadow grow wider, for it can't grow less—had dinner with a friend from Los Angeles the other night. It is reported that Park, despite his reputation as a human string bean, missed nothing on the menu from aperitifs to camembert. At any rate the drug stores report a famine in pepsin and the corner grocer asked the other day whether Park had been on a vacation.

Andy Jensen, Phoebus Apollo of copy boys over at the R. H., has promised C. L. Speed, city editor of that beacon light of general intelligence, that he will some time take Speed for a ride on his motorcycle. Speed will make speed on a steel steed. Aha!

Mac Mackerley, editor of church news for the R. H. (in some shops they euphemize that job and would call him religious editor) has purchased a gorgeous new corn cob pipe. And gosh, but it's hard to break in.

Melville Le Roy Slater of the R. H., who generally carries a bunch of regular union scoops around in his pocket, the other night bumped up against that Lucullan dainty of dainties, Greek baklava. "Slats" howled for the catsup bottle. He wished to give the heavenly hash a bath.

The R. H. correspondent of THE SCOOP arises to correct a heinous report that has generally been circulated to the effect that J. R. Park is getting thin and that "Pop" Younger is getting fat. Both have reached the limit, and one has passed it.

Eight reporters and copy readers of the R. H. who took dinner in the Greek Cafe the other night later suffered terrific attacks of indigestion of speech, with alarming polysyllabic developments, due to the maleficent Hellenic influence.

Har! har! har! laughed genial Daniel Sullivan of the Record Herald this week. He's like Postum in that there is a reason. He has been sitting in on the city copy desk dealing to the menials. Kirk returned Tuesday and Dan is back on the soft and easy.

Wilbur G. (he's not Glenn any more) Burkhardt is back on the job after a three days' vacation in the country and the happiest man around the Record Herald city copy desk is George Bastian, because he is going to get rid of the dog watch for a few weeks.

Mac Mackerley, the Record Herald religious (church) editor (see elsewhere) picked up an exchange and saw an item saying that the Smith and Jones family were going to move away from a certain town with bag and baggage. The item went on to say that Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, "making a carload," would leave the following day. Mackerley disturbed the decorum of the office with his chuckles and then passed the

item around among the gentry of the city copy desk. He didn't get a laugh, and now he swears it went over the heads of all the Merckles on the desk.

Mac Mackerley, the religious (so-called) editor on the R. H., is peeved and has a right to be. The other day the other religious (church news) editors of Chicago gathered at a banquet and he was not present. George Bastian said it was because of his corn cob pipe. Mac thinks seriously of smoking cigarettes. The dainty thing!

Jay (Casey) Cairns of the R. H. blossomed out the other day with a fall kelly and it had just the cutest little bow in the back you ever saw. Casey seems to have forgotten that the police were looking for a guy with a cute little bow on the back of his hat last spring. Said guy was wanted for robbery. (No 'fence, please.)

Frank Chrisman, leased wire operator on the R. H., has returned from his vacation with a set of photographs of the Wisconsin wilds that the artists are raving over. He is also bemoaning the necessity of packing his beloved canoe in moth balls and camphor for the rest of the year.

Colonel Robert Strong, well known as a copy reader, now the owner of the Daily Herald at Lake Worth, Florida, astounded that neck of the woods recently by issuing an election extra, the first of its kind in his end of the state. The next day he devoted the major part of the succeeding issue to impressing his enterprise—and it was that—on the natives, even though the only picture printed was a likeness of a defeated candidate.

George Ted Townsend, copy reader on the telegraph side of the R. H., has been seen these blistering days studying folders relating to the beauties of Alaska, where he once mushed the trails and dug for gold. However, in warm weather he swaps Alaska for Mexico literature and generally winds up by concluding that Little Old Chicago is a pretty fair average sort of place.

There was too much of calm and tranquility in the office of Congressman Frank T. O'Hair, Uncle Joe Cannon's successor, to satisfy La Bert St. Clair, Frank's secretary. Accordingly Sprint packed his socks and hiked to Albany, N. Y., for the Associated Press. He will be correspondent of M. E. Stone's organization at the New York capital. Sprint started his newspaper career in Danville, Ill., about ten years ago, moved up to the Inter Ocean, and after several months of instruction under Walter Howey, took on the A. P. service in Cleveland, Kansas City, San Francisco and Chicago. When Congress convened in April, Sprint went down to break in O'Hair. His new duties will begin October 1. The saints be with him. He has one real job.

Edgar Ellsworth Owen, librarian of the Record-Herald, is back from a vacation spent in the woods of northern Wisconsin. During his canoeing he accumulated large batches of fish and tan.

Elbert B. Dunsworth, who spends his time in a mid-

way fraternity house when not covering golf for the R. H., is a victim of his friends (robbers). Someone broke into his room the other night and stole his other suit and shirt, along with a gold watch. He doesn't suspect a "frat" brother as yet.

With the coming of winter, Harold Johnson or H. DeKalb, as Webb Dtmn puts it, has started talking of a warmer climate, this being his regular yearly speech. Maybe he will take the Wheeling job this time sure.

Allen Rankin, another demon sport writer on the R. H., has been voted the most popular man in the department. He has to get down at 7 o'clock in the morning so that he won't miss any telephone calls. At this writing Peggy and Englewood are running neck and neck for first honors. His diamonds are missing, too.

Hen Fisher, who supplies all local papers with bowling gossip when he isn't pushing semi-pro baseball over, is being hounded these days by rum fiends. Of late he has been easy pickin', hence the demand.

John Walker Morrison, Jimmy Durkin's only rival, has discovered a new way to hide the many bald spots atop his bean or onion. He now combs his hair in the middle and doesn't look a day over thirty.

Now that Manful de'Wauth has branched out as a poet, maybe he will brighten up The Scoop a little more with some of his ever-to-be-remembered verses

THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

SOMEBODY IN THE NEW YORK AMERICAN.

Vacation days had come at last and to the woods he hied.
"I will not read a paper till I have returned!" he cried.
And in the woods he softly said: "Some class to this, I guess!

No city ed to bawl me out, no rumbling of the press.
I hate to read of politics, of scandal and of war;
A murder story gets my goat and baseball I abhor."
And as he sat upon a log and watched the summer sky,
And heaved a sigh of deep content, a paper fluttered by.
He pounced upon the muddy sheet and spread it on his knee,

And read of sports and politics and dames of high degree.
He read of war and graft and crime until the light was low,

Although it was a country sheet and printed days ago.

Will Moore's Condition.

William E. Moore, managing editor of The Inter-Ocean, is recovering as rapidly as can be expected from the injuries sustained a week ago from an assault by a drunken man by the name of Lascar Straus. Mr. Moore may be able to leave Mercy hospital within a fortnight, but, according to his physicians, will not be able to resume his desk until October. Mr. Moore is deeply appreciative of the visits paid him at the hospital by his newspaper co-workers, and through the Scoop desires to thank them.

Roy R. Atkinson, night editor, is sitting in as managing editor of The Inter-Ocean during the absence of Mr. Moore, whose state precludes his directing the paper from the sick room.

WHO'S WHO IN THE PRESS CLUB.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

WALTER A. WASHBURN.—Born Jan. 3, 1874, at South Framingham, Mass., came to Chicago when 13 years old. Attended Chicago College of Law. Entered newspaper business as reporter on Chicago Times in 1893. During World's Fair year was on staff of Chicago Dispatch and dramatic editor Daily Sporting Gazette. Subsequently circulation manager of the Chicago Daily Globe. Next on staff of Shoe & Leather Review. Went to Duluth in 1895. As reporter on Duluth Herald got scoop story in midst of typhoid epidemic with the result that city seized the water works and company officials were indicted on charges of manslaughter. City editor of Duluth News-Tribune. Acquired own printing plant and became publisher of the Duluth Hustler, which still is in existence. Also of Northwestern Merchant. Secretary Duluth Commercial Club and deputy clerk of district court. Panic caused business failure in 1897. Went to St. Paul as reporter on Pioneer-Press and became active in Republican politics. Was member of city and county committee and county license inspector. Did local and state politics on St. Paul Globe and St. Paul News, covering two sessions of Minnesota legislature. Defeated for nomination for county abstract clerk. Was sent to Lincoln, Neb., and covered for Scripps-McRae service famous double deadlock on senatorships, which resulted in election of Dietrich and Millard. News editor of Omaha News. Went to Kansas City as telegraph editor of Kansas City Times. Held position when Col. W. R. Nelson of the Star bought the Times and was retained by new owner. Returned to Chicago in 1903 as copyreader on The Tribune. Won bonus for work on Iroquois fire story. Copyreader on Evening Post and Chicago American, handling Thaw trial on American. Married in 1908 to Miss Vera J. Cornwell. Returned to the Tribune in 1908 as assistant telegraph editor. Now assistant city editor. Member Ionic Lodge, A. F. & A. M., Duluth.

What Is It Coming To?

The way they pinch men in that town
Makes others wear a worried frown;
What will New York folks do for bail
When everybody is in jail?

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bell



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ON CHARLEY GOTTHART'S FARM.

(A Chicago Pastoral.)

EDW. J. DOHERTY.

"Come out with me," said Charley. "Come sleep in my home tonight. My wife and children are in Pittsburgh, and the old home doesn't seem the same. Gotthart Farm will welcome you."

I shook his hand and jumped at his offer. West Avondale is quite a ways out, but I was thinking of the perfect quiet one might find there. No street cars bumping by the door, no auto tires exploding, no sporting department around to make a noise. Nothing but serenity and unbroken peace for mine, I thought.

Charley and I went to the end of the car line. He opened a clump of bushes where he hides his lantern. He lit the bug and we set out. The walk was just what I needed for a sleep appetizer. Chick was detective enough to find the way through the blackest dark.

It was a nice soft bed, a feather mattress, and soon I was wrapped in profoundest slumber. The cool air blew in on my dreams, and I slept on.

It was a rooster that did it. One of Charley's prize Plymouth Rocks. I woke up with a start, thinking Indians had crept up on the isolated dwelling and were about to murder me.

The Tribune heavy man reassured me, and I went back to bed. A mule sang, a horse whinnied. Then the sun began to peep over distant flat buildings.

I was about to doze off again when Charley went out clanking his milk pails, and trilling a Swiss refrain. The doves cooed in the cote; the plump white ducks cackled in the barn yard; then the mooing of the cows, and the uneasy calves waiting to be fed.

The turkeys gobbled above the weary dragging whine of the windmill. I heard Charley clanking the pump handle up and down. The milking was done.

Then the ba ba of the sheep as he drove them out to pasture.

After a time I got up and dressed and went into the yard. Charley was putting fresh calcimine on the drop boards in the chicken coop, and in the dove cote. He had hoed up a nice lot of potatoes, and had put the milk through the separator.

Soon we had breakfast. Charley apologized for the cooking—though it needed no apology—saying that the real cook was away. He had meant to kill the fattest hog the night before, but had been tangled up in a tough assignment.

Then the morning papers came. Charley doffed his overalls and ran a hurried eye over the front page. A frown chased a smile over and off his face.

"Blame that copyreader," he said. "He changed a word in my story. I wrote it 'cackle' and he made it 'cluck.' Doesn't he know that I'm the real guy when it comes to the farm stuff? What's the matter with him?"

It's great stuff, out there in the country. It's the only life. They can slur all they want to about the poor farmer, who is up at 4 a. m., and working hard till nightfall, but I'm for it. Look at Charles. He's

happy and contented, and he takes pride in his poultry and his stock, and in his farm work. And everybody knows that he's twice as good a man to the Trib as he was before he left the city.

I'm going out to his place again sometime. Next spring when the apple trees are all in bloom, and he's begun to plant his wheat and pumpkins.

The Art of Comeback, Once Called Repartee.

Last week Wilbur Burkhardt took a three days' leave of absence from the Record Herald and went out to the country. The evening he returned he sauntered nonchalantly (like that word? Sounds like a society drama, don't it? So haw haw, don't you know, old top), sauntered nonchalantly into the city room ready to go to work.

As he entered the room he encountered Dick Lee, the most beautiful of all the gents what writes pieces for the paper. Said Lee: "Why, hello, where the hell have I seen you?"

Burkhardt came back with this:

"I don't know. What part of hell are you from?"

WHERE LIETH BOHEMIA?

BY J. S. Z., PRESS CLUB.

Where lieth our loved Bohemia?

On the Islands of Kennaquhair!

E'en a shallop frail will easily sail,

O'er a summer sea, in a spicy gale,

And can waft us safely there,

With never a care.

If we would float to Bohemia,

This wonderful craft is our own;

Where lying at ease, a caressing breeze

Will drift us across those sapphire seas,

Which glow in the tropic zone

Of a clime unknown.

Let us take ship for Bohemia!

A light-hearted gipsy crew,

For our magical boat will lightly float,

To that unknown land, in seas remote,

Which mirror the heaven's hue,

In turquoise blue.

At sunset we sight Bohemia!

At the vision our eyes grow wet;

As a palm-tree slim, on the crimson rim

Of the evening sky, at the ocean's brim,

Is seen in clear silhouette.

Like a signal set.

We hasten to greet Bohemia!

As our vessel the harbor nears,

Lo, the pearly strand of that fairy land,

We have toiled to reach, now nigh at hand,

Like a mirage disappears,

In a mist of tears.

We never can reach Bohemia!

No matter how near it seems;

For as daylight flies from the western skies,

Which the sun illumines with gorgeous dyes,

It sinks, with his golden beams,

In a sea of dreams.

The slit skirt, insists a sunshiner, is an improvement on the cloven foot. Is the cloven hoof better when it's visible?—Morning Telegraph.

BOUQUETS WHILE I'M LIVING.

BY JOHN P. MCCREA.

I've noticed when a fellow dies, no matter what he's been—

A saintly chap or one whose life was darkly steeped in sin;

His friends forget the bitter words they spoke but yesterday,

And now they find a multitude of pretty things to say.

I fancy when I go to rest someone will bring to light

Some kindly word or goodly act long buried out of sight;

But, if it's all the same you, just give to me instead,

The bouquets while I'm living and the knocking when I'm dead.

Don't save your kisses to imprint upon my marble brow,
While countless maledictions are hurled upon me now;

Say just one kindly word to me while I mourn here alone,

And don't save all your eulogy to carve upon a stone!

What do I care if when I'm dead the Bloomingdale
Gazette

Gives me a write-up with a cut in mourning border set?

It will not flatter me a bit, no matter what is said,

So kindly throw your bouquets now and knock me when
I'm dead.

It may be fine, when one is dead, to have the folks
talk so.

To have the flowers come in loads from many friends
you know.

It may be nice to have these things for those you leave,
behind.

But just as far as I'm concerned, I really do not mind.

I'm quite alive and well today, and while I linger here,

Lend me a helping hand at times, give me a word of
cheer.

Just change the game a little bit, just kindly swap the
decks.

For I will be no judge of flowers when I've cashed in
my checks.

A BEAT ON SING.

This is the story that is being told of two Examiner reporters who were sent out the other night in quest of something new in the Sing Chinese murder case.

They found a friendly Chinaman in Archer avenue, one of the Americanized sort. He took them into his home and insisted on giving them something in a clear, pure liquid form.

Neither of the boys knew what it was; so both drank heartily. It was fluidized tango. That's the only description for it.

"What's it made of, John?" inquired one, draining his glass and rolling his tongue about in his mouth,—
"tell me, please, what is it?"

The Oriental rolled his eyes, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It's the fleece of the clouds," he said, "the cream of the morning dew. It has the color of the first faint flush of dawn, and the softness of the petals of the budding rose. Drink. Go to it."

They did. Then, by some lucky accident, the elder of the two happened to remember that they were regular reporters, the best that ever worked in this little town, and they were out on the beat of the year. Hurray.

So they wandered out through Chinatown. They had a big tip, so they engaged a big auto. None of your taxis for this yarn. They told the chauffeur

where to go, the residence of a Chinese merchant on the far south side. The chauffeur couldn't find the place. There was nothing at the address but a sign board.

"S'all right, don't worry us, nothing worry me, you know. Kid, step into that patrol box there and get the captain. No one but the cap. Personal fren' of mine. Tell him who I am, and ask him 'bout this chink. Tell him come over here."

"You tell him. I can't talk," said the other faintly.

Reporter No. 1 stepped into the patrol box, after spending several minutes stabbing it with the key. Reporter No. 2 leaned wearily up against the open door, and closed it tightly and securely on No. 1.

No. 1 set up an indignant protest, and demanded immediate exit. No. 2 had no key. No. 1 couldn't find the keyhole from the inside, and couldn't have operated it had there been a hole there.

No. 2 had a brilliant idea. He would hunt for a copper to get his friend out of such a vile place. He walked a block, and another block, and along toward the fifth or sixth block he found what he was looking for.

Then a funny thing occurred. He couldn't remember where the box was. Policeman and reporter hunted all over the territory, a radius of a mile, the reporter says, and finally discovered it.

As they neared the box, a patrol wagon filled to the guards roared past, the horses kicking fire from the stones. They came to a sudden stop just as the cop- per and reporter No. 2, strolled up. Reporter No. 1 had somehow turned in a riot call.

There was a bit of explaining, and then one of the disgusted blue bottles pointed to the house this side of the signboard, with the number shining out under a drop lamp. It was the residence of the Chinese merchant they had come to see.

Reporter No. 1 did the interviewing. Reporter No. 2 went to sleep on the doorstep, and then No. 1 phoned a whole column and a half to his office. The rewrite man used ecclesiastical language with astonishing freedom in diminuendo terms, and when he had finished, reached for his kelly and didn't come back. It's awfully hard for some men to see a joke.

It Was Panther Water.

The Atlanta Constitution cannot imagine just what the editor of the Billville Banner had been taking, but he speaks for himself, as follows: "We'd been seein' funny lookin' rainbows 'round the moon, and yesterday, in the big road, there suddenly come a total eclipse of the sun, and in the darkness we wandered off into a thick swamp an' for more'n two hours we didn't know where we was at or how come; and after bein' chased by two alligators, six snakes and five owls, we finally come to and found ourselves hangin' to the limb of a dead oak, and lo and behold, it was broad light, with roosters crowin' all around us!"

Many a man curses his luck who never had any.

THE WORK-A-DAY WORLD.

BY DANIEL HUGH VERDER.

The work-a-day world is a good old world,
Though not so old after all.
It's always spring in the work-a-day world,
Where the snowflakes never fall;
For hearts grow young in the work-a-day world.
That hear Sire Labor's call.

So much to do while the daytime lasts—
Achievement to be made—
That he who works and works to win
Feels doubly well repaid,
For happy is he in a joy
That comes not ready made.

Not solitary is the soul
That joins the ranks of toil,
But one with God, and one with man,
And one with ancient soil;
God's nobleman of proven worth,
Whom riches cannot spoil.

So here's to him in the work-a-day world
Who loves his daily task!
His heart is where his treasure is;
In ease he would not bask.
For another world than the work-a-day world
That man will never ask.

A FINE GOOD-BYE TO A FINE "OLD MAN."

At a dinner given John D. Spreckels in San Francisco just before The Call came out as a morning paper for the last time, the entire staff signed and presented to him this pleasant appreciation:

"When the ship goes out of commission it becomes the privilege of the crew to step aft and tell 'the old man' exactly what they think of him. Commodore John D. Spreckels, it appears, has decided to haul The Morning Call out of the journalistic sea and lay it up for all time in what we all will be pleased to think of as the Harbor of Happy Memories.

"Thé undersigned constitute the last crew of the old ship on whose articles we will all sign clear in a few days. We are mustered for the last time, prepared, with regret, to watch the flag come down and to pipe 'the old man' over the side.

"Before he goes and before we scatter, to ship elsewhere, we want to tell him that we appreciate the fact that we are losing the best boss ever. Those who have served longest—and there are some veterans on the list—most regret the separation, for they best know the extent of the loss. All of us, however, have profited by the fairness of his rule, in which generosity always has been mingled in impartial measure. The 'square deal,' of which politicians prate, has been in living force here in all matters on which 'the old man' passed judgment.

"That's all. We just wanted to tell him. We'll now give three cheers for 'John D.' and then go for'ard again, man the windlass, and help Harbormaster de Young haul the old ship out."

"There's always room at the top," said the Sphinx.

"Take a look at us and guess again," replied the Pyramids.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Once Gay Boys, Now Gray Boys, Together.

Two of the older members of the Press Club while automobiling through the Wisconsin resort section a few days ago met by chance at Oconomowoc, Wis., where they as boys first became acquainted in the summer of 1875.

They were Jefferson Jackson of the National Harness Review and Charles Dowst of the National Laundry Journal. This was the first time they had been in the old town together in thirty-eight years.

Jackson was at that time with the Oconomowoc Times, a local paper run by the eccentric Ashley D. Harger, and Charley Dowst was doing summer resort work for one of the Chicago dailies, Sunday edition.

They were cronies that summer and have been fast friends ever since. Both drifted to Chicago, Dowst starting his trade paper in 1878 and Jackson establishing his a few months later.

The average trade journal thirty-five years ago was looked upon as a sort of blackmailing device, but these boys did not run theirs that way. They fought adversity and poverty, eventually prospering.

Jackson invested his profits in real estate and made no end of money. Dowst's profits went into a metal novelty manufacturing business, now employing hundreds of hands, and he being president of the operating company. They still conduct their trade papers and find their greatest enjoyment in that work, and it is said that both of them think more of the success of their publications than a large profit on a real estate deal or a big dividend from any other source.

They have been members of the Press Club for over twenty-five years, and both are life members. They are enjoying their declining years and wealth by taking life easy. Jeff is an enthusiastic automobilist and drives his own car, but Dowst prefers a chauffeur.

WHO?

SOMEBODY IN THE WASHINGTON STAR.

Who is the man whose lofty ire
The people gather to admire;
Whose ringing phrases lead the shout.
"Arise and turn the rascals out"?
The answer—do not hesitate!
You have it right. The Candidate.

And who is he that every year
Will choose another name to cheer;
And thinks 'most any man will do
Provided he's a figure new?
With confidence speak up again!
Correct! The Fellow-Citizen!

Who smokes in splendid ease afar
A big torpedo shaped cigar
And says, "I'll make 'em all behave.
But in the meantime let 'em rave"!
Of course you are not at a loss.
You knew it all the time. The Boss!

Uplifter—Aren't you ashamed to ask for money?

Weary Willie—I got six months for taking it without asking.—Philadelphia Record.

FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS.

September 8, 1913.—DEAR SCOOP: I humbly beseech you, O Mr. Editor, to step down for a moment from your Godlike Editorial Pedestal and join me in a little plain reasoning.

You say "Your letter does not rebut a single point made by this writer," but you bring forward no shred of evidence to show and to prove that my letter does not "rebut a single point." May I respectfully emphasize that well-known fact that mere assertion is no argument, and therefore cannot, in an argument, take the place of proof? And, further, may I be permitted to submit to the editor these questions?

1. Is it not true that a unique style of music, unique inasmuch as it truly expresses part of the inner life of a nation, that this alone will appeal to a people strongly enough to cause them to perform that particular music often enough to permeate the national consciousness and feeling, and so become a true folk-song?

2. Is it not true, also, that any nation having this faculty will show unique productive ability in other feats of intellectual construction?

3. Is it true that in England (besides folk-song) literature, painting, many handicrafts, and nearly every science has attained great and fruitful development?

4. Is it true that a similar state of affairs is presented by every European nation or tribe which has true folk-songs of its own, even including the Gypsies?

5. Has not the Gypsy language or dialect produced a wonderful literature, and is not the Gypsy genius for retaining a code of intricate and unwritten secret laws one of the wonders of the world?

6. Judged by this standard, where is the negro? Has he a world-wide secret organization, a representative literature or painting, any skill in handicraft excepting what he has learned from the white man?

7. Is it not also true that the negro has, on the other hand, a strong imitative faculty?

8. Since, then, we find him lacking in inventive power, in every field outside that of his alleged gift for music-composition, whereas some such inventiveness in all other nations invariably accompanies musical productive power; since, per contra, we find the negro strongly imitative, and since, finally, he was brought to a country where he heard and sang the white man's music, thus having ample opportunity to use his imitative talent, is not the preponderance of evidence in favor of the theory that the negro did not compose music, but merely adapted, somewhat crudely and in exactly, the white man's songs?

9. And further, is not a perfect imitation rare, and an imperfect imitation common?

10. If this be so, may not this fact account for any peculiarly "negroish" quality of the black man's song?

11. Is not his evident faultiness in imitation a sufficient explanation of whatever originality, if any, is shown in the "negro song"?

12. If, in answering these questions, you, Mr. Editor, would state your reasons for dissenting from the allegations which they imply, might not your readers get a fair presentation of two sides of this interesting question?

Speaking for myself, I am giving, as fairly as I am able, my sincere beliefs in this matter, beliefs which are forced upon me through thoughtful consideration of known facts—without quibble or sophistry.

Most cordially yours,

RUDOLPH VON LIEBECK.

Now you are talking. Now you get down to what is technically known as The Brass Tack, is it not?

It is with pleasure these answers are given your questions, in the order of their numbers:

1. Yes.

2. Yes, in most cases.

3. Certainly so.

4. Yes.

5. If you mean the direct production of literature, no. If indirect, yes. As to the remainder of the question, most decidedly yes.

6. No.

7. Yes.

8. Emphatically no. The negro did not adapt the white man's music even imitatively. He has not yet adapted it. He never will. He has not even the power to sing it, save in plain melody, and cannot be taught beyond the simpler forms. There are about as many negroes who could be led into an understanding of counterpoint and harmony as there are white crows. But above all other primitive peoples now walking under the sun, the negro had and has a melodic instinct, and this lies very near to nature. It is untaught. It is distinctive. It is very human, very pleasing, very quaint, and this is known wherever negroes sing by themselves, undisturbed by white men. Anyone who has lived among them for any length of time, in our southern states, will tell you so. The negro is all right, sometimes even wonderful, when he sings "nigger songs." He goes all to pieces when he tries to sing what such men as yourself would call music—the product of a great art, worked out through centuries of loving pain and study, by some of the most beautiful souls that ever inhabited white bodies—the outflow of such aspirations and such cultivation as the physiologic and psychic limitations of the negro forbid.

He did not adapt the white man's music even "crudely and in exactly." He composed his own, in his own

crude and unannotated way, and it was and is his own he sings, though we have made it ours.

9. Of course.

10. Not a whit. It has nothing to do with it.

11. By no means.

12. Let us hope so.

For your closing statement, dear Herr Doktor, nobody does nor for an instant could doubt the sincerity of your beliefs in this matter. But as Maeterlinck says of creeds, the quality of a belief is no evidence of its truth. It is respectfully submitted that in all you have so clearly said above, you have not shown in any way that there is any music autochthonous here that can by any right whatever be called American save that which originated with our negroes. The kind of music of which Mr. Campbell spoke so truly in his letter of some three weeks back, might have been written anywhere. No element of geography enters into its origin or qualities. It has the touch of universality.

Why, man, we haven't even a national anthem. We use the English anthem—and even that itself is not of English origin. Next to it we sing some words beginning with "O say," to the borrowed air of Anacreon in Heaven, a pompous and inexpressive thing, not even pleasant to hear at a distance. We are so badly off in respect of any other music expressive of our folk that the Spaniards in Cuba and the Philippines thought our national anthem was "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

HELP! THEY'RE GETTING TOGETHER!

DEAR SCOOP:—It is indeed highly deplorable when colleagues of the most ancient and esteemed of predatory professions should become engaged in the interchange of expletives and derogatory statements relative to each other's character and idiosyncrasies. Mr. Glommer, having evinced a desire to commingle in the realm of mutual esteem and fellowship with the undersigned, I hereby withdraw and declare null and void certain libelous innuendoes which I have permitted to appear in the course of my previous epistles to your valuable publication. I trust that hereafter we may extend each other those courtesies which are cherished particularly by gentlemen of our high grade of culture, exquisite refinement and nobly predaceous occupation.

And say, Glommer, old peg. Let's slab the old jazz. Some night we'll meet at the clubhouse beaker bazaar. And then we'll both teach the Chinaman his music lesson—eh, kid?

PHINNEY THE EEL.

In Front of Two Theaters.

William Hodge is at the Garrick with a new play called *The Road to Happiness*, which is described as a cheerful comedy of optimism. Convincing, that. "If you say it three times, it's true." In front of the Olympic in the same block, a sign announcing *Without the Law* is surmounted by a life-sized picture of Colonel Roosevelt. First call for a libel suit?

BEYOND.

BY ARTHUR D. F. RANDOLPH.

After the story has once been told—

After one's had his little fling
At the world and found the apples of gold
Are gilt, and rapidly tarnishing—
After the curtain begins to fall,
Tell me, what is back of all?

Oh, life is fair at the break of day,
As the sun climbs up the eastern hill,
And the flowers are sweet along the way
We gather with lavish hands, until
We find the hills grow rugged and steep,
And shadows across the pathway creep.

And life at noontide is not half bad;
Sure we have learned a lesson or two,
Have bought our experience gay or sad,
And paid our toll in passing through
The little gate beside which stands
Old Father Time, with outstretched hands.

But when the light begins to wane,
And shadows deepen around our way,
What does it matter, the loss or gain?
What does it count, our work or play?
After the curtain begins to fall,
Tell me, what is back of all?

I say, old top, cheer up, won't you? You'll find out what's back of it fast enough, no fear. And you've had your little go at things anyway, haven't you, now? Cheer up.

THE ADVENTURERS WILL INCORPORATE.

The most important meeting the Adventurers' Club has held since its inception in December last is due to take place at the St. Hubert's Grill in Federal street at 6:30 p. m. on Saturday, September 20th. It is expected there will be a full attendance, as there will be most important business matters under discussion. In fact, the whole future of the club and its new policy will be laid before the members by the executive committee, and it will probably be decided that the club shall be incorporated under the laws of the state of Illinois.

An excellent program is also being provided for, and the dinner and meeting promise to be a huge success, for the old time enthusiasm for the principles of the club has not suffered through lack of opportunity for expression during the vacation period.

It is likely that St. Hubert's Grill will henceforth become the permanent home of the club, for very advantageous terms have been arranged by the committee.

The secretary of the club, Captain Foran, who can always be reached at the Press Club, will be more than glad to welcome applications for membership from eligible men and to give any information with regard to the dinner and the unique objects of the club. Any red-blooded man who has tasted of the delights of real adventure will find a hearty welcome at the club, and his time will be spent with profit to himself and others. The club has taken a wide hold upon the United States of America, and chapters have sprung up all over the country with amazing rapidity; also other chapters are being formed or are ~~being~~ formed in the farthest corners of the globe.

A NEWSPAPER THAT IS DIFFERENT.

ALLAN F. M'INTYRE, PRESS CLUB.

On September 16, 1908, ground was broken for the erection of a four-story brick and stone building at the corner of Falmouth and St. Paul streets in Boston. In seventy days from the above date (that is, by November 25th) there issued from this building the first copy of the Christian Science Monitor, a modern high class daily newspaper with the avowed purpose of "injuring no man but to help all men."

To erect its publishing building, install the presses and all the equipment necessary, to gather its force of editors, operators and a complete working staff and begin issuing a twelve-page, seven-column paper in seventy days is "different" and a feat never before accomplished. But the Monitor does things differently. During the Republican convention at Chicago in June, 1912, it leased a building in Michigan avenue, bought and installed a complete newspaper plant, including a Web perfecting press, eight linotypes, stereotyping plant and all the rest, and issued for one week a "convention Monitor," getting out six to eleven editions daily, thus reversing the usual practice and bringing the paper to the news instead of carrying the news to the paper. Though this in no way changed or interfered with the regular issues of the paper at Boston it was another record breaker, another feat never before accomplished and "different."

The Christian Science Monitor is different from other daily newspapers in that it is allowed circulation in all state penal institutions without mutilation, blue penciling or editing, as it prints no details of crimes or scandals, nor soils its pages with anything impure in any form—and in this it is different.

Not many daily newspapers are used in high schools and colleges in teaching the correct use of words, composition and the English language, but the Monitor is so used. The editorials, treating public questions in a strictly unbiased way, are particularly appreciated by all thinking people. They are written by the best talent obtainable in this line, not only in this country, but from anywhere in the world, for the Monitor is an international paper, and circulates wherever the English language is spoken. Many of these editorials come from London, where the Monitor maintains a large office with many employes; but the chief editorial writer on the Monitor is our own well known member and well beloved ex-president, John Flinn. I once heard Mr. Flinn say, "If the Monitor fell short of being a newspaper worthy of imitation, its mission would be unfulfilled."

The Monitor was a paying proposition commercially in five months after it was started. I mention this only to show another point wherein it is different, as the Monitor is not operated for profit, but for the purifying of thought, blazing the way for clean journalism. "If we want responsible government we must have responsible newspapers." The president of Yale is clearly right in saying this. He recognizes what we all know: that the Fourth Estate is the strongest arm of the government.

That the Monitor is finding a great welcome is shown in the fact that with already the largest paid mail circulation of any daily newspaper published, it is now erecting a large addition to its plant. Its four stories will extend a full block with this addition. It is a mistake to think that the Monitor is an "organ" of the Christian Science church. There are other publications for the purpose of explaining Christian Science. The Christian Science Monitor is just a daily newspaper giving all the real news, a pioneer in clean journalism and "different."

The home of the Monitor is a study for an old newspaper man whose ideas, derived from early associations, are that dirty quarters, untidy surroundings, noise, racket and uproar are necessary in getting out a paper. The Monitor is gotten out in surroundings of refinement. The polished floors are rug-covered and clean, and all the fittings are beautiful, even in the press rooms. One feels that he is going through a well ordered mercantile house, everything seems to be moving so smoothly, regularly, systematically and quietly. And why not? It is certainly different.

A GREAT BUT SILENT MAN.

As elsewhere announced, Sunny Jim Lowder has returned from the state of Maine. That announcement, though happy, is bald, for it conveys no hint of the discoveries, the strange adventures, he made or came through in the momentous three weeks of his absence from home. For his definition and demonstration of the exact distance between the center of Passamaquoddy and the center of Skoodawabskook Mr. Lowder has been made a fellow of the geographical society, a commander of the legion of honor, and master of the Father Matthew Total Abstinence Society. Upon his clearing up all doubt on the subject of the habits of the people of Mattaskwam he has been invited to deliver lectures at Niles Center, Birdsong (Arizona), and Tooting, England. The disclosures of our intrepid explorer touching the real nature of the Ichthii of Squawhok approach in authenticity and surpass in interest those of Doctor Cook at the North Pole. On all these things he is silent, if not surly, when interrogated by members of his own Club. All he has to say is:

"I will speak at the proper time. And then I won't speak, because if I have anything to say I'll write it out and get paid for it." Thus manifesting again to an admiring world the eccentricity of genius and the aloofness of the great.

A typewriter is one who typewrites on the typewriter, and the typewriter is a machine on which the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter typewrites. Now, the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter typewrites on the typewriter until there is no more typewriting to be typewritten by the typewriter on the typewriter on which the typewriter who typewrites on the typewriter typewrites.—New York World.

CANDIDATES FOR MEMBERSHIP.

Applications for membership from the following named have been approved by the Board of Directors, and will be voted on at the regular monthly meeting tomorrow, Sunday, September 14, at 4 p. m.:

Life.

| | |
|---|----------------------|
| Sponsored by Frank Collins and Wm. Frederic Nutt: | |
| Thorwald Anda. | Wm. Gourley. |
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| Paul Burmaster. | Ira E. Hoffman. |

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Al Chase, Tribune; sponsor, John L. Lovett.

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M. A. Reeves, song writer and author; sponsor, A. Milo Bennett.

Vladimir Shamberk, artist; sponsor, W. D. Eaton.

B. L. Taylor, Tribune; sponsor, W. A. Washburne. Elias Tobenkin, former member; sponsor, Guy F. Lee.

Charles J. Trainer, author and writer; sponsor, G. Charles Griffiths.

Non-Resident.

W. J. Block, publicity manager, Brooklyn; sponsor, W. D. Eaton.

S. I. deKrafft, newspaper man, Los Angeles; sponsor, W. D. Eaton.

E. S. Sheridan, professor journalism, Seattle, Wash.; sponsor, W. A. Washburne.

Herbert Alfred Wilder, journalist, Pittsburgh; sponsor, G. Cooke-Adams.

H. P. Wolfe, publisher, Columbus, Ohio; sponsor, Frank Collins.

R. F. Wolfe, publisher, Columbus, Ohio; sponsor, Wm. Frederic Nutt.

LISTEN TO THIS, YE SCRIBES.

Here comes again Steam Machinery, from Duluth, a monthly journal leading a double life, one being given to exploiting the best means of rolling a log (or something line that), the other to the sometimes Jovelike, sometimes Joblike, always meaty utterances of its editor, Charles H. Mackintosh.

Whisper, now. Speaking in the first personality, this is what it calls its covenant with its readers:

"We absolutely and unconditionally guarantee never to publish in our columns advertising matter of a fraudulent or misleading nature, nor to accept copy from any firm whatsoever until we are satisfied beyond all possibility of reasonable doubt that such firm is in a position to live up to the letter of its proposals and has done so consistently in the past. This we do, not because we are better or more moral than other magazines of our day, but because we conceive the true purpose of a magazine to be service to its readers, and we would serve well in order that we may be well served."

That is first rate, good, sound publication common sense, and whosoever conducts a magazine on other principles trifles with honor and the law. But now comes the second personality, saying:

"It is the misfortune of Words that one can prove anything with them, and that they are at the mercy of everyone.

"No man so bankrupt of Ideas but can explain the true principles of government and set God right on little matters if not big.

"The zenith of conceit is reached when a man admits that the world would go on just the same without him.

"What new code of ethics is this that demands chivalry from the vanquished?

"Only heroes and lawyers appointed by the court, fight for lost causes.

"Written words are for the purpose of transcribing Thought to posterity; yet who so poor as not to own a pen and who so humble as not to use it?

"The Chinese characters are not adapted to facile writing, or long since the Chinese would have lost their traditional veneration for the written word."

A VISION OF WATERWAYS.

It is so far away and our people are so busy with their own personal affairs that it comes with some touch of surprise, the word that the first ships will go through the Panama canal within the next few weeks. The work was so enormous and has been so quietly done that a half dozen more years might have been given it, and no one would have noticed—particularly no one in Chicago, where it takes two years to build a dinky bridge across an inconsiderable river.

But the world changes that have occurred while the canal was under construction have been so prodigious that the necessity for another canal at Nicaragua to accommodate the flow of traffic and the increased size of ships is already evident. More than that, the opening and utilization of a waterway from Chicago to the Gulf of Mexico is bound to come.

An actual water service to New Orleans from a point very near Chicago has been planned, a fleet of barges for it has been financed, contracts for moving freight are being made, and passenger steamers are being prepared. A Chicago newspaper man, a member of the Press Club, is at the head of the venture. What this means to Chicago and the whole Mississippi valley is hard to estimate at all, and practically impossible to overestimate. It means, for one thing, that with the old Illinois and Michigan canal sufficiently enlarged to match the drainage canal, goods may be loaded in Chicago for any port on any sea, and go direct from our wharves to the place of consignment, with only one transshipment, from barge to steamship, at the gulf. This with the Isthmian canals will make Chicago the most important seaport on this planet, which is curious when you remember that we are almost exactly central to the habitable part of the continent, an inland city, a thousand miles from the nearest ocean.

The last legislature of Illinois was asked for an appropriation of a million and a half to make this change in the old canal. It appropriated \$50,000, which will be blithely expended in expert reports and the payment of salaries to deserving heelers, and leave us nowhere. But by the time it is all paid in and all paid out, events will have forced the work. Why?

At least 15 per cent of the freight tonnage of the United States moves from north to south and south to north through the Mississippi valley. That percentage (taken from the figures of the Bureau of Commerce and Labor) would mean 225,000,000 tons. Reduce that tonnage to hundredweights, and figure the readjustment of rates that would automatically follow the opening of a through waterway at no more

than one cent per hundred pounds, a saving of \$45,000,000 a year would be made by the public now. As the impetus of world traffic and the push of growing business shoves the tonnage up, as most assuredly it must, that saving would grow to no one knows what amount.

The direct saving to shippers who use waterways instead of railways is from 20 to 40 per cent, and still the net profits of water transportation lines is from 20 to 200 per cent on their cash investment.

Twenty-one of the richest and most productive states in the Union are reachable by steamer on the Mississippi and its tributaries. These twenty-one states have over half the entire population of the United States and over 56 per cent of all the property wealth. The establishment of water transportation from Chicago or a point near by would, on the completion of the Panama Canal, bring this port nearer the gulf and from one thousand to two thousand miles nearer the ports of South America, the Pacific coast and the Orient, than New York or any port on our Atlantic seaboard. It can be done. It cannot be stopped.

When it is done the question will be not how to get business, but how to handle the volume that will offer itself. The canals in Illinois may have to be doubled, for the diversion of freight from rail to water—in no more than the volume being moved at present—would require something like five hundred barges of a thousand tons' capacity each, moving in about equal numbers both way, and no provision now in sight could accommodate a fleet so vast between Chicago and the Illinois river.

There is no difficulty so far as concerns the railways. Section 4, paragraph 2 of the act to regulate commerce says that

"Whenever a carrier by railroad shall in competition with a water route or routes reduce the rates on the carriage of any species of freight to or from competitive points, it shall not be permitted to increase such rates unless after hearing by the Interstate Commerce Commission it shall be found that such proposed increase rests upon changed conditions other than the elimination of water competition."

But as a matter of fact the railroads have and will have no desire to cut rates, for the sufficient reason that their business is now established to the full extent of their ability to handle it, and they have come to look upon the waterways as natural factors and aids in treating the problems of transportation.

All these are statements of mere and simple fact, drawn from official sources, and easily verified. But it is a state of fact so broad, so far-reaching, and carrying a quality of splendor so rare that only a mind

having power of high vision and that superb degree of imagination shared by all creators of vast things can grasp any part of it, truly. And it is written that it shall be so. The whole broad dream shall come prosaically true. The components of this gigantic waterway project are two-thirds done already.

If, when their work on the Panama Canal is done, Colonel Goethals and his men and their tools were brought north, they could recreate the old I. and M. canal without knowing they were working. After what they have done down there, such a job as this would not be enough to more than keep them awake. And it would cost as much to bring them on as it would to get through with it. There is nothing to go through but earth. The rock work was all done by our fathers.

If they can come. It must not be forgotten that there will have to be another canal at Nicaragua. If we don't build it Germany will—or some other power that we can't stop. And the Nicaragua canal in foreign hands would put ours at Panama out of business without so much as trying.

And so it may be Colonel Goethals and his men may have another job in hand right soon, and Illinois will have to take care of this end. But even an Illinois legislature can't head this thing off. It is too big, and once it begins to move it will go with the irresistible momentum of a glacier cut loose.

Call on your imagination to picture the Chicago of fifteen years from now. The growth it will acquire will bulge out of joint every plan that can at this time be made for what they of little vision call a city beautiful. It will be an imperial city, teeming, opulent, adjusting itself to its own new requirements as these come home. No city of today is anything like what our city shall then be. The event, and that only, will show. It is destiny. When the first ship slips through from one sea to the other we shall find that destiny at our door, and calling; and to Chicago shall come the commercial kingdom, and the power, and the glory.

WHO'S ON?

Dear SCOOP:—I like not the comment you inserted at the head of my DREAM, published in the Aug. 30th issue of the most delectable literary feast that is given to the public.

You comment very carelessly on my style, my English, and you deplore the fact that I lack sense.

That I may be vindicated I here and now challenge the members of this most august organization to conceive as well balanced, as well written, as apropos a dream as the one you published under the heading,

WOT CENLEMUN DONE THIS?

FANCY! "SIR" JAMES!

The Sydney Bulletin bewails, in the following lines, the bestowal of a baronetcy on J. M. Barrie:

The lights of fairyland are burning low;
The camp fires of the Redskins pale and die;
The kiddies sad to Mother Wendy go
To find out why
They now must walk, when once they used to fly!

Hushed is the merry voice of Tinker Bell,
And in the treetops Peter's silent, too;
There's something wrong, I'm sure, for, sad to tell,
The pirate crew
Seem ordinary blokes, like me and you!

Alas! they now are calling Barrie names!
Dazed by the gaud, his pen he slowly plies,
And ev'ry time a fool remarks, "Sir James,"
A pained world sighs,
And somewhere, I feel sure, a fairy dies!

ONE OF THE BIG FELLOWS.

Major Reginald Love Foster of the Twelfth Regiment, National Guard of the State of New York, for many years and still a member of the staff of the *New York World*, was a guest of H. Percy Millar, Chicago correspondent of the *New York Times*, at the club house on Tuesday. "Reggie," as all his friends in the newspaper game call the big six-footer, was on his way to San Francisco to bring his wife and family back to New York.

Major Foster was born in Shanghai, China, his father having a banking house there and another in San Francisco. He is a graduate of Yale, and since entering the newspaper field, first on the *New York Sun* and subsequently on *The New York World*, has been conspicuous for his achievements. At the famous Hoboken fire, when a portion of the fleet of the North German Lloyd was destroyed with large loss of life, "Reggie" Foster hired a tug at \$40 an hour, placed Percy Millar on the blazing *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, then in mid stream gaily waved his hand to Percy and said, "I am going to save human souls."

Reggie ran his tug alongside the *Saale*, afire from stern to stern, and dragged by sheer force a half dozen of the crew aboard his tub. He wrote a wonderful story and was rewarded by Joseph Pulitzer with a personal letter of commendation and a check for \$100.

The War Really is Over.

DEAR SCOOP:—Please request "R" to accept my apology for my choleric remarks regarding his first letter on press agents. I agree with him that the footnote by which the Editor tempered my vehemence was only just. I didn't take up the cudgel or the barrel stave for "quack" press agents when I defended the legitimate ones. Only the "quacks" haven't got a chance with any of the Chicago newspapers—at least in any of the shops I'm familiar with.

GENE MORGAN.

Arthur B. Glessner is enjoying himself in Panama with the Shriners, whose initiation ceremonies are the last to take place in the "Big Ditch" before the water is let in.

THE McVITTY BOOKPLATE.

They tell a highly fanciful yet possibly a true story about how our Karl McVitty met the young woman who is now his wife. They told it so quellingly in our Sunday newspapers a few weeks back that to go over it again now would be like asking you to sit down to your dinner before you had gotten past the taste of your breakfast. But they left out something about these two McVittys, possibly because they didn't know it, or maybe because it had not yet happened. Anyhow, it gets the decorations away from that poor old overworked Cupid stuff, and sets the McVittys up for a time at least on a level of European society seldom occupied by any American, never before by a Chicagoan, and certainly not appreciated (at the moment) by the McVittys themselves, because they did not know what was going on.

Immediately after their marriage the McVittys started on a trip around the globe. At Ceylon or in

hampered, but guarded with a jealousy that was almost annoying.

Next morning it all came out. In the adjoining suite on one side was an Imperial Grand Duke of Russia. On the other side was the King of Norway. The McVittys had been the meat in a royal sandwich.

The bookplate is thrown in along with this story. That's all it has to do with the case.

And that's all. Excepting to say that everyone is glad the McVittys are home again and that Karl comes in for his luncheon every day, and does not vaunt himself, nor show himself haughty, nor proud.

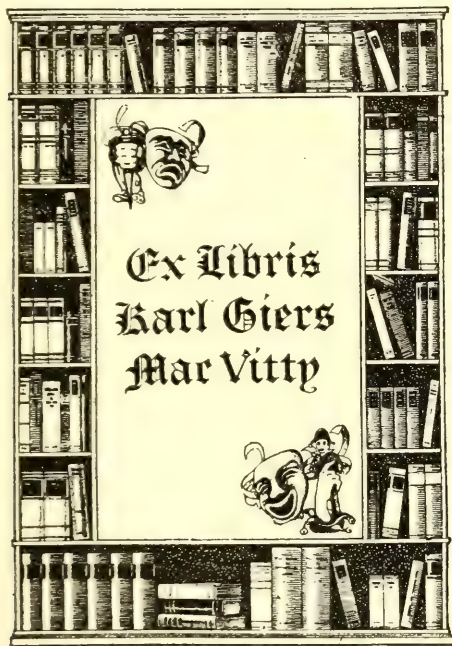
BELATED TRIBUTE TO EUGENE FIELD.

SAM CLOVER, IN THE LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC.

Chicago has been so busy looking after her material interests that she has had little time to give a thought to the ethical side of her development from a mudhole. Dispatches inform us that one of her most brilliant adopted sons, the children's poet, Eugene Field, dead these eighteen years, has lain where we helped to place him under the sod at Graceland cemetery with only a small white stone to mark the spot wherein was interred one of the tenderest singers the country has known. His old-time friend, Mr. Will J. Davis, the well-known theater manager of Chicago, chagrined at this neglect, has started a popular subscription for a monument to the dead poet to be placed in one of the parks.

It should be a piece of statuary carven in marble with Lincoln Park as its site, since it was in that beautiful locality he was inspired to produce many of his sweetest poems. If it is possible the poet should be depicted lying at full length on a couch, reading. He loved to read in bed. The night before he died we were with him until 11 o'clock and, as usual, his shaded lamp was alight, his books were on the little stand beside his bed and our last glimpse of him was with a volume of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici" lovingly clasped in his hand, his small son sound asleep against the wall. Six hours later he passed away, a clot of blood at the base of the brain producing painless death.

In his "Little Book of Western Verse" and "Love Songs of Childhood" will be found those dainty and delicate creations that prove the right of the author to be long remembered by the city in which so many of his tenderest poems were written. Than his "Little Boy Blue," for example, what more exquisite verse in sentiment and execution recurs to memory? But not alone as the children's laureate does he deserve to be honored; his infinite humor, his droll tales, his fun-loving pen that used to set Chicago laughing, even when it was lampooning all that Chicago held sacred; his regard for old books, which amounted to an obsession—all these attributes should be recalled with a rush by his former associates and admirers and a monument result that shall not only be a work of art but a tribute of affectionate regard.



some of those native places Mrs. McVitty's health failed, and they turned back for home by easy stages.

At Monte Carlo or Nice or somewhere along the Mediterranean littoral they arrived one afternoon and proceeded to a suite in one of those sparkling hotels so much approved by the idle rich of Europe, for the which suite they had wired some little time before. The deference shown them was accepted as part of the show and no less than their due, but when a pair of sentries were set at their entrance door, and a guard set to patrol the gardens on which the windows opened, they began to feel a feeble stirring of distinction tempered with nerves. Arms were presented by the soldiery and the salute returned by our polite Karl (ever notice the way he salutes?) whenever they went out or came in, but their freedom was not only un-

EQUAL SUFFRAGE OUT WEST.

Our Charles Eugene Banks in his magazine, *The Westerner*, gives the suffrage movement a setting out that would seem to be fairly representative of the attitude of the coast people, and is worth reprinting.

"Watching the Associated Press reports from day to day with speculative eye," it says, "the question is finally borne irresistably home to us: What about this woman movement, this apparently universal agitation for equal suffrage? How broad is it? Just where and how did it begin, how far will it go, and when will it end? Or will it ever end?"

"We imagine we hear 10,000 women voices lifted in a resounding chorus of answer to the final query. The answers are in a thousand different keys, but they arrive at the same conclusion: 'No, it will never end.'

"Recently an International Woman's Suffrage Congress was in session in Budapest. Ten years ago such a thing was scarcely thought of; eight years ago it did not exist; seven years ago it did. The delegates to the Budapest convention come from practically every country on earth, civilized, semi-civilized and barbaric. There are women delegates from China, where women are supposed to be purely domestic servants; from Turkey, where the law enforces the wearing of veils—in fact, from everywhere. The movement for women's suffrage seems now to be worldwide.

"Let it be so. After all the world may not suffer thereby. We have had much experience along this line on the Pacific coast, and it has not been fraught with calamity. The gentlemanly manner in which the ladies of the Pacific coast have demeaned themselves on election day, and before and after, since the ballot was given them (perhaps we had better say since they took it) has been a pleasant thing to contemplate, and has created effective campaign material for the less fortunate rest of the world.

"And our Pacific coast women have done some effective work at the polls, too. Among a number of things might be mentioned the recall of a Seattle mayor who was disposed to run the town on too liberal a policy, and the recent recall of Police Judge Charles R. Weller of San Francisco as the result of a policy that did not conduce to moral growth."

Newspaper Lady in the Swim.

Miss Marguerite Cody, a member of the editorial staff of the Belfast, Ireland, *Evening Telegraph*, last week swam across Belfast Lough, in five hours and forty minutes. The feat has never before been accomplished by a woman. Miss Cody has long been noted as a swimmer. She held the championship at Girton College, Cambridge, for three years. She is an all-round athlete, excelling especially in lawn tennis, hockey and pedestrianism.

You never strike a man favorably if you hit him when he's down.

"What," asks a wit, "what is society, after all, but a mixture of mister-ies and miss-eries?"

MEANNESS AND DANGER OF CENT ANTE.

The Brooklyn Eagle in shooting an arrow over the house and hoping to find it in the heart of a political friend takes this slant at a game forbidden on these premises, but interesting still to all who have any creeping life blood left to warm their memories:

It has been claimed that the American game of draw poker offers a perfect microcosm of the common competition in business and finance. In each opportunity counts for much, but the personal equation for more. Skill lies in imperturbability, in reticence, in judicious choice between the time for dashing and the time for playing "close to the breast." General Schenck, minister at the court of St. James, who taught the game to Englishmen, was a protagonist for this microcosm theory. Many bold Britons who played with him came to acknowledge that the business energy of Americans is akin to, and maybe in proportion with, the draw poker proclivities of the race.

But penny-ante, draw poker in petto, is hardly a game for full grown men. What can be lost at it or won at it is insignificant, save to newsboys and boot-blacks. It is full of perils and temptations. One raises, and raises, and raises again, before the draw, on the possibilities of a four flush or a straight with a middle vacancy. And with four kings in hand, the exasperation of taking a twenty-cent tablestake shakes up any ordinary human temperament. It leads its victim to the most frivolous views of man's responsibilities as a thinking animal. It is compatible with small beer, with cigarettes, in aggravated cases with absinthe. Even "whiskey poker" is a bit less demoralizing. Self-control, poise, the power to read other men's thoughts from their faces, are weakened or lost by the wretched habit of playing penny ante. And then the risks of the crap-shooter, when the police are around, cannot be avoided or averted, and if a fellow is conspicuous in the public eye, if his picture is public property, he cannot figure on the immunity of golf caddies or newspaper reporters. The police always love a shining mark. Incidentally penny ante is most dangerous in places where seven-up is the most exciting diversion of the natives, and where the factitious analogy of draw poker throws no gloss of condonation over this silly parody of gambling.

These reflections lead up to but one moral. Penny ante should be shunned by great statesmen and great lawyers. The lesson might have been thought irrelevant and impertinent, a week ago. It is both relevant and pertinent today.

AUTUMN.

K. L., IN THE NEWARK NEWS.

With outstretched hands fair, fickle Earth
Upon her Autumn lover smiles
And nods and beckons. Sorry flirt,
Full well she knows her charm beguiles.
The lipping stream, the dew-starred field—
Oh rats! No ode to Fall I'll sing,
For well I see the Autumn bard
Hath nothing on the pest of Spring.

THE SCOOP

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WILL EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

THE FINDERS OF LOST BOOKS.

In our large and increasing membership we have an unorganized and quiet, but furtively industrious body of mysterious men who might prefer being called The Brethren of the Book, or even The Secret Society for the Decrease of Club Assets, but who should by right be known as The Finders of Lost Books, whose addiction, amounting to a disease, is to Find Books Before they are Lost. That is, Books Belonging to the Club Library. It is not to be inferred that they are thieves. It would be impossible to think of any of them stealing, for instance, a ham. It may be (since we are instructed that under God's rule nothing is impossible) that they never see any of the Books that go away with them, until they get home. That is, that they Find these Books unconsciously. Should that be so, their selection of Books offers a phenomenon much more difficult than any yet tackled by the Society for Psychical Research, because the Books they Find are invariably the best. Their activities are thinning the Library down to a condition of Literary Junk. Of late they have been Finding new Books sent in from the great publishing houses first for review, then for the shelves. They are Finding them nearly all as fast as they come in.

It is a hateful thing to have to say, but the Club could get along first rate if these gentlemen would transfer their activities to articles other than Books; say, for example, table furniture and billiard or pool balls and cues. Or even now and then a bellhop, or some small member. This is humbly suggested, and will if necessary be advanced to anyone they may appoint, thrice daily, with offerings and prayers, until it become effective, which will be made

known by the sudden failure of these things to appear where they ought to be.

Of course The Finders of Lost Books are entitled to some reason for this request. One is that their activities prevent the Club from returning in professional form the courtesies of the publishing houses, who otherwise may see that those courtesies are terminated, probably in terms of bitterness. Another is that other members would like to read the Books—though frankly it is not to be expected that The Finders will be especially influenced by that, because they could not be Finders if they were capable of consideration for others, any more than the many members who of a certainty never Find Books because they do not like Books, but who invariably resort to the Library to indulge in Loud and Boistrous Language whenever they learn that someone up there wants to read or write or rest, the boundless opportunities of the fourth floor being then held in contempt.

The Club is not likely to have the pleasure (it would be without alloy) of expelling the Finders, because of their inchoate and occult condition and methods. But the Club cannot afford to have so many Books Found in that manner, and therefore this double proposition is made at large, in the hope that it may reach the eyes and hearts of at least a few Finders, and move them to pity. Either they may sneak their Findings back the same way they snuck them out, or they may use false names and write the Librarian that upon deposit of the book price (in cash) in some designated ash can up a designated alley at a designated hour of a designated night, the Book will be returned by mail (address disguised) the next day.

In any case, no question asked. The Club needs the books.

WILBUR F. STOREY'S PORTRAIT.

This is a town and a time of short memories. And that accounts for the obscurity of the portrait of Wilbur F. Storey, creator and editor of The Chicago Times, who died some twenty years ago. The picture was painted in oils by Mrs. Storey and as a work of art is superior in many ways to most of those which have prominent position on our walls. It is tucked off on the upper half of the stairway between the third and fourth floors, where nobody sees it without special effort.

Mr. Storey and Joseph Medill were the two really great editors of the elder fashion Chicago ever had. Of the two, Mr. Storey was by far the greater in his genius for news, his bold disregard for obstructive conventionality, his perception of high public policies, his recognition of every new tendency toward progressive things and his hatred for shams of all sorts. He was the best old man that ever ruled a Chicago newspaper. Silent, grim, but just, and quick to reward.

There are several faces of fine memory in the library, but not one among them carries a memory of so many masterly strokes, so many really high achievements, nor anything like so much for the improvement of newspapers and the advance of compensation to newspaper workers. It would be a righteous though belated thing to find room for his picture in substitution of some one of those whose originals have quite passed out of mind and who never meant nor ever could have meant any fraction of as much as Mr. Storey did for this town and the newspaper men in it. Real greatness should not be soon forgotten.

TO PRINTERS. YOU NEED IT.

It is well enough known that printers as a rule do not know the cost of their own output. That is why estimates vary so widely where bids are taken from a line of houses on almost any identical well specified piece of work. The Master Printer (Philadelphia) for September has an inclusive article on this subject, written by Paul Nathan. Every proprietor of a print shop, whether large or small, and everyone intending to establish a shop, will find in Mr. Nathan's story a lot of good ideas, not fanciful nor on a high art plane, but practical, of the sort that mean money saved on plant installation, or profits increased in actual operation.

CODLIN, NOT SHORT.

It appears the Humorists' Guild of Chicago entertained the American Press Humorists' Association at luncheon in our house on Sunday two weeks ago; that the Press Club was not the host on that depressing occasion. This statement is made without prejudice to any of the three organizations, nor as an explanation, much less an apology. It is mere mention of a slight unmeritable fact.

Compensation for Writers' Cramp.

Pay under the workman's compensation act has been recommended by a Home Office Committee in London for employes suffering from writers' cramp, which the committee schedules as an industrial disease. Evidence was heard on behalf of the National Union of Journalists, railway companies and the post office. The committee learned that "writers' cramp is a disease of the central nervous system resulting in failure in the co-ordination of the muscular movements neces-

sary for writing." It is more likely to occur in individuals of neurotic and anxious temperament than in the robust, though bad styles of penmanship and especially overwork contribute as secondary causes. Writers' cramp disables only for writing.

WHO KNOWS ABOUT THIS?

Chicago, Sept. 5, 1913.—DEAR SCOOP:—Yesterday's papers conveyed the intelligence that Will J. Davis is the originator of a plan for a memorial to Eugene Field. Contributions are to be solicited to erect a monument over the grave of Mr. Field in Graceland cemetery, and if there is enough money after this has been done, to place a memorial of some sort in Lincoln Park.

Mr. Davis expresses surprise that no memorial has ever been erected over the grave of Eugene Field. I should like to express the same surprise and to ask what became of the funds that were solicited and secured soon after Mr. Field's death. At that time I purchased several copies of "Field Flowers," and I still have one of these books in my possession. This book bears the following legend:

"This book is a certificate that there has been subscribed to the 'Eugene Field Memorial Souvenir Fund' the sum of \$1.00, and the sum is credited to
HY. W. SIEMAN, Secy."

The title page of the book carries the information that half of the fund raised was to be turned over to the family of Eugene Field, and half to be used for a memorial. "The Memorial Fund Committee" bears the names of such well-known men as Melville Stone, H. H. Kohlsaat and Joseph Medill. Mr. Slason Thompson was also one of this committee, and he is accredited with the intention of joining Mr. Davis and Mr. Powers in starting the fund for the Field memorial. Perhaps Mr. Will Eaton could tell us what has become of the previous fund before anyone is solicited to contribute to a new fund.

The names of "The Memorial Fund Committee" are sufficient guarantee that there was nothing crooked connected with the previous venture; the book is worth more than was charged for it. But as I have never seen any statement as to what was done with the money, and as I have rested under the impression that a suitable memorial was erected and that I was a contributor to this memorial, I should like a little light; and there are doubtless others.

Very truly yours,

W. F. YOUNG.

The Mr. Will Eaton referred to left for Cleveland immediately after Gene's funeral, was away about seven years, and never so much as heard of the Eugene Field Memorial Souvenir Fund—not a word, until now. He will get the facts from Will Davis and Slason Thompson; and the Scoop readers will be made aware of them before anything further is done in behalf of the new movement.

The Fugaceous Maher.

Col. James G. Davis has a postcard from Ed Maher, mailed at Linz, Austria, early in the month. Listen at him: "Though skies change, the heart does not (Horace) and I send you the greeting of friendship from this ancient and beautiful city." Isn't that just like him? The dear!

Well, That's Reasonable, All Right.

DEAR SCOOP:—As a member of the Press Club and a regular reader of *The Scoop*, I wish to express my appreciation of your editorial reference to Mr. Henry C. Sheldon's book. It will be gratifying to those readers of *The Scoop* who are Christian Scientists to note your recognition of the good that Christian Science is doing and the futility of hostile criticisms directed against its teachings.

I regret, however, that you felt obliged to make an uncomplimentary reference to the intellectual capacity of Christian Scientists. It could hardly be expected, I suppose, that the average intellect of any sect would equal that of the average Press Club intellect and you should therefore doubtless be excused for your poor estimate of Christian Scientists in this respect. Although there are some rather intellectual persons who have become Christian Scientists in spite of intellect, still it may not be out of place for me to quote what Mrs. Eddy says on page 505 of the Christian Science text-book:

"Spiritual sense is the discernment of spiritual good. Understanding is the line of demarcation between the real and the unreal. Spiritual understanding unfolds Mind—Life, Truth and Love—and demonstrates the divine sense, giving the spiritual proof of the universe in Christian Science.

"This understanding is not intellectual, is not the result of scholarly attainments; it is the reality of all things brought to light."

Very truly yours,

GEORGE SHAW COOK.

THE CARE OF CLIPPINGS.

FROM THE INDEPENDENT.

Some parts of one's reading may be compared to the carbohydrates of food elements—merely reading to keep up the mental energy—while other parts are like the proteids—they furnish the mental muscle. To the first part belong the current events and items of general and social interest; to the second group belong the "meatier" articles, the ones which command more than the first reading. This second group are the articles we will clip out and save.

I used to save all my old papers and magazines intact until I saw how selfish a way that was. Then I noted on the outside the ones I desired to keep and gave away the others, even this way the bulk was large compared with what I really wanted to keep, so now I overrule my feelings of conscience at marring a printed page and clip out the articles I want to keep. I am an engineer, I read rapidly and am interested in a variety of things, so have quite an assortment of clippings all the way from a new demonstration in calculus to an article on poisonous snakes.

These articles are now loose in a drawer together with various notes of my own. If I want one I dig thru the pile till I find it. This is a labor and time wasting job so I am writing you to see if you will describe the system of filing and indexing, suitable for an ordinary man's simple requirements, which will tie these miscellaneous articles together and enable any one of them to be found readily.

I wish to say in appreciation of *THE INDEPENDENT* that I like the paper because you take facts and boil them down to give the reader the most information while the

average newspaper takes rumors and expands them to fill up space until an ordinary man is unable to judge from them what is really true and what is the relative importance of that.

GEORGE L. HEDGES.

Los Angeles, California.

The best way to take care of clippings is to get a vertical filing cabinet such as is used nowadays for correspondence in most offices. There are many makes on the market, as you will see advertised in the magazines. Instead, however, of the simple folder cover it is rather better to use stout manila envelopes of the same size, that is, a size sufficient to hold flat an ordinary magazine page or a large sheet of letter paper. For most people it is sufficient to file roughly by subjects and write on the outside of the envelope the names of the clippings contained. A more systematic way, however, is to use the Dewey System of Classification (smaller edition) published by the American Library Association, New York. This provides a number for every clipping corresponding to the numbers given to books in most libraries.

Those who have to economize can save up the large envelopes of the same size that they get in their mail and file them in a box or drawer that fits them closely when standing on their edges. They can then be run over as rapidly as the index cards of a library. A thousand or more clippings may be made readily accessible in this way without any elaborate system of guides and numbers. The collection as it grows will form its own system.

But two things are essential. First, every item or every topic in the envelope must be noted on the outside, and when taken out to use elsewhere the name must be crossed off. Second, the filing must be by subject, not by form or source. For instance, our correspondent must put into his snake envelope beside the magazine article on poisonous snakes a note of his own observations of rattlesnake habits made when he was out camping, the clipping from a local paper giving an antidote to snake bite, the snapshot or printed picture of a blue racer, the poem of "The Cobra and the Child," the letter from his friend telling a good snake story, and the joke from the funny column about the man in the saloon—but you've all heard it. Then, when he is called upon suddenly to deliver an address before a scientific society or a toast at a dinner all he will have to do will be to snatch out the envelope and he will find it all there. Otherwise he would have to look through his note book, his photograph album, his letter file, the envelope marked "Poetry" and the envelope marked "Humorous," if, indeed, he could think of them all in the emergency.

Some day when magazine publishers get wise—if that day ever comes—they will print their periodicals so that no two articles are back to back on the same leaf. Then the articles will be stitched together in such a way that cutting a thread at the back will separate them all. A Dewey number printed on the upper right hand corner of each article will show what envelope to put it in if it is to be preserved and the rest of the articles may be thrown away or lent to the neighbors.

JOHN WILLY'S DRAMA OF "ASENATH."

Because of John Willy's drama of "Asenath," an opportunity is given to speak of John Willy, who began his membership in the Press Club on Clark street when either W. K. Sullivan or Sam Medill was president.

In the copy of his book presented to the Club, Mr. Willy inscribes the interesting fact that many of the lines and some of the scenes were written in the Press Club (probably in the writing-room that Jim Scott fixed up when the "gymnasium" was abandoned).

Mine Host, the hotel-keeper of North America, knows John Willy nowadays as well as a lawyer knows his Greenleaf. When John Willy has taken passage over and directly back on a great ocean steamship, and has illustrated and described that steamship from bridge to kitchen, there is nothing more to say. When he has put into the pages of the *Hotel Monthly*, the Plaza, the Blackstone, the Bellevue-Stratford, the big one at Dallas or at Ottawa; or even the big ones at little cities—then "That is all there are to it, from what we have so far saw," as Brack Halligan used to remark. John Willy is the Hotel graphic, the Hotel literary, the Hotel administrative of to-day. He has issued books on every aspect of the Hotel up-to-date, and that subject is almost as big as irrigation or hydraulic electricity. In the meantime, John Willy has brought up his brother, Felix Willy, made him first assistant, and loyally guided him into membership in our Club.

But the *Hotel Monthly* and all its secondaries and *sequelae* did not come to pass short of about thirty years of good hard work, and an unfaltering trust during the early years. It was in those years that Mr. Willy's story of Joseph, called "Asenath" was constructed into a play (and, by the way, such dramas, now some three decades later, are at the height of their popularity). John Willy wrote it, and that was all he could do. Like every other unknown dramatist he must put the manuscript away, after showing it to a few interested friends, and after vainly offering to show it to a number of uninterestable actors and managers—for it was thirty years too early.

At last, when there was no vast hotel that had not been explored, mapped, charted, monographed, and when success and the sinews of literary adventure had come plentifully to John Willy, he himself published

"Asenath," and it makes a most presentable book of the play.

More than in the waiting of these thirty years, there is a touch of pathos in the introductory statement by the now distinguished author that "The inspiration for this play was a desire to provide for near relatives who were blind should accident befall him."

Under all these circumstances, it is with most sincere and fraternal pride and pleasure that the Scoop reads in the book reviews of the *Chicago Daily News* for Monday, August 4, 1913, the following flattering notice of John Willy's play, because that department of the *Daily News* justly may be praised as being directed with a notable degree of painstaking intelligence:

For twenty-eight years a play of genuine merit, as it is of unique theme and setting, has remained in manuscript, unknown to the general public. During the years 1884 and 1885 John Willy, desiring to provide for near relatives, should occasion arise, wrote "The Story of Asenath, Daughter of Potiphera; High Priest of On." Submitted to prominent Chicago journalists, and then to Richard Mansfield, it must have received their commendation and praise, though of that the author is modestly reticent. It is now published for the first time in book form, the author reserving all rights for its presentation on any stage. The biblical narrative of the life of Joseph provides a subject and characters for the play, while the author's imagination has supplied a plot with additional features of power. The pure love of Joseph and Asenath is opposed by her father, who brings about the imprisonment of Joseph under false accusation. The priest's enmity overreaches itself. Asenath's fidelity and influence prevail with the Pharaoh, and after stirring near-tragedies hero and heroine are happily united. The obelisk at On, still standing, is introduced in an interesting way. The play would seem to have the requisites for a powerful moving, scenic dramatic presentation. ("The Story of Asenath," by John Willy. The Hotel Monthly, Chicago; \$1 net.)

THE BROOK.

BY J. H. ASHLEY, PRESS CLUB.

Tumbling, tossing, bubbling, leaping.
Thundering, battling, fighting, weeping.
Whistling, humming, singing, rushing,
'Gainst the flowers softly brushing.

Rising, falling, swearing, praying.
Dipping, dancing, swaying, playing,
Foaming, tearing, tugging, dashing.
At the banks your waters splashing.

Tel me, sky reflecting stream,
In whose depths the shadows lurk,
Do you never stop to dream?
Must you always, always work?

A cookery teacher was giving a lesson to a class of children, and questioning them about the various joints of mutton—the saddle, neck, shoulder, leg and loin being mentioned.

"Come, Mary, I know your father is a groom. What does he often put on a horse?"

"A shilling each way, miss," was the unexpected answer.—Manchester Guardian.

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THE TRYST.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE IN THE LONDON NATION.

I.

Upagupta, the disciple of Buddha, lay asleep on the dust by the city wall of Mathura.

Lamps were all out, doors were shut in the town, and stars were hidden in clouds in the murky sky of August.

Whose feet were those tinkling with anklets, touching his breast of a sudden?

He woke up starting, and the rude light from the woman's lamp struck his forgiving eyes.

It was the dancing girl, drunk with the wine of her youth, starred with jewels and clouded with a pale-blue mantle.

She lowered her lamp and saw the young face, austere beautiful.

"Forgive me, young ascetic," said the woman, "graciously come to my house. The dusty earth is not a fit bed for you."

The ascetic answered, "Go on your way, fair woman. When the time is ripe I will come and see you."

Suddenly, the black night showed its teeth in a flash of lightning.

The storm growled from the corner of the sky, and the woman trembled in fear.

II.

The new year had not begun yet.

The wind was wild. The branches of the wayside trees were aching with blossoms.

Gay notes of the flute came floating in the warm spring air from afar.

The citizens had gone to the woods, to the festival of flowers.

From the mid-sky smiled the full moon on the shadows of the silent town.

The young ascetic was walking in the lonely city road, while overheard the lovesick koels urged from the mango branches their sleepless plaints.

Upagupta passed through the city gate, and stood at the base of the rampart.

What woman was it lying on the earth in the shadow of the wall at his feet?

Struck with the black pestilence, her body spotted with sores, she was driven away from the town with haste for fear of her fatal touch.

The ascetic sat by her side, taking her head on his knees, and moistened her lips with water and smeared her body with balm.

"Who are you, kind angel of mercy?" asked the woman.

"The time, at last has come for me to visit you, and I have come," replied the young ascetic.

LIFE AFTER DEATH.

Mention was made last week of an article by Maurice Maeterlinck in *The Century Magazine* for September, on *Life After Death*. It is desired to mention the article again and urge its reading, because it is the fairest, most deeply thought out and most open in its conclusions that has yet appeared, dealing with that old question of the Arabian Job. But it quite honestly makes one mistake. It undertakes to bring Job's question under test of science, as science applies itself to those things which are palpable and ponderable. This is equivalent to requiring the impalpable and imponderable to descend to the plane of physical phenomena, and there manifest themselves. It ignores the fact that in the highest levels of what is called theosophy, phenomena are contemplated save only for use in the very lowest grades of initiatory instruction, the rest standing upon pure philosophy. (In

speaking here of theosophy no reference is intended to the pitiful cult assuming that name in this country.)

Admitting as a completely demonstrated fact that under strict test conditions, those who have died physically may, and sometimes do, manifest themselves as still living, he finds that the manifestations are of mnemonic character and that these memories fail or ultimately dissolve, and therefore constitute no proof of continued life. The implication is that memory of the past is primarily necessary to progress in repeated lives.

On these points a part of Maeterlinck's paper is here reproduced, followed by passages on the same points by other writers:

MAETERLINCK.—But let us return to reincarnation, and recognize, in passing, that it is very regrettable that the arguments of the theosophists and the neospiritualists are not compelling; for there never was a more beautiful, a juster, a more moral, fruitful and consoling, or, to a certain point, a more probable creed than theirs. But the quality of a creed is no evidence of its truth. Even though it is the religion of six hundred millions of mankind, the nearest to the mysterious origins, the only one that is not odious, and the least absurd of all, it will have to do what the others have not done—bring unimpeachable testimony, and what it has given us hitherto is only the first shadow of a proof begun.

Indeed, even that would not put an end to the riddle. In principle, reincarnation sooner or later is inevitable, since nothing can be lost or remain stationary. What has not been demonstrated in any way, and will perhaps remain indemonstrable, is the reincarnation of the whole, identical person, notwithstanding the abolition of memory. But what matters that reincarnation to him, if he be unaware that he is still himself?

HAGGARD.—All who live have thus lived before; nor is the very shape that holds us a stranger to the sun. Only we know it not, because memory writes no record, and earth hath gathered in the earth she lent us, for none have saved our glory from the grave.

Behold now, let the dead and living meet! Across the gulf of time they still are one. Time hath no power against identity, though sleep in mercy hath blotted out the tablets of our mind, and with oblivion sealed the sorrows up that else would hound us on from life to life, stuffing the brain with gathered misery till it burst in the madness of uttermost despair. Still are they one, for the wrappings of our sleep shall roll away as thunder clouds before the wind; the frozen voices of the past shall melt in music like mountain snows beneath the sun; and the weeping and the laughter of the lost hours shall be heard once more sweetly echoing up the cliffs of immeasurable time.

Ay, the sleep shall roll away, and the voices shall be heard, when down the completed chain, whereof our each existence is a link, the lightning of the Spirit

hath passed to work out the purpose of our being; quickening and fusing those separated days of life, and shaping them to a staff whereon we may safely lean as we wend to our appointed fate.

CARLYLE.—Are we not spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade away again into air and invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific fact: we start out of nothingness, take figure, and are apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is eternity; and to eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of love and faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the songs of beatified souls? And again, do not we squeak and jibber (in our discordant, screech-owlish debatings and recriminations); and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; or uproar (*poltern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,—till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still home; and dreamy night becomes awake and day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon; does the steel host that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed goblins must? Napoleon too, and his Moscow retreats and Austerlitz campaigns? Was it all other than the veriest spectre-hunt; which has now, with its howling tumult that made night hideous, flitted away?—Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand-million walking the earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

"O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future ghost within him, but are, in very deed, ghosts! These limbs, whence had we them; this stormy force; this life-blood with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow; a shadow-system gathered round our Me, wherein, through some moments or years, the divine essence is to be revealed in the flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart; but warrior and war-horse are a vision, a revealed force, nothing more. Stately they tread the earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not.

So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the form of a body, and forth-issuing from Cimmerian night, on Heaven's mission appears. What force and fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of strife, in war with his fellows—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to sense becomes a vanished shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's artillery, does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God-

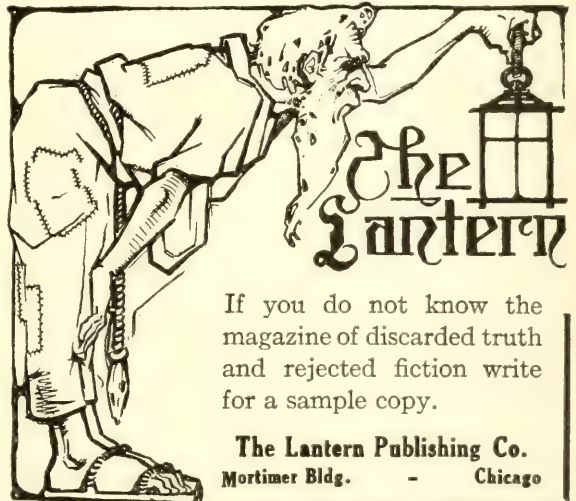
created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the inane; haste stormfully across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage. Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped-in; the last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van. But whence? O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery, from God and to God.

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep!"

SIR OLIVER LODGE.—Whatever life is or is not, it is certainly this: it is a guiding and controlling entity which reacts upon our world according to laws so partially known that we have to say they are practically unknown, and therefore appear in some sense mysterious. . . . I conceive that it is independent, that its existence is continuous and permanent, though its interactions with matter are discontinuous and temporary.

It is intelligence that directs; it is physical energy which is directed and controlled, and produces the result in time and space.

Is it the material molecular aggregate that has of its own unaided latent power generated this individuality, evolved these ideas? There are some who try to think it is. There are others who recognize in this extraordinary development a contact between this material frame of things and a universe higher and other than anything known to our senses; a universe not dominated by physics and chemistry, but using the interactions of matter for its own purposes; a universe where the human spirit is more at home than it is among these temporary collocations of atoms; a universe capable of infinite development, of noble contemplation, and of lofty joy, long after this planet—nay, the whole solar system—shall have fulfilled its present sphere of destiny and retired, cold and lifeless, upon its endless way.



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GOVERNMENTAL PRESS AGENCY.

The rumblings of a recent rumpus in the dark concerning the status of press agents have hardly died out of the pages of the Scoop when along come three calls for press agents that put the mark on the business as a regular and necessary one—in fact a profession.

First: The United States has just engaged a press agent at \$8 a day to look after publicity in public land affairs.

Second: The California Japanese have hired a press agent, or, as they say, have "decided upon a campaign of education in this country and Japan."

The man upon whom falls the task of rectifying international differences is Kiyoshi Wawakami. He started in newspaper work in Japan and then came to the United States, taking an arts course at the University of Iowa, and later receiving the degree of master of arts at the University of Wisconsin.

The finances necessary to carry on the press propaganda in this country and Japan have been raised through popular subscription by Japanese residents of the Pacific Coast States.

Third: The suggested creation in the New York Board of Education of a "Division of Reference and Research," under control of a director with a salary of \$6,500, is not to be dismissed as a scheme to provide a sinecure with a salary, says the New York World. The plan has merits.

The purposed director is to be virtually a press agent. His duties will be to keep the board posted on public opinion, on criticisms and suggestions as to the schools and to keep the public posted on what the board is doing.

Ample evidence of the need of such a department is to be found in discussions and criticisms that have been going on with regard to the public schools of the city for years and are not ended.

New York had school investigations with elaborate reports from experts on educational questions with no other result than that of making more dissension. Most of these reports have been found so academic in their nature that few read and fewer understand.

The board itself had been attacked not only in criticism but in politics and has been in danger of extinction at the hands of the legislature. In hardly any other department of city government has there been more confusion and misunderstanding than in that of the schools.

A director who could really make clear to the board what the people wish and to the people what the board is doing, would be worth the money.

LIBRARIES AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The Christian Science Monitor says teachers and librarians who are casting about at the beginning of another school year for some means of making the public library of real helpfulness to the pupils will find the following account of what has been done in Leominster, Mass., of special interest. Miss Florence Wheeler, the librarian, tells the story. She says:

"Late in the year we found a boy in the reference room hopelessly lost in the maze of an encyclopedia. We took the matter up with the teacher and as a result we invited her to send a class to the library for a little talk on the use of reference books. We took up the dictionaries, particularly the information in the back of large dictionaries, encyclopedias, Poole, the card catalogue, certain handbooks, the atlas, showing them how to locate towns by means of the letter and number on each map, and we found it not only a practical work but it also proved most interesting. Another year we hope to do more in this line, for if we can teach the children to handle their own reference work it will in the end be a great time saving for us.

"Several schools have debates and we make arrangements to have the library notified as soon as the subject for debate is announced. The material is reserved on special shelves in the reference room, and in this way the children never have to wait, and we have the opportunity to look up the material at odd moments instead of adding to the rush of rush hours. The debaters seem to find many advantages in having the material held at the library and the reference room frequently presents a busy sight with its many earnest workers, ranging from the sixth grade to the high school seniors."

What is a true librarian? Richard Lloyd-Jones answers the question with a story of a visit he once made to the library in Nyack, N. Y. I observed through the broad street windows, he relates, an awkward colored boy who hesitated before the building, as if trying to persuade himself to enter. Finally he collected the courage to come up the walk and push open the swinging door. Inside, he seemed a little dazed and covered with confusion.

The librarian at the desk observed him, called out to him with kindly greeting, "Come right here." He was by no means sure of himself as he approached the desk. "What do you want?" she said to him encouragingly. Thoroughly embarrassed, he awkwardly replied, "Can I have a book to read?"

"Yes, indeed. What kind of a book do you want?" He didn't know. With gentle skill she tried to find out if he had a real interest. Obviously, there was none. Under pressure and embarrassment, he intimated that he might like a book about an engine.

Quick as a flash, she caught the cue. She told him that she, too, had always wanted to know something about an engine. They would go together to see what they could find. For the best part of half an hour, and in spite of frequent interruptions, she looked over books with that young colored boy, and when I left that little library building that afternoon Nyack had

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no citizen or prospective citizen happier or more engrossed than that little colored boy who sat at a table on which rested before him a pile of books, periodicals and pictures illustrating and describing that wonderful machine—the locomotive.

But this is only half of that picture. Three days later, when I went to the Nyack station to take my train to New York, I found my friend the engineer, whom I had come to know, taking an obvious delight in showing the marvels of the intricate parts of his engine to a colored boy who, three days before, in his moment of embarrassment, had appealed to the engine for help. Now the engine was his friend, and he its friend.

The Nyack library was right. It was not built for the fellow of polysyllabic pretensions. It was built for the fellow who didn't know what he wanted, but knew he wanted something. That librarian knew her job. She knew that the little city of Nyack and the donor of that building were more interested in advancing the fellow who didn't know an anthology from an ourang-outang than the fellow who thought his needs began and ended with an anthology. That librarian was interested in awakening a humble boy who wanted to be awakened. She was interested in building up a citizen, in planting an idea, in investing an interest in a boy who had before him, somewhere and somehow, a man's duty to perform.

In planning the year's work teachers throughout the country may profitably arrange to co-operate with the public librarian for the observance of a special day, to be called "Book Day," or "Library Day," which may be observed once or several times during the year by appropriate exercises in the schools.

Apropos of this special day, New York librarians say: Sayings of great men regarding books could be memorized and recited; the part that particular books have had in great lives or in great historic movements could be illustrated and emphasized; stories introducing the great classics for children could be told; or efforts could be directed toward practical means for enlarging or improving the school library.

In some of the states these methods are already in practice and have found an enormous aid in the use of moving pictures representing history. But in all the larger places where there is a public library the work of inaugurating such a custom in the school and providing the proper exercises for its celebration may well be undertaken by the head or staff of that library. In many cities this already has been done with the happiest results, and the way from the school library to the public library thus has been made straight, and attractive. The school library at best can serve but a temporary purpose. It will accomplish little in most cases unless it leads direct to the public library. And the head of any public library can do nothing more effective in making his institution "an integral part of public education" than by watching for and utilizing every such opportunity for introducing and establishing in the children of the schools the public library habit.

GOOD SENSE AND GOOD STUFF.

FROM THE TERRE HAUTE STAR.

It is not customary for foreign visitors to speak kindly of the interviewing to which, if they are persons of consequence, they are subjected in this country. Sometimes they resent it and complain about it, or if they are too courteous to do this they submit with an air of resignation as to an evil that cannot be helped. It has remained for Viscount Haldane, the British lord chancellor, to pay the American interviewer a compliment, to speak of it as progressive journalism, and to seem rather pleased with it.

It is the intelligent and proper view to take, and if all the prominent personages, native or foreign, who are visited by interviewers would consider it in the same light, the matter would be simplified and made more satisfactory to all concerned—the person interviewed, the interviewer, now often deserving of compassion, and the public. For when a man is asked for an interview that fact indicates that the public has sufficient interest in him to care for further knowledge. Unless the circumstances that give him prominence are not to his credit he may rightfully accept the fact as a compliment to himself—a sign of appreciation.

The interview affords the public a better chance to know him as he is than any other form of newspaper expression. A reporter might describe his personal appearance and his general peculiarities; he might after sufficient acquaintance present a character sketch of him, but that would not bring him close to the newspaper readers like even brief utterances of his own. Through the interview they get into personal touch with the object of their interest, and if the interviewed person is clever he may go far by this means to establish himself in favor.

He is a wise and shrewd man who accepts the visit of an interviewer in the spirit with which it is made and who talks freely and without show of annoyance. He may not care to answer categorically the questions that are asked him, but if he possesses any arts of conversation he may talk far from the subject broached and still meet all requirements. This is especially true of distinguished foreigners, the main thing in their case being that they shall be persuaded to talk at all. Viscount Haldane proves himself to be one of the discerning sort.

A Fool and His Money.

It is reported at cable rates that the Sultan of Morocco wants to buy Jack Johnson. The leather-head! When Johnson can't be stopped from giving himself away.

The September Bookman has interesting material about Fabre, the now venerable French entomologist and sage whose books are finding an English and American market through recent excellent translations. Fabre is devoutly religious, has no sympathy with evolution as an hypothesis, and girds at most modern naturalists. The September Book News Monthly has character sketches of Mrs. Hubert Barclay and Compton Mackenzie.

THE STREAM CELESTIAL.

BY G. FRANK LYDSTON, PRESS CLUB.

Azure above and below, by day, dusky violet below and a diamond-bespangled violet dome above, by night—he who fares through the Gulf Stream must be soulless indeed, if he be not o'erwhelmed with its manifold beauties.

One who, in his quiet study, reads Lefcadio Hearn's description of the emotional effect of vivid blue surely will fail to grasp that most gifted author's meaning. Let him, however, with Hearn's description fresh in mind, sail through the Gulf Stream, and he will understand, even as I—who then comprehended not at all, from my own psychic experience, the relation of color to the higher emotions—at once understood.

Quoth Hearn:

"In my own case the sight of vivid blue has always been accompanied by an emotion of vague delight—more or less strong according to the luminous intensity of the color. And in one experience of travel—sailing to the American tropics—this feeling rose into ecstasy. It was when I beheld for the first time the grandest vision of blue in this world—the glory of the Gulf Stream. A magical splendor that made me doubt my senses—a flaming azure that looked as if a million summer skies had been condensed into pure fluid color for the making of it.

"The captain of the ship leaned over the rail with me, and we both watched the marvelous sea for a long time in silence. Then he said:

"Fifteen years ago I took my wife with me on this trip—just after we were married, it was—and she wondered at the water. She asked me to get her a silk dress of that very same color. I tried in ever so many places, but I never could get just what she wanted till a chance took me to Canton. I went around the Chinese silk shops, day after day, looking for that color. It wasn't easy to find, but I did get it at last. Wasn't she glad, though, when I brought it home to her? She's got it yet."

"Still, at times in sleep I sail southward again over the wonder of that dazzling, surging azure. Then the dream shifts suddenly across the world and I am wandering with the captain through close, dim, queer Chinese streets, vainly seeking a silk of the blue of the Gulf Stream. And it was this memory of tropic days that first impelled me to think about the reason of the delight inspired by the color."

And the blue of the Gulf Stream is not all, say I. Seaweeds, in modest brown and tan and orange-red, float silently by on their way to the place where the Gulf Stream meets the cold, inhospitable waters from the north. One can almost see, in fancy's eye, the seaweed drifting on and on, dreamily, softly, lazily riding the almost rippleless sea, until it halts, shuddering, at the margin of the frigid waves that bound, like a frame of chill, the genial way of the life-giving tropic stream.

And the color is not all. Breezes laden with balm and scent of spice, warm and sweet and caressing like the breath of the maid who loves you—breezes hued

dened with the glow and warmth of far-off vales, lying all resplendent 'neath the mystic glimmer of the southern cross—breezes gentler than the whisper of a well-beloved child—breezes that waft perfumes sweeter than those of Araby the Blest—breezes that cajole, thrill, soothe, captivate, aye, enslave one in a tangle of sensuous emotions. Ah! it is well to have tasted of their supernal joys.

Once more engrossed in the corroding cares of the land of work-a-day, I am wont to conjure from Mercury's treasure house a vision of blue, a balmy breath of spice and a sensuous thrill of gentle, tropic warmth that make my hours of dreams more beautiful than of yore.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENNA.

BY ALICE MEYNELL.

[Written for Strephon, who said that a woman must lean or she should not have his chivalry.]

The light young man who was to die,
Stopt in his frolic by the state
Aghast, beheld the world go by;
But Catherine crossed his dungeon gate.

She found his lyric courage dumb,
His stripling beauties strewn in wrecks,
His modish braveries overcome;
Small profit had he of his sex.

On any old wife's level he,
For once—for all. But he alone—
Man—must not fear the mystery,
The pang, the passage, the unknown.

Death. He did fear it, in his cell,
Darkling amid the Tuscan sun;
And, weeping, at her feet he fell,
The sacred, young, provincial nun.

She prayed, she preached him innocent;
She gave him to be Sacrificed;
On her courageous breast he leant,
The breast where beat the heart of Christ.

He left it for the block, with cries
Of victory on his severed breath,
That crimson head she clasped, her eyes
Blind with the splendor of his death.

And will the men of modern years
—Stern on the Vote—withhold from thee,
Thou prop, thou cross, erect in tears,
Catherine, the homage of his knee?

Lester F. Ward, a pioneer American thinker in sociology, left a body of manuscript material which is to find publicity.

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BITS ABOUT BOOKS.

"My Wanderings" (Chapple Publishing Company, Boston, \$2.50) gathers up the reminiscences of Henry Clay Barnabee, a native of Portsmouth, N. H., who became identified with Boston's musical circles as a singer of unusual popularity, retiring only a few years ago after an exceptional career as star of the Boston Ideal Opera Company, known the country over as the best aggregation or singing musical comedians that has taken to the road. The editor of the reminiscences, George L. Varney, has deftly woven together chronicle and anecdote and has given pictures of social condition in a New England of the past as well as painted the portrait of a likeable because generous and sympathetic man who, had he been less lavish with his large earnings in aiding others in and out of his profession, might have lived his later years in affluence. As the record of a creditable venture in opera management by Americans the book fills a niche of its own. Illustrations of actors and singers with whom Mr. Barnabee has been associated make the book additionally attractive.

De Lysle Ferree Cass' serial, "Pilgrims in Love," is concluded in the October issue of the All-Story magazine. His short story, "Caprice," is to appear in the November number of the same magazine.

The reminiscences of August Saint-Gaudens, edited and amplified by his son, Homer, will give to admirers of the greatest of American sculptors a document of unusual interest. The correspondence of the volume,

with its sidelights on the characters of John La Farge, R. W. Gilder, General Sherman and R. L. Stevenson, will be an additional element of spice to what promises to be one of the most readable books issued this autumn.

A former journalist who has specialized and become an authority on matters of commerce and industry and national expansion, J. D. Whelpley, has written a book called "The Trade of the World," which embodies better than any other popular book the facts about Asia, Africa and Europe which a shrewd American investigator would naturally note and reflect upon.

Making his first trip abroad at 40 years, Theodore Dreiser, author of "The Financier," has written an unconventional account of his experiences in Europe, which the Century Company is publishing.

Robert Haven Schaufler, musician, poet and prose painter, has traveled over the United States as he once did Europe in search of material for lyrical eulogies of rural and urban sights. The result is a volume called "Romantic America," which Maxfield Parrish, Joseph Pennell, Andre Castaigne and other artists have decorated.

William Winter's latest collection of reminiscences, "The Wallet of Time," is a voluminous work, historical, biographical and critical in kind and embodying the opinions of a veteran dramatic critic with literary ideals and moral aims.

L. Lind-Af-Hageby has written essays on August Strindberg, which D. Appleton & Co. publish in a monograph.

Somewhat tardily a biography of Harrison Gray Otis together with his correspondence, edited by S. E. Morrison, is coming from the press. Otis was a famous Federalist and a social leader in Boston during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

It turns out that Horace White, since his retirement as editor of the New York Evening Post, has been busy with the biography of Lyman Trumbull, an Illinois statesman whose fame is not as general or as high as it should be, or as it will be after this study of the anti-slavery and civil war periods is read.

Mrs. Marks (Josephine Preston Peabody) is about to send forth a poetic comedy prompted by a legendary incident in the peasant history of St. Francis of Assisi.

Thomas Jefferson's talent as an architect and as a designer of landscapes is proved by the contents of the book on "Jefferson as an Architect and a Designer," which the Houghton Mifflin Company is to issue in a limited edition.

The more serious side of S. M. Crothers is to be set

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forth in "Three Lords of Destiny," in which he will attack the fatalistic theory of life.

Persons awaiting discussion of the problem of the modern girl in her relation to industry, recreation, etc., by investigators who know will welcome the study soon coming from the South End house, Boston, and written by Robert A. Woods and Albert J. Kennedy.

The daughter of William T. Stead has written his biography.

James W. Foley, whose verse in the Century magazine's comic section and in the New York Times has given him a large following, for the first time collects his verse under the title "Boys and Girls." E. P. Dutton publishes the book.

A well written, popular, discriminating and relatively brief history of Harvard University has been desiderated for some time. Arthur Stanwood Pier has written and Vernon Howe Bailey illustrated such a book. Little, Brown & Co. send it forth.

Lady Gregory's book, "Our Irish Theater," furnishes an authoritative chronicle of a movement in which many American admirers of the Irish players perforce are much interested.

G. Ferrero's "Morals and Manners in the Old World and the New" will give the Italian historian's customary interesting parallels between ancient and modern times.

Grace Denio Litchfield has collected and winnowed her verse and will publish a definite edition this autumn.

A juvenile audience has been chiefly kept in view by Martha Foote Crow, the latest biographer of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Prof. H. L. Hollingworth of Columbia University is the latest expert in problems of intellectual mechanism to attempt to explain the rationale of advertising. This he does in a book entitled "Principles of Appeal and Response in Advertising and Selling."

The Hon. Myron T. Herrick, present ambassador from the United States to the French republic, who has been carefully studying methods and achievements of several of the European peoples in providing credit banks for rural folk, has a book on the subject forthcoming which D. Appleton & Co. are to publish.

A German gentleman who was translating an English novel into his native language was puzzled for a time how to render "billycock hat." According to Punch, he decided ultimately in favor of "Wilhelm-Hahnehut."

THE BLUE AND GRAY AT CHATTANOOGA.

The following poem was especially written for the Reunion of the United American Veterans. It will be read at Chattanooga, Sept. 15th, by the author, who was one of the organizers:

On the Battlefield, Gettysburg, July 4, 1913.

Here brothers fought for principle,
Here heroes bravely died,
Here Lincoln was immortalized,
At summit of the tide.
And here are we with high resolve
To pledge ourselves again,
That noble dead, both Blue and Gray,
"Shall Not Have Died In Vain."

And near the spot where Lincoln stood
We've organized today,
July the fourth, nineteen thirteen
Abe Lincoln's Blue and Gray.
"With malice towards none" we pledge,
Ourselves forever true,
Devotedly and loyally,
As brothers, Gray and Blue.

United American Veterans, at Chattanooga, September, 1913.

In days ago near this historic spot,
The fire of battle raged in furious flame;
Brave men of kindred blood in anger fought
With valorous might that gave them world-wide fame.
Sons of the Northland, and the Southland's sons,
Met in the heat of sanguinary fray;
Guns roared defiance at defiant guns,
And ghastly dead and sorely wounded lay
On open field and in the war-rent wood,
As wreckage from the rolling battle flood.

On Lookout mountain's crest the cannons pealed,
And from their heated throats hurled shot and shell,
On Mission Ridge and Chickamauga's field
Was heard the Northman's cheer and Southman's yell,
Till sounds of pandemonium rent the air;
'Twas pregnant with uprising battle smoke—
A carnival of war beyond compare
As men with hearts as firm as heart of oak
Against each other strove with warrior might,
Each battling for a cause he held as right.

And elsewhere in the outspread fields of war
Great battles fraught with pain and death were waged,
The land was rent with conflict near and far
That Moloch's thirst for blood might be assuaged.
Then came the white-winged dove of peace and perched
In that historic Appomattox tree.
No honor was on either side besmirched,
And, though the laurel wreath of victory
Rested on Union's brow, the men in Gray
Had shown heroic will none could gainsay.

Turn from that picture to a fairer one
That now unfolds in colors bright and clear.
Beneath the now unclouded Southern sun
Again the men of battle gather here.
From East and West and North and South they come,
From near and distant points of all the land,
But not in war's array with beating drum
And ready deadly weapons grasped in hand,
But in a new-found brotherhood display—
United Veterans of Blue and Gray.

No lingering bitterness of soul remains
With those who bravely battled to the end,
And hearts to hearts are linked by golden chains
Of kindred fellowship time cannot rend.
To but one flag we raise our loyal eyes,
And our allegiance we today renew
Unto the grandest flag beneath the skies—

The ever glorious Red, White and Blue,
And o'er our reunited ranks 'twill wave
Until we sleep in silence in the grave.

If there be one among the Blue or Gray
Who yet of hostile feeling shows a sign,
Just set him down as one who ran away
As frightened coward from the firing line,
Or one, no matter of the North or South,
When leaders to their loyalty appealed,
At home remained and fought but with the mouth
When heroes hastened to the tented field;
Men who, of every patriot instinct shorn,
Ignored the call despite the women's scorn.

Comrades of North and South, heroic, brave,
Who showed true metal on the fields of blood,
We hoist our banner. O, long may it wave,
Above our great united brotherhood.
May light of comrade love shine in our eyes
Until the last old veteran spirit soars
Toward the realms of glory in the skies
Beyond the mystic river's unseen shores,
And in that land we'll yet be comrade's true,
E'en though your robes be Gray and mine be Blue.
CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD,
Historian and Poet Lariat.

"Infants, Crying for the Light."

Dear Scoop—Mr. Ormes "scooped" me last week with his complaint about our very beautiful but more or less useless lights. That they are things of beauty we will all admit, but anyone who tries to do any writing beneath them does not do any mad rejoicing about their efficiency. We who use the club want it "easy to look at" of course, but cannot it be that and useable too? Let us hope that the directors or whoever it is with whom this matter rests will look into it and provide a remedy. While they are about it they might provide a few stoppers for the wash bowls in the lavatory. They are lacking in several of the bowls.

LOWDER.

Look at Your Eyes.

Mr. Hearst of the Evening Journal, says the New York Telegraph, has blue eyes, wherefore an amusing writer in that paper, desirous of making a hit with the boss, reels off a two-column article proving (he thinks) that the great men of the world were blue-eyed or "light-eyed," as he puts it. Perhaps the writer of the article himself has light eyes. He says that Caesar and Alexander the Great had blue eyes, and there is no way of proving the assertion to be untrue. Turning to America, the Journal writer says: "Blue-eyed was Washington." There I have him. In the journal kept by George Washington's step-daughter, Miss Custis, published by a New York firm about eight years ago, she said: "My new father has brown hair and dark brown eyes, and is the handsomest man I ever saw." The imaginative writer on the Journal will have to do some more thinking. Macaulay, Mendelssohn and Dr. Johnson had dark eyes, and the greatest of American actors, Edwin Booth, had black eyes.

Many men, says "John Bull," take better halves to get better quarters.

Hearst for Mayor of New York.

The Editor and Publisher says: It seems now possible that William Randolph Hearst will be a candidate for Mayor on the Independence League ticket. There is no doubt of a strong sentiment in favor of the publisher. Mr. Hearst is expected some time before the 15th of this month, and it is said that strong pressure will be made to obtain his consent for a Mayoralty nomination. The Gaynor backers are looking with suspicion on Mr. Hearst. They think it is by no means improbable that he will come East to take a personal hand in the fight and may perhaps announce himself as a candidate. If he should he would break into the Fusion forces to the extent of perhaps 75,000 votes.

"Yes, sir," remarked the boastful actor, "once when I played Hamlet it took the audience half an hour to leave the theater after the finish." "Indeed," remarked the unbelieving friend, "What was the matter? Was he lame?"

Gus—The idea of his saying I had more money than brains! Quite ridiculous! Jack—That's so. Gus—Of course. Why, I haven't got a cent. Jack—Well?

Sunday School Teacher—What do you mean by the quick and the dead? Small Boy—Them as gets out of the way of autos is quick, and them as don't is dead.

Some men talk to themselves, says a wag, because they like an appreciative audience.

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STOLEN WITH UNWASHED HANDS.

Stella—No man is indispensable.

Bella—But some man is.—New York Sun.

First Cinder—Why so angry?

Second Cinder—I've been wasting time in a glass eye.—New York Sun.

"That man over there made \$5 on a single pair last evening."

"He doesn't look like a poker player."

"He isn't. He's a clergyman."

"The editor of the Punkville Palladium seems to be popular in the community."

"Yes; he'll omit an advertisement any time to print local poetry."—Kansas City Journal.

Opportunity knocks once at every man's door, and even follows some men out to the ball park.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Did you ever have an experience with a man-eating shark?"

"Yes, before I joined the navy. The son-of-a-gun charged me 20 per cent a month."—Houston Post.

"Did you notice that fellow at the Orpheum right opposite us?"

"That good-looking fellow with the tan suit and red necktie? No. Why?"—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Gabe—Smith is an unsociable cuss, isn't he?

Steve—Should say so. Why, that guy wouldn't even talk in his sleep.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"A man never loses anything by politeness," said the Old Fogey.

"I know a lot of men who never intended to," added Grouch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Don't you think women are getting too daringly original in the matter of dress?"

"Original! They are getting positively aboriginal."—Boston Transcript.

"He's a mean man."

"How so?"

"When his little girl begs for an ice cream sundae he asks her if she wouldn't rather have a gold watch when she's 19."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He—The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Don't forget that.

She—Then you come in and rule the world a while. I'm tired.—Woman's Journal.

"I see that the new British ambassador's name is Spring-Rice," said Bildad.

"Well, what of it?" growled old Moneybags. "What interests me is September wheat."

"I see where the Blankville street car company won't be able to pay dividends this year owing to the large amount expended within the last 12 months for improvements."

"Improvements! I hadn't noticed any."

"Oh, yes. Every one of the cars on the system has been entirely refitted with new straps."—St. Louis Republic.

It certainly does jar a man who has separated himself from \$3.50 for a fashionable straw hat to walk down the street a few weeks later and find a whole window full advertised at 65 cents.—Baltimore News.

A lock of George Washington's hair has been found in an old trunk in Pottstown, Pa. Hah! Another evidence of the presence of headquarters.—New York Telegraph.

A punning correspondent asks if it is not inevitable that a man who steals a watch should "wind up" in jail.

Sunday School Teacher—What kind of sweemeats did they have in the ark? Ingenious Youth—Preserved pairs.

He—"As I was saying, Miss Maymie, when I start out to do a thing I stay on the job. I'm no quitter."

She (with a weary yawn)—"Don't I know it!"—Baltimore American.

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REMINISCENCES OF HUNTING TRIPS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY FREDERICK J. FRANKLIN, PRESS CLUB.

(Late Captain South African Field Forces.)

We were as merry as Sandboys. The war was over three months ago and I had received an appointment as transport sales officer for Cape Colony. This meant that I would have carte blanche to wander at will through the best buck shooting country in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope. I was to visit the farmers in the outlying districts far removed from railways in order to enquire into their claims for compensation for loss of oxen and mules which had occurred during the war. I was to be absent for one year.

Besides myself, my party consisted of a civilian clerk by the name of MacDonald, a Scotchman, who had never before traveled or "trekked" as the local expression has it, through the country, my servant, Canterbury, two Cape Colony Hottentots, and a Basuto Kaffir.

Our transport consisted of a mule cart—commonly called a Cape Cart—drawn by four mules, one of the Hottentots being the driver. The other boys, as I shall call them in future, were to act as outriders, and later proved invaluable in finding game. I was mounted on my mare, Pom-Pom, who had carried me faithfully through the Boer War, in which she was terribly wounded in the neck, but beyond being an eyesore this wound was not detrimental to her. My servant rode in the Cape Cart, and MacDonald rode my spare horse. I carried a Lee Enfield carbine, service pattern, and a sixteen bore shotgun with a Webley revolver, mark III.

Our provisions consisted of an abundance of biltong or dried beef, and a plentiful supply of hard biscuits.

We pitched our camp the first night out of Cape Town near the village of Stellenbosch, about 30 miles distant. We were in the best of spirits because we were free to travel in any direction, were splendidly fitted out, and were to have the co-operation of the farmers in hunting expeditions, as they had been previously notified of our approaching visit to their districts, and had been asked to show us as much sport as possible. I had a peculiar feeling of security the night of our first "outspan" or camp, as I had not camped out since the war, and it was most pleasant to lie under the stars and doze off without any fear of a night attack or have to turn out to visit sentries, or any other duty that we had been accustomed to during the two and one-half years of the war. No tents were carried as we intended to sleep a good deal in farm houses whenever we could strike one, and in any case, with the exception of "Mac," we were all accustomed to sleeping on the Veldt in our blankets. I was most anxious to arrive in a game district, so next morning we "trekked" (started off) at daybreak towards Matjesfontein, which is one of the most remarkable villages in Africa. To arrive at Matjesfontein we had to cross over the celebrated Hex River Mountains through a pass named Hex River pass. My rifle was stowed away in the bottom of the Cape Cart, as I never for a moment imagined it would be necessary for me to use

it before we arrived at Matjesfontein. We were half way up the pass however when John, the Basuto, pointed out a large baboon to me. He was pacing to and fro for all the world like a sentry, and as a matter of fact was really doing sentry duty. Baboons seem almost human in their methods and manner of living. They always live in herds and throw out sentries who remain on guard for twelve hours at a time to give warning of the approach of any danger. For centuries baboons have used the very same large rock as a coign of vantage from which to watch, and I have seen these stones worn quite deep from the continual tread of feet. The old male had seen us before John had spoken and gave a kind of bark that set the echoes ringing through the mountains. He watched us there for a few minutes. In the meantime I had got my rifle and intended to have a shot at him if I got a good chance. Suddenly a very peculiar event happened and before long we were witnesses to one of the strangest animal tragedies one could wish to see. One of the Hottentots possessed what is called a Kaffir dog, which is a mongrel bred sort of lurcher, but exceedingly large and courageous. This lurcher had evidently scented the baboons, for suddenly we saw "Buller," as we had named the lurcher at our first outspan, climbing a huge mass of rock about fifty yards away. It seemed incredible that a dog could climb such a steep face of jagged rock, but up he went with surprising quickness. Then we heard a little baby baboon screaming just like a child, and a few moments later saw the little fellow sitting on a rock screaming with all his might and not attempting to run away. Buller was getting nearer and nearer. We were all greatly excited. Suddenly a huge dark form bounded down the side of the rock. The mother had come to defend her child. With one arm she picked up her baby. Buller was now within ten yards of the pair. Seeing him the mother hastily put her little one in a niche composed of two huge rocks about ten feet high, and herself crept into the crevice, at bay. Buller paused and commenced to bark. He stood perfectly still and with my glasses I could see his neck up, and death in his general expression. For fully five minutes he stood and barked; the mother baboon occasionally hurling a piece of rock in his direction. We could hear the shrill cry of the baby sometimes reaching us above the deep baying barks of Buller. Suddenly the dog advanced and attacked. I expected to see his windpipe torn out. A hundred yards away scores of baboons were gathering, evidently watching the contestants. I fired and saw one of them fall hundreds of feet to death in the crevices below. Then the crowd retired or hid so that I could not see plainly enough to put in another shot. In the meantime Buller and mother baboon were fighting for their lives. Buller had a hold on the throat of his antagonist and did not lose his hold. It was surprising to see that the baboon was not attacking, merely allowing herself to be held. All this time our whole party were interested spectators, unable to assist one way or the other had we so desired. After a while Buller had to release his hold, and the baboon climbed wearily to the top of the huge boulder. Buller was

lying down, exhausted. The baby baboon climbed up after his mother, who remained on the top of the rock, having no strength to go further. It was an easy shot to put the baboon out of her misery, but Buller still lay where she was without a move. I decided to shoot the poor old dog also, but Kleinjohn, the Hottentot, implored me not to do so, so we waited and I decided to camp for the night on the mountain and ordered the horses outspanned for the night. After a while, however, Buller revived and Kleinjohn started across the mountain to his assistance. Night fell and we passed a terribly cold night on the mountain. Kleinjohn came back at midnight and told us he had the dog, terribly mangled but living, about two hundred yards below us. He had carried and dragged him over narrow ledges and rocks in the dark with a sheer drop of hundreds of feet below him. I do not think any white man would ever have attempted this, but Kleinjohn was a son of the mountains. The Kaffir returned with him, taking some beef, and when I awoke next morning at sunrise I saw the boys nursing poor Buller who was stretched on a blanket in front of the fire. We put him in the cart and "trekked" on to Matjesfontein where we arrived on the fourth day of our journey.

Matjesfontein, or fountain of reeds, is noted all over Africa. It is situated towards the south of the great Karroo. I cannot pretend to give a description of this vast expanse which stretches away as far as eye can reach in all directions, sometimes flat, sometimes undulating, but composed all over of a dark, sandy, heavy soil, covered with scrub about a foot high and here and there thick trees about five feet high which have a faded green appearance and are covered with thorns of amazing sharpness and slightly curved. These thorns are called "wacht em beetje," or wait a minute. To this thorn I owe two operations and six months on my back as on a later expedition I walked into one of these bushes in the darkness and was severely injured. The thorn is exceedingly poisonous. The Karroo is green and covered with beautiful flowers about six weeks in the year, but generally is bare and brown, the dried off twigs of the bushes alone remaining. These are, however, most nutritious and their fattening property is proved by the splendid sheep raised in the Karroo.

At Matjesfontein I was the guest of the Hon. James D. Logan, a Member of Parliament for a large constituency in the Colony. Mr. Logan, or the Laird of Matjesfontein, as he is locally known, has had a remarkable career. He commenced life in South Africa as a workman on the line then being laid through the then little known Karroo. Saving his wages, he bought small pieces of land wherever he imagined a railway depot would be established, and erected rough huts from which his family supplied tea and coffee to the construction parties. His enterprise resulted in a long chain of refreshment depots, running clear to Johannesburg, over which he had control. He is now a multimillionaire. His estates at Matjesfontein are perfectly wonderful. Formerly a dried up, scorching arid area, by bringing water from the mountains he has trans-

formed the place into a veritable paradise, private polo grounds, cricket grounds, and a large private swimming bath, as well as a most luxurious private museum, are portions of his recreation grounds. One of the most popular men in South Africa is the "Laird." After enjoying his hospitality at Matjesfontein for a few days, during which time Mr. Logan had organized a spring-bok shoot, we all left for his shooting box about ten miles distant. I rode off from Matjesfontein at sunrise, accompanied by my boy, John. Now a few remarks about John. He had shared the vicissitudes of the war more or less with me during the whole period. The following episode serves to show how faithful he was. I was lying once in the hospital in Pretoria, suffering from the effects of an operation consequent on a horse rolling over me, and for several days was too ill to notice anything. Recovering a little, the nurse informed me that a Kaffir had been lying outside the tent for nearly a week and had refused to go. Finally he was allowed to come in. He tiptoed over to my bed, looked me in the face for about a quarter of a minute, then said: "My baas (boss) not polela (finished)," meaning, that he, himself, was satisfied I should not die.

Riding along to the shooting box John told me he wanted to go home to his kraal (native hut) in Basutoland. I told him I would allow him to go after the trip was over. I could see, however, that he was dissatisfied with the decision.

That day I bagged three hares and a pigeon, shooting them from the back of my mare as we walked slowly along. This method of shooting is very common in the Karroo, where the Cape farmers train their ponies to perfection. They are even trained to remain standing perfectly still after the rider has dismounted to get a shot.

It was a merry party assembled at the shooting box that evening and we all turned in early that night, ready for an early start on our springbok drive next morning.

Springbok shooting is the chief attraction in the Karroo. Years ago they roamed in countless multitudes over the vast extent of South Africa, and today they are by far the most common type of the antelope tribe in the country. The springbok is long in the legs, with a thin body, and is extremely difficult to shoot. They are exceedingly fleet of foot, and in most cases can outrun a greyhound, being also gifted with extraordinary powers of scent and observation. Being nearly a pure gazelle, like most of their tribe, they wander over the Veldt in large troops, subsisting on the grass and bushes, and are not particular in fact what they eat. I possessed a tame springbok once whose and I have often given him a cigarette which he would

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and I have owten given him a cigarette which he would nibble with evident relish. I called him Billy, and he had a pronounced aversion to children. He would scare them by butting them hard if they came at all near him. Billy and a cow were great friends, and when "trekking" along Billy would accompany the cow and seldom leave her side. Poor Billy broke his leg and had to be destroyed.

On account of their speed, sight, and sense of hearing, the springbok can generally escape if hunted by one or two persons only. A sportsman going out alone stands a poor chance of shooting one. For the above reason they are generally hunted by made-up parties of sportsmen, and an organized "drive" arranged. Mr. Logan's party consisted of himself and six other "guns," including myself. Two were farmers who had ridden up in the early dawn; one was the local storekeeper; the two others, guests of Mr. Logan. Every kind of rifle was in evidence, and we looked a very warlike lot, most inconsistent with the chase of the soft-eyed antelope. The early morning coffee was delicious and we all rode off with much good natured fooling. It was a beautiful morning, the sight of the rising sun superb. I cannot attempt to describe a sunrise or sunset in the Karroo. Only those who have seen can realize the aerial splendor. The Dutch farmers separated from us soon after the start in order to make a long detour, and they were to be joined by some more friends further away. Our objective point was two miles away, and as we rode along we could see the most common denizens of the Karroo, the secretary bird. Mr. secretary somewhat resembles a stork in appearance. Possibly this is the reason why such large families exist among farmers of the Karroo. The secretary bird is greyish in appearance, with very long legs and bill, and subsists on snakes, mice and lizards. He is most carefully protected, a fine of \$500 being imposed on anybody found shooting one.

Many little meer cats, closely resembling squirrels, were scampering into their earth homes as we passed. These little animals are easily caught and tamed, and make great pets. A lady of my acquaintance once took one of these little creatures to England where she produced him from her muff in a West End drawing-room. That was enough to start the craze. A few months later they became great pets among the smart set in London. We also passed many beautiful ostriches, the property of Mr. Logan.

Arrived at our destination we held a council of war. It was decided to use all our horses, cape carts, and of course, the lunch cart. Two Kaffir's dogs were tied to the axle of one of the carts. We lost no time in starting, extending out to right and left at intervals of about 1,000 yards apart. My servant rode with me, carrying my shotgun. It has always been my luck in South Africa for the majority of ground game to fall to my gun, and in the first 100 yards I bagged a hare. After a few miles advance, shotguns were abandoned and we knew we were in springbok country. Presently we heard a lot of shooting far away on the left, but

saw nothing. In crossing a deep spruit, or dry river bed, I had dismounted and was climbing up the opposite bank, when out jumped a large buck. I was so taken unawares that he was 50 yards away before I shot. I missed him entirely and have never known exactly what species of buck he was.

Arriving on the top of the bank, I observed a herd of springbok. They were galloping to and fro, some leaping high into the air. Then the rifle of the nearest man on my right rang out repeatedly. I was now about 500 yards from the buck and myself fired a few shots. I must confess that the first shot I fired was into the "brown" or among the herd. My luck was out. After I had kept Canterbury busy for about five minutes handing me cartridges, I saw that one of my shot had taken effect. I jumped on my mare and was galloping towards the struggling buck when she put her foot into an ant-bear hole, and over we rolled. I ran on ahead, leaving the mare, and was quite near my buck when it got up and galloped away apparently unhurt. By this time I was out of breath, excited, and rather shaken by my fall, and I missed another running shot. Luck, however, was with me, for as I advanced I saw lying on the ground a beautiful ram, shot clean through the head. Which of my shots told I am unable to say, as at no time did I see a buck fall. I sent Canterbury off on his horse for the nearest Cape cart to come and collect my trophy. Meanwhile, not a springbok was in sight. I could hear, however, quite a fusillade on my left. Evidently I was not in a lucky place. I rode on and soon saw a Hottentot riding towards me and beckoning to me to advance. I had lagged too far behind the line. Presently as I advanced I saw a beautiful line of buck coming directly towards me, not more than 200 yards away. I dismounted and fired many shots in rapid succession without effect. Presently in the rear appeared a fine buck badly wounded. My second shot rolled him over. I had a brace of buck to my credit, or rather discredit by the way I was shooting. Presently I was summoned by the Hottentot, and after riding for nearly two miles, saw our party assembling for a halt. It was nearly eleven o'clock and the sun was very fierce. We were to rest among the "wacht em beetje" bushes until evening. So far our bag consisted of thirteen buck, with one more return to come in. When the Cape cart, conveying my wounded buck came in, one of the farmers looked at him intently and remarked, "Ek gewond dar de groot skellum" (I wounded that large rascal). Much joking took place at my expense. Then came lunch. The two Cape carts were brought alongside each other about eight feet apart, and a buck sail spread over the top, and we sat on the ground underneath enjoying a hearty repast. After lunch we amused ourselves by shooting at the empty bottles, of which I regret to say there were a goodly number. A real Karroo thirst takes, like a bush-fire, quite a lot of quenching. All now proceeded to enjoy a siesta before setting out for the evening shoot. We were to start again at 4 p. m., and looked forward to some more good sport.

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WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

LOOK HERE!

This publication is being freely clipped by newspapers all over the country. But

"Though the compliment implied
Inflates us with legitimate pride,
Yet still it's not to be denied
It has its irritating side."

The clippings are usually credited to "The Scoop." Whoso pleases is welcome to quote The Scoop, to any extent, but the Club would be pleased to have the credits read "Chicago Press Club Scoop."

JOURNALISM AND NEWSPAPER WORK.

From the Department of Journalism and School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance of the University of New York, comes a bulletin announcing the opening of the autumn term, and saying:

The Department of Journalism is designed to meet the needs of five classes of students:

1. Those who wish to prepare themselves for magazine work either as editors or as writers.
2. Those who are attracted toward newspaper work and are anxious to secure a preparation for positions as reporters, editorial writers, department editors, copy readers, etc.
3. Those who wish to enter the field of trade journalism either as editors or writers.
4. Those who want a special training for the work connected with the advertising department of a magazine or newspaper.
5. Those who want a special training for the work connected with the circulation department of a magazine or newspaper.

In an address on "Schools of Journalism" which the late Whitelaw Reid of the New York Tribune de-

livered at New York University in 1872, he thus outlined what special instruction in journalism might hope to accomplish:

"West Point cannot make a soldier, and New York University cannot give us an assurance of an editor. But West Point can give the training, discipline, and special knowledge without which the born soldier would find his best efforts crippled and with which men not born to military greatness may still do valuable service. This university may yet do as much for the embryo Bryants and Greeleys, Weeds and Raymonds, and Ritchies and Hales, who are to transmit American journalism into a profession, and emulate the laurels of these earlier leaders, with larger opportunities on a wider stage to more beneficent ends."

Without intent to carp or criticize, a question of perfect qualification to teach a business that rigidly requires a knowledge of word-meaning and spelling, may be raised upon the imputation that Mr. Reid said "transmit" when he meant transmute—an error Mr. Reid could not have made, because he was himself too good a newspaperman for such a break.

And nothing in the bulletin gives any light upon the possibility that a young man can learn in such an institution what news is and how to go out and get the stuff, or how to meet the daily emergencies of newspaper life, or how to know human nature as a newspaper man must. Can he find out all these and a thousand other things while he is paying out money to be (perhaps) shown how, better than he could under the urgent necessity for a salary as preceding food, in a real newspaper job?

There is far more common sense and plausibility in another and restricted part of the course, the one that relates to what is called "trade journalism:"

The Department of Journalism is an integral part of the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance. This school offers a large number of courses in real estate, banking, insurance, trade and transportation, business organization, business ethics, industrial engineering, corporation finance, etc. Trade and financial journals have become within recent years a powerful force in business life. There still remain great opportunities for improvement and expansion, and a career

in this field should appeal strongly to persons who possess ability and the right kind of preparation. At New York University it is possible to get not only the necessary training in journalism, but also the special training in technical subjects with which many trade journals deal.

That at least reads well and has some pull to it.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

There is a sensible, clear-headed man writing editorial in the *Terre Haute Star*, who states simply and tersely the condition of literature (so-called) in this country and time. The editorial is reproduced in this issue, and passed on for reading with this accompanying remark:

"The 'great American novel,' as sanguine critics think of it, is possible," he says. "But," he adds, "is there a man or a woman with the breadth and the depth and the vision to gather the divergent strands of life into a vivid, enduring expression of our people?"

There is not, nor is the great American novel a possibility now, nor likely to be for at least another hundred years. This for reasons given in the body of the article itself, and for one other perfectly valid reason not given there—at least, not with point.

No novel written at this time could possibly give "a vivid and enduring expression of our people," because our people and all that is around or touching them are in a stage of transition so complicated and of such rapid movement that no expression of them could be vivid in any valuable sense, or enduring at all. No picture of us made now could be recognizable within our own borders one generation hence. Nor have we such homogeneity as would enable a composition of all in a picture that even today would be recognized by all as true. We are many nations having many differences and only one thing in common—the necessity for work.

It is neither necessary nor desirable that we have a suffusion of literature or the arts. Our business is, and for a generation or two must be, to waken up and utilize the tremendous possibilities of this continent. As a people, consciously or unconsciously, we are creating a new world here, and the task is urgent—terribly so. We are impatient of the past, intent upon the future, and busy with the present. The invisible power of a splendid destiny is pushing us along to the realization of such things as we know not of as yet. The hour of art will come when we have finished counting the number of acres to the man and begun counting the number of men to the acre; when we shall have arrived at a co-ordination of taste and trait characteristic of us all; when we have consolidated a race on this soil, and need an art and literature of our own. The only distinctive literature we have or until then are likely to have is in our newspapers, and people like the *Terre Haute* man are helping make it, and doing that work forcibly, every day. It shall stand for us. It is the most effective element in the ferment of our national life, out of which ferment shall come permanent and enduring form.

AN ORGAN OF DISSECTION AT WASHINGTON.

An interesting but probably futile newspaper is published at Washington, D. C., by Manuel L. Quezon, resident commissioner from the Philippine Islands. Each issue has all the leading articles in both English and Spanish.

Senor Quezon says that the paper is an official medium for expressing the views of the people of the Philippines. He desires by its publication solely to bring about a better understanding in the Philippines and in the United States of the real conditions which exist in both countries.

He advocates in a recent number an innovation which makes interesting reading whether you accept his plan or not. He says that while the question of giving the Philippines freedom is still undecided the President may easily appoint only Filipinos to the commission which governs the islands. He advises allowing the governor-general and the vice-general to be Americans, as this would be necessary to carry out American rule, but there is, he thinks, no reason for putting other Americans on the commission. He is doing all he can to show it in a favorable light to Americans. He seems to be deeply convinced that it is an expedient step to take at once.

His fundamental error lies in his disconcerting idea that the Philippine people, taken as a whole, could either govern themselves as a republic or keep out of the clutches of Japan or Germany if they were allowed to try. It is curious how this queer notion persists.

The cover design of the paper shows a woman sitting under a palm with lifted hand held out over the sea at her feet. The artist of this significant drawing is Fabain de la Rosa, to whose international reputation the editor refers. He has studied in the Philippines and in Europe. He was awarded a gold medal for a picture at the St. Louis exposition and had honorable mention for a picture exhibited at the international art exhibit in Brazil. He was made professor of the school of fine arts of the University of the Philippines, and is now preparing pictures for the Panama exposition at San Francisco.

Come All Ye Artists!

Competition is invited by the director general of the Panama national exposition, to be held next year, in the submission of designs by both Panamanian and other artists for an emblematic coat-of-arms that will best set forth the discovery of the Pacific ocean and the result of that discovery. The artist may employ any settings, scenes or figures, real or fanciful, that will faithfully portray in heroic style the magnitude of the event. The author of the accepted design will be awarded \$200.

There will be a dinner of welcome to Mrs. Pankhurst. If this is cooked by suffragettes, the punishment will fit the crime and a hunger strike will be forbidden by courtesy as well as by the logic of the occasion.

DESOLATION.

BY DAVID M. CORY.

I want to see her face again,
I want to see her smile;
To hold her dear true hand in mine,
To sit and dream awhile.

To sit and dream awhile with her,
Just know that she is there;
To feel the silence throbbing with
Our first-love's perfect prayer.

To look in eyes that answer mine
With heaven's honest blue;
To feel again my boyhood's faith,
To know one woman true.

I want her smile, her lips, herself,
Else all the world I lack,
I want to breathe her breath—I want—
I want God's woman back!

MRS. FRANK COLLINS DIES.

Mrs. Frank Collins died at her home in Edison Park Sunday evening, of gas asphyxiation, in peculiarly painful circumstances.

Treasurer Collins was detained at the Club monthly meeting that day, in a discussion of Club affairs that lasted from four until eight o'clock. After the meeting he had some matters to go over with some of the directors, and thereby lost his evening train. The next train left at about midnight.

He noticed a taint of gas in the air of his house, but paid little attention to it. Mrs. Collins had retired at about 9 p. m. and when he went to her room he found the gas stronger but not alarmingly so. He spoke to her twice before he noticed anything wrong. She was entirely unconscious and all his efforts to arouse her failed. He hurriedly summoned physicians and ordered a pulmotor, but she was too far gone, and went out while she was under treatment.

The light fixture at the head of her bed was a combination for electricity and gas. A magazine on the bed showed that she had been reading as was her custom, and it is supposed that in turning off the current she had touched and partly moved the gas key. Had her husband arrived an hour earlier she would be alive today.

The case is particularly distressing, because of the conditions. Mr. Collins was profoundly devoted to his wife and their three little ones, to whom he will now have to be mother as well as father. The entire Club extends its deepest sympathy to him in his irremediable affliction.

The funeral was at Oakland, Wednesday.

THE PLACE OF PEACE.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

At the heart of the cyclone tearing the sky
And flinging the clouds and the towers by,
Is a place of central calm:
So here in the roar of mortal things,
I have a place where my spirit sings,
In the hollow of God's Palm.

THE INTELLECTUALS.

Jefferson Jones, familiarly known as "Jeff," who has had the court trick and later the rewrite stunt at the C. N. B. office, went back to Minneapolis a week ago. Jeff's dad happens to own the Minneapolis Journal on which he worked before coming east, and he has gone back to work on pater's sheet. The County Building Glee Club will miss him, because he was one of the organization's best little fiddlers. The prairie chicken season opened in Minnesota the day he went away, and he promised himself some shootin' before he goes back to work.

E. S. Simpson, who sat in on Jim Bickett's job while the latter was chaperoning a little party of circulation getters and coupon clippers at Panama, is rapidly recovering at St. Joseph's hospital from a recent operation. Says he'll be up in a week.

Cunel G. Marion Gabe (Henderson, Ky.), announces his dena-ture foh the land of fried chicken this eve (Sat., Sept. 20), on a two weeks vacation. Gabe says he will meander some over the blue grass state before he starts back, and will make a call on Louisville's most distinguished citizen, Marse Henry Watterson. One of these days, when Gabe has had enough experience in the local field, he is liable to quit his job on the American and go take Marse Henry's job away from him.

September fifteenth was the eighteenth anniversary of the advent of James Aloysius Durkin to the Chicago Tribune. Jimmy was a copy boy on the old Chicago Times; and was thrown out of a job when that paper consolidated with the Herald. That night there was an awful storm; four or five people dead, houses blown down, and windows broken all over town. They sent for Jimmy at the Waif's mission to help the staff handle the news, and he's been on the job ever since. He has traveled around the world, and got famous, and all that, during the eighteen years, and only Jimmy knows how many cubs he has broken in as incidents in his job.

Walter Roderick, rewrite on the I. O., whose graceful flowing mustache won him temporary fame as a double of Baron Rothschild, recently clinched his claim of being a real fan by leaving Mrs. R. and a bunch of pretty girls at a Michigan summer resort and rushing back to Chi to see the team from his home town—Washington—get walloped. Rod assuaged his grief by a brief visit to Stillson's, and then after spending an hour having his upper lip manicured, rushed back to Michigan and continued his vacation.

Did you ever step into the night elevator in the Tribune building and observe the conductor marking down figures on a slip of paper? Wonder why? Well, it's simply a precaution. If you go to the fifth floor say, he marks down 5-1, or if there are two in your party it's 5-2. Then if anything out of the way happens on the fifth floor during the night, he pretty nearly knows whom to suspect.

Mark Watson has gone back on the rewrite job since real estate editor F. N. Wood returned. Therefore Floyd Gibbons, who has been having a perfectly lovely time filling the front page for two weeks, has been given back to the street again.

Haymaker John Lovett has taken a spin to Kansas.

Jchn said he would put on overalls, and show them down home that he could do something besides slug chauffeurs and find corpses in other people's back yards.

That very independent police reporter, Jake Lingle, was scooped by Charlie Gotthart, farmer, investigator, reporter, etc. Lingle came prancing into the Trib local room the other night with a big story about Albert Cherin, 16-year-old boy, who was arrested by ten policemen as the "man" who robbed a west side bank. Charlie Gotthart, instead of writing the story Lingle gave him, depicts the methods used by the police to make the boy a criminal, shows how the ten policemen surround the house and capture Cherin in his sick bed, and all that. The next day Captain Ryan read the story and released the prisoner, even though Lingle in an excess of fervor had announced his firm conviction that Cherin was "guilty as Pontius Pilate." Charlie gave him the big ha-ha, and an invite to Gotthart Farm.

The Cherub is back from his two weeks' vacation. He returned with a wide, wide grin, and a wild desire to make the Trib feature page a swell thing to read. Al Chase has been the talk of the whole office, for somebody circulated the yarn that he caught the matrimonial fever which has exhausted the Tribune purses this year. Al, however, refused to make any comments.

Edward Scott Beck has gone away for several weeks, leaving the M. E. job in the hands of Leigh Reilly, who has recently been drafted from the Evening Post.

Sam Kiser of Whim Wham fame has gone on a vacation. The local staff at the Record-Herald, with Speed as conductor, is grinding out the colyum. Since the R.-H. does not allow alleged serious poetry in its news columns, the reporters and copyreaders now have a chance to flaunt their muses. And, believe me, they are doing some tall flaunting.

Arnold Coleman, an engraver, and the "Motorcycle Mike" of the R.-H., was peacefully burning up the west side pavements Monday when a wild-eyed speeder on a heavier and faster machine ran into him. Aside from reducing the Arnold machine to assorted junk, the attacking party almost succeeded in making Arnold a component part of an iron telephone pole. He will be on duty again as soon as he gets his vertebrae, ribs and other organs readjusted.

George Bastian, for the past two years reporter and copy-reader at the Record-Herald, is head of the desk on Kirkland's nights off. Those around the circle say he's a regular dealer.

Much color is lent to the theory that the temporarily departed Mr. Stevenson of the A. P. is young Paul Williams' godfather by the extreme cockiness and orgulous airs of the said Williams since Stevenson went to Des Moines. The A. P. men are preparing to send a hurry call to the Des Moines office to get Stevenson back to regulate the fair haired youth.

Ol' George Wharton, day staff of the A. P., asserts that he is the logical favorite for the newspaper men's golf championship to be played somewhere as soon as Joe Davis's nigh pastern will bear his weight. Ol' George beat E. L. Powell, boss of the graveyard shift at the A. P., out at Garfield Park a few days ago, and

today Powell stepped out and beat Champion Basil Wyrick at Jackson Park. If Ed Powell can beat Wyrick and he can beat Powell, allows George, then George is the real champeen.

J. C. Royle, night Coast editor of the A. P., who came here last winter from Seattle, discovered Lake Michigan last summer and got so dippy about that w. k. body of moisture that he can't leave it alone. Royle hasn't missed a day this month, although the celebrated goose flesh producer just east of town was officially closed for swimming ten days ago. They don't bathe much out west, and Royle goes at it with all the zeal of a fanatic convert.

Handsome Harry Hazelwood of the Record-Herald has been on a limited diet because of a rebellious tummy. His friends are planning to give him a package of fire-crackers and a box of uwanta biscuit for Christmas.

Frank (Pippin) Marney is alleged to be on a vacation. It is believed, however, he is in hiding because Springfield tumbled into the cellar in the Three-Eye League, leaving him open to the heartless jeers of Harry Hazelwood, whose town, Quincy, closed in front.

J. P. McEvoy, the R.-H. sporting page pote, is back from his sojourn in the bushes minus his immaculate white shoes. Refreshed and rejuvenated by his communion with nature, he is prepared to tear off some scintillating stuff this winter.

The Two Greatest Websters.

Charley Gotthart to R. F. (Dan'l) Webster—"I seen your name in the Scoop today.

Dan'l—"Got me in again, eh?"

Gotthart—"It's the other one this time. Quotation from Daniel Webster."

Dan'l—"Advertising the dictionary, I suppose."

Kipling's Retirement.

Rudyard Kipling is said to have become a recluse, because of the death of a daughter and the fear that he may lose another. He now lives in an obscure Sussex village, and rarely goes up to London.

Bell



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TO obtain the best results in using the telephone, speak directly into the mouthpiece in a clear well modulated tone. When a speaker turns his face from his auditor he materially reduces his chances of being understood. The same risk occurs when one talks over, under or aside from the telephone transmitter.

Chicago Telephone Company

Bell Telephone Building
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ONLY A BLOOMIN' DREAMER.

DEAR SCOOP:—He was a tender child of twenty-two or so. His large eyes were full of questions. There was a simple trusting look upon his face that made you treat him gently. He was a dainty person sure, and as he walked into the Club library the other night he visibly breathed dismay.

"Oh," he said, "that's too bad, you know. Always I have cherished one ideal more than all others, and now that has been shattered. It's too bad. It's too pitiful."

He turned faint. A member unwound himself from a couch and hurried out to get him some spirits of ammonia.

His friend forced him out of the place, and asked what was the trouble? What was the shattered illusion?

He shook his head sadly and replied, it was the library. He had never been there before, and always he had dreamed that the library of the Greatest Press Club on earth—the home of 'Gene Field, and Opie Read, of Col. William Lightfoot Visscher and Frank Comerford—the library of the Club where the best writers of the country were made welcome, and where the salt of the earth were glad to come—must be a library par excellence.

He had pictured rows and rows of great authors, poor simple fellow, and files of the best newspapers and magazines. He had pictured groups of great men reading and writing beneath the chandeliers. He had seen in his mind the benefits coming from the studious and literary atmosphere of such a place.

And he had found this!

"Why is it?" he asked. "Why don't they light the place up? Ah, don't answer, my friend. I know. They are afraid. They are afraid to let the women in for the same reasons. There is nobody who comes here to read. They come merely to sleep, or to carouse. But the dim lights conduce to sleep, my friend, the members who want to read, cannot do it. Come. It is horribly oppressive."

His friend was amused, laughed up his sleeve. At least he made no answer.

They came down the carpeted stairway to the fourth floor, and peeked in for a moment at a man trying to operate a typewriter under the delicate beauty of the lamp.

"It's too bad, it's too bad," he murmured as though to himself. He paused a moment.

"Why are the desks locked? Do certain members own the desks in the writing room? Why isn't there enough paper? Why all these musty tomes upon the shelves that nobody ever reads? Why?"

"Come, my friend. In all my life I have never taken a drink. Come. Lead me to the bar, and let me go. I am but a dreamer and my dreams have seemed real to me, but tonight the dearest of all of them has been smashed, and I care not what comes next. Come. Lead on, and make the liquid Bourbon. I'm afraid to see any more."

PADDY.

ONE OF OUR BOYS IN THE CANADIAN NORTH.

Emerson Hough has been having an experience more interesting to others than new to himself. Accompanying James A. Cornwall and an especially organized party he has just been through the upper wilds of Alberta, away beyond the arctic circle. James Fraser, an Edmonton newspaperman, and a well known writer of wildwood stories, has returned, and tells about it.

Hough has the Canadian addiction. He owns a lot of land in all three of the prairie provinces. He was with William Pearson in opening Last Mountain Valley a few years ago, and has written good stuff about that nifty venture and its supreme success. This last trip, however, took him farther than any other he has made.

Cornwall is a character. He has lived with and speaks the dialects of all the Indian tribes from the Great Slave Lake to the Alaska boundary, and has grown rich in trading among them. He owns twenty-eight transportation lines stretching fanwise out from Edmonton in every direction save south, giving schedule service and hotel accommodations all same railroad; and he is a member of the Alberta parliament—a denizen of the wild and a citizen of the world rolled in one. He comes to the Press Club every time he visits Chicago, and that is three or four times a year.

The Edmonton correspondent of the Canadian American describes the outfit and interviews Fraser. In addition to Hough and Cornwall, there were G. K. Miller, scientist and explorer, of Milwaukee, and A. Lupetrie, moving picture photographer for the Essanay Company of Chicago. The trip covered more than 4,300 miles of wild rivers and trails in the far north. Fraser left them at Fort McPherson, a trading post well inside the Arctic circle, the journey occupying 48 days.

Other members of the party continued the trip to Dawson by the Porcupine river route and will return by way of Vancouver. Though traveling for weeks in practically unexplored country in quest of pictures and literary material, not a single accident marred the pleasure of the trip and none of the men was sick or indisposed. This was probably referable to Cornwall's standing with the Indians and his knowledge of how to do things, for George Radford, a highly capable newspaper man from New York, who went into the same regions three years ago, was killed last spring for the sake of his equipment.

"The fur catch at the various points visited by the Cornwall party was exceptionally good," Fraser said, "and the Indians and half-breeds are in good shape financially. Some of the settlers, mostly squatters, in the far north are raising grain and vegetables to supply their own wants, while others are prospecting for minerals and engaged in trapping. Some of them also work on the river rafts.

"Hough and Miller secured reams of good 'copy,' some of which will be written into novels and special articles. Miller also made a number of investiga-

tions, which are bound to be of value to the scientific world. The weather in the north was ideal for expedition purposes."

Hough should give us a talk at luncheon, and tell us more about it.

MEMORIAL ACTION, MRS. COLLINS.

The Directors of the Press Club of Chicago adjourned their regular session Monday, out of regard for Treasurer Collins, who had suffered a most grievous bereavement Sunday evening in the sudden death of his wife. The board meets again in special session to say that while its members are fully aware of the inability of words to carry any consolation into the presence of so great a sorrow, they wish to make this expression of their full and profound sympathy, their heartfelt wish to uphold his courage, their desire to inspire fortitude if they can by referring to his three beautiful children, now so sharply and finally orphaned; to give him what strength they may, until the first desolation of these bitter hours has been softened by time, the one healer of all wounds.

And if it may, the Board would wish to assure him of the truth which faith has so long declared and science is now proclaiming, that there is no death; she who has been taken from him now has not been lost, but has only gone away for a little while; that in the fulness of days his eyes, too, will open in the light of a better morning, and see again "those angel faces smile that he has loved long since, and lost a while."

WALTER A. WASHBURN.

President.

J. J. ASHLEY,

Recording Secretary.

Oysters and Chicken de Luxe.

Now that the oyster days are here, the Tribune men are getting thick with Old Ben Franklin. They lie in wait for him when he comes into the office, and they smile and smile, and offer him cigars. For they have not forgotten the days when Ben displayed his skill with the chafing dish. Ben could cook oysters better than the man who invented them. He could take the creatures right from the store, put them in a pan, do something to them, and then serve them. Ummmm. The fellows he had invited: E. S. Beck, Cap. Scott, Frank Hammer, Bill Stanton, and others, just fought for them! And his chicken pie! Well——

Ben used to get his fowls from a Chinaman, and he made that chink chase the victims all over the roofs for three days, before the killing. It conduced to their tenderness de luxe, and the Lucullan delight of the diners. And Ben would serve a whole case of beer—nothing smaller than quarts, either, and always there was a quart of milk for Jimmy Durkin. Now, do you wonder that they all take their hats off to a real chef?

How the Lady Saw Things Happen.

There is a young lady on the south side who declares it is perfectly fascinating and romantic to be married to a reporter. She was sitting in the Tribune office,

one night near to 12 o'clock, waiting for her spouse to finish his arduous duties.

At last the column and a half story was finished, and Burton Rascoe put on his coat, straightened his tie, and diluted his fingers. Mrs. Rascoe sighed with relief. It had been quite a long wait.

Just then Mr. Howey answered the telephone, and signalled for the Benedick to halt. It was a tip on the bridge accident at the Chicago avenue bridge.

"Rascoe, hop into a taxi, and take your wife with you," said the city editor, "and beat it up there quick."

Rascoe was tickled. His wife was delighted. She had never gone so fast in a machine before. And then the confusion at the bridge, the tragedy of the man who had fallen into the river, the scurrying of reporters looking for news, and the sight of her brave hubby at the telephone. Really it was an adventure!

"Here's Mr. and Mrs. Rascoe on the 'phone," said Howey when the adventurers called up, "and just in time."

Mrs. Rascoe says if she can't be a reporter, she's glad she's the wife of one. Her hubby says the same thing, too. Did you ever cover a big fire on a cold night, Mrs. Rascoe? Well, you just wait. There's plenty of time.

Moustachios and Matrimony.

DEAR SCOOP:—O, I have heard so much about the boys on the morning newspapers, and I do so want to meet one of them, a nice young man with a moustache. Please see what you can do for me.

Affectionately,

FANNIE.

The SCOOP is not a matrimonial bureau, neither is it an information bureau. There are any number of nice men who are raising moustaches at this season. In fact it seems to be the popular crop on some of the leading dailies. There's Old Jim Crown, city editor of the I. O.—but Jim's married, and you can hardly see the adornment, anyway.

Now Young Walt Roderick, the I. O. rewrite man, might suit your fancy. His has been in the bud for three weeks. A hen can hatch a brood of chicks in that time. But Rod's no hen, though his moustache does look like the down on a chick.

Here are some more: Paul Hammet, I. O. copy reader, pale yellow, soft, and nice; Paul Crissey, I. O. reporter—though Crissey became discouraged, he'd accommodate you, if it were not for his wife; John Lovett, Floyd Gibbons, and Eddie Doherty of the Trib. Gibbons' is in mid bloom, Lovett's, at last writing had disappeared with a promise to return, and Doherty's is only a week old, and quite insufficient to conceal his map. However, it's up to you. Take your choice.

PADDY, Associate Editor.

P. S.—Fannie, Fannie! We almost overlooked one. There's Peter Vroom on the Trib. A handsome, tall, willowy Adonis, with the loveliest, silkiest, blackest.—O, just a perfect one. How could we forget it! His wife thinks so, too—and his youngster.

"Marriage," says a writer on the subject, "is simply a matter of figures." This will account for the numerous weddings from the chorus.

THE SENDINGS TO CAPTAIN FRANKLIN.

This has been a dolorous week for a good man. Our Captain Franklin has been made the victim of Sendings of Unjust Things.

Sunday evening he was savagely attacked by Pansy the Cat, who bit him severely in the right leg, simply because he stepped on her—and he weighs not quite three hundred pounds. The totally unmanageable creature not only sunk her fangs deep in his defenseless calf, but tore a large hole in the stocking thereof, mutilated his trousers in the most shocking manner, and then fled, spitting and squalling, to the fourth floor. The Sending occurred on the sixth.

But that was nothing to the Sending on Monday night. A cold had been Sent to his throat that day, and at or near twelve o'clock (m.), his friend Butt, also a member of this Club, and his companion of the moment, recommended goose oil. That was at the corner of North Clark and Division streets—a peculiarly malign locality.

At that place there is a drug shop, conducted by a short man with a shorter temper. To this person Captain Franklin said politely:

"I want some goose oil."

The short man's temper was afire at once. Said he: "Get out of here, you great big lob! You can't run any of that stuff over on me. Get out of my store!"

This Captain Franklin instantly and firmly refused to do, saying:

"You are a public druggist. You have a license. I am a customer. I have a right to be served. I demand my right. I want some goose oil."

The rage of the short person towered higher. He used language not approved in polite society, went to the front door and locked it, and thence to the telephone and called for a hurry wagon from the nearest police station. "L wards," as Captain Franklin says, "L wards west, near the river."

Then Franklin, wounded as he was, administered to that incensed and unreasonable druggist a kick like the kick of the Pope's mule, the dust of which was seen from Avignon to Pampeluna. The so justly re-proved druggist retreated with that assistance behind the counter, and just then the wagon came, conveying with much clangor many policemen, one of whom (when the door had been opened) spake and said unto Franklin, "You come with me."

Franklin went as commanded, being a man lawfully inclined and amenable in all circumstances.

The sarge at the station heard the story, and in doubt of anything else to do, offered to let Franklin go home if he would put up fifty dollars bail for appearance in the morning. Franklin had a little less than twenty-five, but the sarge would only say,

"Fifty."

So Franklin resorted to the 'phone and called for Mr. Butt (who had gone on his way after the goose oil suggestion) and in a little while Butt came through with the fifty, and the twain departed, much indignant.

Next morning they appeared before the regular beak, and that official on eliciting the facts said things to that ungovernable druggist that are probably still ringing through the vast and furry corridors of his ears, and cleared the whole matter out of court in anything but a pleasant manner.

Franklin isn't especially interested in goose oil any more, but mild as he is, he meditates aloud upon what he would best do to that injurious drug fellow.

And waits for the next Sending. It's a hard world!

INTERVIEWING BRYAN.



Wilbur N. Burkhardt, now copy reader on the Record-Herald, once made journalistic history in Iowa. He interviewed William Jennings Bryan in Des Moines and the story of that interview is one of the traditions of the town among the people that really count, that is to say, of course, among the newspaper men. Here is the story of the famous chat with Bryan, how it was obtained, how it almost never was written and how it finally landed in the paper and earned a substantial salary increase for the reporter. It is told in short but not sweet form, merciless of Burk's feelings but absolutely true from start to finish.

Cub reporter is caught alone in local room of Register and Leader, Des Moines, one Saturday evening. Bryan alights in town unexpectedly on his way to Colfax, Iowa, to deliver Prince of Peace lecture. Stops at hotel to bathe and dress before hopping interurban train for Colfax. City editor up against it for reporter hurriedly fills out a list of questions such as, "What do you think of the tariff?" etc., and hands 'em to cub with sulphuric remark about boobs being supposed to get stories when they go after 'em. Cub goes to the hotel and figuratively is thrown out on his head because W. J. B. has left word he is not to be disturbed by anyone. Cub takes a hitch in his belt and sneaks up a side stairway to Bryan's room. Bell boy standing guard is bribed to look the other way and the Cub walks in. Ante room is filled with local Democratic lights, such as chairman of state democratic committee, etc., sitting around as at a funeral, speaking in whispers because of the mighty Presence in the other room. Request to see Presence greeted by horrified gasps. "He's in there," motioning towards door, "but, of course, you can't see him." Cub takes a grip on his list of questions and bursts through the door into a bedroom with another door. He bursts through other door. Bryan, sans everything but a ring of soap bubbles on his grape-juice basket is revealed. Burk swallows his epiglottis and loses his questions. Bryan smiles. Goes on with bathing process. Reporter manages to stammer, "I'm a reporter," and, "What about the tariff?" Bryan, in kindly tones, says he never talks business on a pleasure trip or politics on a business trip or something of the sort. Billy thanks him and almost breaks the

door down getting out into the open, highly elated with his "interview." On his way to the office he suddenly comes to realization that Bryan didn't say a thing about the tariff or anything else. He is on point of throwing up his \$6 a week job, hopping a rattler and never darkening Journalism's door again. After further wrestlings with his courage he decides to go back to the office, anyway. Goes back, sneaks off in a corner where city editor can't see him and starts to write the story just as it happened, narrative style, beginning with the disgusted remark of the city editor when he finds the cub is the only one to send on the story. Plays strong the feature of trembling knees and the final line is his decision not to go home. It was written just as it happened, with the awe-struck Democratic cohorts waiting in the ante-room, the splashes of the Presence, etc. Cub sneaks over and lays copy on desk, runs all the way downstairs and beats it home, determined never to show up if the story isn't printed. He grabs the paper next day—big Sunday edition—sees story leading paper absolutely clean, just as it had been written, word for word. Walking on clouds all the way to the office that day. Not a word is said to him but when Monday night comes he opens his pay envelope and finds three \$5 gold pieces and three silver dollars. Thinks there's a mistake. Asks the city editor, who says, "No, you damned fool. That's your salary."

This is the story of how Captain Foran came to the United States, and the first thing that happened to him.

Foran covered the entire Roosevelt expedition in Africa for the Associated Press, and a strong friendship grew up between the two men.

Along came Bonfils, who owns the Denver Post and the Post of Kansas City, with a strong letter from the Associated Press to Foran asking him to introduce Bonfils to Roosevelt. Foran managed this so perfectly and altogether made so good an impression that Bonfils engaged him then and there to take up a good position on one of his newspapers.

During his service in the British army, Foran had done some excellent correspondence work for newspapers in England, and this proposition had instant appeal, for he had left the army and wanted to try America. Thus it was he found himself some three months later in Kansas City. Bonfils was always too busy to write out a contract and Foran quit after two months, without bettering himself; and that made it easy for Bonfils to get him back at a small salary, "until he could get something better." Foran took the job with an unspoken but firm intention to do not a thing that he didn't have to do.

The city editor put him on hotels and the Union station. At the Baltimore Hotel was one of those jocose clerks who enjoy inflicting stings on strangers; and the sting he loved to jab into the British soldier was to tell him there was a ripping good story in room (whatever you like), in which room the soldier would invariably find a more or less flip but invariably vacuous

drummer. He got tired of that after a week or so.

Then one morning this clerk tackled him with unusual enthusiasm.

"There's the biggest story ever in 579. William Jennings Bryan of Lincoln, Nebraska. Get to it quick before the other fellows are on."

"So?" said Foran, perceiving the same old spoof; and sat around the bar an hour or two before he went



CAPT. W. ROBERT FORAN.

back to the office and told the city man there was nothing stirring.

The city man wanted to know whether he meant that nobody had arrived in Kansas City that morning, and elicited the story of the clerk, during which came out the name of William Jennings Bry—

That's as far as he got. The city editor went up in the air and told him to jump right back to the Baltimore and get a Bryan story.

"Who the blazes is he?" asked Foran.

That induced a cold calm in the city editor, who imparted information with icy ire and finished with a roar of

"Go get him."

Foran went, and called the room on the 'phone, and was cordially invited up. Of course. We all know our own Bryan.

In the room were a half dozen men from the other papers, and everybody was having a good time. One of these others introduced Foran with the malicious

statement that he had become so infatuated with Roosevelt he didn't know there was anyone else in the United States, least of all Bryan. And that he had thought the clerk was steering him up against a bum drummer.

Bryan howled with delight. Then he wanted to know what or whom Foran thought he was.

Foran confessed imperfect knowledge. Then again Bryan howled, and asked what he thought he looked like.

Foran regarded him earnestly a moment, and said: "A candidate."

That settled it. They chummed the rest of the afternoon, and Foran got a first rate front page story.

BORNING THE LOS ANGELES CLUB.

Stewart de Krafft was once on The Times in this town—when Harry Fulton was managing editor—and afterward on The Chronicle. Now he lives in Los Angeles, where he went to take a newspaper job, but afterward a partnership with another old Press Clubman, Paul Howse. They make electric signs and have put up some great big ones.

He was with us a week just now, and has come back into membership—non-resident, but valid.

It never is noticeably quiet where Stewart is, and he certainly did quite a bit in the way of shaking things up while he was here.

Among other less lively things, he told the mid-night crowd in the grille the way Los Angeles came to have a press club at all. They had none until they invited Secretary Daniels to be their guest at a banquet, about a week ahead of his date there. A dozen of them put in about an hour composing that invitation. It was sent by wire, and cost a lot, for it was some two hundred words long.

Next day they were scared stiff by a wire of acceptance. They had sent their spoof in the name of the club, and here they were with a big man on their hands and no club whatever.

They had to organize one then and there, to save their faces—and they did. Somewhere around a hundred joined, and all chipped in for the banquet, assessing themselves five dollars each, and soaking some big men on the outside ten apiece, for places of honor at the guest's table.

It came off. The ten-dollar men got native wine, the members got imported. Gen. Harrison Gray Otis was glad to preside, and there were many gallant speeches made. The Secretary was delighted but General Otis was not. About half the fellows disliked him severely, for what they believed to be good and sufficient cause, and these bunched themselves as near to his place as they could and canvassed his character in terms of almost scandalous freedom throughout the entire evening.

But a Club was then and there evolved, and a good club it is, with a fine membership and commodious club quarters. They want to affiliate with us, but that's a matter to be taken up later, in a formal way.

Hat boy in a restaurant was chastised by a broker. Move to have the broker decorated by Congress.

THEY GOT THEIR CUE FROM ADAM.

BY JOHN POSTGATE, PRESS CLUB.

The lion has an angry roar,
The bear a vicious hug;
The tiger's rage we much deplore,
We curse the snarling pug;
Hyena's laugh brings out cold sweat,
The wolf afflicts with fright;
The serpent's fangs are sharply set
To sting by day and night.

While over head, the monkeys preen,
And parrots screech and cry;
The eagles flash their talons keen,
And vultures shroud the sky;
And if at night, soft balmy gale
Is fraught with love and song,
Harsh raven croaks our ears assail,
And owls their hoots prolong.

Then in the sea, the deadly shark
Darts wildly for his prey;
While cuttlefish, with fluid dark,
Befoul and blot the spray.
Long eels, all eager for our flesh,
Disport themselves in slime;
And sharp-clawed crabs, in rocky mesh,
With malice bide their time.

But raging pest of land or sea,
Or hawk that scours the air,
Is naught, in monstrous savagery,
To man with passions bare;
Old Adam classed them all by name,
From store of lingual pelf;
He sensed their nature, wild or tame,
By cues within himself!

THE CRAVANETTE.

A late heritage of the Nineteenth Century is the Cravanette. This garment never had an original price. It is always marked down to \$7.43 or \$3.98. Cravanette, we are told, is a process, not a fabric. It consists of most any old thing from gunnysack up, immersed for a sufficient period in creosote or other embalming fluid whereby the cloth is rubberized, so to speak. This describes the odor, not the attribute. You may break, you may shatter the cravanette if you will, but the scent—well, anyway, by this means clothing manufacturers are able to work off a vast quantity of shoddy and loose ends that otherwise would be a total loss. Stiffen these leftovers with the embalming fluid and they become for a time the most swagger overcoats you ever saw.

The cravanette is what might be called a fair weather garment. It gives excellent satisfaction in almost every respect except that it is not impervious to water.

No, if the truth be told, cravanettes have this one weak point. They cannot stand rain. Otherwise they are fine and dandy, but subjected to but one shower the cravanette assumes the appearance of ancient linoleum, or it may be likened to the kitchen table oil cloth after a hard winter. I trust this brief but lucid statement may clear up the most protruding question of these, our inquiring times: How to account for the number of rain-coat sales at less than cost.

HENRY W. LEE, Press Club.

Self-indulgence is the thief of opportunity.

HIS SIMPLE LITTLE CAR.

SOMEONE IN THE SACRAMENTO SENTINEL.

Johnson bought a motor car,
His pride in it was great.
He ran across some broken glass.
Bill—\$16.88.

He took a friend out for a ride,
They both enjoyed it fine,
Until a cylinder went bust.
Bill—\$30.49.

He started on a country tour,
And had a lot of fun,
Until he ran into a ditch.
Bill—\$60.31.

He took his wife downtown to shop,
As proud as proud could be,
And then he bumped a trolley pole.
Bill—\$90.83.

And when he found himself flat broke,
In tearful rage he cried,
"I'll rob the children's savings bank.
And have just one more ride."

EDWARD MAHER IMPARTS

Clem. Yore has a letter from Ed. Maher, written at Budapest the last of August and telling this incident of his visit to Vienna:

Had a delightful letter of introduction to Captain Wilhelm Eisenkolb of the Imperial Life Guard. On the way to the hotel from our steamship quay our machine was halted by a stately and ceremonious military parade—plumes in the gay wind dancing, the pomp and pride of imperial power. Music rich in sound and uniforms gorgeous in parti-color. Thence to the hotel, next day, to present my letter. The parade was the funeral of the addressee. He had been murdered, together with his betrothed, a countess, by his military servant, a Turk of his own regiment, two days before.

"The lady had called at the Captain's quarters and he had directed his soldier-servant to wait in attendance while she was present. Instead the servant secured the Captain's revolvers, and shot them both in cold blood, and then attempted to escape by jumping from a third story window. The officer and the lady are in their graves, and the Turk is in hospital, waiting convalescence and a firing squad."

The Mahers are facing homeward by now. He says he will be along this way before another month goes by, and meanwhile effuses affectionate remembrance—"Love, as a man may love men," he puts it—to Jay Cairns, Captain Krausz, Colonel Davis, Etid Genu Somne, and whomsoever. Not a word about the First Napoleon in the whole letter. Ah! These airs of Europe!

Castle Miramer, Gulf of Trieste, 5 Sept., 1913.—In this place dwelt the ill-fated Maximilian, "Emperor of Mexico," who started from here in 1864 to prove that the Monroe Doctrine was an outworn theory. I laid my hand on his cofined breast (pierced by Mexican bullets) in the crypt of the Hapsburgs in the church of the Capucines at Vienna. The doctrine has its Denkmal here beyond all question.

Sailing Sat Sept 6 arrive 21 regards.

EDWARD MAHER.

OUR COMERFORDS.

This, from the Seattle Post, is the first word that has come from our Jean Comerford since she went away last July:

"Mrs. Jean Cogswell Comerford, one of the most gifted newspaper women of the country, is at the New Washington. Mrs. Comerford is the wife of Frank Comerford, the Chicago attorney and Democratic politician, now on the Chautauqua platform. She is accompanied by her mother and daughter.

"I am enthusiastic about Seattle," she said last night. "It is so big, this Puget Sound country, so new and fresh and clean. It is inspiring. I am going to coax my husband to come here and live. We have a summer home in the Pen d'Oreille country. It is beautiful there, too, but not with the beauty of this splendid Seattle. I have never seen a city that made such an impression on me. Frankly, I should like to settle down right now and stay here always."

"Mrs. Comerford is a real newspaper woman. In Chicago, on the Chronicle under Horatio Seymour, one of the great editors of this generation, who now has full editorial charge of the New York World, she did the big stories of Chicago, murder trials, politics, police courts, the juvenile court and signed stories on almost every vital subject. She was one of the most trusted reporters on the staff. She afterwards went to New York and was a political reporter on the World, making two trips a week to Washington to write political gossip of the capitol.

"I am prouder of the fact that the Chicago Press Club let me write the foreword for their annual than anything else I have ever done," she said. "I am the only woman who has ever written for their annual, or THE SCOOP, the Press Club paper. Mr. Comerford is a member of the Chicago Press Club, and thinks more of his membership in it than almost any honor he has attained.

"I like newspaper men. I like the movement and action of a daily newspaper office. I am out of it now, I suppose, but the call of the type machine is strong sometimes, and when I hear people discussing news stories I have an overweening desire to get back to the desk, with a city editor's eye upon me, and feel the impulse to tell a good story in the best possible way."

"Mrs. Comerford will remain in Seattle for a few days. She found one or two old Chicago newspaper friends here, and will be shown the city as fully as possible before she returns."

The Lady from Mexico.

Mrs. William M. Mansfield, of New Mexico, formerly well known among the younger set of Press Club members as Alice Krausz, is visiting her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Krausz. Two years ago she escaped with some difficulty from the scene of the Orozco revolution in the state of Chihuahua. Little Lolita, her daughter, who is with her on her Chicago visit, is a Mexican product, having been born in Guanajuato.

HOW TO WRITE A PLAY.

LE ROY ARMSTRONG, PRESS CLUB, IN GOODWIN'S WEEKLY

The Big man came in and he says, says he:

"Why don't you write a play?"

Which is easy. Large numbers of men have written plays. The trunks are full of them. Come on. Let's write a play.

PERSONS—Young Fellow; Rich Grandfather; Pretty Maiden; Villagers; Other People.

TIME—Now.

PLACE—The World.

We don't need the Villagers and Other People. I don't know that we need the Pretty Maiden; but so many people have needed her, one time and another, that we better include her in the cast.

The title of the play: "Money Is Time." And that is a great philosophical truth, if you look at it soberly.

The Rich Grandfather is discovered on the stage in a sort of undress—the lean pantaloons, the slippers, the dusty dressing gown of age. He has accumulated a pile. Young Fellow comes in, surprising Grandfather at accounts of cent-per-cent. Young Fellow has a volume of Strade's Chemistry under his arm.

"What do you know about chemistry?" squeaks the stooped and shuffling Grandfather.

"I know this. The chemist can take a substance in large quantities, condense it by means of certain processes, and preserve in the result all the latent, potent elements of the original large mass."

"What good is that to me?" demands the Rich Grandfather.

"Well, it might mean a whole lot to you. You always have told me Time is money. I am here to tell you Money is Time."

"How so?" (Business of pretending not to be interested).

"Well, when you were a young man, you had plenty of time. You took it, treated it with the tincture of labor, the essence of intelligence, the chloride of sacrifice—and got money, much money. The chemist takes a great piece of beef and a great lot of water, combines them, subjects them to heat, manipulates them, employs science and labor and instructed skill, and produces bouillon cubes, so that you can carry in your vest pocket the essential qualities of ten pounds of beef and ten hours of labor, the proportionate charge for a million dollars' worth of machinery and plant. And what do you do with it?"

"Well, what do I do with it?" (Business of limping and shuffling, to impress the audience with his age and decrepitude).

"You simply reverse the operation. You have your bouillon cubes. You didn't make them. But by reversing the operation of the chemist you get all he started with—the nutriment in ten pounds of beef."

"Well?" (Business of paying attention. It is easy. No other payment costs so little).

"Well, here you are, a rich old man. You have taken a lot of time, some common or garden opportunity, and with your retorts of trade you have condensed your material into money—into much money. As money it doesn't do you any good. You can't en-

joy it. It is just like a bouillon cube in your vest pocket. But reverse the operation. Dilute your money in an element of proper temperature and component parts, and you will have time, opportunity—and a hell of a good time, too."

"I am registering from Sedalia."

"It is perfectly clear. Use your money. Reverse the chemical process. You put life into your money. Make the money put life into you."

(Business of Rich Grandfather thinking. Looks good to him. Abandons his figuring on cent-per-cent. Takes some of his money and dissolves it in Active Enterprise; watches it; gets interested; has to tend it; gets tired; sleeps better; appetite comes back, eats better; stands straight; takes an interest in life; finds himself stronger, happier, keener. Young Fellow in funny mood takes liberties with retort—makes retort, in fact; Grandfather yanks him eight ways for Sunday, and fires him out.

(He coined his life into gold. He has learned to transmute his gold into Life; he has a Good Time; he finds beauty in the world, and Pleasure walks with him through the cloudless days.)

Grandfather and Young Fellow, hand in hand: "Money Is Time." Curtain.

You will find the Pretty Maiden somewhere off stage.

I KNOW A FIELD.

BY HENRY W. LEE, PRESS CLUB.

I know a field where autumn flowers grow
In riotous profusion, everywhere.
Modest harebells their dainty petals show,
And stately purple asters blossom there.

Sumach and larkspur vie with colors brave,
Tansy and buttercup their roots entwine.
Cornflower and foxglove all their pinions wave,
While bright red clover greets the columbine.

Proudly the plume flower rears his tufted crest,
Fringed gentian waves her tassels from on high.
The trumpet ranger summons all the rest,
A hundred scented answers waft reply.

Then darkness gathers, and the passion flower
Breathes on the live-for-ever wild caress.
Like sentinels aguard a fairy bower
The sturdier stalks together thickly press.

Flanked by hounds-tongue and valorous stag horn,
Are bitter-sweet and graceful shooting star.
There yellow lily, faint its incense borne,
And blue flag, waving glorious from afar.

King over all, the stately golden rod
Yields a farewell salute, courteous and bold.
Armed to the teeth, brave soldier of the sod,
The prickly thistle threatening guards the fold.

That's the Talk!

The greatest men today, says Farm and Ranch, are the men who can co-operate with their neighbors to advance citizenship and prosperity. There was a time when it was thought proper for men to fight their foes in politics, but today the least men and the most undesirable citizens are those that "fight." We need builders, not fighters.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, MONACO.

J. A., IN THE NEWARK NEWS.

He's absolute, is Monaco, o'er subjects' lives and pockets;
A monarch never advertised by treason's danger rockets;
An easy boss, whose gentle reign to humor oft relaxes,
While alien gamblers have to pay the bulk of all the taxes.

In him there's not a particle of Nero-like barbarity;
And mediaeval headsmen are taboo as mere vulgarity.

Let's welcome Monaco with glee, incarnate joke, and joker;

Perhaps persuaded he may be to try a game of poker;
And since his fame is, aye, so high that ne'er a cloud can dim it

The blue empyrean shall be that game's most generous limit—

The taste will grow, his cash will go, while all the world is tittering;

Till Yankees once again shall own those oil fields so glittering!

[The Prince is in this country to have a look at some oil fields he bought in Wyoming.]

MORE WISDOM OF SHACABAC.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE IN "HER MAJESTY THE KING."

The merchants, especially, who everywhere boast of being a conservative class, that would rather pay ten piastres of tribute than one for the suppression of brigandage, hastened to lay their congratulations before the Pasha. Shacabac received them affably, and in reply to their address delivered a discourse fraught with practical wisdom, of which unhappily only a few fragments have been preserved to this day; but these are not without their value to another and a foreign generation. He said:

"We have all more or less to do with Commerce. We buy goods, and sometimes pay for them. We sell the precious products of our hands or brains at the best price we can get. If the buyer pays up, we are sorry that we did not charge him more. If he fails, we are glad that he did not decide to pay less on the piastre. When we have grown very rich, we speculate; and that keeps us from being purse-proud and haughty.

"Be diligent in keeping your accounts. It is better to charge an item twice than to forget to charge it once. That is the true principle of Double Entry.

"Pay as you go, but not if you intend going for good.

"Boast not of your wealth; but let humility curb your tongue when the Assessor cometh around.

"Buy when the market is rising; sell when it is going to fall. If you be not a prophet, any friend on the Street will notify you of each impending change. Were it not for this unflinching, beautiful trust in human nature, few of us would be able to make money.

"In selling goods by sample, let the samples be at least as good as the bulk of the merchandise.

"Do not put all the best figs at the top of the crate. Have just as good a layer at the bottom also; for there are sometimes evil minded persons who open the package at that end.

"Do not believe all that you hear or see—not even

in the newspapers. Advertisers are human and liable to err.

"It is a great mistake to suppose that all men are rogues. If there were not a large majority of fools in the world, who would buy stocks?

"The essence of free trade is embodied in the maxim: Buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. This is absolutely correct. I myself have bought shares for 'half nothing,' and doubled my money inside of a week.

"Time is money. Every second saved at your mid-day lunch means so many sequins by and by for your family physician.

"Be not angry with your creditors, if they importune you. It is nobler to forgive and forget them.

"Three removes are as bad as a fire,' but that depends largely on how you stand with the underwriters.

"Do not judge a customer by the clothes he wears: he may not have paid for them. Be courteous to all men. The humblest of your neighbors may sit upon your jury one day.

"A business man who finds it necessary to attend a daily noon prayer-meeting is either abnormally virtuous or his piety is of a kind that needs a good deal of stimulus to keep it going."

A young man who had listened with attention to this discourse came at the close to Shacabac and asked. "How shall I become rich without too much trouble?"

"List to me," replied the wise man, "and I will teach thee in six easy consecutive lessons, at one sequin per lesson."

The young man, joyfully complying, paid the money, and sat at the feet of the Sage. But when the course was over, he cried out, "Bismillah! Thou hast taught me naught."

"Nay," returned the Sage. "I have taught thee how to make six sequins. Go to, ungrateful one."

And the ungrateful one, abashed at the reproof, immediately opened a Commercial College, where every branch of Business could be learned "while you wait."

The Heft of Them Were, Anyhow.

Nat Goodwin stood in front of a florist's window with a friend. Pointing to a cluster of roses, the man with Goodwin asked:

"Do you know what those are, Nat?"

"Sure; they're American Beauties. What do you know about that flower?"

"I know all about that flower; I married one of them," replied the man.

"You've got nothing on me," retorted Goodwin; "I married a bunch of 'em."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Phonetic French.

The La Salle opera house has a literary feller who must have learned his French in Canada or Connecticut. Its programme bears a medallion portrait of La Salle, surmounting a title line describing him as the Cavalier La Salle. Or, maybe, it was in Ballinasloe he learned it, where everything goes.

BLUE RIBBON STUFF.

Blue ribbon stories showing "outside of duty" diligence and loyalty to the newspaper are being rewarded with substantial bonuses at the Record-Herald. Last week \$40 was split among six men in the local room whose efforts had put into the paper either an exclusive story of merit, a well-written head, or other evidence of team-work between reporter and copy reader. The beneficiaries of the system were Frank Fleming, night police reporter; Dan J. F. Sullivan, reporter; Wilbur Burkhardt, copy-reader; Le Roy Slater, reporter; Homer V. Hogan, reporter; George Bastian, copy-reader.

Two of the men by extra activity pulled down two of the bonuses and the cashier seemed glad when she laid the extra ten-case note on top of the pay check.

Four stories, indicating that their handlers regarded The Record-Herald as something else than an institution from which a salary might be wrung if one "got by," were pasted on the bulletin board. With each was a note of praise from Henry Barrett Chamberlin, managing editor, and the following:

"A voucher, as evidence of the editor's appreciation, will be handed to the gentlemen concerned if they will apply to the editor's secretary. H. B. C."

"And the part of the thing that you fellows don't appreciate," said the managing editor next day when the bulletins had precipitated the local staff into an activity that would have shamed a hen with three broods of chickens to scratch for, "is the fact that it does me more good than it does you.

"It's the inverse application of the father's declaration that the whipping hurts him worse than Willie. It means that without any hope of reward, or, better still without the necessity of reward, men on the staff put themselves, as well as merely their time, into their daily work.

"The bonus was not given—nor do I believe it will act—only as a spur to get more work done. It was a token of appreciation. And the pleasure of giving it lay in the fact it was awarded AFTER, and not before the work was done."

Which elucidates, perfectly, why the signature, "H. B. C." in The Record-Herald office always has stood for the greatest managing editor, on the other hand.

Will Moore is Slowly Recovering.

Mr. William E. Moore, managing editor of The Chicago Inter Ocean, is convalescing at his home, 5520 Cornell Avenue, from the effects of the assault on him by a drunken man named Lazar Strauss. Mr. Moore as yet is unable to walk. Several delegations of Press Club men prepared to visit him at the Mercy Hospital last Sunday, only to learn that he had returned to his home. It is hoped he may be able to resume duty by the middle of next month.

Kindly disposed magistrate—Don't you think that this is a case that could be settled out of court?

Plaintiff—I thought of that, but the coward won't fight.—*London Opinion.*

THE SPINNIX SPEAKS AGAIN.

Detroit, September 16, 1913. DEAR SCOOP:—Do you care to hear from an ex who still gets THE SCOOP and enjoys part of it? Now don't get riled! If I said I enjoyed all of it I would be so many sided as to make the w. k. Shakespeare resemble a blackboard, but like hash, there is something in THE SCOOP for all tastes. As a bond holder I rejoice in your list of new members. If Ernest G. Kusswarm gets in (and he should) why not put him in charge of the dining-room assisted by Emil H. Grubbe? Let Henry E. Mock write reform editorials and J. W. Pettit take charge of the library. Make Gilbert Wynecoop charges d'affaires at the bar; let Dr. Beck run the bell hops (Get me? Beck and call, see?); make Thomas Casey bat boy on ladies' nights with orders to keep the bats off the dance floor.

Congrats on landing Lardner and B. L. T.—but don't count on much editorial assistance from the latter:

The Scoop is getting so big that I can't read it in the office, and so clean that I can take it home nights. (Business of knocking wood.) When I visit Chicago, I mean to call up someone and ask to be shown your palatial club-rooms. J. U. H.

P. S.—I see that Lowder is kicking for more stoppers in the wash-bowls. Is that the same Lowder with the \$7.00 dress shirt? (singular number). Ain't he the dude? In the good old days after a member finished his ablutions, he didn't need a stopper, he needed a stick to poke into the pipes. Every man was his own stopper. J. U. H.

SEND HOPE.

BY J. M. NEAL.

'Mid power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
Where rests a peace untroubled,
Peace holy and profound!
O happy, holy portion,
Reflection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure for all distress!

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

Tut! Tut!

Says the Indianapolis News: "Chicago has decided to hold court on Sunday morning. Presumably it is the only way to keep up with the kind of people that live in Chicago." Here, you! Hold out your hand!

JOHN MCGOVERN'S ANDREE ADDRESS.

John McGovern delivered his Address on Andree two or three times before the Press Club. The following passage, portraying the sea, was omitted from the text as spoken, and is here seen for the first time. It briefly describes the ocean as it appeared to early man, when he was turning from star worship to sun worship.

The Sea! At peace, colored with iodine—called after the violets by earliest poets—beautiful, limitless! Its steaming mists dispelled—its prodigious flying monsters no longer passing with awful pageantry through the hot clouds. Its dolphin god no longer pouring hot rain upon its waves. Its waves no longer darting tongues of fire electric!

But, still, the Sea! Its stars unsteady, likely to be new—some constellation still unstudied by adoring man! Its hidden rivers, rocks, and whirlpools making sport of pilot's craft! Its humor mild today. St. Elmo's fires lit by the gods and shining on the topmasts. But, ah, tomorrow! The sea returned to all its ancient ire! The gods at war—in battle overhead—above the clouds—the waves in fear below! And now the stoutest heart, the keenest eye, the wariest calculator lost! His caravan wrapped in the storm some moments for its funeral; laid in the deep some ages for its tomb.

No molten fire, no fissure, ashes, sulphur, earthquake now, as on the mountain. No sandstorm, thirst, or awful eye of day, as on the waste of Gobi—yet other thoughts of terror, deep with the unknown, yeasting, lapping on the shore. The sea caravan perhaps thrown on the rocks—its sailors weak with all their woes—the men of other shores, alert with waiting murder flaming in their savage eyes!

Which way Man looked anew on mountain, desert, sea—always new stars and gods and fiends—always new throes of terror—yet always new pangs of destiny—new outbursts of desire. Explore! Explore!

"ALL IS DISCOVERED!"

RECORD-HERALD, WEDNESDAY.

Adeline Millspaugh stepped into the limelight again yesterday when her second secret marriage within three months was announced by her mother-in-law. In her first venture she sought annulment of her marriage nine days after the ceremony.

Robert Presnell, a reporter for the City News Bureau, has been her husband since July 15. It was his mother, wife of Dr. J. F. Presnell of 804 Lakeside place, who told the secret at a meeting of the Progressive Club. She is a suffragist.

This second venture of Miss Millspaugh was prosaic compared with the first. In the first one she went for an automobile joy ride with Lester Bryant, youthful bon vivant who was having a difficult time bon vivant-ing because of interference by the courts.

With them was another equally youthful and equally jolly couple. And "just on a dare" both couples were married. But Bryant never lived with his wife and on April 23, nine days after the automobile ride, Mrs. Bryant asked the Circuit Court to annul the marriage

on the ground that she "was a mere school girl, inexperienced and without worldly wisdom." The marriage was annulled May 20.

The second marriage, a trifle less than two months later, occurred in the chambers of Harry Olson, chief justice of the Municipal Court. Presnell had everything arranged so that the news might not "leak" from the marriage license bureau and John G. Little, a reporter on the Chicago American, introduced the couple to Justice Olson and then witnessed the ceremony.

The world might never have known had it not been for Mrs. Presnell Sr., for Miss Adeline Millspaugh resided with her father, C. H. Millspaugh, next door to the home of her husband in Lakeside place.

All summer long "Bob" Presnell and his wife enjoyed themselves at the bathing beach adjacent to their home. Other bathers, just a few blocks away at Wilson beach, were still "joshing" husband No. 1 about his marriage-on-a-dare and the subsequent annulment. As "Bob" was only 22 and his wife 20, they reasoned that there was plenty of time to tell.

The bathing season closed. The crowds went home. Then casually, and with much finesse, the husband "broke the news to mother." But Mrs. Presnell wasn't very "keen" for secrets. If her son was married she would let the world know about it. So she did.

"This marriage was an honest-injun, cross-your-heart one and the other wasn't," explained Mrs. "Bob" Presnell last night. It's a relief to know that the news is out. But, oh, we did so want to keep it a secret until the other had been forgotten."

Mr. and Mrs. Presnell have the honor of being the only couple Chief Justice Olson has married in nearly two years. The justice said that his policy was against performing marriages, but that they caught him while he was "visiting" his office during his summer vacation and that he wasn't very busy and therefore happy to oblige them and tie the knot. They now are residing at the home of "Bob's" parents.

THE OLD SUFFRAGIST.

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER.

She could have loved—her woman passions beat
Deeper than theirs, or else she had not known
How to have dropped her heart beneath their feet,
A living stepping-stone.

The little hands—did they not clutch her heart?
The guarding arms—was she not very tired?
Was it an easy thing to walk apart,
Unresting, undesired?

She gave away her crown of woman praise,
Her gentleness and silent girlhood's grace
To be a merriment for idle days,
Scorn for the market-place.

She strove for an unvisioned, far-off good,
For that cold hope she knew she could not see:
These—not her daughters—knowing womanhood
And love and beauty—free.

Admonish your friends privately, but praise them openly.—*Publius Syrus.*

SONG OF THE JOURNALIST.

FROM AN OLD SCRAP BOOK OWNED BY JULIUS KIRCH.

Scratch, scratch, scratch,
Paragraphs, items and news,
Essays, tales and reviews,
With the blackest kind of blues.

Scratch, scratch, scratch,
Marriage, debt and dun;
Eulogy, gossip and pun;
Accident, panic and fun.

Scratch, scratch, scratch,
Battle, riot and raid;
Music and cash and trade—
Who is and who isn't afraid?

Scratch, scratch, scratch,
Apology, challenge and slur.
Of it, of him, of her.
Invention, humbug and truth,
Folly, fashion and youth.

Suicide, sermon and joke,
Metaphysics and smoke,
With upward and downward stroke,
Ruin and vice and shame,
Virtue and honor and fame.

Scratch, scratch, scratch,
Oh, slave of the mighty press!
The "devil" demands a "mess:"
Of subscribers that never pay.
Oh, isn't it jolly—say!

HOW THEY USED TO WRITE.

Last week's Scoop had something to say about Wilbur F. Storey and the old Chicago Times. Now comes Allan McIntyre with a cutting from that paper of the date of January 18, 1878, which is here reprinted to show the quality of people the Old Man kept about him when The Times was at its best.

It was probably written by Teddy McPhelim, who was then on the Times' staff, and who in later years, especially those just preceding his death, became widely known for his tender sympathies, beauty of thought, and pure English. It was headed, "A Faded Flower."

[FROM THE CHICAGO TIMES, JANUARY 18, 1878.]

There is no ice yet in the Chicago river, and its waters are as murky and miserable in appearance as in the summer time. But they are seldom broken by anything except the wind, or from a stone thrown by an idle boy upon some bridge.

Yesterday there was a touch of spring in the air. One might almost say a whisper of summer, so clear was the sky, so beautiful the sunshine. While the city was waking up, and the rumble grew louder and louder, until it broke into that storm which sounds strange if one will stop to think how much life, how much happiness, and how much trouble cause the swell, there passed down the river a boat, neither a skiff nor canoe,—for it was a rude-looking, frail thing. In this sat a man who plied his oars as if he were afraid that

the locks would make a noise, or his craft would rock and cause a sound. He pulled in the slowest, most measured way possible. He passed by the idle, deserted vessels, by the tugs that lay like so many dead things along the docks, and under the bridges. But he didn't appear to notice the life that was teeming on either side, and if his ears caught the sound of that great, surging swell made up of happiness and trouble, there was nothing in his face to indicate that he cared for any world except the little speck of drift-wood which he was pushing toward the lake. There was something else in the boat besides this silent and curious-looking oarsman. He bent over it once or twice, whatever it was, and then resumed his pull on the locks. Thus attracted, a Times reporter, whose curiosity will kill him one of these fine days, hurried around to the Clark street bridge. Saw the boat and its silent freight float—for it didn't dart—on, and pass under the other bridges. He followed until he came to the end of the land, and saw the boat and its contents drift out until it looked like a piece of drift-wood, or something else inanimate, its only motion seeming to be that caused by the gradual undulation of the expanse upon which it lay. It rounded the point of the projecting pier and stopped. The man bent over in the boat again, and when he raised himself up he had something in his arms. With it he stepped out on the pier, walked to and fro, with the something still in his arms. He sat down with it, and seemed to listen to the water, that came up like a great monster that was wounded and wanted to be pitied. You may have noticed this in people and in animals. And there is nothing in this world that will make a man so gentle, as to look down and see something which was once strong and lifeful, broken and helpless. Even nature is tender to a ruin, and twines about it tendrils of evergreens and wild blossoms, and the birds make their nests about the crumbling places, and sing to the desolation.

The man and his armful thus passed a while away, while the frail boat beat itself restlessly against the side of the pier. The man seemed to be startled, and quickened his pace to the boat, lay down his load—not his burden—and pulled quickly back to the city. He bent over whatever it was he had again and again, and as often as he did he only quickened his labor at the oars. The boat touched the dock of the first slip, and the reporter of The Times hailed the mysterious man. He rounded to, and as the boat stopped, the man picked up his freight and almost abruptly sat down. He was asked what he had, and what he had been doing. He was a little rough in his appearance, as if he hadn't been accustomed to the good things of life. And he was a little slow to express himself.

"You see, she's the only one left. She's bin mighty puny, ever since the riot. We kinder went away and left her last summer and went on the strike, and she got a backset 'cause she was down when we went back, with nothin' on her, and nothin' in the cupboard. It's bin many a night as I've watched with her up and down, and then when they used to

take the kids out on the tug, last summer one took her out along with some as was better dressed maybe than she was, but none of 'em was any peerter when the trip was over. Since they quit she's been gittin' more and more off like, and this mornin' she came and laid her head on me here and said as if she would get well if she could only go out to the lake agin like she did, and I forgot I had to go to the shop. I took her and put her in the boat, and I was thinkin' how when she got outside she'd kinder spry up agin. It was risky, I reckon, but I couldn't refuse her anything, I couldn't, and when she was out thar just now she kinder raised up and said she heard some children singin' on the sea. She was thinkin' of the kids last summer when they was singin' on the pier. I spose she heard some singin', but you can see how it took."

He uncovered a pale face that seemed too cold for life. And still it looked as if it was asleep, with a string of beads around its neck, attached to which was a rudely carved cross.

If it hadn't been for the hovel out in the limits, and its poverty, and its weeping woman who came out to meet the man and child as the boat stopped again, one might have thought that this death was a beautiful one, and that the child did hear a sweet song on the sea as it rose and fell. Maybe she did hear it, for the other world isn't so far away but a sick child can see it, and hear the music which is said to be forever swelling up under the shadow of the throne.

How much would such an episode get now? Probably not a line, because it isn't news—in the accepted sense. And if in the stress of daily work as it is done these days a reporter had seen a cheap-looking man in a punk boat carrying a child, he would probably slip it off his mind with one word, "Bugs."

And that would be all right, too. These be more giddy paced days, and there is too much intensely practical work to do to permit a newspaper man to sentimentalize. So if any of you at any time feel so disposed and want to get good stuff like that out of your system or systems, come to the Club and shove it over to *THE SCOOP*, which is not a newspaper but a paper for newspapermen, and may print any good or profitable thing whatsoever.

Eternal Joy.

Someone who should come forward with his name, or else someone who is crabbing obscure but truly excellent verse, is contributing somewhat freely to *The Baltimore Sun*. Here is a specimen bearing the heading above given. Can anyone here identify it or its author?

When love takes up the harp of life—
Ah, golden morns shall rise again
Across the seas of scorn and strife
To make a rosy world for men.
That music, heard, shall still be heard
Forever on some singing shore,
Where voice of wind and sea and bird
Proclaim eternal joy once more.

SHALL WE LIVE AGAIN?

Maeterlinck's final conclusion upon that question may be summed in the answer Du Bois Raymonde gave in parting from the school of Haeckle: "Ignoramus." I do not know.

On the heels of that conclusion Sir Oliver Lodge, head of the University of Birmingham, one of the foremost physicists of all known time, had the courage as a man of science speaking to the British Association for the Advancement of Science to say that "facts examined by methods of science carefully and persistently have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves, and that personality exists beyond bodily death."

That statement, coming from an authority so high, has profoundly moved the minds of all the peoples and drawn more comment than any other one utterance on this subject ever drew.

It is surprising to note the almost total absence of dissent. It is as though the world breathes a sigh of relief, when this truth, heretofore posited upon faith alone, comes forward as an unevadable scientific deduction. Of all that has thus far been printed, the most calm and clear comes in an editorial of the *Newark News*, which begins by asking what could be culled from all the flotsam and jetsam of happenings in the busiest news days to equal Sir Oliver's declaration in popular interest.

In every age and in every land, this editor goes on to say, the mind of civilized man and the mind of the barbarian has refused to believe that the grave is the end of all. It has refused to believe that the spirit dies with the body. It has reconciled itself to leaving behind the body, worn out with disease and infirmity, but it has never consented to the belief that the soul of man can die. It has been unable to think of life as ending.

So the hope of immortality grips us when we look for the last time on earth upon the faces of those we have loved. Is their memory of us buried in the coffin with their bodies? Have their affections for us stopped, never to be started again? Are the ties that bind us together in our families and friendships, giving to life its supreme pleasures, furnishing it with its strongest incentives, inspiring the worthiest ambitions, mere will-o'-the-wisps, to flicker out when the allotted years have been spent? This has been inconceivable.

It grips us when we think of our own destinies. What is the end of all our labors, our sacrifices, our energies? Are we to be discarded like broken cogs upon the scrap heap, dead and done for within four-

score years or less? Why have we acquired knowledge and power and spiritual qualities if they are to become useless just when they are ready for their greatest usefulness?

Whatever the life we live may be, it is constantly teaching us how to live it better. Our daily experiences make us wiser, more skillful. We are forced, by hard knocks if in no other way, to learn to control ourselves, to live amicably with others, to take our places in human society. Is all this to be wasted, save for the slight effect its influence may have? Are we to have no chance to put it to use?

This hope of immortality is so persistent that all the attacks made upon it, heretofore, have failed. Science could not destroy it if it would. It is one of the anvils that has worn out many hammers. If scientists denied it, it would be the scientists and not immortality that would be distrusted. It appeals to common sense as inevitable.

There has been such universal moral certainty behind it from the very beginning of the world that it is woven into every religion, into all the hymns and prayers, the poetry and romance, the legends, the folk-lore and the great dramas that have pictured human life. It is impossible to think of human beings apart from it; of human conduct that is not measured by it. That, no doubt, was what Sir Oliver had in mind when he said last Wednesday week:

"This is not an appeal to the mob as against the philosopher. It is an appeal to the experience of untold ages as against the studies of a generation."

And what are the studies of a generation against the background of infinity? What are they against the studies of all the generations since the world began, all of which have testified to their faith that life cannot end, that the soul of man cannot die, that personality, responsible for what it is and does, must go back to the Unknown from which it came?

It is when the scientists shut themselves up within a material universe, denying the existence of that which they cannot see and handle, calling "occult" that which they cannot measure by their instruments, that the man in the street becomes impatient. He does not wish to be excluded from that greater world lying beyond in which he has faith and where his imagination lets him rove. He sees in the scientists a lack of courage to believe that great things lie beyond; of courage to try to navigate the uncharted seas. It is the explorer that makes the great appeal, the man that goes where no other man has gone, and not the man who is content to paddle around in his own little inlet.

Yet some have been restive because they must take what lies beyond the straits of death on faith. They do not look for a supernatural revelation; they have the hardihood to believe that human intelligence, which has solved many mysteries, will finally pierce the secret of the grave.

Among these men of courage is Sir Oliver Lodge; and there are many, even among those who distrust the sufficiency of his present evidence and the methods he employs in his investigation, who are thrilled by his brave spirit. They hope that he may demonstrate the truth of that great hope upon which the heart and faith of the world have been set.

They see him stalking on, with set face, toward the Unknown, and bid him Godspeed as he passes by.

Something Just as Good.

Calgary, the busiest town in Alberta, has a Press Club, and the Press Club of Calgary has had to think up another word. At the first autumn meeting held a few days ago, two petitions were prepared, one for a school for Ruthenian girls and another asking the appointment of two women on the police force. So far all was well. But then someone sprang a proposition to start a movement for limiting the use of the franchise by men in city elections by setting up an educational test. The test proposed was reading the British Constitution in English. Somebody wanted to know where a copy of the British Constitution could be had. Nobody knew; and the funny part of it was that nobody knew there is no written British Constitution. In the absence of all probability that a copy of this nonexistent document could be found in Calgary, they resorted to the something just as good gag, and changed the test to the British North America act. The Calgary fellows are really taking themselves quite seriously.

What Did Noah Tank Up On?

The New York World claims that nobody knows when alcohol was first made. It is commonly taught that it was first distilled by the Arabians about the tenth century, but there is little doubt that they obtained the secret from Italian doctors, who had long been practicing it. Paul Richter, in a recent number of the Berliner Klinische Wochenschrift, shows that a knowledge of "aqua ardens," or "burning water," may be traced as far back as the second century A. D., to a Christian father named Hippolytus, who possessed a recipe analogous to those handed about during the middle ages.

This shows one of two things: Faulty and hasty investigation, or a rejection of the Bible. Nothing in that sacred tome is more explicit than the narrative of how Noah slipped his foot.

Brooks Adams, of the historic Massachusetts family, has another iconoclastic book forthcoming, on "The Theory of Social Revolutions."

ABOUT BOOKS.

MODERN PROBLEMS, by Sir Oliver Lodge. George H. Doran Company, New York.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the famous English physicist, is an illuminating and thought-provoking example of what the true scientist is. Sir Oliver has adopted as his motto the sentence from Terence—Nothing human is uninteresting to me.

He is the inventor of numerous important devices in the realm of electricity, and his authority is unquestioned. His fellow-scientists honored him this year by electing him to the presidency of that grave and important body, the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He has written many technical books, but many books also for the instruction of the general reader. In his latest publication, "Modern Problems," he discusses an amazing number of topics. He writes in a style that makes no pretension to literary grace, but which is always forcible and yet easy. His point of view throughout is that of the man of facts, but facts illuminated with idealism. For he has throughout taken the viewpoint that there is no contradiction whatsoever between science and the highest ideals. He is impatient with those scientists who have allowed a nearsighted view of the universe to interfere with their notions of religion and morality. He is strongly anti-materialistic, and, as is well known, he has even expressed the opinion that soon or later we shall have communication with the souls of the departed. On Tuesday week, before a distinguished company of scientists at Birmingham, he reiterated his views as to this, going on to speak of existence as the output of the loom of time.

Of free will and determination Sir Oliver says, in his book, that they are both true, and "in a completely known universe would cease to be contradictions." He explains this attitude as follows: "We are free, in so far as our sensible surroundings and immediate environment are concerned; that is, we are free for all practical purposes, and can choose between alternatives as they present themselves. We are controlled, as being intrinsic parts of an entire cosmos suffused with law and order." With these views it is not strange that he finds that the philosophy of Bergsen is "peculiarly acceptable and interesting to men of science." The most important point in that philosophy seems to him the conception that the clue to the relation and interaction between matter and mind is contained in the idea that they have a common ancestry—that they are related somewhat as animals are to plants.

Materialism of the grosser sort finds no favor with Sir Oliver, great as his own achievements of a materialistic kind have been. The conclusions of materialism must not be pushed, he asserts, "over the frontier line into regions where they can do nothing but break down." He quotes with approval Huxley's statement that if he were obliged to choose between absolute materialism and absolute idealism, he would be compelled to accept the latter.

Perhaps the greatest number of "modern problems" that Sir Oliver considers belong in the realm of eco-

nomics and of social reform. Of women in the modern state he says: "The progress made towards the freedom and recognition of women's public work during the last fifty years has been prodigious, and their service to the community in a direction of home rule or local administration will surely prove of great importance." He approves of the efforts in behalf of universal peace, but notes that "there are certain things which no nation would submit to arbitration," and he enumerates some topics coming under this head. A series of essays devoted to money and the spending of it are strongly influenced by an author for whom Sir Oliver everywhere expresses reverent admiration, John Ruskin. Sir Oliver's definition of money is practically that of Ruskin—"the standard of money value is the amount and quality of human labor it can produce." He even adopts the suggestion of Ruskin that "coins might instructively be inscribed in terms of labor." He passes from this idea as a premise to a number of interesting and sometimes radical conclusions. For example, he is strongly of the opinion that "the present frequency of large fortunes is due to artificial social arrangements, which may be altered; and that it is desirable to reconsider and modify the law of inheritance." His chapter on "The Pursuit of Wealth" is almost socialistic in tone. He assigns to the state throughout a large function. Thus he maintains that "more good can be done, and greater value attained, by the thoughtful and ordered expenditure of corporate money than can be derived from even a lavish amount distributed by private hands for the supply of personal comfort and the maintenance of special privileges."

In an essay treating of drink, Sir Oliver contends that it is not the fermented liquors themselves which are to be blamed for the evils commonly connected with them, but rather the methods of retailing them; and he advocates reforms. He remarks, however, "Mere physical compulsion or prohibition is never an ideal condition; the reform of the soul is the only reform of permanent value." A consideration of "The Smoke Nuisance" brings Sir Oliver into a province where he is entirely an authority. He advocates doing away completely with the direct use of coal and the substitution of some indirect product, like gas.

In an essay on Ruskin's Political Economy he pays a fine tribute to that great man. Ruskin's message to Sir Oliver is "a plea for the simple life; all sharing in quiet pleasures, not competing in a miserable struggle for subsistence, or for extravagant luxury."

An essay on Huxley gives Sir Oliver opportunity to express his intense belief in the higher destiny of man in the spiritual things of his existence. He says of Huxley: "The petty agnostics, who, invoking the shade of Huxley, peer through a foggy atmosphere, and deny the stars, have no support from their great precursor." Finally, his favorite poet, Tennyson, is shown to have absorbed in remarkable fashion the teachings of science and to express thoroughly the highest ideals of the age.

The concluding paragraph of "Modern Problems" is a complete expression of Sir Oliver's philosophy.

He says: "To be overwhelmed and mastered by the material and the mechanical, even to the extent of being blind to the existence of every other aspect, is common and human enough. But to recognize to the full the reign of law in nature, the sequence of cause and effect, the strength of the chain-armor of necessity which men of science weave, and yet to discern in it the living garment of God—that is poetic and divine." Lodge, like Tennyson, has done this, and therein lies his merit and his chief significance. His achievements in science have been very great, but he is greater as a symbol. For he is a strong testimony in favor of the belief which the best minds hold today, that the finest science is intensely religious and spiritual, and that it is only the narrow, mechanical mind which fails to perceive the validity of religious and spiritual emotions.

A Cry for Cups.

Second Vice President Maxwell has been appealed to by his constituents on the Inter Ocean to make requisition upon Doctor Nutt or the proper official in authority to provide the Press Club with moustache steins. Already "Doc" Atkinson and Doctor Roderick, the demon rewriter, are getting their coat sleeves all soiled, and their newly acquired moustachios all out of kilter and curl, from drinking out of the ordinary ones.

But the real spirit behind the movement is Jim Crown, who says as soon as the Club can display a row of moustache steins he will come back into the fold. Jim says the proposition is altogether feasible and within reason. He says he can remember back in the days when John Fay was a novice with whiskers, and used a moustache cup for his coffee.

The world moves, Jim says, and thereby argues moustache steins as being the next step toward the millennium. There was no real need for the moustache cup, because coffee never stuck to anybody's whiskers, not even such extravagant ones as Mr. Fay wears today. But beer, with the Coney Island collar—that's different.

We view with alarm the present state of affairs. Whither are we drifting? There is a great and crying need for the moustache stein. Let the star-eyed goddess of reform have a chance. Let's have the

moustache stein, also the moustache cocktail glass, save the republic, and get James E. Crown back in the Press Club.

Completing a Plausibility.

The bulldog dead line was getting nearer every minute or so and the Ocean didn't have a single feature story for p. 1.

"Here," said Bill Hooker, to Sam Blair, "look over this bunch of city press, pick out a live one and dress her up for a number eight head for page one. You've got ten minutes."

The bulldog went in on time and carried a nice little interview with a Kansas farmer, stopping at the Blackstone, who told how he was awakened from his afternoon nap one hot day last week by what he took to be a volley of rifle shots.

Rushing out of doors he heard the sound was from his popcorn field behind the barn. He thought perhaps the militia might be holding target practice on his place and went out to investigate. It developed that the sun was popping his popcorn. He watched it ten minutes, when his once green field was white, like cotton when the pods break.

The story just run in the bulldog and maybe you didn't see it. But over in the Record-Herald office, where they get the Ocean bulldog, it was both seen and appreciated. Some one clipped it out, pasted it on a sheet of copy paper and tubed it back to our M. E. with this addendum:

"And Jennie, my faithful old mare," continuing the farmer's quote, "why, when she saw that field of white she thought it was a snow storm and ran right into the shed and backed up at the old sleigh, neighing like she wanted to be hitched up to drag the children for a sleigh ride."

A Government Newspaper.

Information on all the executive departments of the government is intended to be furnished free through a publication to be called the Official Journal, according to the provisions of a bill which Richmond P. Hobson, representative from Alabama, has introduced into the House. The publication would be circulated through the postoffice department and every senator would be authorized to distribute 25,000 copies weekly.

Get This by Heart.

According to the federal pure food board, brandy is "the alcoholic distillate solely from the unfermented juice of fruit, distilled under conditions that the characteristic bouquet, or volatile flavoring and aromatic principles, be retained in the distillate." See that you get yours strictly up to specification. The government is back of you.

"The Public Library Movement in the United States 1853-1893" by Samuel S. Green, so long identified with the Worcester (Mass.) public library, embodies information that only an author, as personally conversant with men and institutions as Mr. Green has been could furnish.

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THE MIRACLE.

ELIZABETH WADDELL IN EVERYMAN.

These verses were written upon the release of a man named Morrell from San Quentin, where he had been wrongfully imprisoned for five years. The editor of Everyman, at the time of their appearance, quoted this from Donald Lowrie's "My Life in Prison":

"On coming out of incorrigibles Morrell was a thin young man of medium height, with long, straggly blonde hair and beard. His steel-gray eyes blinked as though the light hurt them, and yet they were very alert, and there was a defiance, an indomitableness in their depth. They protruded, as do the eyes of persons who have suffered much. I knew I was gazing at a human creature who had been through hell."

Lowrie took him down to the prison barber shop for shearing, and there Old Frank, a lifer, saw the resemblance.

"You're the finest living picture of Jesus Christ I ever saw, so help me God!" he said—and the group of striped ones marvelled and were silent.

They brought the convict from his cell,
They led him forth to the free sun
To give him joy and wish him well
Because his prison days were done.

His prison days were done, and yet
Was not his tale of payment told
Of inextinguishable debt
That who pays once must pay tenfold?

Who pays a debt with gold, shall gain
Honor and peace and all fair fame;
But he who pays with stripe and chain
Must pay again with during shame.

Unshaven was he and unshorn—
One flowing blondness beard and hair.
The amber radiance of morn
Did make their fairness seem more fair.

The face one scarcely thought to scan,
So did the eyes possess the whole—
Sad, sad as all the griefs of man
Laid all their weights upon his soul.

One swift thought held the breath of all,
And one in speaking bared his head.
His voice with awe was hushed and small—
"It is the face of Christ!" he said.

How might the Rose of Sharon bloom
And flourish in a prison pen?
There in the loathliness and gloom
They are not Christs we make of men.

The prison gray was on his face
And on his soul the prison mire.
Was it a miracle of grace—
A flash of swift Electric Fire

Potent his dross of life to burn,
As a cloud parts and shows a star,
Revealed within the Man Eterne
That chains bind not nor prisons mar?

Or was it a reproving look
The Master chose that men should see
In that face as an open book—
"Lo, ye have done it unto me?"

A seal that on that forehead stood
Proclaiming unto them around,
"This one is of the Brotherhood—
Of them were tried and scourged and bound."

Yet marvel not—it well may be
That these the look of Calvary wear;
Your sins and mine vicariously,
The sins of all our world they bear!

OUR LITERARY POVERTY.

TERRE HAUTE STAR EDITORIAL.

It is one of the confirmed habits of bookish people in the vanguard to point, at intervals, to the poverty of current literature and art and to speculate upon the possibilities of the future. Since no man is gifted with omniscience, all explanations are contributory to the solution—not one completely right, and not one altogether wrong. There are those who like to assume that because we have a shifting, kaleidoscopic nationality in this country, there is not the large inspiration for truly national art. This is measurably true, no doubt; and there are still others who point with mournful face to the materialism of an age wrapped up in dynamos, stupendous capitalizations, the redemption of soil and the peopling of vast cities. It is an era of business. Culture is specialized. Art is submerged to practicality. Genuine waves of art must be the expression of an abiding and deep-driven common sense. That, we take it, is the history of all luxuriant periods. Today we have our problems of manifold character, but they are things on the surface. Either we do not appreciate them deeply, or they do not enter into the very woof of life. They are not such as to create martyrdoms and set whole peoples religiously on fire. Our materialism of thought, suited to our materialism of action, begets barrenness. Genius is latent, but it requires more than latency to fire it into lambent flame. It requires some overpowering sentiment and conviction which springs spontaneously into prose, or poetry, or painting.

It has been a long period of transition from the excessive and genuine literature of the last century, centering about the typical Anglo-Saxon spirit of New England, to the new future, when literature again shall become the symbol of our nationality. Will it find root in the material problems of today? Who knows? What embryonic writer will take quivering Americanism in its latest aspect and put it into book or poem? Is the country ripe for it? Is the nationality of our people sufficiently molded? Will it assail the materiality of social America, or will it take aspiring themes that are common to men the world over? The "great American novel," as sanguine critics think of it, is possible, but is there a man or a woman with the breadth and the depth and the vision to gather the divergent strands of life into a vivid, enduring expression of our people?

To bemoan the poverty of our literature is to confess our preoccupation with other things. The intensity of living and of making money robs the aggregate brain of its power to dwell seriously on fundamentals. Rather it requires something light and airy, something flippant, something with the touch-and-go quality in it that is entertainment, but not basic culture. Marking the deficiency brings us to no solution; our critics have no magic wishing cap to produce the desideratum because they discover the void. Literature and art are not made to order. Our lack is not ours alone; people of the first magnitude, comparable with the wonderfully productive nineteenth century when Parnassian giants were abroad to set down im-

perishably the world's appreciation of its new-found modernity, are no more to be noted in Europe than in this country. We are in the parlor car era of reading, and we demand our lettered pabulum, like our breakfast food, crisp and crunchy and predigested. We are in the vortex of a Gargantuan productivity, and possibly the volume of output means an attenuation of quality.

THE HARDIEST AND HEARTIEST OF THEM ALL.

Good old Henry Clay Barnabee has been off the boards so long that to most people he is only a name, to very few a personality, with an aura of memories. He is in his eightieth year now, living a life of ease with dignity at Jamaica Plain in the state of Massachusetts; and he has had the grace to employ some of his leisure in writing up the story of himself. The book is out. The Chapple Publishing Company of Boston has just issued it. At the same time comes this:

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

For fifty years, I was on the stage, from coast to coast, filling the theaters with audiences, who gave me their plaudits. I met all the well-known actors, singers and public celebrities of the time, but of all my friendships none was valued more than those of the newspaper men, scattered in all parts of the country.

In a book of reminiscences, "My Wanderings," everything is told and a little more—including anecdotes and experiences—in a handsomely bound book of over five hundred pages, with more than two hundred portraits and illustrations. It is published by the Chapple Publishing Company, Boston, at \$2.50. In the old days, one of my greatest pleasures was to meet the boys between the acts in my dressing room, where many an interview was given out for the morning paper. Now I am passing in a few more reminiscences which I hope you can use.

HENRY CLAY BARNABEE.

For many years Sheriff of Nottingham in "Robin Hood."

True for him, the dear old lad! He knew and was known by more newspaper men than any other stage artist of his day. He had never an enemy among the lot of us, and the truest criticism, the most biting reproof that ever befell him was that he simply could not play poker. He had the curse of curiosity in his veins. Years of shoving chips to other people in return for the vacant privilege of seeing what they had, taught him nothing. There is one newspaperman right here who beat his little flush with four small spot cards one evening, and had the satisfaction of seeing him rise solemnly from the table, go to a chair in the corner, and kneel, with face in hands, to pray in earnest silence; and then return and resume, with an humble and a contrite heart, to lose the last kopek he had in his jeans. But he was a good loser, and blithe indeed when through no merit of his own, he won.

It's of no use trying to say much about his book, because the book says enough about itself. Here's just one bit that goes, because it confesses a peculiarity that amounted to a joke with everybody in his professional radius:

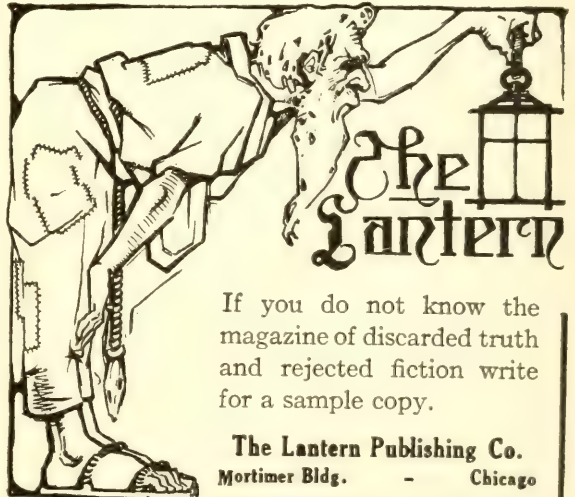
"I have been asked time and time again if I ever had stage fright. Have I ever had anything but stage fright? I have played the part of the 'Sheriff of

Nottingham' nearly nineteen hundred times and I cannot remember when I did not go on in a state of tremor and trepidation perfectly indescribable. Many and many a time I have called Guy of Gisborne (Peter Lang) from his dressing room and insisted upon going through the lines of our first entrance, and often as I entered the wings to go on I have shouted in an agony of fear, 'For heaven's sake! somebody! give me the first line of my song! Quick!!!' and then I would walk on with a 'know-it-all' look that would encourage my helpers.

"It has been said that an actor must be scared nearly out of his seven senses to make him brace up and show what he is made of. If that is true, I must have done fairly well, for with me it was a case of brace up from first to last, though I kept it to myself and the audience never caught on. Hardly a night passes even now in which I do not have some dream of getting on to the stage, not knowing what I was going to sing or say. Stage fright! Well, I do not believe there is any terror like it, except perhaps the first march onto a field of battle, or the walk to the chair of electrocution, and I cannot write of either of these from personal experience."

The saga of King Sverre, one of the most ancient sagas of the Norwegian kings, has been revised by Prof. Halvdan Koht. Last year the first part was edited, and now the second or last part is finished. It is said that King Sverre was present when his saga was originally written down, and his emphatic and free-spoken words and phrases have characterized the saga, making it vivid and interesting to read. King Sverre reigned from 1177 to 1202, and was one of the most famous kings of Norway.

The one hundred years of peace between the United States and Great Britain, which is being duly celebrated by governments and by societies that exist to promote peace, is to find an appreciative chronicler in Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, who has a book on the epoch forthcoming.



If you do not know the magazine of discarded truth and rejected fiction write for a sample copy.

The Lantern Publishing Co.
Mortimer Bldg. - Chicago

RUNNING CIRCLES.

Chicago, September 15, 1913. DEAR SCOOP:—Thanks for your refreshing directness.

My last contribution was not intended to show that there is in this country "any music here that is autochthonous or that can by any right whatever be called American." It was intended merely to disprove the assertion that the negroes have produced music which can justly be called American folk-song. So it seems to me our discussion has become largely a matter of definitions. I did not claim that the negro attempts to sing or has ever attempted to produce music in the broad sense in which you here use the term in answer to my question eight, but asked whether the negro had not adapted the white man's songs, having in mind some of the simplest airs, dances and hymn tunes habitually performed by those white men who were slave owners, or who lived near the negro slaves of olden days. These tunes I still claim the negro has imitated.

Now as to "autochthonous music": In any strict sense man may be called the child of the soil; music, its grandchild. Musicians have summed up this quality sufficiently well in their use of the terms "folk-song" and "folk-dance." That these cannot exist in America in the same sense as they exist and form part of the national life of Europeans has been pointed out both by Mr. Campbell and myself.

Finally, the fact that we have no national anthem has no particular bearing on the case. A nation may have no original national anthem, and yet may have original folk-songs, as for instance, the English. But I still claim, and will always claim that the music of men like Walter Damrosch, E. Stillman Kelley, Arthur Farwell, Henry F. Gilbert and Henry K. Hadley embraces the American spirit of today, and that, therefore, if we speak of American music, we can speak neither of your alleged imported productions of the negroes, nor even of the truly autochthonous red man's music, but of those representative white men whose music embraces whatever of national autonomy and solidarity has as yet been incorporated in our art-ideals.

RUDOLPH VON LIEPECK.

Doctor von Liepeck has been wholly misinformed concerning the nature and origin of the negro and plantation songs of the South. They are in no sense imitations of the white man's music. But the only folk songs we have come out of them, as THE SCOOP has repeatedly said, and anyone acquainted with such scant musical history as we have will stand by that statement.

The word autochthonous as it appeared in THE

Scoop's reply to Doctor von Liepeck's last preceding and categorical letter, stands for exactly what it means and expresses that meaning better than it could be expressed in any other word or terms.

It may be at once admitted that the lack of a national anthem has no direct bearing upon the point at issue. It was mentioned merely to indicate our national poverty in characteristic music, aside from that we have derived from the negro.

The cited names of composers resident in this country are highly respectable, and connote about the highest skill we have in their art—in fact their owners adorn that art. But none of them has written a single thing that is characteristic of "the American spirit of today." What is that spirit? Can you tell? And all their splendid work might have been written anywhere, for any civilized people.

When Doctor von Liepeck mentions the red man's music, he deals with an unreality. The vocalizations of our Indians are not music in any sense the Doctor himself would accept as within the definition of music. They are without congruity, varying with tribe and locality, and where they are not savage cries they are merely intoned and sinister. They are not to be considered at all.

Here's a Girl with the Right Kind of a Nose.

You've heard of how the telephone girl in the newspaper office has put over a big scoop just through listening on the wires; and you've heard lots of other tales of the switchboard heroines. But here's a real story of how the pretty telephone girl of the Tribune gave Charlie Gotthart considerable reputation.

She is Miss Anna McLaughlin, and hers is the real nose for news. Some of the cynics may think this doesn't say much for it—but then they have never had the pleasure of seeing Miss Anna's nose. It's—never mind description, she's a dream.

It was the Mrs. Smith story, the woman who is thought to have drowned herself in the lake at Lake Forest.

The Tribune had three men on the job, and though they had worked for three hours they hadn't learned a thing. Nobody had. They sent Gotthart to Lake Forest. He caught the 6:34, which wasn't due to arrive there before 7:34, and yet at 7:43 he had given an outline of the story to the office, with all the details. Then he got a picture.

Now when Charlie got off the train he heard a musical voice. It belonged to Miss McLaughlin. She was calling him, and she had the story. She had been visiting her uncle, and said uncle was on the inside. She was just about to telephone the Tribune when Charlie came

Rabindranath Tagore, after a 15 months' sojourn in England and a visit to the United States, is returning to India. His popularity with his occidental audiences and circles of readers has made him sought after by publishers, and a number of collections of his verse and prose are forthcoming. He is a great and a wise man. Therefore, these be good news.

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WHAT NOBLE NATURES!

DEAR SCOOP:—Appreciating the applicableness of the bulge-brow gob, swabbed by Phinney the Eel, about the cacophonous expletives recently indulged in by us jarrys of the grift mob through your compendious and valuable columns, let me say in a spirit of companionableness that I rap to his office like a tick on a sooner's ear.

The full realization that the situation had reached a state of caliginousness scruffed my bin jerry to a slag dump. It certainly was with the most gratifying sensation that I noted his latest caligraphic efforts, at mushing the kerry gow, was entirely free from anything pertaining to the calumniousness.

It is imbecilic for two gents of our perfesh to deal in ignominious imputations about each other's grift rail, because the flagging begins to get cindery at this time of year and all the mugs are gumming for sugar on the nut. I'm jerry to the freeze-on to the clubs beaker bazar, Phinney.

I made you on the bing, and I certainly have an opelanchoid idea of what we will do to mitigate any melancholic suggestions of a depressed evening after we are properly introduced.

Recalcitrant members of the simp mob may be abashed at our display of commutativeness, but when two smears of the prize grift ring up for a meet to kip the brizz with the doxies barred, they'd better lam for the patter, kid, and lam quick, eh?

Yes, sar, mark me down for a recreant profligate, Phinney, if we don't make a promiscus display of joy. And if we don't diffuse a miscellaneous assortment of the delectable groceries from the club's beaker bazar in a prodigious manner when we begin to swarm, make me for a fogger and slip me the sap steer.

Still settling in the Stir,

THE GLOMMER.

A Tradesman and His Trade.

In a sketch of the author of "The Blazed Trail," cited in the Bookman, the author tells that his book was written while Stewart Edward White was actually working in a lumber camp in the depths of the Michigan woods. He would begin to write at 4 a. m. and work till 8, then go out for a day's lumbering. He was doing this for the sake of the story, for he had up till then tried his hand at many a kind of work in order to increase his knowledge of men and things and forward his literary career. He had even been a clerk in a publishing house at \$9 a week in order to learn more about how books are made.

When the manuscript of "The Blazed Trail" was finished he gave it to Jack Boyd, the foreman, to read. Boyd began it after supper one evening and when White awoke the next morning at 4 o'clock he found him still at it. As Boyd never even read a newspaper, White regarded this as a triumph and felt that success was assured.

The authorized biography of Bulwer Lytton by the Earl of Lytton will be one of the most eagerly anticipated biographies of the season.

WHEN DREAMS CAME TRUE.

Robert Louis Stevenson was a wonderful dreamer and could dream in sequence, continuing a dream from the point where it had broken off the night before. It was in this way that the greater part of "Jekyll and Hyde" was put together. Dante, too, is said to have dreamed many cantos of "The Divine Comedy," and Voltaire records how the "Henriade" came to him in sleep. "Ideas occurred to me," he wrote, "in spite of myself, and in which I had no part whatever."

Melton Prior, war artist, always averred that he owed his life on one occasion to warning dreams. When going out to the Zulu war in Africa, he twice dreamed that he was shot and then buried. On arriving at Durban he received a letter from his mother telling of a dream identical with his own, and begging him not to go to the front. He obeyed her injunction, and engaged another artist to go in his place. The unfortunate substitute was almost the first killed.

St. Augustine records that a disciple of his, having to lecture on Cicero's rhetorical books, was baffled by a certain passage. He slept, and in a dream his master, who was really far away, and unconscious of the whole thing, appeared to him and expounded the passage.

In 1893 Herr Hilprecht, professor of Assyriology in the University of Pennsylvania, was worried over two small inscribed fragments of agate found at Babylon, of which he had received drawings. In a dream a tall, thin Assyrian priest told him they "belonged together," being portions of an inscribed votive cylinder which had been cut up to make earrings for the statue of a god. The professor found next day that the fragments did fit and make a continuous inscription.

The University of Pennsylvania is a Presbyterian institution. It sent the learned Doctor Hilprecht to Assyria to dig up proofs of holy writ. Instead he dug through the ancient city of Nippur and into and through the remains of two underlying cities on the same spot, and in the coldest scientific manner knocked the bible chronology higher than a kite. The ancient city deepest down gave up evidences of a high civilization dating back somewhere around twelve thousand years, and of such nature that at least as many more years must have been required to produce it, whereas holy writ gives the age of this planet, quite definitely and as a matter of fact, at about five thousand years. The university had no warning dream about him before he started out, but he found himself a lion in a den of Daniels when he came back—and that's no dream.

Burlington Still Breathes.

Burlington has a man by the name of Puddicombe, whom it celebrates as its Pioneer Chiropractor. There is one prior reason why Burlington is allowed a place on the map—it produced our Bob Burdette. Side bet—Puddicombe is from Appledurcombe, Isle of Wight. Even money in any amount, or any part of it.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels is writing a biography of President Woodrow Wilson.

THE YANKEE BOYS IN AUSTRALIA.

You all remember the Columbia Park boys from San Francisco who were our guests two or three days last spring? That was when they were headed for New York to take ship for England, in the course of a trip that was to girdle the globe. They picked up their last recruit in Chicago—their final instrument, to speak in professional terms. Major Piexotto was in charge. They made a rattling fine military band, and though they seem to have had some trouble in Paris over their finances, they got through with it and moved on.

Now comes to our Cooke-Adams a most interesting packet of news from the headquarters of the J. J. Simons Young Australian League, West Australia, in which is a galley ship from The Sunday Times of Perth, W. A., being a letter written by one of the kids who appears to have been asked to verbalize his impressions of the country. Here it is:

"The American boys who landed on Australian soil a fortnight ago are already beginning to feel somewhat like natives of the Commonwealth. The reason is simply that they've mastered the first lessons in Australian slang.

"We no longer speak of a 'peacherino of a skirt' or a 'some swell dame,' but of a 'blitherer of a tart' or a 'bonzer bit of cuddle.' And we don't hesitate to 'bar-rack' for Australian 'lumps of loveliness.' We won't altogether admit that they 'put one over' on Uncle Sam's daughters, but, as one of the boys yesterday expressed it, 'they sure get his goat.' Believe me, they're the whole cheese, and their class knocks the liver lights out of Paris's one-time rep. Whenever one of them flashes her flossy mush on us, it's an uppercut to the heart region, and, no foolin', a guy can't help taking a rightaway shine to the kid. She mighty soon gets us guessin', and knocks the props clean out from under us.

"Howsomever, nevertheless, notwithstanding, we haven't had any too much time for 'queenin'. We like to kid the dolls along, but for the past few moons we've been too busy feeding our faces. We've had such a run of glad-hand stunts that every other morning we feel 'all in,' or in Australian parlance, 'quite knocked up.' But we've been loaded down with the sort of grub that makes all of us 'lunch-hooks,' so have no call for crabbin', or feeling 'peeved.'

"We meet with the different slang proposition every now and then in our entertainments. Jokes that were screams or knock-out hits back in the States absolutely flop here. Some expressions that seem quite natural to us are riddles to the audience. In one of our acts a boy has been trying for a week to tell the audience that he and his mates were 'canned,' 'fired,' or had received the 'grand bounce,' but the crowd never fully understood him until Friday night last, when he used the expression 'sacked.'

"But Australian people themselves are more inter-

esting than the language they do or do not use. We've met some 'all-fired' amusing folks as well as lots (I beg pardon, 'heaps') of homely people with the most hospitable dispositions on earth. By the way, that phrase 'homely people' was very funny to us at first, for 'homely' back in our country means the most decided opposite to pretty.

"The amusing variety of natives are usually met with on the streets. These first include the kiddies of various ages, whose perpetual questions as to our feelings toward their country require the most tactful kind of answer. Then there are the occasional stragglers in a slightly intoxicated condition, who become most enthusiastically sentimental over the resemblance between the two countries. Possibly the most amusing of these was an Irish lady who accosted a group of us outside the Y. A. L. rooms two days ago.

"This voluble party informed us that her father had many years ago married a beautiful American woman, her own mother, and because of that reason she always felt like shouting 'Hooray!' whenever she saw one of us dear boys. Her mother, the sweet woman, used to sing a little song about 'America, where Liberty rules, Oh! Paradise on earth,' and she remembered the selection perfectly, as we probably did ourselves. We assured her it was in our repertoire, and she, much delighted, at once rendered the piece, three verses long, with appropriate gestures and much posturing on the edge of the footpath.

"But, of course, we would never think of accepting such emotional creatures as characteristic of Australia. However, we must say that other, more dignified folks have also some mild little eccentric notions. The most prevalent of these is in regard to distances in our own land. Boys from California are asked if they don't know John Jones, who lives on Main street, Louisville, Kentucky, over two thousand miles from their home, and people are much disappointed if New Jersey boys, living sixty miles from the Atlantic Ocean, aren't acquainted with Mr. Smith, who 'keeps the general store' in Oakland, California. These little slips can be readily pardoned, however, when we consider how easily we might make similar breaks ourselves.

"In general, we're more than pleased with the Commonwealth and its residents. Our free railway fares make us entirely ready to heartily appreciate your Government-owned railways, and we're thankful that the double tracks have sufficient space between them to allow us to stick our heads through the windows to our hearts' content. Of course we met with the compartment idea when traveling in England and

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across Europe, so accept it here as the natural thing. And, say, maybe it isn't fun to pile into a compartment that some young couple would emphatically like to reserve as private, and see the disgusted expression on the chap's face.

"We all declare that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals did a great work when it forced your Government to fasten shields on feminine hats. We'll all work for similar measures when we get back home.

"We must admit we don't understand the continual fencing-in of property here. Back home that sort of thing is pretty generally confined to fowl runways. However, there's probably some good reason we have yet to find out. Maybe it's simply to demonstrate that your jarrahwood supply is unlimited.

"During the four or five rainy days that have attended our visit we have learned to like your protected sidewalks. The suddenness of the showers makes these handy shelters much appreciated.

"These sketchy impressions are about all we've been able to collect thus far, so pressing have the hospitable demands of the natives been. As we grow older and wiser we may modify our views, but we'll certainly retain the one big impression that this continent is a mighty boshter place."

The note accompanying the package describes it as "souvenir clippings, etc., of Australia's first reception to the American boys, whom we are making the medium of reciprocating some measure of the hospitality extended the boys of Australia by the citizens of the United States."

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MAYOR GAYNOR AS A REPORTER.

It is not generally known that Mayor Gaynor of New York, who died at sea last week, began life as a newspaper reporter in Boston. He studied law at the same time, and for about two years after he moved to Brooklyn he followed both occupations. In that time he worked for The Eagle, and also for the Brooklyn Argus, the newspaper that Demas Barnes started in Brooklyn at about the time of the Beecher trial. Old reporters in Brooklyn remember Gaynor very well. He was a successful and careful news gatherer and gave to his work the same enthusiasm and personal attention that was marked in his later years as a public man. There was no one who could say that he was not conscientious in getting at the facts, and he did not "pipe," as the latter-day reporter would say. He was not given to exaggeration as a reporter, and performed his duty with marked conscientiousness.

But he kept aloof from his fellows and was keen on "exclusive" news. Not long ago, while he was still on the Supreme Court Bench, he spoke before a gathering of The Eagle reporters who were honoring one of their number with a dinner, and in a very brief address he epitomized his ideas of the work of the news gatherer, gave a glowing tribute to the men who worked honestly in this phase of public service, and added good advice to the younger men of the profession. After giving some of his experiences he advised the younger men who were at the board to deal honestly not only with their newspapers but with the public; to give the truth at all times, and to avoid exaggeration.

Spoonerisms.

Current Opinion comes leisurely along with a story about Doctor Spooner, for many years dean of Westminster, whose extraordinary lapses of speech made him famous throughout the Empire. A list of his breaks would make a book thicker than any of Marie Corelli's, and a thousand times funnier. Here are a few of them:

Turning to a young lady sitting next to him at a dinner table, Doctor Spooner asked:

"Will you pass the pig's fleas?"

A little later, pointing to some cranberry jelly, he asked the same young lady to pass "that stink puff."

Being late for dinner one evening he excused himself, saying he had been "hatching a pasty snipe."

To a railroad porter who asked about his baggage, the doctor said he had "two rags and a bug."

Entering the kitchen when fish were on the fire, he sniffed and exclaimed, "What a hell of smerrings!"

But the worst case of all occurred when he was in the pulpit. He announced as his text: "Many are called but few are chosen. Be ye therefore of the chosen few."

A revised and enlarged edition of Lilli Lehmann's "How to Sing" is announced.

A Spanish translation by Guillermo Rivera of Mr. Bryce's work on South America is announced.

THE WORK OF WILLIAM EDGAR FISHER.

OLIVER HERFORD IN THE GRAPHIC ARTS.

The earliest printed authority on coat armor, Dame Juliana Berners, informs us in the "Booke of Sainte Albans" (published in 1486), that Adam, whose spade was the first shield in heraldry and who was the first to bear coat armor, had as a coat of arms "*a stokke unsprayed and unfloreshed, and in the braunches is knowlege whiche is rosun and whiche is greene.*"

Now, whether Adam used his coat of arms as a bookplate as was customary in the earliest days of ex libris is a point on which the venerable Dame Juliana does not enlighten us. Beyond the somewhat desultory and homiletic reading matter contained in stones and running brooks, and the light, but dangerous, literature of one woman's eyes, Adam's bookshelf was as bare as that of the Stratford poacher and sometime play-actor, whom Mr. Frank Harris and others of the unthinking believe to be the author of Hamlet, all of which has nothing whatever to do with the subject in hand, namely the bookplate designs of William Edgar Fisher, concerning which it is my pleasant task to write.

The twentieth century was several years short of its "teens" when my first glimpse of Mr. Fisher's work awakened me from contemplation of the pictorial and metrical possibilities of a fluffy Angora (whose ancestor had purred at the court of Jamshid) to the artistic subtleties of the modern bookplate.

Therefore my acquaintance with the ex libris has been superficial and purely personal; and the examples met with in casual book purchases were rarely of such merit as to preclude the superimposing of a label bearing my own engraved crest. Accordingly when I was invited to write about Mr. Fisher's bookplates, I lost no time in borrowing and consulting an English Compendium of Information of which I had read high commendation in the after part of divers periodicals.

Turning to Vol. IV, Bis to Cal, I absorbed in ten minutes from its gossamer leaves what purported to be the sum of human knowledge on the subject of ex libris. Picture then, my chagrin on discovering this much belauded compendium of mundane wisdom to be totally ignorant of the work of William Edgar Fisher! a chagrin, to be sure, not unmitigated by satisfaction that my hard earned money had not been squandered on so superficial a publication.

I therefore decided that (to paraphrase Pope) the fittest study of William Edgar Fisher is no other than William Edgar Fisher himself, and burning all bridges of research and reference, betook myself joyfully to a collection of artist-proofs from the admirable plates bearing his microscopic signature.

The first glance at a gathering of Mr. Fisher's bookplate designs discovers besides the richness of decoration and cleanness of color interpretation characteristic of all his work, a diversity of pictorial imagination aided by a rare sense of composition, which in the treatment of the costumed figure as a purely decorative (though never inanimate) object, must go to Boutet De Monvel to find its like. This is especially true of

the ex libris of Nannie and Holmes Huttie, and that of Alice B. McCutcheon, etched in 1909. Still again in the delightful composition designed for Eli L. Sanger, which apart from the skill shown in the decorative treatment of the persons of Mr. Sanger and his man and his maid, creates an atmosphere of intimacy so comfortable, that once having felt it, one is filled with a longing to make the personal acquaintance of Mr. Eli L. Sanger himself, and as for addressing the night-capped gentleman formally as "Mr. Sanger" it is not to be thought of. For me Mr. Eli L. Sanger can never be anything but Eli.

Quite perfect in a wholly different way is the bookplate of Bishop Mann, executed in 1907 (I refer, of course, to the bookplate). Surely no one could ever tire of looking at the staid, kindly features of the sweet poet and moralist, George Herbert, whom Fisher has made to "live in his frame" as Whistler tells us a portrait ever should.

Bishop Mann should indeed be happy in this gentle guardian of his books, for what borrower, hardened though he be (and some of them might do well to borrow a conscience instead of a book), would be so infamous as to paste his own bookplate over those beloved features?

In the treatment of landscape plates, as for example that of McLaughlin (1909) and Stoddard (1911) and the interior designed for Theodora McCutcheon, Mr. Fisher is at his best, which is added proof, if such were needed, of his great versatility.

Such was my first impression after looking over these admirable decorations. As I went deeper I realized that Fisher has much more than versatility to offer.

Perhaps no field of decoration makes a greater demand not only on an artist's skill in invention but his sympathetic understanding of the collector for whom the plate is to be made. I had almost said the sitter, for after all the bookplate should be a mind portrait of the owner of the book, picturing his tastes, his loves, his pastimes, hobbies, who knows, even his hopes!

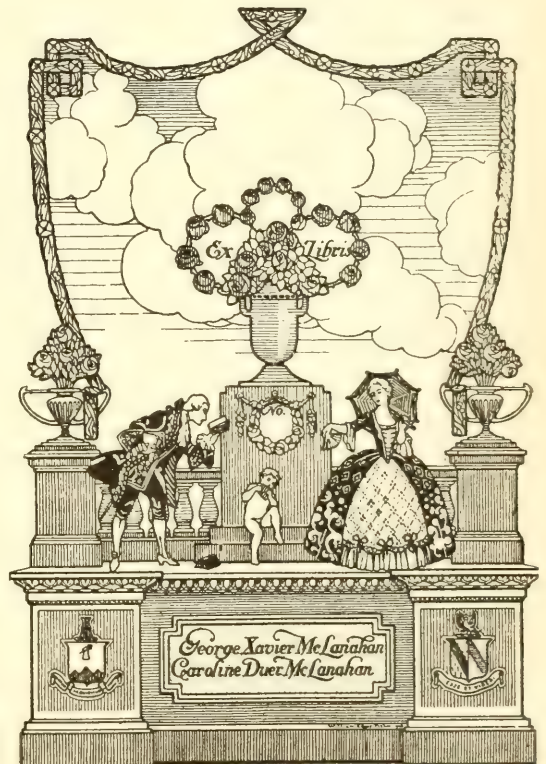
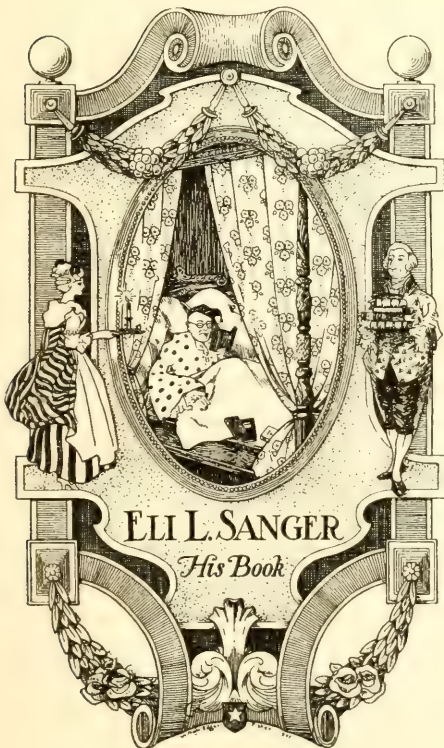
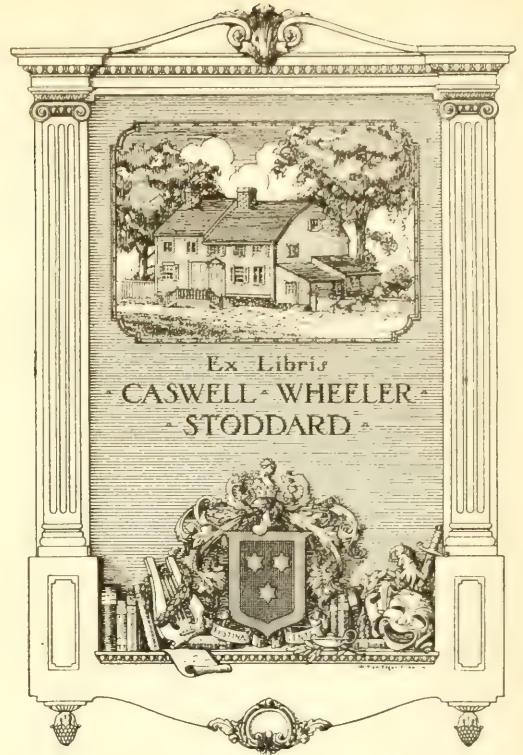
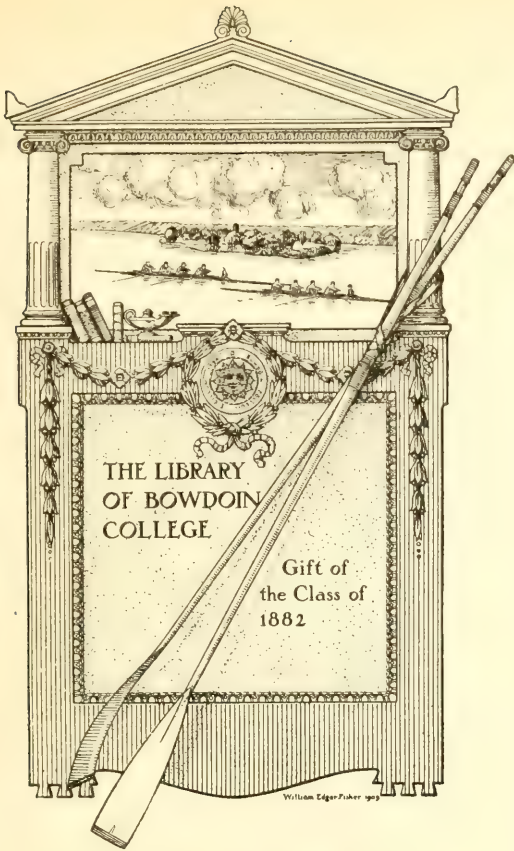
The bookplate is twofold in its demand. Objectively speaking it is a picture and as a picture must be decorative whether dignified, or sportive in its pictorial appeal. Again, on its subjective side it is something more than a picture, it is a thought-picture, and in both these respects I know of no one who has by his skill in the use of line tint and his sympathetic invention more successfully met the demand of the bookplate than William Edgar Fisher.

Ed Pickard on His Way.

Seattle, September 10.—DEAR SCOOP:—The inhabitants here all have highly arched eyebrows, due to continuous surprise that anyone should prefer to live in "the sweltering heat" of the east. "It is never hot here." Not even tepid. But all day, "first we've had in a long time.

E. W. PICKARD.

H. G. Wells' next novel will have the title "The Passionate Friends."



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AUTHOR UNIDENTIFIED.

Oh, he come along in a ottomobeel,
 (He called it the "Rosy Hereafter"),
 An' he told me this tale while I filled up his tanks
 With juice from the well (an' he paid me with thanks),
 An' he told it with horrible laughter!

"We had a big race," he related to me.
 "'Twas in 1911, I think,
 There was me an' my car an' the 'Yaller Despair,'
 Which was driven by Clarence Muntgummary Dare
 St. Josephine Percival Fink.

"The stakes they is seven cold million a side,
 An' we weighs in at nine thousand pound,
 An' eighty-four elephant power apiece
 Is our cars, which is new ones with plenty o' grease,
 An' with spikes on the wheels all around.

"The rools o' this race is eggscitin' an' new—
 We must cover jest four thousand mile,
 An' durin' the run (which our time must be good)
 We must hit every movable thing that we could,
 An' whatever we hits we must spile.

"We has a long schedule made out for the race
 By which we must each keep a score.
 The feller that runs down a chicken counts one,
 A dog figgers two (for them cannies can run),
 While a cat, which is harder, is four.

"Old women we counts at one-fifth of a p'int,
 Beein' feeble and slow in their gait.
 With old men, at first, we don't know what to do
 But we finally figgers that five shall count two;
 Young women we reckons at eight.

"Young men they is figgered at ten p'int apiece,
 An' they're agile an' harder to kill;
 An' children, regardless o' color or height,
 Is figgered at nine if they're slaughtered outright,
 At seven if crippled with skill.

"A horse an' a rider we reckons at twelve;
 At fifteen a carriage an' horse.
 At twenty a ambulance, empty, we'd score;
 With patients inside it is figgered as more—
 Depends on the patients, o' course.

"A weddin' is ninety, provided that is,
 We don't miss the groom n' the bride.
 The minister figgers as one or two more;
 An' ushers they runs up between three an' four;
 Hack drivers we reckons outside.

"A ice cart is 'leven, a water cart ten
 In the score of this sportsmanlike ride.
 A peddler is seven, a fruit vender eight,
 A trolley car seventy if up to date;
 An' we figgers the people inside.

"But a funeral takes forty-nine from the score,
 For, as Clarence so aptly observes:
 'To run down a slow an' methodical hearse
 Is so unsportsmanlike. I might even say worse.
 It's a cinch to get on to sech curves.' "

He stops an' he roominates sorrowful like,
 Contemplatin' days that had went.
 "Ah, ha," he said softly, "but that was a race!"
 He inserted a gold cigaroot in his face
 An' smiled in rem'niscent content.

"Who won that eggscitin' an' sportsmanlike race?"
 I asks him with interest—"who?"

"I should have," he says. "But I didn't," says he.
 "Toward the finish my score was nine hundred an' three,
 While his'n was eight eighty-two.

"At four mile a minute I'm pilin' along
 When a funeral gits in my way;
 Though I hollers an' hoots, an' I twists, turns, an' toots,
 An' does sev'ral flip-flaps that surely was beaunts,
 Yet I piles the whole thing in the bay.

"I lost seven million by jest fifteen p'int's;
 Still my great reputation was made.
 Of gentlemen chauffeurs I now am the best,
 For yesterday Clarence was knocked galley-west,
 An' he sleeps now, alas! in the shade.

"I'll tell you the way of his sudden demise:
 He was crowdin' along in the night,
 When he sees a large cart. In his sportsmanlike play
 He determines to smear it along the highway.
 But, alas! It contains dynamite!

"Them low common people," he says in disgust,
 "For our rights ain't got no respect.
 What right had that feller to have dynamite
 Where Clarence could hit it? I asks you, What right?
 Them fellers had ought to be checked."

Then into the "Rosy Hereafter" he clumb,
 He runs over father an' one other hog,
 An' fricassees chickens an' ruins the dog,
 An' we ain't never seen him no more.

Oh, he come along in a ottomobeel
 (He called it the "Rosy Hereafter").
 An' told me this tale while I filled up his tanks
 With juice from the well (an' he paid me in thanks),
 An' he told it with horrible laughter!

The Y. M. C. A

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TO ELIMINATE FEAR FROM DEATH.

FAY LEWIS IN EVERYMAN.

Death may be the supremest ecstasy of life. And what is life but a seeking for and the experiencing of ecstasies—low, high, steady, strong, deep, fine or coarse, prolonged or evanescent, mild or intense? Reduced to its simplest terms, what is conscious life but feeling, sensation, guided or explained more or less by reason? And what is feeling, sensation? The excitation of nerve fibres by vibrating currents in the ether, generated, it is possible, from within, but more usually from without—sometimes by contact with objects but more often without. Is this mechanical statement faulty? In what way? I think it is about correct as far as it goes. Is life more than sensation and reason? I think it is, but this "more" has not yet been stated in terms which convey definite impressions to an exacting mind—or if it has I have not been able to find them in any modern tongue.

That death may be the supremest ecstasy of life, not only in the human kingdom, but in all organized sentient nature, seems well worth considering. If this should be found to be the case; if nature everywhere compensates, particularly in the lower orders—if all the tragedies of lower life are not tragic, but keenly pleasurable—and there are many things to indicate that this may be the case (read Maeterlinck's death of the bee, consider the ending of the male spider, etc., etc.); if death is not a terrible thing, but an ecstasy, a sensation of keenest joy—

Then what becomes of the cruelty of nature?

I have wondered how modern rhapsodists could sing the omniscience and the omnipotence of love in nature when jungle and field, forest, sea, and the very air we breathe seem to present nothing but a huge slaughter house, one order preying on another, the whole scheme of life seeming but an endless multiplicity of strife ending in death. But we know that strife is pleasurable—the thing that makes life interesting. Now what if death itself shall be found to be the highest good of all?

That would narrow the inquiry somewhat, surely. But it would leave unanswered, Why has nature implanted so powerful an instinct for self-preservation that we flee in terror from life's highest good, that is inevitable anyway? Perhaps the last actual antinomy of life is unanswerable in reason. But that is no reason why we should not get as close to the heart of the unknowable as we can. And there is no real proof of anything inherently and necessarily unknowable to growing human intelligence.

Now if it shall ever be shown, beyond all cavil and quite clearly, that death is entirely a desirable thing, or at least in no way an evil thing, will not human reason then be strong enough to overcome the instinctive dread, the illogical fear of death?

The point of which is, that if men did not fear death so much as they do, they could not be enslaved, imprisoned, impoverished, and tortured as they are. Barring the subtle orgiastic attractiveness of pain, men not afraid of death could not be flogged to work and

to degrading conditions as thousands of them are in the South and in Mexico; could not be imprisoned and tortured by the thousands; nor huddled into sweatshops and tenements, nor driven to the iniquitous conditions of the steel workers and coal miners. It is the fear of death that urges men to accept life on any terms—and there are always those ready to make the conditions as inhuman as the mass will stand.

If it can be shown that death is in no wise an evil, the greatest fear that now glooms life will disappear and nature will no longer stand accused in dominant thought and philosophy as a huge battlefield piled mountains high with victims who died in agony that the fittest might survive.

Science will answer this question some day. Psychology is trenching on it now. I hope the answer will be my way, for I am constitutionally opposed to a cruel nature. I would rather have glad than gloomy thoughts about Things and, to be candid, I don't believe that the pessimistic philosophy which has been glooming civilization for fifty years will have a logical leg left to slink away on before the biologists and psychologists now at work have been gathered to their supremest ecstasies.

DO YE THINK OF THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE?

Who was it wrote this beautiful old thing? It has been recited and sung these two or three generations, but its authorship, both in words and melody, seems to have dropped away.

"Do ye think of the days that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by the fire at night?"

Do ye wish that the morn would bring back the time

When your heart and your step were so light?"

"I think of the days that are gone, Robin,

And of all that I joyed in then,

But the brightest that ever arose on me

I have never wished back again!"

"Do ye think of the hopes that are gone, Jeanie,

As ye sit by the fire at night?"

Do ye gather them up as they faded fast,

Like buds with an early blight?"

"I think of the hopes that are gone, Robin,

And I mourn not their stay was fleet,

For they fell as the leaves of the red rose fall,

And were even in falling sweet!"

"Do ye think of the friends that are gone, Jeanie,

As ye sit by the fire at night?"

Do ye wish they were round ye again once more

By the hearth that they made so bright?"

"I think of the friends that are gone, Robin,

They are dear to my heart as then,

But the best and dearest among them all

I have never wished back again!"

If, as is now quoted from high ecclesiastical authority, "the Devil made the slit skirt," I must congratulate his Sable Majesty upon the excellence of his artistic sense. The slit skirt was the one graceful way out of the hobble. Three cheers for the Devil!—*New York Telegraph*.

"There is some good in every man," but it doesn't count until it comes out.

STEEL CARS AND ACCIDENTS.

FROM OUR GEORGE W. WEBER'S WEEKLY LETTER.

It is worth while to direct attention to the fact that when the currency question is up for consideration the bankers are always seriously and earnestly consulted as to the wisdom of proposed legislation. Just now, for the first time since the national government took control of the currency, there is about to be enacted a law that is not wholly satisfactory to the bankers. Last week the House Lobby committee of Congress listened to a vindictive and contemptuous arraignment of the courts and Congress by Samuel Gompers because the Sherman Anti-trust law was being made to apply to combinations of labor as well as combinations of capital. Mr. Gompers defended the practice of maintaining "labor lobbyists" at Washington. At the same time a mad-dog cry is raised because the manufacturers' associations do the same thing.

Last week officials of eleven great railroad systems addressed a communication to Congress asking that, before action be taken by Congress compelling the substitution of all-steel cars, the fatalities on railroads be investigated, at the same time pointing out that many of the great railway systems had been operated for years at a time without killing a single passenger, and protesting that the sins of a few railroads should not be charged up to all the roads. I quote from the railway officials' address the following concerning all-steel cars:

"As to steel cars, a recent investigation disclosed that 90 per cent of all the passenger train cars acquired by the railways in 1912 were of all steel and steel underframe construction, and that of those under construction in January, 1913, no less than 97 per cent were of all steel or steel underframe construction. The railways, without legislation, are ordering all steel and steel underframe cars faster than the manufacturers can supply them, and it is estimated that even if it were practicable now to replace all wooden with steel cars the cost of doing so would be \$633,000,000."

We now come to a brief consideration of the second feature—the economic or financial aspect—of the all-steel car proposition. It must be accepted that all financial burdens, such as the immediate introduction of steel cars to displace wooden cars not yet worn out, must be borne by the passengers in the form of increased rates, or by railroad employees in reduced numbers, or in diminished, or insufficient wages.

The agitation for immediate substitution of all-steel cars in place of wooden cars is illogical and impracticable. Indestructible cars will not obviate the dangers of speed mania or of underpaid, insufficient train operatives, rendered necessary by increased capitalization on which the public must forever pay interest. Security must be attained by more careful operation and operational devices. All-steel cars should be introduced to take the place of wooden cars as fast as new cars are actually required.

HOW THEY SLIP IT OVER IN ENGLAND.

These ads appear in a recent number of the Liverpool Mercury, and may give an idea of the fashion of the classified in a high grade British paper:

"Experienced General Wanted, age about 25; good wage; no washing.—Holderness, 'Heathlea,' Ashton-under-Lyne."

"Sea.—Sea Outfits.—Parents and Guardians who intend sending their boys to sea, and who live at a distance from Liverpool, should in the first place communicate with the Don, Lord-street, and get their Detailed List of Apprentices' Sea Outfits; or if in town, call and examine the goods displayed in their shipping department. Being manufacturers, complete outfits can be had at wholesale prices and ranging from £7, £10, £15, £20 upwards.—Price lists and full particulars will be sent post free on application to the Shipping Department, the Don Association, Lord-street and Paradise-street, Liverpool."

And this is a hot news item from the same paper:

"Bass Rock Island, in the Frith of Forth, has been the scene of an extensive fire, which has destroyed most of the vegetation on the island.

"The fire is supposed to have broken out late on Monday night or early on Tuesday morning, and it is stated to have originated from a rocket fired on to the island from a passing passenger steamer with the object of getting the myriads of Solan geese to rise from their nesting places. All efforts on the part of the lighthouse keepers on the island to subdue the conflagration proved unavailing, and many acres of sundried grass and herbage burned fiercely all day. Thousands of Solan geese and other sea birds soared about the island screaming frantically from time to time. Rabbits in very large numbers have been destroyed by the fierceness of the fire, which could be seen thirty miles away.

"In the course of the afternoon, with the destruction of almost all the vegetable matter on the island, the fire spent itself, and the whole of the south side of the island presents nothing but an extensive blackened mass of waste.

"Luckily the new lighthouse, which stands on the lowest ridge of rocks and far below the scene of the outbreak, has suffered in no way."

These are commerce and information. Here is the Mercury's idea of humor:

"From a notice in the Hotel Hassler, Naples:

"Ring once for the chambermaid, twice for the porter, three times for the boot."

"At the third ring you see, the proprietor is seriously annoyed."

"One of the doctors at this week's international congress in London remarked that the danger of operating had been reduced to 'vanishing point.' No allusion, of course, to the all too frequent appearance of those significant words in the obituary column, 'after an operation'?"

When angry, count ten; when very angry, swear.—
Mark Twain.

HE HAS HERBERT KAUFMANN ON THE FLOOR.

CHARLES STELZLE IN NEWARK NEWS.

"Next Week Is Efficiency Week," a factory owner posted throughout the shop, with the thought of making a big spurt. And the workmen grinned. Many of them sneered. "He's trying to put something over on us," some of them said.

Things had been going pretty well in the shop and the men had become fairly well accustomed to the new efficiency expert and his plans; that is, their opposition had very materially decreased. But here was something that looked like a put-up job, and production fell off twenty-five per cent from the average recent attainments. The boss might better have called it something else than "efficiency" and he might have tackled the job in a less cold-blooded fashion. There is not much inspiration in the declaration that "Next Week Is Efficiency Week." The boss had the machinery of the business in pretty good shape, but he didn't know the human element in the proposition.

What does real industrial efficiency mean, anyway? It doesn't necessarily mean new machinery. It doesn't mean that men's jobs are to be made harder. Rather, it means that the jobs are to be made more attractive, more interesting, more profitable—both to the employer and the employe. It means that daily drudgery is to be developed into pleasant tasks. It means a definite aim in every job. It means systematized work and using the margin of time, which often may be tediously employed without profit to anybody. It does not mean elaborate systems, for many a man has all kinds of up-to-date machinery, but employs all of his energy in turning the wheels go round.

Men are efficient when they work together—team work is just as essential as individualized effort. Men will be efficient when they believe in their jobs—when they are treated not as machines but as human beings. There is not so much fun in having a man stand over one with a stop-watch to find out how long it takes to turn out a certain piece of work, unless one enters into the spirit of the thing; and one cannot give one's best to the boss unless there is a sort of partnership feeling. It's an excellent thing to have a standard toward which workingmen are to strive; but when they are played against one another in order to increase the output, and made to feel that the last big spurt is afterward to be regarded as the normal day's work, the average man becomes suspicious of a placard which declares "Next Week Is to Be Efficiency Week."

"There's an idea for a dress." "Too daring," said the actress. "It may be all right for the street, but it would not be allowed on the stage."—*Pittsburgh Post*.

Regelin, Jenson & Co.

Reaper Block

REAL ESTATE
LOANS

RENTING
INSURANCE

Shipboard Newspapers.

C. F. TALMAN, IN LESLIE'S.

Apropos of wireless—it is now nearly fourteen years since the first wireless newspaper, the Transatlantic Times, made its appearance under the personal direction of Mr. Marconi on board the American liner *St. Paul*, on which the inventor was crossing from New York to Southampton. The subsequent history of shipboard journalism has been one of steady geographical expansion. Today, besides such ambitious North Atlantic publications as the *Daily Bulletin* of the Cunard Line, *Das Atlantische Tageblatt* of the Hamburg-American Line, and the *Ocean Times* of the White Star Line, there are similar institutions on the principal liners running to African and South American ports, while the interesting *Wireless Herald* relieves the ennui of a voyage to Alaska. The transatlantic steamers receive their wireless news shortly after midnight from the high-power stations at Poldhu and Cape Cod. The papers are set up by hand (linotypes will be the next step), run off on motor-driven presses, and reach the "public" at breakfast time.

The Brooklyn Club's New Home.

The *Eagle* says an agreeable surprise awaited the members of the Brooklyn Press Club who attended its housewarming in the renovated quarters at 365 Fulton street. The Club now has a more attractive home, in every way, than it had before the memorable fire which burned it completely out.

In future the Club will have three large floors. The second floor of the building, formerly occupied by Raub's restaurant, has been added to the other two, and a most inviting grill room established there. The library has been redecorated and boasts a large gallery of photographs of theatrical and political celebrities.

Gone Up Top.

Elbert H. Baker, for a long time the administrative head of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, has been elected president of the corporation, succeeding the late L. E. Holden, owner of the paper. Mr. Baker continues also as general manager. Mr. Baker is president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, and is extensively known to the newspaper world. His success is largely due to consistent devotion to the ideals which have made his paper a permanent and recognized organ of publicity.

Away Inside.

A New Yorker had occasion to 'phone from one suburb to another while visiting in a Western city. Upon asking what the charge was he was told fifty cents.

"Fifty cents! For that distance? Great Scott! In New York you can call hell up for fifty cents."

"Possibly," coolly answered the operator, "it's in the city limits."—*Hardware World*.

"It's triplets," announced the nurse.

"Really!" said the astonished father. "I can scarcely believe my own census."

NOT RESPONSIBLE—EVERYBODY'S DOPE.

A Kick on the Head.

The angry citizen puffed into the office of the city editor.

"See here, sir," he yelled, "what do you mean by publishing my resignation from my political office in this way?"

"You gave the story out yourself, didn't you?" asked the editor.

"Of course I did," replied the angry citizen. "But your fool paper prints it under the head of 'Public Improvements.'"—*New York Sun*.

His Mighty Task.

The congressman, he sends this word from Washington's high dome:

"Until I fetch the tariff down don't look to see me home! I've got to wrangle with 'em all an' projick 'round a lot; Until I fetch that tariff down don't keep my supper hot!"
—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Cautioned Her.

She—My physician says I should have a bite before retiring.

He—Be careful; that's what killed Cleopatra.

Mrs. Rich—Why do you pay your maid such awfully high wages?

Mrs. Roxe—Oh, it pays in the long run. She never breaks those expensive vases any more, for fear we will take it out at the end of the month.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Yessir," said the big man. "I'm opposed to the election of United States Senators by popular vote." "My, I'm surprise to hear you say that!" said the little man. "What are your reasons?" "I manufacture dictagraphs," replied the big man.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Hobson's Weekly, without a Haggood editor, but with Uncle Sam as paymaster, and a nine million circulation, may well drive the Monthly Commoner to an absolutely unconditional surrender.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"I see they have operated on a Philadelphia boy's head, in order to make a better boy of him."

"That isn't where my dad used to operate on me to make a letter boy of me."—*Houston Post*.

"My wife paid me a fine compliment this morning!" triumphantly stated skimpy little Mr. Henneypeck. "She said I was almost as big a fool as her first husband!"

Rush the Can.

The well-known melancholy days,

The saddest of the annum,

Have reached us, and our Summer ways—

Hum! Well, we'll have to can 'em.

—*Morning Telegraph*.

"Know not for knowing's sake
But to become a star to men forever."

"Anything unusual about this suicide case?" asked the city editor.

"Yes. There were bi-chloride of mercury tablets in the house," replied the reporter.

"Nothing unusual about that," snapped the city editor.

"Yes, there is," retorted the reporter. "This fellow was so old-fashioned he hanged himself."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Rural Magistrate (interrupting witness): "You said that you made a personal examination of the premises. What did you find?"

Witness: "Oh, nothing of consequence, 'a beggarly account of empty boxes,' as Shakespere says."

Magistrate: "Never mind what Shakespere said about it, he will be summoned to testify for himself if he knows anything about the case."—Unidentified.

Within a fortnight we will begin to be told to do our Christmas shopping early, and chiefly by persons who write it Xmas.

The word "soused" is in the dictionary, but that doesn't add to its elegance.

The only man in the country whose name and address reads the same way whichever end you start it is O. M. Reger, Reger, Mo., according to the Brookfield (Mo.) Gazette.

In the hope of introducing it into the United States, an expert from the department of agriculture has been sent to Manchuria to get specimens of a peach that weighs a pound. What is a peach?

The announcement that a New York girl wrote 116 words a minute for thirty minutes on a typewriter tends to make one marvel at what our Indiana authors could do for—and to—literature if they had such manual skill as that.—*Indianapolis News*.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,

of THE SCOOP, published weekly at Chicago, Ill., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Note.—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

Editor—W. D. Eaton, 26 N. Dearborn St.

Managing Editor—None.

Business Manager—Wm. Frederic Nutt, 26 N. Dearborn St.

Publisher—Press Club of Chicago.

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Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: State Bank of Chicago holds \$50,000 bonds of club; Central Trust Company holds \$25,300 bonds of club.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1913.

MAURICE NELSON,

Notary Public.

(Seal.)

(My commission expires June 10, 1914.)

THE SCOOP

Entered as second-class matter, October 24, 1912, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Price 5c.

PARTICULAR NOTICE

A special meeting of the Press Club is called for the afternoon of Sunday, the 28th, at 3 p. m. Matters of vital importance are to be acted upon and a full attendance is earnestly desired.

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W. D. EATON, Editor.

WM. FREDERIC NUTT, Business Manager.

PAUL E. NEUMANN HAS BEEN AUTHORIZED BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE ADVERTISING FOR THE SCOOP.

HONOR THY MOTHER AND THY FATHER.

With loving greetings to the members of The Chicago Press Club, I assure them of my continued interest in all that makes for their welfare and happiness.

Recovering from an illness, while at my son's home, I go to Elgin for a few weeks. Later on, perhaps, to Florida for the winter months.

Wherever I may be I shall never forget the kindnesses and honors bestowed upon the writer of this note (as "The mother of C. P. C.').

Very cordially yours,

Sept. 18th.

ELLEN M. WILKIE.

For a few days last week, Mrs. Franc B. Wilkie was at the home of her son and our old chum and former president, John. Saturday last she went to Elgin for some sort of treatment or rest cure. Her health is poor—as everyone in the Club will be sorry to learn.

It is proposed and undoubtedly will be carried through that upon Mrs. Wilkie's return, about three weeks hence, the Club shall entertain her at a luncheon or dinner, as her own convenience may best be served, and it will be up to the Women's Auxiliary Committee

of the Club to turn to and help us make the event what it should be.

Franc Wilkie was the father of the Press Club. He was taken from us years ago, but there are many among us who remember how hard and how ably Mrs. Wilkie worked with and for the Club in those earlier days, how motherly an interest she had in every one of us, what a fine and sweet influence she was. As Franc was the father, so was she the mother of our splendid institution. Her pride in us is unbounded, and it shall be our pride, individually and as members, to show her that she is justified in her children. Let her welcome be full and simple and warm, like her own dear self, and let us try to make it a happy memory to her for all the time between now and the day she rejoins her husband in a happier zone of life.

DAVID H. SICKELS.

In this issue appears a poem headed Reincarnation, and bearing the name of D. H. Sickels. It is the first and only piece of verse by him that has emerged from a book he wrote long ago, and its emergence recalls his strange and attractive personality.

Mr. Sickels was born in New York in 1837. In his late youth and early manhood he was engaged in newspaper work in that town. During the civil war he was a correspondent in the field, and after the war was appointed by General Grant to be our minister at the court of Siam. Upon his return to the United States he earned considerable popularity as a lecturer, but soon left that field for the field of finance. He was one of the founders of the American Surety Company

of New York, in 1882, and for the remainder of his active life was one of its officers—first secretary, then vice-president. Much of the success of the corporation was won upon his lines of suggestion. He grew rich through it.

It was a privilege to know this man, whose ability as a journalist and real genius in poesy might have carried him very far had he not turned them aside. He is kindly, clean souled, and the only one to survive the great group of writers to which he belonged, who made American literature in the fifties, and whose names are not even yet completely forgotten, though most of their work was ephemeral. He is living to-day in New York.

PLAY FAIR.

Is it fair to hop on priesthood or a church because a morbid or unbalanced priest commits a murder, as that one did in New York a few days ago? Was his denomination a party to his crime? Is there any way to prevent the sudden disclosure of a criminal in any sect, or organization, or department of society?

This murderer happened to be a priest. That is all. His church, one of the most powerful and one of the best, has no condonance for his act, any more than it would have for such an act committed by one outside its lines. Yet there are people and (what is worse) newspapers who have taken occasion to try to throw discredit upon both church and cloth because of this one man and what he did. Both have been called degenerate, in defiance of the obvious truth that in the procession of life through the ages degeneration is impossible. Imperfect development or brain disorder may appear, but nothing goes back.

It is traversing good taste and showing narrow reason to say such things as have been and are being said about this case. There are few people more given to such breaks than your bigoted liberals.

CARNEGIE'S CHRISTMAS HYMNS.

When "The Old, Old Prayer," which was recently published in *THE SCOOP*, was enlarged and illuminated for framing purposes, John Postgate sent copies to a dozen eminent and wealthy citizens in the east. With one exception all the recipients of the work of art sent courteous acknowledgments. The copy forwarded to Andrew Carnegie in a protecting tube was returned roughly wrapped in brown paper with a one-cent stamp affixed for postage. It had cost 4 cents to send it.

On receiving the crumpled copy, Postgate penned and mailed the following:

TO ANDREW CARNEGIE, ESQ.,

(On returning a Complimentary Copy of
"The Old, Old Prayer.")

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
Ye pick the ane that's curst;
For treating that auld prayer sae raw
Shows Aeolus at his worst.
'Twas sent to soothe your waning days,
Like balm frae flowery South;
But much I fear some heathen ways
Hae gien ye pious drowth!

Yet, brither, turn your een within,
And spier aboot for grace;
'Twill shield your hairt frae keen chagrin,
And muckle wae efface.
While for the lave, I wadna cramp
Your saul wi' sair reflection.
Therefore I send the bawbee stamp
Ye spent on prayer's rejection!

By return mail Mr. Carnegie replied through his secretary, in simplified spelling, that his attention had never been called to the gift and that he was not responsible for its unceremonious return. He had since read the verses, however, admired their deep religious spirit, and had "given them a place in his collection of favorite Christmas hymns."

HERE'S ENERGY FOR YOU.

THE SCOOP is in exchange with a magazine called *Energy*, published at Leipsig, in German, English and Spanish, by J. J. Weber. It offers its subscribers, free of charge:

Addresses of efficient German manufacturers; notice (under initial) of connections wanted with German makers in "Export Chances of J. J. Weber's Illustrated Export Journals," each issue of which reaches several thousand German manufacturers; 12 lines of advertising (with annual subscription) under the heading of "Foreign and Oversea Exporters and Importers"; assistance in procuring agencies; forwarding of applications in reply to advertisements under "Agents and Representatives Wanted"; advertising section containing advertisements of reliable houses; valuable reports on export novelties, industrial articles and commercial notices.

Energy is really a most unusual publication, as of necessity, since it is an exponent of the extraordinary expansion of Germany's business under the rule of the mighty Emperor William, who is himself first of all a man of acute business perceptions—a war lord on parade days, but a German business man on all others. He found Germany poor. He has made it prosperous. That has been his real work. It is all very well for us

Americans, across whose boundary lines there are no potential enemies, to belittle or condemn his military and naval policies, but these are necessary where weakness would invite invasion and national ruin. William is a forceful man, a progressive monarch. His occasional bursts of autocratic feeling do no one any harm, and import no setback to his sturdy and hard-working people. He is just effective enough, in things commercial, to keep us on the move in building and holding our own trade with the rest of the world.

Necks and Noises.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

BOBBIE SINGS.

BY PADDY, PRESS CLUB.

Oh, for mercy's sake, dear editor, look, listen, also hark! Here's some verses that were scribbled by our little Bobbie Clarke.

Sure there's wonder 'round the Tribune, and we echo Egbert's "ouch!"

And we ask ourselves the reasons for little Bobbie's grouch.

'Cause is Bob is always cheerful, 'cept when he's other-wise;

And when he kids the copy desk, he gets us by surprise. It sure won't help his copy, 'twill be slaughtered anyway, And as for slamming Egbert—well, this here is Bobbie's say:

"I can stand for Neumann's verses, tho' I wince at Washburne's chaff,

And sometimes even Lawson's wheezes almost bring out half a laugh,

But when they get an Egbert to butcher all my stuff I have to stop and murmur, 'It's getting pretty tough.'

"There's 'Poll' and little 'Cupid,' Walter fat and Walter lean,

And 'Joe, the Demon Dog Watch' of the red and scanty bean.

I thought that all the Percys had been tied outside the door,

But now find an Egbert and it's time to make a roar."

THE THOUGHT BRINGERS.

Hon. G. S. Foster, a life member of the Press Club of Chicago, was recently appointed by Governor Dunne a delegate to the Third Roads Congress, which convenes in Detroit, Mich., from September 29th to October 4th.

Jeff says the "day trick" at the soda water dispensary is too much like a ladies' tea-party for him.

Ten new life members took their initial luncheon in the dining-room Friday. See them coming?

After his prolonged stay in Springfield, it is a real treat to have Charlie Wheeler mixing with the boys again.

Colonel Perley H. Boone, Apollo of the Tribune copy desk, has taken his vacation. He really didn't need

offe, seeing as how he has been in swimming every morning before coming to work. Perley lives about 500 feet from the best private beach on the North shore.

R. F. (Dan'l) Webster has taken a week or so for a trip to Michigan. Web worked ten months on the City News Bureau, and several more on the Trib., without getting off more than two days in a week.

Dan O'Leary, veteran of all the space writers, is a frequent visitor in the Trib. news columns these days. It is understood that he has been sending to the different automobile concerns for catalogues and prices.

Something is growing on the upper lip of Mahogany Al. Chase, something soft and pliable and pale. The Trib is all agog. Chase declares that in a few more days his will look more respectable than Eddie Doherty's. Eddie has a week's start of the copy-butcher, though. The race is exciting comment.

Painless Parker ought to put on airs. He blossomed out in one of the funniest stories of the year, and the Trib played it on the front page. It was the one-act play of the Elevated Railroad, and was entitled, "An L of a Predicament."

Jack Lawson's story about the girl who committed suicide because she had been living for six months on twenty-cent dinners has excited much comment, a preacher even making it the text of a sermon. The Trib played it on Page 1, and the other papers gave the story a stick or two.

William J. Cochran will head the committee on entertainment with E. H. Fox as vice chairman. Others on the committee are P. F. Lowder, Victor Eubank, Rudolph Berliner, Axel Christensen, Dr. William Frederic Nutt, A. Milo Bennett, Bert Yarwood, Walter A. Wood, Frank Comerford and J. H. Ashley.

Mr. Ashley has been named to head the dance committee.

President Washburne has named the following committee of publicity: William E. Moore, managing editor The Inter Ocean; Herman L. Reiwitch, night editor The Tribune; Clarence L. Speed, city editor Record-Herald; William E. Ray, Daily News; Chris. D. Hagerty, Associated Press; Victor Eubank, Examiner, and Arthur James Pegler, the American.

Edward J. Doherty is named as secretary of publicity.

The Rev. Dr. W. B. Norton, church editor of The Tribune, is reappointed chaplain of the Club. His self-sacrificing work during the last year in this capacity has won him the good will and respect of all the members.

Algy's Mother—I suppose yer gittin' a good fee, sir, fer attending' to the rich Smith boy?

Doctor—Well, yes, I get a pretty good fee. But why are you asking?

Algy's Mother—Well, I 'ope yer won't forget that my little boy, Algy, threw the brick that 'it 'im!—London Opinion.

EVENING.

BY JEAN COMERFORD, PRESS CLUB.

The songs I sing are but ill sung.

Though pitiful done are all my deeds,

And small am I in the Universe swung,

I go where the Great God leads!

Of earth and sky and the sea, is He;

I walk my way at His will.

And lame and weary, enshackled, free—

My feet step staunch in His roadway still!

The glinting leaves on the swaying trees

Are alive with the goodness of God,

The soundless depths of the uttermost seas

Are one with the green grass sod.

When rainbow hued, on its pinions bold,

A butterfly battles the breeze,

Where day swings low, enwrapped in gold,

An eagle drifts o'er the shadowing leas.

Then tenderly over the drowsy flowers

Kind night flings gentle her mantle down

And wraps Life close through the silent hours,

The measureless plain and the toilsome town

And ever above in the purpling deep,

That eye may not scan nor soul depths know,

The stars hold watch o'er the world asleep.

While life tides ebb and the sea tides flow!

The songs we sing are but ill sung

And pitiful done are all our deeds:

Though small are we in the Universe swung,

We go where the Great God leads!

A GHOST STORY.

It was raining outside, and the lights in the postal room were dim. That may have had something to do with it. Also it was midnight. The several telegraphers in the room had choked a few morsels and were spinning yarns. Bert the kid sidled in, and listened.

Some one noticed him and nudged a companion. The window shade rattled. Everyone became still. The lanky telegrapher coughed, and then spoke:

"Kid, do you believe in ghosts?"

"Naw. There ain't none."

"Kid, do you know that where you are sitting, right at that typewriter, there once sat 'old man Crawfish'?"

"What difference does that make?"

"Well, the old man died not so long ago, and ever since he has been coming back. He sits at his old typewriter. You can hear it click, you can even smell his old pipe. Nobody else ever uses that machine."

The boy snorted. It was plain that he was nervous. He turned half way round on the chair, and expressed his disbelief in vigorous terms.

"Look, look!" exclaimed the lean, lanky telegrapher; and he grabbed the boy by the arm and whirled him from the chair. The space bar was going up and down

with regularity, making queer dots and dashes of sound.

It seemed as though the invisible fingers of the dead telegrapher were pounding out a message. The crowd stood up watching, looking at the boy. His hair stood on end, and he left the room on shaking legs. Then the short stubby telegrapher removed the black thread which he had tied on the space bar, and laughed.

Bert will go any other place in the Tribune building at any time of day or night, but you'll never get him into that postal room again, until he finds out that "Stub" worked the machine with that piece of thread.

PADDY.

WHAT'S YOUR IDEA OF A GOOD REPORTER?

BY PADDY.

This is the opinion of a big newspaper man in this city who does not wish his name to be known. Other editors may have different ideas of just what makes a good reporter, but there is a lot of meat in this one:

"A valuable reporter," he says, "is the man who is always alert, always trying to learn something. He is not satisfied with merely reporting at the usual time, covering his assignments, eating his dinner, and reporting for more work.

"But he tries to find out all about the business. He goes to the composing room and watches the paper made up. He asks questions. He pesters the copy-readers about how to write heads. He wants to know.

"He studies the paper's style. He is always going to school. When he was a boy he was forced to go; now it's up to his own sweet will. That's the only difference.

"The real reporter goes out on a story with the intention of bringing back better stuff than any of his competitors, of getting a new angle, and of cleaning up on the pictures. He sees news everywhere, and he knows it on the instant.

"He gives ideas on the running of the office, things that he thinks ought to be done. Maybe some of his ideas are thrown on the floor. What's the difference? The good man sheds ideas like a dog sheds water after he's doused.

"If you want to be a good reporter, the city editor will help you, the make-up man will help you, the night



TO obtain the best results in using the telephone, speak directly into the mouthpiece in a clear well modulated tone. When a speaker turns his face from his auditor he materially reduces his chances of being understood. The same risk occurs when one talks over, under or aside from the telephone transmitter.

Chicago Telephone Company
Bell Telephone Building
Official 100

editor will help you. You can go all through the shop, and everybody in the whole plant will teach you.

"Then you can blow the town, if you see no opportunities ahead, and be a make-up man or a night editor in Denver or New York. Ambition—that's the word that sums it up. Ambition and ability."

Taking a Crack at Marquis James.

DEAR SCOOP:—My young friend Marquis James has so many good qualities (he gives me every one of his tobacco coupons) that I really dislike to find fault with him. But his story about the pop-corn was all bawled up. The facts of the matter are: I am supposed, on Saturdays, to have at least two 8 heads for p. 1 for the bulldog. I get the buck from Bill Moore or Doc Atkinson and I always pass it along to Sam Blair. On the day mentioned the buck was intercepted by Bob Maxwell. It was a sheet of A. P. that fell athwart his massive framework while he was sitting in, and not knowing the true course that the buck is steered he swept me aside and made a star-board lurch to Sam. In this way I escaped the scandal attending the modern discovery of the pop-corn yarn.

Why, man alive, I met that story when I was driving the lead team in a bull outfit between Omaha and Denver in 1873, and I was told it originated with the Cliff Dwellers (not the club of that name but the old preaboriginals who dwelt in houses howked in cliffs and used clubs and were wonderful liars).

BILL HOOKER.

Day City Editor Inter-Ocean.

A Good Man in the Right Place.

John Postgate, late of the Inter-Ocean staff, has received a special commission from publisher Eastman of the Journal which will keep his typewriter rattling for the next six months. It took a strong pull to sever John from the I-O., which he served in Europe during the Russian-Turkish war of 1877, but the Journal usually gets what it wants when it wants it. The Scoop congratulates Mr. Eastman on this latest acquisition to his special staff of special writers.

SUMMER'S ENDING.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The flags below the shadowy fern
Shine like spears between sun and sea.
The tide and the summer begin to turn,
And ah, for hearts, for hearts that yearn,
For fires of autumn that catch and burn,
For love gone out between thee and me.

The wind is up, and the weather broken,
Blue seas, blue eyes, are grieved and gray,
Listen, the word that the wind has spoken,
Listen, the sound of the sea—a token
That summer's over, and troths are broken—
That loves depart as the hours decay.

A love has passed to the loves passed over,
A month has fled to the months gone by;
And none may follow, and none recover
July and June, and never a lover
May stay the wings of the loves that hover,
As fleet as the light in a sunset sky.

SALT LAKE PRESS CLUB COMES TO PAPA.

THE PRESS CLUB OF SALT LAKE, Sept. 15, 1913.

The Press Club, Chicago, Illinois:—The Press Club of Salt Lake is planning extensive development during the coming winter, on broader plans than have been introduced by the Club in its eleven years' history, and we ask you to co-operate with us, by giving us practical suggestions from your own store of experience.

This Club has a membership, active and associate, of approximately seventy-five. We occupy quarters that offer free billiard and pool tables, telephone, writing room, magazines and some other features other than the entertainment features which are put on intermittently. The entrance fee for associate members is \$10, and for active newspaper men, \$5. The annual dues are \$10 for all classes, payable quarterly. We have had difficulty from year to year in meeting our expenses on this revenue, so have given an annual show, written by and staged by our own members to pull us out of the hole. We have always been successful in this.

The Club wishes at this time to gain information from similar clubs throughout the country as to their financial methods, and as to their classifications of membership. To that end, I ask the following questions:

1. Into how many and what classes is your membership divided, and what is the entrance and annual fee in each class?
2. What are the determining factors in deciding the class to which an applicant should be assigned?
3. Are the privileges equal in all classes, and if there are special privileges, what are they and what fees are required in each case?

Owing to the stringent liquor laws in this state and city and the excessive requirements in the matter of bonds, license fees and other restrictions, this Club has always been "dry." At our entertainments, beer is served with the lunches, and no charge is made. We contemplate installing the private locker system in the Club and if such has been tried in your Club, we would appreciate answers to these questions:

4. Do you make a flat charge for locker keys; if so, what is it?
 5. Have you an attendant to care for lockers?
 6. Does the care and replenishment of lockers fall to the individual members holding locker keys?
- Among other matters into which we are looking, is the establishment in new quarters, of a business men's gymnasium for the use of members. This will include a boxing ring, eighteen feet, and the usual boxing paraphernalia. In this connection I would ask:
7. Have you an athletic instructor; if so, what is his salary and what are his duties?
 8. Is a special charge made by your Club for the use of the gymnasium or for the services of the athletic instructor?
 9. How many and what character of baths have you in connection with the Club and the gymnasium?
 10. Does the Club stage boxing and other athletic events, for which admission is charged to the public;

and if so, are members admitted on their cards? Are you required to pay municipal license fees in every case?

By giving us an answer to each of these questions in detail, at the earliest date possible, your courtesy will be appreciated fully.

In the event we can be of service to you at any time, call upon us, and when your members are traveling this way they will be welcome to make their headquarters with us while they are here.

Many thanks for THE SCOOP. It comes regularly, and is appreciated very much by the boys.

Yours sincerely,

GORDON H. PLACE, Secretary-Treasurer.

It is a pleasure to give the best that is in our organization in aid of any other press club. Your questions categorically are answerable thus:

1. The Press Club of Chicago has five classes in its membership: Active, retired active, non-resident, life, and honorary. All these classes use the clubhouse freely, on equal terms, save that the retired active and the life members are exempt from dues. Our entrance fee is ten dollars, and our dues forty dollars annually for active members and ten dollars for non-residents. These terms have never given us any trouble.

It is our experience that gentle dealing with valuable but temporarily embarrassed delinquents in dues or house accounts works better than drastic. The Club losses in these items are very slight. Hopeless cases are held down strictly to the Club regulations, and dropped.

2. The active and non-resident members must be or must show that they sometime have been newspaper men, professional writers, or employers of writers. The term of such activity must have covered five years, as set out in the regulations, but of late the time element has been to all intent cut out. Any active newspaperman or professional writer or employer of writers usually gets through.

3. The questions 4, 5 and 6 may be answered by saying that this Club has and always has had a buffet, open to all, at all hours.

7 and 8. This Club has never gone in for athletics—as a club—and therefore has no athletic instructor.

9. The only baths we have are those connected with our sleeping rooms.

10. No.

The Press Club of Chicago was formed in November, 1879, and chartered in 1880. It has had its fluctuations of fortune, and has at times pulled itself out of apertures by the same expedient that has served you, but we have gone to it on a very large scale, and have had high successes, as would seem to be the case with you. We have had vitric internal quarrels, as you will have, if (as God grant shall be) you go on. Don't mind. Fight them out among yourselves, but keep a clean face to your public. Members will not quarrel over club policies if they are not intensely interested in your club. And uproar clears the air. It is something like the cats Mr. Lincoln told about, that raised such a clamor of angry battle that he felt

certain they would kill each other off and cats would vanish from the earth—until he found that the invariable result was More Cats.

That is the best advice our Club can give yours. But you have our LeRoy Armstrong out there—Goodwin's Weekly—and he can help you out a whole lot.

Come see us when any of you visit Chicago. You will be made most heartily welcome to all the privileges of the house.

HOW NOW? WHOSE HORSE IS DEAD!

DEAR SCOOP:—Once more an angry member comes to the pages of this organ with a kick, his former efforts to right a great wrong having met with silent contempt from the Powers that Rule. He was pleased in his former protest to put the matter into verse; and it may be that those persons to whose attention it was directed saw in the matter simply an attempt on the part of an obscure and untalented writer to get something into print.

This error if it exists must be dispelled, and the management must understand that the writer is in deadly earnest about the subject and has the emphatic approval of a few; and the tacit sanction of many.

For some time the Club members have been obliged to use a soap that is evil-smelling, vile, uncomfortable, foul, and altogether damnable, and this in spite of protest after protest; and the writer feels that the stuff was introduced merely as an experiment and that the time has come to declare the experiment a failure, and recommend its abandonment.

The only virtue that can be claimed for this particular form of a necessary article, is that it is sanitary to a certain degree, and allowing this, all that can be said in favor of continuing its use has been said. On the other hand the statement that it does not cleanse, that it does not wash out of the skin as a respectable soap should, that it is malodorous, that it can seldom be secured from the receptacles in sufficient quantities, that the time lost every day by members in its use is of incalculable value, that it is provocative of an intolerable amount of needless profanity, that it is producing upon the minds of some such an effect that their friends fear for their sanity, that the receptacles are in the way when a member desires to wash his face, can be advanced against its use.

To the end that the members may be restored to their former states of mental equilibrium, that they may be clean and sanitary when they so desire, that profanity be eliminated, that the time now wasted in waiting for the machines to let down a moiety of their foul fluid may be turned to the benefit of the individual members or the Club, that there may be more godliness in the Press Club, the writer humbly requests that a supply of the soap that makes the stockyard to smell like unto a heap of compost be substituted for the horrible, awful, soul-destroying concoction or conglomeration, and that the cup with its contents be thrown so far that the mind of man will not be able to follow it in its flight to oblivion, this is written with small hope but much desire.

HAITCH.

OUR WILD NORTHEAST IN MAINE.

A NATURE SCREED BY OUR JIM LOWDER.

Because I spent my vacation in Maine and the nomenclature of the state is mostly Indian, some person with a soul steeped in iniquity has seen fit to have a lot of fun about it. Scurrilous remarks have been heard in the sacred precincts of our Club and the author of them has even seen fit to air his opinions in the SCOOP. I'm strongly inclined to believe it's Ole Bill Eaton, and the only reason that I don't eat him at sunrise some morning is that I fear indigestion. But personalities aside. Let me tell you a few things about the state of Maine.

Most everybody concedes that the march of progress started in the east and had its general trend westward. Yet today we find places in the Pine Tree state, the United States' most eastern point of land, which are wilder and more primitive than even in the farthest west. There are spots in Maine that are more unsettled than the Imperial valley, the southwestern corner of the nation.

And still you can go within tramping distance of these very spots in Maine in all the luxury of a Pullman sleeper. Or, if you happen to be a friend of the president of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad, you can clamber into "100," the private car of that official, and roll in splendor to the haunts of moose, deer, bear, wolf, fox and innumerable game birds. The railroad, conceived in the minds of a few brilliant men who saw the possibilities of a country where the jaded minds of Wall street and other busy marts might find rest and recreation, is built right into the heart of the sporting country. Of the commercial advantages of this road, and it is apparent that it must perforce have many, I shall say nothing, for this is a defense, not an advertisement.

I took a 200-mile ride in the cab of a locomotive on that road while up in Maine this last summer, and I never have seen anything to rival the scenery that met my eyes from that engine window. And up in that country they hang a legend on every river, mountain crag and lake. The woods are full of them.

The state and particularly the Aroostook country, where the game trails lead, is rich in romance. The mystery of miles upon miles of unexplored woodland, the mountain peaks that rear their heads into the clouds and the streams that tumble through the valleys and spread peacefully out in the meadow lands, all have contributed to the fascinating history that makes Maine one of the most interesting states in the Union.

I gossipped an hour or so with an engineer while I was HOME in August. He told me that on request of the state game commission he had kept track of the game he had killed in one season with his locomotive. There were four moose, one bear and seventeen deer. Does that sound as if there is any dearth of big game in the Maine northland?

The Aroostook country stretches forth practically 15,000 miles, much of which is an unbroken wilderness. Is there any reason why it should not be a great game land? And fish? Why, there are streams up there that have never wet a fisherman's line. Of

course they are not easily accessible, but what sportsman minds a little inconvenience when he may catch fine, big, gamy trout, landlocked salmon, togue and "muskie," to say nothing of the fighting bass and pickerel that literally infest these waters?

Don't get the idea that Maine is all woods. Millinocket, sometimes called the "Magic City," is an ample demonstration of what enterprise can do in a wilderness. Millinocket has the greatest paper mill in the world, and it sprang up like a mushroom, its history rivalling that of many boom towns of the west. But the difference between that city and a western boom town is that Millinocket is there to stay, as long as the world needs paper and there is pulp wood in Maine. And there is enough forest there to last, with conservative cutting, for centuries.

I do not think Maine's wonderful coast line or beautiful Casco or Passamaquoddy bays should be passed without a mention, but I fear that I am usurping some space that I should not.

My humble footsteps in Maine have followed those of such men as Longfellow, whom we all know was born in Portland; Mark Twain, who took the famous train from Oldtown to Mt. Katahdin and back; Thoreau, who devoted a volume to the joys of the Maine woods and wrote a real classic about the ascent of Mt. Katahdin; Holman F. Day, who has put a lot of the Maine legends into verse, and James Russell Lowell, who was an author of an essay on traveling about Moosehead lake.

From one of the peaks of Mt. Kineo on Moosehead you can toss a pebble into the waters of the lake, 1,750 feet straight down. The bottom of the lake at the foot of this abrupt side of the mountain has never been reached by a sounding line. The geological theory that it is the crater of an extinct volcano seems highly plausible. But imagine looking over the edge of the mountain absolutely straight down for nearly two thousand feet. Or suppose you sit in a canoe at the foot of the cliff and look straight up. Guess you might be convinced that all of Nature's wonders are not in other states.

Why go on and enumerate the charms of Maine? Poke all the fun you want to at the names borne by the streams, lakes or mountains. They were mostly named by Indians, who followed a rule of naming an object after an incident directly in connection with it. Do all the "kidding" or criticising you want to, but when you want real sport, real life, real scenery and real everything, go to Maine. There is more real joy there than any other place in this w. k. world. Believe me, me for Maine.

KATHINI.

BY W. J. M., PRESS CLUB.

The sky is overcast, the rain
Comes driving up across the plain;
But yonder on Lukenia's height
There hangs a haze of golden light.
Ah, gleams of gold among the hills!
I pray that in the midst of ills,
When life seems desolate and gray,
I still may see you far away!

For the little desk, Chicago Press Club.



PORTRAIT OF PAUL HULL.

Painted and Presented to the Press Club of Chicago by J. Hubert Vos,
Commissioner for Holland to the World's Fair of 1893 at Chicago.

Paul Hull

By JOHN McGOVERN

BECAUSE the rivers or creeks of central Illinois were locally called "sucks," the white pioneers of those regions were known as "Suckers"—at least to the Hoosiers living eastward.

In looking on Paul Hull we often felt that we were as near as was needful to the actual seeing of Abraham Lincoln, the typical Sucker, and Paul's love of a merry tale heightened this feeling.

Paul was perhaps the greatest storyteller of all our famous panel. Press Club, Whitechapel, Forty Club, Elks—all together at Chicago evolved no one at once the mimic, the philosopher, the orator, other than our Apostle Paulus. He could not sing well (considering his great voice), and he pounded the piano harshly, yet when Paul's little red bull came down from the mountains no psalm of joy could displace it, until, in the elder years, the Bohemians got fairly On the Road to Mandalay, with Bobby Hiestand at the piano.

Some story-tellers—even the great ones like Paul—have a star piece. Their worshipers will hear nothing else first, just as we never let poor Henry Clay Barnabee off without working him for the interminable Cork Leg that he had grown to detest. And, possibly, Paul Hull's star "Pepys" recital placed the Press Club *en rapport* with more of the good fellows of America in ancient days than any other feature of our hospitality.

It was surely pleasant, for instance, to watch the transports of joy into which the solemn Paul threw the big party from Utah, about 1892. They had known of Pepys' Dairy before they came to hear it. It met their expectations.

There, in front, the unsmiling Paul, tall, pale, lantern-jawed, of piercing eye, dry mouth, and richly deep or impishly falsetto voice, proceeded:

"Yesternight Her Majesty's Grace had to her closet certain of them that do make books—namely, to-wit, Master William Shakespeare, (etc.) . . . There was I forced to behold the great mingle with the low, and rank forget her place and dignity. And a monstrous scandal came thereby," etc.

They say Mark Twain wrote eight of these stories at a fishing and hunting camp—for he was too inactive physically to hunt and fish—and that they were secretly printed in a book of eight copies by the eight huntsmen. We never heard but one other Bohemian, Lloyd Brezee, essay the rendition of Paul's masterpiece, and hearers, who had never seen Paul, cheered Lloyd—but they hadn't heard Paul!

It's that way. We of Chicago never could believe any man who had lived could equal Belvil Ryan as *Papa Eccles* in the play of "Caste," yet Jim Maitland and other Englishmen used to almost sneer at Belvil's performance here as a weak imitation of the eloquent old boozier who had first "agitated" in "Caste" at London.

About 1887, in the summer, a card of invitation was issued to club members only, assembling them in a stag to bid farewell to Paul Hull, on his removal to New York City. There were great crowds coming regularly at the time. He went to New York, but when he returned, some months later, we held a much more joyous jinks.

Paul did not get along well in New York. His clothes, manner, sayings, unbending knees and distaste for golden veal unfitted him for the peripatetics of Fifth avenue. He could not, would not hold a cane crosswise and "fly." He was too much like Abraham Lincoln.

Paul brought back word that, to see the "great editor" in New York (second assistant city copy butcher), you stood out on the sidewalk and whistled up a speaking-tube—and didn't see him. None of that for Paul! Chicago was good enough for him from that time forward.

He was well described in the word "droll." It was natural for him to excite either mirth or envy, according to the two great types of men he must meet in life. We noted many, many men who were envious of Paul. Not one of them failed to volubly deplore the telling of a merry tale. Probably there was a good deal of that also among the charleyboys of New York.

Paul saw the quaint and touching with as much interest as he beheld the ludicrous, and described such episodes with as much success. Who that heard it will forget the gossip of the little ones, gathered about the horse lying dead on their streets. It was like Gautama's first knowledge of old age and death! Paul had seen that chapter of childhood. To him, and through him to us, it became a brilliant page in human history.

I shall never forget Paul's rendition of John Ritchie's "Hassan," at the White City Club, Leland Hotel, 1893. "And when [closing] the night-wind from the desert, gently blows"—those rotund words came richest with Paul's deep voice and fine eye.

At the remarkable Poet's Evening in the Press Club, Nov. 14, 1902, Paul Hull and Luther Lafin Mills were the readers. That night Paul read from "Hassan"; also Ben King's rogation, "O Handy, You *Must* Fix Some Scheme of Sittin' of Me In"; William S. Lord's "Mother, Moon and Stars," and "The Poet," by "Iron-quill." We could only have wished, that night, to have added George Miln as a reader. Six poets were present to read their own work—Ernest McGaffey, Col. Visscher, T. S. Denison, Charles G. Blanden, John S. Zimmerman and Fred H. Yaple.

One of Paul's best stories was in the first place extemporaneous and he could not or would not often repeat it. I have known the same thing to be true of Clay Clement, and it is true today of Will Eaton.

The scene in Paul's reminiscence is over the village barber shop; time, a cold and dreary Sunday afternoon; the game, draw poker, table stakes; the chief actor, an old village sport. He wins steadily, commenting in an irritating falsetto voice on the frequency with which suckers like the other players are born, and the general advisability of suckers staying out till they get something. He has a sore little wart at the tip of his little finger, which the players often nip as they cut the cards

when he deals. "Don't do that!" he says, as the hurt little finger goes to another little wart at the side of his nose that seems to sting in sympathy. "You fellows think that's cunnin'!"

"But, after all, things *might* be worse. Suckers might stay out till they got something, and there *might* be fewer of 'em, too—there *might*, sure as God made little apples!"

While he is at the zenith of his good fortune and voluble squeaky-voiced satisfaction, the feeling of hunger sets in, and he commissions the barber's wife to cook him a rabbit. The rabbit-stew is soon delivered beside him, and he continues the poker game while dipping into the sop and exhausting all terms of praise in commending the rabbit as a healthy delicacy, and the barber's wife as an unequaled cook.

"Call your wife up and I'll give her a blue chip. I will, sure as God made little apples! No, you lose. Stay out till you get something." (All this, as before, in a piping high voice.)

But now, anon, the old sport's luck is turning. Slowly yet surely he finds HIMSELF, *per se*, in the role of sucker, and comments on that solemn fact in moving terms. He now goes in with indecision; he stands the raise with misgivings; he calls with self-reproach—and loses! "There is a sucker born, boys, every minute! The sucker lose and the gambler win!"

He shuffles and "sweats" his decreasing chips, he antes regretfully, and only after prodding; he starts; has he forgotten something? No. "That's good!" he says to the winner, in gloom. "Nothing's good this rotten afternoon!" he says, more feebly, gazing out the window.

He starts again. "I WONDER IF THAT RABBIT?" he asks in high-voiced dismay. "I wonder if that rabbit?" and again he loses—this time a sizable pot. And now the whole truth dawns upon him. He is ill. "A man who will EAT rabbit will eat cat, anyway!" he says with paling face.

No Bohemian could hear Paul Hull make this change of heart in a falsetto voice, and could with a grave face picture that barber shop scene as the old sport, nauseated with rabbit or bad luck, peddled out his very last chip, was frozen out of the game, and then confronted, in dire surprise and anger, the wonderful cook who had just entered expectantly to receive her generous reward!

Dion Geraldine nearly built the World's Fair of 1893, and had he been retained would have had it all going spic and span May 1. Paul Hull was Dion Geraldine's close friend and adviser. Therefore, through Paul the newspapers got a fair chance to boost the exposition.

To the Fair, as a commissioner from Holland, came Hubert Vos, and where has there lived a better portrait painter? He, too, became warmly attached and deeply indebted to Paul Hull. He saw the wondrous possibilities that lay in Paul as a subject of his magic brush. "The Press Club has been kind to me," he said. "So have you. I will present it with your portrait."

And therefore we had Paul, and have Paul. The picture is a work of high art. It is Paul as one saw him who loved and admired him. It is a perfect Paul

—and yet celestial—Paul as he was in the mind's eye—a phantom Paul, but not less the real. The photographs of the great painting were more satisfying than the photographs of Paul—and when was a thing like that ever true before?

Rich as is the Press Club's possession, one could wish that the portrait were in a safer atmosphere. Col. Davis says the glass lenses spot it, and not even glass can keep out the corroding sulphur of Chicago. Ellsworth had to move his entire gallery East to preserve it.

Regarding the effectual beauty of Paul in this portrait, the painter saw with sure and certain eye, for there were women of Paul's blood who were unequivocally beautiful.

When Paul was a young man the editors, for their profit, ordered him to "roast" a local political, blood-tub. The offended brute, a giant, approached Paul with smile and extended hand. Then he beat the boy into an insensible and lacerated condition, and Paul was for months in the hospital. He lived an invalid all the rest of his life, and underwent an operation two years before his death that, it was vainly hoped, had removed one of the cruel results of the assassin's act. I say he lived an invalid; he rather stood constantly, yet most stoically, just outside death's door.

Many a time when the old Queen peered wickedly down upon "our little Lord Beaumont," and the crowd choked with increasing merriment, our Paul wondered if some twinge then coming with the exertion might be admonitory of his last moment, close at hand. And so he was forced to draw himself more and more away from the admiring crowd, and at last a sick bed claimed him for long but uncomplaining months. Fortunately, one of his best friends, Andy Mouatt (of the Press, Hamilton and Whist Clubs), was a near neighbor, and brought us news every day. Andy told us that Paul, like Socrates, cheered his loyal but despairing comrade. This was at Crescent place, on the North Side. Paul died at Brimfield, Ill., July 4, 1912, whither he had gone only a fortnight or so before his demise.

All through his latter days Paul had held a conspicuous and responsible position in the postoffice at Chicago. Socially, in the cloak rooms and corridors at Springfield, they tell us, he was the second Abraham Lincoln.

His sketch, "The Place Where Johnny Used to Be," regarding the untimely death of John W. Root, the World's Fair genius, was the most popular and successful page that Halligan ever printed in his *Illustrated World's Fair*.

Yesternight Dame Sovereign Nature had to her eternal closet certain of them that did tell merry tales and make this earth more tolerable for weary man. And next to Old Abe himself, no western character other than Paul Hull ever left greater audiences of sincere applauders behind.

He: "They say that in marriage the biggest rotters always get the prettiest girls." She: "Now you're trying to flatter me."

WHO'S WHO IN THE PRESS CLUB.

PAUL E. NEUMANN. Born May 7, 1879, in San Francisco. Son of Paul and Elise Virginia D'Almeida Neumann. Educated public school, Honolulu, H. I.; Gymnasium, Goerlitz, Germany; Friends' school, Scarborough, England, and Edinburgh University, Scotland; B. Sc. 1901. Served as private and corporal No. 9 General Hospital; Eighteenth brigade bearer company, and Princess Christian hospital train in the Royal Army Medical Corps in the Boer War; assisted Julian Ralph as correspondent. Began newspaper work as reporter Edinburgh Evening Dispatch in 1896; New York American, 1902; New York Sun, 1904; telegraph editor Buffalo Express, 1905-6-7; Chicago Journal, 1908; Chicago Examiner, 1909; Chicago American, 1910; city editor Milwaukee Journal, 1911; since August, 1912, on Tribune desk.



HENRY BARRETT CHAMBERLIN, newspaper man, born Washington, March 10, 1867. Educated public schools, Mansfield, O., and Chicago. Studied at Union College of Law, Northwestern University. Married Irene Celene Byrne August 17, 1903. Editor and publisher of The Guardsman, military newspaper, 1886-92. Reportorial work on Herald, Tribune, Inter Ocean, Time-Record, all of Chicago. Night manager City Press Association, 1891; with Laffan bureau and New York Sun, 1894.

In charge various departments Omaha World-Herald, 1895-6. In charge dispatch boat Hercules of the Chicago Record during Spanish-American war, 1898; was between the fire of the fleets off Santiago, July 3, only newspaper boat there during battle; cruised 35,000 miles, covering news and stories throughout Cuba, Porto Rico and West Indies. City editor Chicago Record, 1898-1901; now editor The Voter (magazine); managing editor Chicago Record-Herald, Dec. 7, 1910. Member Governor Dunne's staff, inspector general with rank of Colonel, I. N. G. Assistant secretary Municipal Voters' League, 1901-4; secretary state legislative committee, City Council of Chicago, 1906-8; assistant secretary Chicago charter convention, 1906-9; secretary Chicago Plan commission, 1909-10; assistant secretary Cleveland Memorial Association. Writer of Stories of the Streets and of the Town in Chicago Record-Herald. President Press Club of Chicago, 1909-10. Summer home, "Sunset Shack," near Benton Harbor, Mich. Home, The Walton, 878 North Clark street. Office, the Record-Herald.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR, author. Born Goshen, Ind., Nov. 13, 1866. Educated at College of City of New York. Married Emma Bonner of Providence, R. I., Nov. 16, 1895. Conducts Line o' Type column on Chicago Tribune. Author of "The Well in the Wood," "The Log of the Water Wagon," "The Charlatans," also booklets "The Billionstine" and "The Book Booster."

ROBERT RUTHERFORD McCORMICK, publisher and president of the Tribune Company. Born July 30, 1880. Unmarried. B. A. Yale, 1903; student Northwestern University Law School. Member Chicago City Council, 1904-6; President sanitary district, 1905-10. Member Chicago Plan Commission. Member law firm Shepard, McCormick & Thomason. Clubs—Chicago, Press, University, Union, Chicago Athletic and Hamilton.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS EVANS, physician. Editor Health Department, Chicago Tribune. Born Marion, Ala., Aug. 5, 1865—son William Augustus and Julia Josephine (Wyatt) Evans. B. S. Agricultural College of Mississippi, 1883; M. S., 1898; M. D., Tulare U. of La., 1885; ad eundem medical department U. of Ill., 1899; LL. D., Tulare, 1910. Married Ida May Wildberger of Memphis Nov. 20, 1907. In practice of medicine since 1885. Demonstrator pathology, 1891-5; prof., 1895-1908, College of Phys. and Surg., Chicago. Commissioner of Health, Chicago, 1907-11. Prof. hygiene, Northwestern Western Medical School, 1908; pathologist Cook County Hospital; consulting pathologist Alexian Bros. Hospital; member National Society for Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, Columbus Medical Laboratory, A. M. A., Chicago Medical Society (president 1892-3).

GUY FORESTER LEE—Born near Abilene, Kan., June 14, 1878. Broke into the game at 17 on a country newspaper; worked at it intermittently ever since. From 1895 till 1905 painted signs, sold patent medicine, ran a street fair show, peddled books, "also ran" for

office—and argued. Never rode any place except the cushions. Uncollegiate. Nonmarried. Assistant Sunday editor World's Greatest Newspaper. Address, Press Club.

PLAY CENSORSHIP.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE EDITORIAL.

If expert reports of the two plays which have aroused the protests of authorities in New York are discerning, there is reason enough for objection.

The plays contain scenes laid in the red light district and introduce a white slave situation. It is charged that they are unscrupulous attempts to take advantage of recent discussion of commercialized vice and investigations of prostitution to produce sensational scenes under pretense of good intentions. In one of the plays, it is said by expert play reviewers, the white slave incident is lugged into a play where it is crudely out of place, and with the barefaced intention of saving it from popular neglect.

If this is true of the plays they certainly deserve drastic discipline. Yet they may conceivably perform a public service by drawing and emphasizing the distinction which ought always to be drawn between a play or any other work of art dealing sincerely with evil and one which exploits evil for purposes of profit.

The incurable defect of official censorship is that it registers automatic and arbitrary distinctions. In a case like that raised in New York, if it should decide against the plays its conclusions would be likely to be something like this: These plays are vicious in manner, spirit and situation; they contain scenes of the underworld; therefore all scenes of the underworld are vicious and should be prohibited.

Thus the aseptic irony of Shaw, the revealing, humanizing power of Gorky or Tolstoi, go for nothing with official censorship or with those whose minds are mechanical, conventional and unimaginative. Men and women who accept direct appeals to sensuality presented to them as extravaganzas, reviews, etc., are shocked by plays like "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which have no hint of sensual appeal and whose whole import and influence is of moral and social warning.

Ideally considered, censorship is a desirable social protection. It would be if it worked. But censorship does not work. Its history shows that in attempting to prevent plays that are immoral in tendency it prevents plays that are highly moral in tendency, and in the meantime permits really immoral shows if they happen to follow conventional forms. Only when they most flagrantly offend does censorship awake. But in the meantime the ordinary run of sensual plays are corrupting many more minds than the occasional flagrant offenders.

The progress of civilization depends upon the protection of liberty of thought and conscience more than it depends upon anything else. It is right, therefore, that the theater, which may be one of the most important and efficient agencies of thought and moral judgment, should be jealously guarded in its freedom, and that only unmistakable abuses of that freedom should be prohibited.

REJUVENATION OF THE WESTERN UNION.

Western Union gross earnings have continued to gain since the close of its fiscal year, June 30, but the increase has been something less than the 12 per cent growth of business for the 12 months. If July and August are a criterion, Western Union's growth for the 1914 year will be about half the percentage of increase in the fiscal period recently concluded. This would mean a gross of about \$49,000,000.

However, a revival of business this fall and still better general conditions after the tariff becomes a law are both reasonable expectations, and in that event it would be no trick at all for Western Union to strike a stride of regular monthly increases of 12 per cent to 16 per cent, as was the case in the summer and fall of 1912. Of course the growth of 1912 was somewhat abnormal, due to the first rush of traffic which follows the installation of new kinds of service.

The new management is midway in its program of rehabilitation. Every cent above the 3 per cent dividend is going back into property, and if stockholders knew the real figures they would be surprised and gratified. It will take two or three years more to complete the task, but the rejuvenated structure will be a welcome sight and will possess an earning capacity making 6 per cent dividends no task at all. In time, it is said, there is no reason why Western Union should not pay as large a dividend as American Telephone.

"Effervescent emotionalism" is a phrase for which we are indebted to Governor Dunne of Illinois. This is the bacillus that keeps biting the reformers.—*Morning Telegraph.*

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MANY USES AND FULL DIRECTIONS ON LARGE SIFTER-CAN 10¢

HAROLD M'GRATH'S STORY.

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS.

[Harold McGrath, novelist, was a cub reporter in Chicago twenty-three years ago. Today, at the request of *The Daily News*, he went back to the field of fond memories. The author of "The Grey Cloak," "The Man on the Box," "Parrott & Co.," and many other stories, returned for a day to the beat he traveled. It led him back to the South Clark street station, where the worn, bruised and occasionally pretty faces of those who come for justice gazed over the bar of the court. The difference between now and the time when Chicago was twenty years younger, if any, is described in Mr. McGrath's narrative.]

BY HAROLD M'GRATH.

Twenty-three years ago I worked across the street from the *Daily News* office in the same building that stands there now. The paper was called the *Evening Mail* and has gone the way of all things that stand on one leg in the beginning.

Across the street on the Record George Ade and John T. McCutcheon were combining efforts and Gene Field ambled in and out occasionally. Feebly I tried to emulate the poet in a column in the *Mail*. But I had a fine chance, with Frank Pixley on the editorial staff. Three years ago I met Pixley in Ceylon and we had a "gabfest"—a word he coined in the old days.

I never, in those days, ran across any one of the chaps who have since become famous. Peter Dunne was a new name to me when "Dooley" appeared. Kirke LaSelle was about the only man aside from Pixley with whom there was any pretense of keeping up the acquaintance.

I used to room with a chap out on Madison. We were always in hard straits; and our watches were generally in durance vile the week-ends. Pay day was on Mondays. Once his watch went in Wednesday; on Friday mine went for a ticket. I trusted my roommate with the job. He returned in the evening with a \$7 vest. In other words, we had exactly \$1 to feed us both till Monday. When we were not working, we slept, according to the Persian: "He who sleeps, dines."

We had comfortable homes in the east, but we were young and proud; and we would have preferred the Chicago river rather than wire home for money.

There was one device which still amuses me to recollect. There used to be a restaurant on Clark street called Coyne's. We two would go in and buy a cup of coffee. On the table were buns, butter and pickles. For three days we worked this successfully. On the fourth day the waiter took our order for two coffees and then quietly removed the butter, the buns and the pickles. Kismet.

Shortly after I went to New York city and did a little work on the old *Sunday Times*. Then the "comic supplement" burst on the horizon, and I turned my humor head-on toward that. I began to keep my watch as long as three weeks at a time.

Chicago is changed in many places. I scarcely recognize the town, save for the smudge on the buildings. I am told that the old table at "central" (reporters' room at the central police headquarters) is gone. In the old days there used to be three or four poker games

going on; 5-cent limit up to 25 cents. Cubs remained in the 5-cent class.

There is one thing totally unchanged save the location. That is the South Clark street station. It is as bad as the old Harrison street station! Chicago ought to blush, under the soot, even, for the existence of such a place. No country village in the *Cumberlands* could boast of a worse-looking den. I see, however, a new face presiding—Judge Mahoney. And I sat behind him during the session this morning.

Maps change, even religions, but humanity flows on unchangeable. The same faces, sodden with whisky, gray with fear, reckless, mean, shamefaced, innocent, all these I saw this morning. It was like stepping back into yesterday.

There she stood, a woman! A hat that had become a turban overnight hung over one ear. Her eye was dull and gray and her voice harsh and discordant.

A fresh bruise stood out on her face.

"And what brings you here?" queried the judge.

She just gazed at him, rather stupidly.

"I guess I drank too much," came her monotonous answer.

"And your name is Marooney," snorted the judge, and in the same breath: "Where were you christened?"

"I never was christened; anyway, I know I wasn't there," she replied, helplessly.

The sentence was pronounced and back she went, in that same monotonous, hopeless way to the cell, soon to be taken to the bridewell.

And the spot that she had vacated was soon filled. This time it was the pickpocket, smooth, crafty and alert. There was tenseness to his pose, and the shifting eyes showed it. His lips were closed tightly. There was just a faint smirk on those tightly-drawn lips when the judge addressed the captor:

"On this charge I can do nothing with the defendant. He is discharged. And, officer, kindly remember that records are not always the best evidence. Must a man find relief and liberty only in death? He has paid the penalty for his crime."

What has become of the newsboy wail: "Murder in Clark Street?"

Sometimes I feel the old longing to "sniff the sawdust;" but I've grown shy. I'm like a five-pound black bass I know. I can't catch him because he's been hooked before.

I wind this up in irony: What's the matter with the Cubs?

Cipher.

BY BRAMLEYKITE, PRESS CLUB.

To those who are silent—in business—I say,
You are an incumbrance, get out of the way.
A man who don't answer is certainly dumb;
A cipher is quotient to all cipher sum.

Go Look at Them.

Have you noticed the new billiard chairs? In about a week or ten days the regular fall tournament will be started and then things will be rushing in the billiard room every day and night.

REINCARNATION.

BY DAVID H. SICKELS.

It can not be that He who made
This wondrous world of our delight
Designed that all its charms should fade
And pass forever from our sight;
That all shall wither and decay,
And know on earth no life but this,
With only one finite survey
Of all its beauty and its bliss.

It can not be that all these years
Of toil and care and grief we live
Shall find no recompense but tears,
No sweet return that earth can give;
That all that leads us to aspire,
And struggle onward to achieve,
And every unattained desire
Were given only to deceive.

It can not be that, after all
The mighty conquests of the mind,
Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall
And leave no record here behind;
That all our dreams of love and fame,
And hopes that time has swept away—
All that enthralled this mortal frame—
Shall not return some other day.

It can not be that all the ties
Of kindred souls and loving hearts
Are broken when this body dies,
And the immortal mind departs;
That no serener light shall break
At last upon our mortal eyes,
To guide us as our footsteps make
The pilgrimage to Paradise.

THOREAU'S HUMANITY.

BY GEORGE F. BUTLER, A. M., M. D., PRESS CLUB.

Few American writers have been subjected to more varied analysis, and few more generally misunderstood, than Thoreau. His lofty disdain of the opinions of others, where they conflicted with the evidence of private consciousness, together with a certain defiance of expression in the utterance of his convictions, have given color, perhaps, to the charge of indifference to fellow-feeling. Yet a careful perusal of his works tends largely to correct this unfavorable judgment of his character. His expression, "I wish to make an extreme statement, if so I may make an emphatic one," is the key to much in his writings which to a casual observer, appears harsh and unwarrantable. His mind was cast in no rigid mold, but yielded to passing impressions, and like all fearless and original thinkers, he spoke and wrote often from fervent impulse, his very freedom of diction being based, not upon distrust of men or disregard of alien opinions, but upon an intuitive, liberal interpretation. That Thoreau, ascetic as he was in general tastes and habits, was at heart drawn closely to the world around him, the majority of whom he has characterized as "bores," abundant passages in his essays attest. A few examples, selected chiefly from "Excursions," will illustrate the assertion. Musing by a woodman's hut in winter, he reflects:

"Singing birds and flowers, perchance, have begun to appear here; for flowers, as well as weeds, follow in the footsteps of man. . . . The eaves are dripping

on the south side of this simple roof, while the titmouse lisps in the pines, and the genial warmth of the sun around the door is somewhat kind and human."

Of a fisherman's nets he says—

"The twine looks like a new river weed, and is to the river as a beautiful memento of man's presence in nature, discovered as silently and delicately as a footprint in the sand."

Is not this poetic suggestiveness born of human feeling in the most subtle essence?

Again he writes:

"Next to Nature, it seems as if man's actions were the most natural, they so gently accord with her."

And in the following tender allegory how much of life there is, how much of earthly care and vicissitude, of joy and pain, and spiritual conflict:

"There is, however, this consolation to the most way-worn traveler upon the dustiest road—that the path his feet describe is so perfectly symbolical of human life, now climbing the hills, now descending into the vales. From the summits he beholds the heavens and the horizon. From the vales he looks up to the heights again. He is treading the old lessons still; and though he may be very weary and travel-worn, it is yet sincere experience."

Here, again, is an instance of Thoreau's habitual, unaffected cheeriness characteristic of the man, and familiar to all who knew him:

"A man (the landlord) of such universal sympathies, and so broad and genial a human nature, that he would fain sacrifice the tender but narrow ties of friendship to a broad, sunshiny, fair-weather-and-foul friendship for his race."

Note, too, how in the following meditation upon a winter sunset the culminating thought turns lovingly to mankind, revealing the undertone of human emotion that softened and spiritualized an apparently austere philosophy:

"When we reflected that this was not a solitary phenomenon, never to happen again, but that it would happen forever and ever, an infinite number of evenings, and cheer and reassure the latest child that walked there, it was more glorious still."

And is there not a touch of domestic feeling, as well as delicacy of insight and lofty resignation, in this?

"Sometimes our fate grows too homely and familiarly serious ever to be cruel."

Can brave and thoughtful surrender of a trusting soul to the edicts of the inevitable be more eloquently expressed? Yet, to most readers, Thoreau's moral attitude seems rather that of Prometheus before high Jove.

To human sympathy alone, moreover, can we attribute a pathetic metaphor in "Maine Woods," where, speaking of his preference for viewing mountain scenery after a clearing-up shower, he adds:

"There is no serenity so fair as that which is just established in a tearful eye."

Finally, let us turn to his own supreme testimony to the warm, generous, and faithful, though often concealed, emotions that imbued all his profounder life and

thought. Here is his farewell to mankind:

"My greatest skill has been to want but little. For joy I could embrace the earth. I shall rejoice to be buried in it. And then I think of those among men who will know that I loved them, though I tell them not."

These examples of Thoreau's feeling require no detailed comment to reveal the exquisite sensibility from which they sprung. It is not true that Thoreau was in any sense given to misanthropy, nor can such a theory fairly be deduced from his works, when taken in the earnest, candid spirit in which they were conceived, far less from his daily intercourse with men, the sweetest and sunniest imaginable. His unflinching hardihood of temper, his absolute health of mind and body, and the natural reaction of his favorite pursuits, forbade the narrow and morbid introspection which often corrodes the sympathies of the stoic, for stoic he assuredly was, both in the manifestation of true feeling and in the conduct of ordinary life. His hermitage by Walden Lake, from which so general though erroneous an impression has been drawn, was but an isolated experiment in his experience. Indeed, he afterward alludes in something like dismay to a Maine guide who had traversed these vast wildernesses "alone." Wherever genuine devotion to the welfare of others was demanded, no appeal to his quick philosophy was made in vain, as his signal adherence to the cause of negro emancipation bears true witness. In the Nirvana of his half-Brahmanical meditations it was not in his noble nature to forget the throbbing world around him, though his philosophy lay in the happy equipoise of fidelity to self, and altruistic sacrifice of private weal. Only as we are lifted above the level of conventional thought and feeling do we realize how rare and beautiful a nature lay beneath that unpretentious guise, and how the most impersonal exterior may veil from the eyes of the world a wealth of inner tenderness and love.

The Dim Trail of J. U. H.

J. U. H. does live in Detroit after all, does he? I stopped up there a few weeks ago and did my best to find him. No telephone, no city directory, no general information bureau, no nothing, knew my J. U. H. And still he has the nerve to criticise our perfectly good singular dress shirt. Ah, well, why should we be annoyed by criticism from these nobodies? Say, J. U. H., why in thunder don't you leave a trail so your friends can find you when they go to Detroit.

LOWDER.

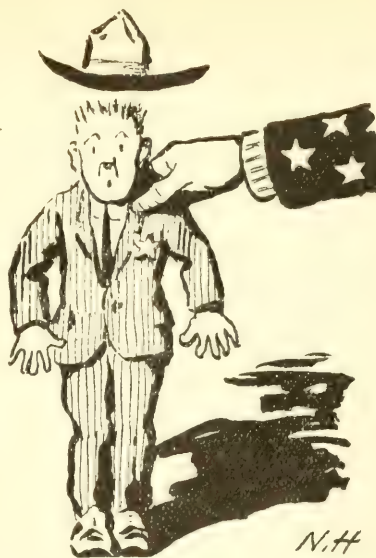
WISH YOU WAS HERE!

UNIDENTIFIED.

Got a card from Steve this mornin', doggone his trav'lin' skin,

He's up around Niag'ry Falls a-writin' home ag'in. Seems like that boy's one glory is to wander fur an' free, An' funder off he gits, I gosh, th' more he writes to me. He sends these pictur' cards, with photos showin' that The world is allus' beautif'lest where you ain't livin' at. His messages read all th' same; in letters large an' clear He writes from Maine or Kankakee an' says—

"Wish you was here!"



THE CANADIAN CONSTABLE WHO ARRESTED JEROME HAS BEEN PINCHED IN NEW HAMPSHIRE. RECIPROCITY! RECIPROCITY!—Indianapolis News.

BOOKS.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND, by Jane Bunker. Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker. \$1.25 net. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. — The publishers freely and firmly admit that this is a most amusing tale of crime and mystery, that it has all the elements necessary to a good detective story—an interesting, mysterious crime, a secret perfectly concealed, a daring criminal, an innocent girl, and two other innocent, attractive women under suspicion, many tight situations, and finally a satisfactory outcome. Beside these, they admirably say, there is in it a nice little love affair, a number of nice people, whom the reader can not help liking even while he thinks they are criminals, and including the real criminal, a considerable amount of worldly wisdom, and, best of all, a great deal of humor. The plot, which is, of course, the main thing in a story of this sort (this for a publisher is going very far), is exceedingly complicated and ingenious, involving theft, smuggling, an alleged political intrigue on the part of Germany to get Mexico, and finally clairvoyance, with communications from the great mystics of Thibet, and the belief on the part of one of the characters that presents are sent her from them before she is to be initiated into the Inner Circle.

The Messieurs Bobbs-Merrill proceed with this further and perhaps fainter praise of this so extraordinary book:

To state the things one after the other thus, gives the impression that the book is exceptionally shoddy, whereas, in reading it, they all seem so possible, and they are so enveloped in the atmosphere of New York, where most of the action takes place, and they are so lightened by the humor that pervades them that they give an impression of entire everyday possibility. Of course, one realizes that such adventures do not often befall ordinary, proper ladies in New York; but one

believes while reading that they might happen, provided there were women willing to run the risks these women did for the sake of jewels and for the sake of friendship.

One of the best things about the book is, that there is really nothing harrowing in it. In the midst of the greatest excitement, the reader is not distressed, and much of the time he is so amused by the humor of either the situation or the talk, that he cares for little but the pleasure of the moment. Billy, the young newspaper man, with his slang, his shrewdness, his daring, and his kindness, is delightful; and when he falls in love he is irresistible. The woman novelist who tells the story is almost as good as he, and the relations between the two are charming. The story starts with a rush, and moves with rapid, uninterrupted motion to the end.

All of which is here printed without quote marks, and with few interlines, because of a solid and firmly rooted belief in the firm of Bobbs-Merrill, who kindly sent it along in the form of a printed slip, without prejudice. It is safe to accept whatever that house sends out, for one of the most widely known of extant facts is that the people who read manuscript for them have been able to keep themselves free from literary indigestion: have in truth retained the power to put their minds in the attitude of mind of the average book buying people, and to pass what will please that average, whether or no it please themselves. That is, they do not read to or for themselves, but for public taste.

This is the reason for the great success of the house. Their failures have been few, their successes many, because of it. And when they have put forward a failure, it was not because of faults inherent, but because of outside conditions—not literary misjudgment, but business error, or the sudden coming of things unforeseen by which certain lines of trade are invariably the first to be affected, the book trade the very first.

An instance of this was Mrs. Johnston's *Jeweled Toad*, one of the best, brightest and most beautiful stories for children that ever came from any press. Denslow illustrated it freely. It was handsome, attractive and fascinating, but it fell flat at the threshold, for a panic was on, and nobody was buying books. That panic was causeless, and came like a sudden storm, all unexpected and unprepared for. It was a rotten time for everyone, most of all for booksellers.

On the other hand, scan the list of their successes, from Charles Major's first novel to Meredith Nicholson's latest! It is a splendid record, and the house of Bobbs-Merrill is a great house. Always glad to give it a boost.

HE WANTS TO WRITE, FORSOOTH!

Chicago, Sept. 23 1913.—DEAR SCOOP:—I write this as a "kick" for I feel a kick is needed. Why in the name of all that's holy cannot the members of the Club have a place to write letters in that is worthy of the name? A Club is lost without a proper and fully equipped place to write letters in. It is true there is a desk with two places at it in the reading room, that there are new and old machines to typewrite on in the room set aside for that purpose, and that there is also a table in the card-room; but where is there an adequate place to write letters? On all of these tables I have mentioned there are nothing but cheap inkwells, most indifferent pens, lack of proper blotting-paper, and lack of blotters to write on. There is also not sufficient accommodation for more than a few letter-writers at one time. The light at night is also insufficient.

Surely there should be a proper place for wielders of the pen, even as there is for hammerers on a typewriter—and in that room there should be every facility for a number of scribes; ample blotter accommodation; plenty of good pens (a new one in each holder every day); plenty of clean blotters and sufficient stationery. This appears to me to be necessary and only requires a little management, such as making one club servant responsible for this room and all the writing facilities.

As it is, I have often found every available space—and this is little enough in all conscience—occupied. On the other hand, when a place was available, there was either no pen fit to write with, no blotter that did its duty, and an ink bespattered table covered by either no blotter to write on or a very dirty one which was an eyesore.

If there is one thing that ought to receive attention, it seems to me to be the question of good letter-writing facilities—and last, but by no means least, plenty of good light over the said tables. We want these facilities badly—and we want them soon.

Yours hopefully for results on this "kick,"

W. ROBERT FORAN.

FAITH.

BY GEORGE SANTAYANA.

A world, thou choosest not the better part!

It is not wisdom to be only wise.

And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom in the heart.

Columbus found a world and had no chart
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies.

Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

How About Our Clipson?

Edwin F. Clipson, staff correspondent for THE SCOOP, is speeding westward over the trans-Siberian railroad. A prize will be given anyone who figures out whether he is coming or going. It had been expected he would return from Japan to the bosom of the Club.

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Office of the Secretary.

Sioux Falls, S. D.

September 18, 1913.

To the Members of the Executive Committee
and National Council of the National Editorial
Association.

Greetings:

A meeting of the Executive Council is hereby called to convene at the Chicago Press Club, in the city of Chicago, on Thursday, October 30th, 1913, at ten o'clock a. m.

The object of this meeting is to determine the time and place for holding the 1914 convention, and to consider such further business as may come before the meeting that may be of benefit to the National Association.

The official headquarters of the officers and members of this Council will be at Hotel Sherman.

The Chicago Press Club, through its management, has extended the "fullest and unrestricted hospitality" of the Club during the gathering of this general committee, and while it is not possible at this time to assure you any special courtesies outside of the Club, it is understood that you will have no occasion to regret your attendance.

The prospects for the future are very encouraging at this time, and the success of the next meeting will have a great deal to do in the building up of the Association.

It is hoped that every member will try and make it an object to be present.

The Secretary will be glad to hear from you.

Fraternally,

J. C. OSWALD,

President.

GEO. SCHLOSSER,
Secretary.

An Apology—If You Like.

The motto "Calamus Fortior Gladio," which appears on the cover of this journal, was openly and brazenly stolen in the Club's behalf from H. Percy Millar's heraldic bookplate. It was thus annexed, with unwashed hands, because Millar is only one man, no matter though he be a great one, while the Club is an aggregation of men, some of whom are as gifted and as pleasant to be with as he is. Moreover, it is unique Latin, and sounds better than the English line which accredits more might to the pen than to the sword. In further aggravation of the theft and its victim, the bookplate itself will shortly be run, with the remark-

ably interesting history of the man thus so publicly despoiled.

It is due to Mr. Millar and to this organization to say that his motto had some of the wisest and most carefully educated guys among us wrangling and reviling each other one whole evening, when he sprung it on them. Some said it was not Latin. Plenty more do not now know whether it is. On that moot point shall shortly appear in these pages a learned disquisition and a story of how the phrase came into being.

HAIL THE FALL!

WILLIAM MARION REEDY IN HIS MIRROR.

So far as I can see, the most important things now going on in the world are the flowering of the Golden Rod in the fields and the Fall Openings of the big department stores in town. The Golden Rod in its fullness of glory is the first of the splendors of the Fall—verily, the sweet o' the year in these parts. And the recent rains have helped its debut wonderfully. They have given it a fresh green background. It looked, a few days ago, as if the Golden Rod would have to appear in fields burned a dismal brown. As you ride through the country the Golden Rod consoles you in your sadness over the scorched and wilted and wan corn-fields. It must be cheering, too, to the farmers who are ready to plow up and put in some late wheat. Indeed, the gold of the Golden Rod would seem to be almost all the gold the fields will yield this year, hereabouts.

The Fall Openings are a blaze of glory, too. The stores are bowers of green leaves, and roses, and the counters are burdened with splendors in various materials. The women are in ecstasies over the new colors and styles in the habilimental salons. They wander about experiencing the thrills of adventures of the soul among masterpieces. Our thrills come when the bills come in.

But there's no question that the Fall Openings brighten up the town. The ladies are all mild excitement on the streets. They bear a current of life through the stores. They crowd the restaurants at noon and kiss and laugh and chatter and give things a general sparkle, refreshing after the long summer dullness.

What would business be but for the ladies? Nothing. Most things are made for them, directly or indirectly. They are Commerce and Art and War. All activities are because we love 'em—damn 'em! And yet, some of us won't let 'em have the teeny-weeny ballot. Huh! They'll have it all over the U. S. A. in ten years. And they'll use it intelligently, too, and make us men do likewise, as political issues grow more concretely ethical.

Fall Openings should lead one to discuss the Fall fashions, but—leave them to the preachers, along with the tango and turkey trot. The fashions are irrational, of course. But they are not immoral. They are followed without thought of immorality. But men follow fashions foolishly, too, though the range of change for men's fashion is narrower. And the howl against the slit skirt is all bunk. Who's shocked by sight of

a woman's leg since the day of the bicycle? And as for waists that expose busts—maybe we wouldn't be so squeamish if we could see any more, as we used to see, mothers nursing their babies. Much of the so-called modesty is simply anaemia, and more of it is a nasty disparagement of natural things. If it's carried much farther it will be a sin to look at a woman at all.

THE BIG DITCH.

PRESS CLUB MEMBERS AND LADIES ARE TO BE SHOWN THE PANAMA CANAL AS IT REALLY IS.

Through the courtesy of H. Spearman Lewis, of the staff of the Chicago American, the entertainment committee is able to offer Press Club members and ladies a treat next Thursday evening, October 2.

Mr. Lewis recently spent a week at the Panama Canal. He was accompanied by a moving picture photographer. The result was as fine a set of films showing what Uncle Sam is doing with the big ditch, as ever were taken. These films, with a series of colored stereopticon views, will be exhibited at the Club. It will be their first exhibition in Chicago.

Mr. Lewis's reel combines both the beauties and the engineering wonders of the Canal zone. The entertainment committee feels that these pictures will offer both a pleasing and instructive evening. Mr. Lewis personally will explain the views. He knows how.

This is the first of a series of good things the entertainment committee will offer during the fall and winter months. A more detailed announcement of the season's program will be made later.

Walk Right In, John. Glad to See You Back.

One of the most pleasing additions this Club ever had was not an addition at all, but a restoration. Tuesday last Johnny Wilkie came up voluntarily and signed application for resident membership. This is particularly endearing to all the members, of all classes; for John was one of the best men that ever held down a newspaper job in Chicago, and his subsequent career as chief of the United States Secret Service was brilliant, a credit to his town and his Club. He is the same quiet, companionable good-natured fellow he always was. And he was our President once; and his father Franc was the Club's father, and first President.

He's too much one of us to be fussed over, but he's our boy—our prodigious son returned again—and he's welcomed heartily and sincerely, without any ostentation or ceremony. It is as though he never had been away.

The moustache club on the Tribune now comprises the following: Al (Mahogany) Chase, O. A. (Cotton) Mather, Eddie J. Doherty, Floyd P. Gibbons, Eddie Fullerton, Charlie Gotthart. At last accounts Chase had beaten Doherty and was vying with Cotton for the club honors. Gibbons—now almost in full bloom—has been appointed judge. The Trib office fairly bristles with effort.

REJOICE, AND SHOVEL SNOW!

SOMEONE IN THE WASHINGTON STAR.

Do you remember how you kicked
About the summer sun?
The wheels of time have turned and clicked
And summer days are done.
Does it not cheer you to reflect
That in a month or so
All fear of warmth you may neglect
And you can shovel snow?

A sneeze will agitate your head,
Your glass will bring to view
A face whose eyes are rather red
While nose and ears are blue.
From old-time sorrows you'll be free
And gayly you can go
And, where the daisies used to be,
Proceed to shovel snow.

What though a chilblain lies in wait?
What though with muscles numb
You clear a pathway to the gate
Where visitors may come?
Remember how you once reviled
The sky's too generous glow
'Neath which the fragrant blossoms smiled.
Rejoice, and shovel snow!

THE JIBENANOSAY IS OUT AGAIN!

Chicago, Sept. 23, 1913.—DEAR SCOOP:—You say "The vocalizations of our Indians are not music in any sense the Doctor himself would accept as within the definition of music."

I really cannot allow even the SCOOP to prepare for me my own opinions, particularly upon such an important subject as music. If the editor cares to refer to such important documents as the Annual Reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology by the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, which are published annually by the Government Printing Office at Washington, he will find in the twenty-seventh report, published in 1911, which is available at any well equipped library, more than one hundred folk-songs of many varying types, which have originated with the Omaha tribe. These songs are descriptive of almost every important act in life, from the cradle to the grave, and while some of them are fragmentary, none of them fit your description given in the last number of the SCOOP as "savage cries." If you care, in your next issue, to publish some of them, I will be very glad to furnish you specimens. There are songs, chants, chorales, religious ceremonial songs, birth and cradle songs, hunting songs, courtship, love and wedding songs, death and burial songs; in fact, like the songs of any European nation, the music of our Omaha brothers runs the entire gamut of life.

I hereby protest that as a composer of very wide range of experience of folk-songs of foreign countries, I find few more interesting than these songs of our Indian neighbors. Some of them, indeed, show an almost too civilized development, as for instance, a religious song which lies before me, in which the form known by musicians as the Double-Period is literally observed. In this song is employed the same form as that known to poets as the Rubaiyat, a form found in European music in such songs as "The Blue Bells of

Scotland" or "The Lorelei." In extent they range all the way from the length of an Episcopalian or Roman Catholic chant to well constructed songs of thirty-six measures, an unusual length for a folk-song. As to their musical content: The melodic simplicity and their rhythmic complexity have a like charm to me. Neither do I believe that I am the only American composer who is under the spell of this charm. Such men as McDowell, Farwell, H. W. Loomis and H. F. Gilbert have frequently and publicly testified to the merits of the American Indian folk-song.

Therefore, if it is American folk-song that you seek, or as you expressed it, autochthonous American music, let me recommend you unhesitatingly to the publications of the Bureau of American Ethnology, or to such books as *Indian Story and Song from North America* by Alice C. Fletcher, published by Small, Maynard & Company, Boston, 1900.

Yours most cordially,

RUDOLPH VON LIEBICH, MUS. DOC.

P. S.—If I might ask a favor, please give me my right name.

All of which is wholly aside from the subject-matter heretofore discussed. It does not in the least strengthen Dr. von Liebich's line against the negro song and its adoption by the white people of this country; nor is his admiration for Indian music pertinent, for the Indian stuff is not nor ever has been sung by white men. It is not congruous, any more than the tribes themselves were. Nobody knows its germ origin, for the Indians were not a race nor even a mixture of races that sprung from North American soil. The Doctor is referred to any qualified ethnologist for confirmation of the statement here and now most distinctly made that the people we know as Indians had not been in possession of our territory more than five hundred years before the white men came. They drove out and succeeded a large industrial population, whose relics show a degree of civilization and a knowledge of some few but valuable arts, out and away beyond anything any of these later Indians knew or dreamed of,

ever. Their music, if it can properly be so called, is not autochthonous. Most distinctly not. Nor is it in any sense American folk music.

Sincere apology is due Doctor von Liebich for the error in spelling his name. It originated in the signature to his first letter; and his last preceding this one was not signed at all—but that is not put forward to soften the apology.

Now then: Listen to the mighty Blackfoot chief, entitled, Tuk-e-mim, prove his own rule:

DEAR SCOOP:—For one to criticize that of which they know naught, is the rule I believe rather than the exception. Therefore, it was with no surprise that I read the editor's attack upon Indian music, although on most subjects he is really learned.

In the first place Indian music is intended for the Indian. It expresses his marvelous imagery. The white man, who does not fathom this imagery, cannot appreciate the music. The Indian song is clean.

The theme wonderfully poetic at all times, is ever free from the risqué or the vulgar. There is no sycophantic salaam to the sensuous. The trees and the hills smile out between the lines of Indian music, and each weird, barbaric note mellows into the voice of Nature, satisfied that in the songs of these forest children, lives the triumphant harmony of the Great Outdoors.

If one has no sympathy for the Indian, his music means nothing. Such a critic cannot appreciate the Indian's happy chant to the dawn, nor his half-hopeful dirge when the sun sinking slowly behind the hills, leaves only the stars burning before the tepee of the night.

There is a certain monotony in Indian music, but this seems lessened when one reads the words of the songs. Note the poetic fancy displayed in this Sun-Rise song:

The Sun Rise Song.

The bright sun appears in the heaven
The bright sun appears in the heaven,
And the paling pleiades grow dim.
The moon is lost in the Rising Sun.

With the women Bluebird came running
With the women Bluebird came running,
All came carrying clouds on their heads,
And they were seen shaking as they danced.

See, the Gray Spider magician
See, the Gray Spider magician,
Who ties the Sun while the Moon rolls on,
Then turns back, the green staff rising higher.

I think that no one will dispute the absolute vigor of thought standing out in this song. I give you, too, the Black Tailed Deer Song, often sung at sunset:

The Black Tailed Deer Song.

Down from the houses of magic
Down from the houses of magic,
Blow the winds from my antlers
And my ears they stronger gather.

Over there I ran trembling:
Over there I ran trembling.

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For bows and arrows pursued me,
Many bows were on my trail.

There came a Gray Owl at sun set,
There came a Gray Owl at sun set,
Hooting softly around me,
Brought terror to my heart.

What horse is trying to catch me?
What horse is trying to catch me?
The horse with the star forehead
Now slowly gains upon me.

I see that you go slowly;
I see that you go slowly;
Strong as the Sun among the trees
I leave my mark upon them.

The light glow of evening;
The light glow of evening;
Comes as the quails fly slowly
And it settles on the young.

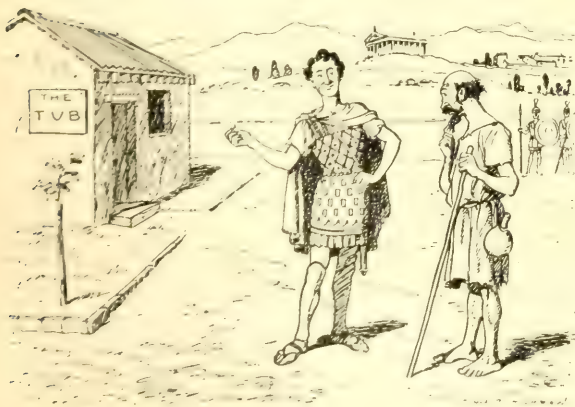
You Sun, out there in the West,
You Sun out there in the West,
You now are talking to me,
You are sounding your gourd rattle.

Judged on the basis of cabaret accompaniment to lobster a la Newburg, the Indian song is not music. But judged on the basis of what it relates, the imagery of these forest children, the Indian song *is* music, and of the very highest order.

JAY CAIRNS (Tuk-e-mim).

Right-o, thou plump and pleasing person, who speakest with a straight tongue upon a topic incompetent. Words be no music annotatable though never so pretty and appealing. An' it were pleasing, when he returns from his wedding journey, to have the good Apache Dr. Carlos Montezuma put on his war bonnet and paint, and join thee in this merry war, then would we in short space come indeed unto Hecuba, and the twain of you would crumple at the knees and die with dust-filled mouths. For

"I have seen the day
That with this little arm and this good pen
I've made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop."



FORGOTTEN ACTS OF KINDNESS.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT PRESENTING DIOGENES WITH A
NEW RESIDENCE.—LONDON PUNCH.

THE BOOKWORMS.

BY CURTIS J. KIRCH.

Many lovers of ancient odd volumes, of long forgotten newspapers, and magazines published hundreds of years ago, are among us. Everyone has his special hobby. He collects Americana, old Shakspeareana, Poe literature or Civil War stories, Occultism or Heraldry. Some collect anything that appeals to them.

How often do members of the Press Club meet in the dim back rooms of old book shops, in auction halls or other places where books are sold, and are surprised to find each other there and still more surprised to discover the book-lovish instinct in men whom they had so often met and whom they had never suspected of being one of that large "society without constitution, without membership fees, and without regular gatherings."

A few days ago a great sensation was sprung in Pownner's book store. Five big, heavy boxes had arrived. They were in the back room, that mysterious room, with shelves and tables filled with ancient looking books, bundles of pamphlets, pictures, engravings; in short everything that the public at large and especially the modern book lover (the book buyer) and "de luxe and Morocco edition man" call collectively, junk. It may be a secret message carried by unseen lips to the ears of the members of this brotherhood or perhaps it is instinct only, but there they were assembled; full of expectation, watching eagerly as old Mr. Pownner, too slowly for them, proceeded to open the boxes. And then the books were examined.

Only the book worm himself knows the thrill that goes through him like an electric shock upon the discovery of this or that worm-eaten and time-withered book. How he examines it, how carefully he turns the pages.

But he isn't selfish. "Here, this might interest you," he exclaims—and hands over a volume to his brother book-worm interested in Washingtonia. Or, "You better put this aside for Mr. So-and-So," he says to Mr. Pownner. "I know he is looking for books on this subject. And then sitting on book piles and on wooden boxes they chat and talk, each one communicating experiences of his own, telling stories and tales which prove valuable information to the listeners.

But the crucial moment comes when each takes Mr. Pownner aside, shows him the pile of books he has selected, and tries to induce this kindest of all the dealers in second hand books to make a price appropriate to the purchaser's purse. Each one awaits his turn. One after another slips out, his purchases under his arm, and hastens to a quiet spot where he can examine again his discoveries and rejoice anew in his good luck.

Then and there I thought, thinking of the various fellow members of the Press Club whom I have so often met on my ramblings through book land: Why not form a little society of book worms in our Club, have regular gatherings, tell tales and stories, and

give and receive helpful hints in our eternal hunt after the scarce, the interesting and the curious?

Book worms, will you please communicate with the writer of these lines for a friendly gathering, and talk over matters?

The Franklin Newspaper.

Benjamin Franklin, at seventeen years of age, was serving as an apprentice in the printing office of his older brother, James, in Boston, and there the New England Courant was published. James, by the freedom of his remarks upon the conduct of persons high in church and state, incurred the censure of the authorities, and an order was served upon him forbidding him to publish any more numbers of his newspaper without first submitting the contents to the Secretary of the Colony. To evade the force of this blow, the next number of the paper appeared with the name of Benjamin Franklin as the publisher, and the issue went on in that way for some time.

At the inauguration of Franklin's statue at Boston in 1857 a printing press was borne in the procession, at which he was said to have once worked, and from this press were distributed, during the march, several thousand copies of a facsimile of the New England Courant for February 11, 1723, the first paper in which his name appeared as that of the publisher. One of these copies is now before me, and it is impossible to avoid expressing my admiration for the manner in which this imitation was executed. The paper looks old, having the exact tinge of the newspapers of its own day, and the type is either old type brought again into use, or an excellent imitation. The paper is printed on a half sheet, and measures eight and a half inches in breadth by twelve and a half inches in length.

The change of publisher is thus announced at the head of the first column:

"The late publisher of this paper, finding so many inconveniences would arise by this carrying the transcript and public news to be supervised by the Secretary as to render his carrying it on unprofitable, has entirely dropped the undertaking. The present publisher having received the following piece, desires the reader to accept of it as a perforce to what they may hereafter meet with in this paper."

A humorous essay follows, prefixed to which is a Latin motto, and the following is the P. S.:

"Gentle reader, we design never to let a paper pass without a Latin motto if we can possibly pick one up, which carries a charm in it to the vulgar, and the learned admire the pleasure of construing. We should have obliged the world with a Greek scrap or two, but the printer has no types, and therefore we entreat the candid reader not to impute the defect to our ignorance, for our Doctor can say all the Greek letters by heart."

The King's speech to the Parliament, delivered October 11 (four months previously), is then given at length, occupying nearly half the paper. The conspiracy carried on "in favor of the Popish Pretender," forms the staple of it.

After one or two pieces of British news connected

with the movements of the Pretender's friends, the Domestic Intelligence follows, the first item of which I give in full as a curious illustration of the union of church and state then prevailing in Massachusetts:

"Boston, February 11.—Last week the Reverend Mr. Orum, minister of the Episcopal Church at Bristol, came from thence with a petition from twelve of his hearers (who are imprisoned for refusing to pay rates to the Presbyterian minister of Bristol) to the Lieutenant Governor, who, with the advice of the Council, promises Mr. Orum to use his interest for their relief at the next meeting of the General Assembly, the men being imprisoned by virtue of the laws of the Province."

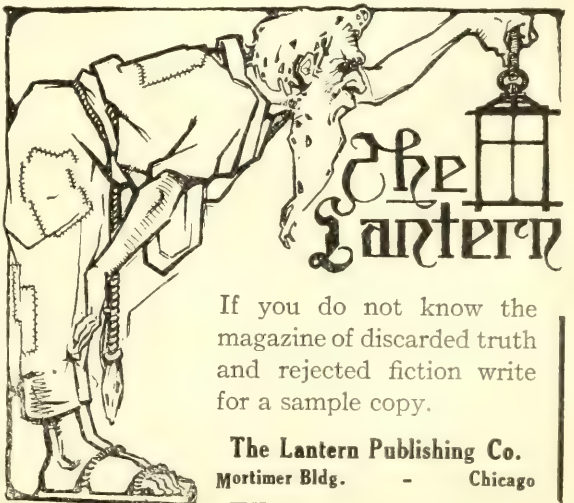
The other news of a home description are the account of proceedings against the Indians, in what is now the State of Maine; and a notice of a fire in Cornhill. Two advertisements then follow, one of "the best new Philadelphia town-bolted flour," and the other of the time of a servant boy to be disposed of.

An appeal for advertising concludes the paper (except the imprint), in which it is alleged that the paper has "met with so general an acceptance in town and country as to require a far greater number of them to be printed than there is of the other publick papers, and its being besides more generally read by a vast number of borrowers, who do not take it in, the publisher thinks proper to give this publick notice for the encouragement of those who would have advertisements inserted in the publick prints, which they may have printed in this paper at a moderate price."

The following is the imprint: "Boston: Printed and sold by Benjamin Franklin, in Queen Street, where advertisements are taken in."

Of Books.

I dislike uniformity. No two pictures in my room are framed alike; why should they be? The frame should be appropriate to the picture, just as a woman's costume should be fitted to her face and figure, a fact of which the majority of women do not seem to be cognizant. My books are almost in the same case, for I abominate sets—at any rate sets of authors. I like to pick up my volumes of Fielding, or of Goldsmith,



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or of Dickens, or of Miss Austen, or of Hawthorne, one by one; Edinburgh editions and such have no attractions for me. Indeed I have few sets and those only because I needs must. Thackeray, for example, Of his works I have a complete set, neatly bound in red cloth, which I was compelled to purchase, because the introductions by Mrs. Ritchie contained biographical matter not elsewhere obtainable. Of no other novelist have I any "edition." My Dickens is most varied, Big volume and little, thin and fat, plain and illustrated, and so I like it to be. There is an unfamiliar air about a serried array of companion volumes; variety in books, as in other matters, charms me

A book buyer and a book collector are distinct personalities; any man with money can purchase books; only a book lover will collect them. To the latter class I affirm that I belong. Rare editions, expensive editions de luxe, I do not care for—and couldn't afford them if I did—though that has nothing to do with it. Some of the volumes of my choice have but shabby bindings. All I ask for is good matter and good manner, the latter including white paper, clear, clean print, a decent margin to the pages, a simple title-page; and that the volume shall open easily without complaining cracks and creaks.

Yes, my book shelves present a very motley appearance, the which is an additional claim upon my affection. I love, too, to arrange my volumes to suit my own will. Here stand Dickens' novels, while in a far off corner are my Dickens' books; here is Master William Shakespere together with the lives of him, studies of him, and various works upon his London, the while my other London books are in another room. Here a bookcase full of novels; there a shelf and a half of poetry and a like space devoted to essays. Here my literary books, lives and studies; a baker's dozen or so of volumes of English history, a handful of books upon Japan; twenty or thirty volumes on art and architecture; various travel books, history of Ireland books, and a spacious corner devoted to books on the noble art of cookery. Cookery books not literature, forsooth! And pray, why not?

Then I had until lately a corner where I kept homeless books, which, not yet having been read, could claim no regular place. But, alas! that corner is no more, and there are many books upon my shelves crying out, "Please, come and read me." So I will, big and little books, when I may.

But of all my books, next to my London and my Shakespere, with which they are closely connected, first cousins at least, do I love best my play and play-house volumes. There is so much good, though not always savory, reading in dead plays, dead to the stage

but living to the student of bygone days and old-time fashions. If you would know your Shakespere's London, read his plays with a Londoner's eye and read those of his contemporaries. What a hale, hearty town was that London of Elizabeth! I feel that I know its streets and sights and sounds better almost than I do those of the town today.

I never envy those who can walk into a bookshop and purchase volumes by the score. Such people must exist for the bookseller's sake, but in themselves they are nothing worth. Give me the man who, with a few spare shillings, goes out into the town; who hovers around the second-hand bookshops, and who balances the value of this book and that—the value to him—before he lays down his money and takes up his treasure. Such a man am I. How many a pleasant hour have I spent, pottering about bookshop windows. I am seldom brave enough to enter the shop until I have made up my mind to buy. As for beating down a price—I should lose my self-respect, of which I have my share, did I undertake unseemly haggling. Even on rainy nights, I have stood comfortless before bookstalls, peering into misty windows, my money burning so that I knew I must go in and buy. Oh, the dear delight of book-buying! Is there any pleasure upon earth—or in heaven—with which it can compare? Not one.

A Dealer in Odd Volumes.

There used to be in Paris a bookseller whose trade was of the queerest. He only dealt in odd volumes. Odd volumes he bought and odd volumes he sold, and no other. You had lost a tome of the Montaigne of 1659, or of the Moliere of 1682, and you went to him in hope that he might have the very volume which to your set was wanting. This man (writes Mr. Andrew Lang) was a public benefactor. It is certain that odd volumes go somewhere. They have not, as a rule, been burned, they have only been borrowed, and never sent home, packed up perhaps by a careless valet in the baggage of a parting guest. The lost volumes of books must be waiting for each other somewhere, like the lost halves, of which each of us is one, as in the myth of Aristophanes about the origin of love. It is not certain that men and women will ever find their missing complements. Shelley was always looking for his; now it was Mary, now it was Emilia, again it was Jane. But the search (as conducted by Shelley and others) is frowned on by moralists, and suits badly with the tranquil repose of home. The fond craving for union is harmless, when it is only the lost loves of the bookshelf that are to be brought once more together. But the old Parisian tradesman has shut up shop long ago, and found his way, let us hope, to the odd volumes of his lost friends. He was destroyed, commercially, by the habit of reprinting old books. "People complete sets no longer," he murmured. "They reprint." Such is our age, blind to the beauty of the ideal.

Occasionally a widow flirts with a married man merely to see what his wife will do about it.

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ENFRANCHISEMENT.

AUTHOR UNIDENTIFIED.

Comes now a doctor who, in accents solemn,
 Declares that early rising leads to madness.
 Three cheers for that wise Dr. What-d'ye-call-um!
 He's filled my heart with gladness.

I hail his words with self-congratulation,
 Although I think it not at all surprising
 That lunacy and mental aberration
 Proceed from early rising.

I always knew—in spite of sage assertions,
 Of thus becoming "healthy, wealthy, wise"—
 I always knew, in spite of colored versions,
 That "that way madness lies."

For when they of the early bird have told me
 My sympathies were ever with the worm,
 By whose sad fate—in that worm I behold me!—
 Their logic's proved infirm.

Thanks to the medico's wise proclamation,
 No longer will I shun the lengthened doze,
 Nor let the sun's untimely exaltation
 Dispel my sweet repose.

No longer by a premature uprising
 Will I induce bad temper, which is sin,
 Nor let the evening bring a self-despising
 For follies gloried in.

No longer will I let a virtuous dawning
 Preclude a day of sleepy groans and sighs,
 Nor pay with downfall of impetuous yawning
 A rash, impulsive rise.

A Puffed Up Landlord.

At the drawing for public land held on the Fort Pike reservation in Montana last Tuesday, our Phil Sawyer got a quarter-section. Of all the—O, very well. Use every man according to his deserts, and who would 'scape whipping? And yet here Phil gets 160 on the draw. What's offered on a case of cold feet? However, "I ain't mad at nobody." Three cheers! Huh!

Why Thony Is Sour.

Thornton Smith, one of the handsomest of the A. P. reporters, who are known for their pulchritude, has a peeve on with the police. Thony was on his way home one morning this week after having, by diligent effort, garnered a few kopeks in the rum game. As he reached the alley between State street and Wabash avenue on Madison street, a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and a voice boomed:

"Where are you going? Where do you belong? What are you doing out this time of night anyway? Give an account of yourself."

Now, the last thing Thony had done before leaving the Press Club was to lose a big pot, and he felt chastened in spirit. In fact he was very humble, and he replied:

"Yes, sir; yes, sir. I am a reporter sir, and I am on my way home."

"Likely story," sniffed one of the burly policemen, for that is what they were. "We will just frisk you."

So they "fanned" our handsome Mr. Smith for a gun and found his reporter's badge.

"Oh well, on your way." (Business of Smith on his way.)

"Just to think," mumbled Thony, "there were a thousand rough-necks and suspicious looking bums along that street, and those big, flat-footed pieces of cheese passed them up and grabbed me. Wouldn't that sour anybody's disposition?"

THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY COMMITTEE.

Walter A. Washburne, President of the Press Club of Chicago, has appointed Mrs. W. D. Eaton (Page Waller Eaton) chairman of the Women's Auxiliary Committee of the Club, and Mrs. Charles Lederer, vice chairman. Other members are Mrs. Frank Comerford, Mrs. E. S. Beck, Mrs. George S. Wood, Mrs. George Cooke-Adams, Mrs. William Johnson, Mrs. W. H. Humphreys, Mrs. Frank Roderus, Mrs. Edgar A. Hall, Mrs. A. Milo Bennett, Mrs. John A. Brown, Mrs. Douglas Malloch, Mrs. Walter A. Washburne, Mrs. Virginia Brooks Washburne, Mrs. A. R. Johnston, Mrs. Seymour Stedman, Mrs. E. O. Phillips, Mrs. B. A. Johnson, Mrs. George Shaw Cook, Mrs. Barratt O'Hara, Mrs. Sigmund Krausz, Mrs. Frederick A. Stock, Mrs. Fred Upham, Mrs. Charles N. Wheeler, Mrs. J. F. Presnell, Mrs. Harry J. Olson, Mrs. Herbert Vanderhoof, Mrs. Opie Read, Miss Mary McGovern, Mrs. Rudolph Berliner, Mrs. Leroy T. Goble, Mrs. C. P. Lampman, Mrs. G. Frank Lydston, Mrs. W. A. Evans, Mrs. William E. Ray, Mrs. Axel Christensen, Mrs. B. L. Taylor, Mrs. W. C. Van Gilder.

THE ADVENTURERS' CLUB DINNER.



The most successful dinner the Adventurers' Club of Chicago has had since its formation came off at St. Hubert's Grill on Saturday night, the 20th. Thirty-four members and their guests sat down and spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening. It is a matter for great encouragement that of the present forty-one members, fully twenty-eight are members of the Press Club. In fact, the dinner on Saturday looked like a Press Club "round up," for of the thirty-four in attendance, twenty-two were members.

Professor Fay Cooper Cole, of the Field Museum, made an enthusiastic and capable chairman and sent the evening along without a hitch. For the first time in the history of the Adventurers' Club there was a spontaneous loosening up of the heart-strings, and nearly every member gave a story of adventure in the faraway corners of the earth, interspersed with song. Our Dr. Cooke-Adams presided at the piano, sharing his labors with Dr. Gilman (a great friend of the Press Club) and Phil Sawyer. Phil has been unanimously elected the Club's bard for his rendition—to his own accompaniment—of a cowboy song. Kirk

Towns was in great voice and delighted the gathering with some perfect gems of song.

To look round the table was to take a self-conducted travel tour, for there were men who had tales to tell like those with which Othello charmed sweet Desdemona. Caveney, of the British army, spoke of Tibet and Younghusband's gallant expedition there from his own knowledge for he was with him; Baron von Horvath told of his experiences in the wilds of South America; Sigmund Krausz of his war days in the time of the Bosnia-Herzegovina war, in which he served; Patterson of a remarkable incident of an American woman's bravery in Mexico during the recent troubles, in which story he modestly disguised his own heroism on that occasion; J. Campbell Cory, the cartoonist, of some of his early and many exciting adventures; Capt. Franklin of his famous Boer-war exposition in this country at the time of the St. Louis World's Fair — a story which has delighted already many Press Club men; Cairns read a letter from his blood-brother, Chief Three Bears, of whose tribe he is now an adopted member; Mr. Brockman, the interesting Russian journalist who is visiting the Press Club, narrated some of his adventures in his world travels, and many others also told tales rich with red-blood and the spirit of Adventure.

Looking round the table one saw Persia, Austria and South America, Tibet, Somaliland, South Africa, Mexico the Amazon, the Yukon, Algeria, Cuba, the Philippines, the Boer war, the Spanish-American war, Russia, Europe, Venezuela, Guatemala, China, Japan, Hawaii, Alaska, Bosnia, Herzegovina, India, Brazil, Egypt, Ceylon, British East Africa, Uganda, the Nile, Central Africa, Zanzibar, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Colombia, Asia Minor, Paraguay, Uruguay, Chile, Panama, Argentine, West Indies, Costa Rica, St. Helena, Ascension Island, West Africa, Australia, Teheran, Tunis, Tripoli, and every part of the world practically. And pervading the whole assemblage was that wonderful spirit of good-fellowship and comradeship, which only adventure can fully bring out. Here were men who had been somewhere and done something, who had left a mark on the history of the world.

There was a spirit of conquest, of satisfaction at work well done, of duty performed in the face of long odds, and of real bonhomie. And when the meeting came to an end, everyone went home feeling better for the sympathy of their fellows, coming as it did from the depths of the hearts of men who had known things they themselves had known, and who could understand and would not laugh when they conjured up memories which had almost faded. With such a spirit to guide the Club, it can never fail.

At a business meeting held before the close of the evening, the Executive Committee was instructed to arrange for the incorporation of the Club under the state laws of Illinois, to determine the exact eligibility of members, to arrange for the reception of the valued trophies which are being given to the Club by members and others, and to draw up new and permanent rules for the organization.

Frank Comerford was by unanimous vote elected an

honorary member of the Club, and appointed Chancellor of the organization for all time. Furthermore, it was decided by unanimous vote to make St. Hubert's Grill the headquarters of the Club until the financial conditions warrant the acquisition of a permanent home. And it is there that the Club will meet every third Saturday of each month in the year, and a table will always be reserved every day for the use of members.

The Club Committee will welcome applications for membership from all who have adventured in the world, who have been somewhere and done something worth while, and the secretary (Capt. W. Robert Foran, who can be reached at the Press Club) will always be glad to send application forms for membership to all eligible men on their request and to present their names to the committee on membership.

The next meeting will be held at St. Hubert's Grill on Saturday, October 18th, when a report will be submitted by the Executive Committee dealing with the reorganization of the Club. A special program will be provided.

It's a Far Cry to Missolonghi.

Missolonghi, Patras, Greece, 8 September, 1913.— We have just arrived here on the Gulf of Corinth, where Byron breathed away his imperial soul in aspiration for Greece. Four thousand conquering Turks are in jail here. I enjoyed the sight.

EDWARD MAHER.

DIVINITY.

BY "NORA" IN MARION REEDY'S MIRROR.

The great sacrifice was accomplished. In the supreme moment the spirit had conquered and man had become God.

Never again could the world be as it had been before Jesus, the son of woman, had died upon the cross, died of His own will, which was free, and because of His great and tender heart.

Already the triumph of the god was so great that the man was forgotten by all, save Mary, his mother.

Low she knelt in the darkness, and the tears dripped slowly through her fingers; the desolate loneliness encompassed her about.

"Oh, great Lord Christ," she said, "Thou, who wilt come again in all power and glory, forgive me that I weep. Thou wilt surely come again, but what will bring to me the little Jesus, who once needed me— My child whom I knew not as God but who, like me, was only very human?"

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Chicago, Illinois



MRS. CHARLES LEDERER.

MISS GOOSE AT THE LEDERER'S.

Charles Lederer will not be at the board meeting next Monday. He will carve a big fat goose instead. You see, Monday is the sixth anniversary of the Lederer's wedding, and the goose is part of the annual rites. The geese for these occasions are raised on Mrs. Lederer's brother-in-law's ranch in Colorado, and this year Charley went out there and picked out the one he wanted shipped. And the shipment is almost a rite in itself, for it has to go out on the last train next Saturday night. Miss Goose arrives in Chicago Monday morning, and is placed in charge of an American Express Special Deliverer who has orders from William Gurlay, the Big Chief of the Am. Ex. (a life member of the Press Club of Chicago, by the way), to see that the bird arrives at Drexel Boulevard and Forty-second Place in time for the grand roast—which it will be, for Mrs. L. is the champion goose cooker of these United States, at least so say all who have had the opportunity of making the test. This year Dr. R. C. Fisher will be presiding judge, with Mrs. Fisher and Mr. and Mrs. T. Stanley Davies officiating as associate judges. Charley will carve—if nobody will do it for him. Doctor Nutt says Charley couldn't carve mashed potatoes, which may account for the Doctor not being invited this year.

Nervous Party—"The train seems to be traveling at a fearful pace, ma'am."

Elderly Female—"Yus, ain't it? My Bill's a drivin' of the ingin, an' 'e can make 'er go when 'e's got a drop o' drink in 'im.—Tit-Bits.

Why are all fashionable yellows referred to as "tawny"?

Royalties with Soda Mint Restrictions.

Montague Glass, whose inimitable "Potash and Perlmutter" stories made such a success both in the magazines and when they were brought out in book form by Doubleday, Page & Co., recently received a letter from the Garden City publishers congratulating him over the success of his play, "Potash and Perlmutter," which is now running in New York at Cohan's Theatre, with a much overworked s. r. o. sign. Mr. Glass replied to the letter of congratulation with all the buoyancy of spirit for which he is so well known. He said:

"The play is a success, but in the two short months of my dramatic career, I've ruined my digestion, acquired insomnia and been sued for \$10,000 damages because I happened to be within hailing distance when some one threw a man out of a theatre and failed to ascertain in advance that the man was also a lawyer. In the three years that Doubleday, Page & Company have been publishing my books, I've never suffered a pang of indigestion or lost a moment's sleep, while I'm sure that I could be indefinitely in the company of yourselves without any risk whatever of being involved in an action for assault. Book royalties may be smaller than play royalties, but at least they are *net* and not governed by the Marquis of Queensbury rules, soda mint tablets and ten grains sulfonal powders. I mean to continue writing stories."

Pennsylvania farmer discovered a snake milking one of his Jersey cows. Don't see what use a farmer who can see such things has for a cow, anyway.—Morning Telegraph.

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ELECTRIC LIGHT

If your own your home and it is located on one of our distributing lines, we will wire it and allow two years' time for payment—equal monthly installments. Write today; or, 'phone Randolph 1280—Contract Department.

Commonwealth Edison Company

120 West Adams Street

GEORGE BROEL—DESIGNER OF BOOK PLATES.

George Broel is a landscape painter who has been living an outdoor life since his boyhood days, studying nature more than books, and loving the gigantic trees and the romantic mountains of his birth-land on the Rhine. He does not care for figural painting. "My heart," he says, "belongs to the landscape and I never feel it necessary to use figures in the composition of my drawings. All I want to express I can express through the landscape." Nor did he change his subjects when he began to devote most of his time to the design and execution of Ex Libris.

The solemn, happy peace of a Sabbath day rests on every one of his designs. In the more than thirty Ex Libris that he has designed there seems to be the message of love and happiness. Especially his work of the last years breathes a sweet spirit of daintiness which makes his drawings, reproduced in miniature, tokens of love and gentility.

The artist was born on the eighth day of May, 1884, in Honnef, a beautiful spot in the sunny valley of the Rhine. He passed the winter months of his early life in the schools of his native city, living in the severe house of his father, a hardware merchant, in the expectation of spring and summer. Then he went out to the large farm owned by his grandparents—the Paradise of the boy. Here, among stables and granaries, in the vineyards and orchards, he lived his real life. He took long walks over flower carpeted meadows, wandered along the silver blinking streams and through the majestically silent forests of Heisterbach.

Grown up to manhood he tried to settle down, like his ancestors, to be a respectable citizen and a hardware merchant of the town. He sold wood and coal and iron and implements. But art called him! In Munich he learned drawing. The forests of Bavaria were the high school of the young painter. But to see the beautiful and to know it—that had been in him since his boyhood days. He was his own teacher.

Two years ago he married the girl he loved and the work he has done since he found the one woman made for him speaks of his domestic happiness.

The book plates he designs have the mark of the great artist; they carry a message.

The world is full of things to do,
And though we're pretty small,
And big folks do most everything,
They cannot do them all.

—Elizabeth Kirkman.

HOW COULD THEY KNOW?

AUTHOR UNIDENTIFIED.

H'everyw'ere I go
The people sys: "Ello!
There's a bally bloomin' Britisher
From Lunnnon, don't y' know."
Now 'ow do they suspect it
An' 'ow do they detect it
An' 'ow do they discover that I
Cyme a month agoaw?

The tyke upon the street
With 'is pypers, w'en we meet,
Says: "It's rawther wet in Lunnnon
Just at present, don't y' know."
Now, not aonly is this vexing,
But it's deucedly perplexing,
For 'ow does 'e discover I
Arrived a month agoaw?

W'en I arsk a bob polittely
To direct me, somew'ere rightly,
"By jove," 'e says, "aold fellow, I'll
Be chawmed to, don't y' know."
Now, my word! it's most befuddling,
Yes, it's very, very muddling,
For 'ow does 'e discover I left
'Ome a month agoaw?

H'am I so very duller,
H'am I different in color
Than you bally, blooming Yankees?
I'm just like you, don't y' know;
H'and I dress and speak just like you,
Now w'at is it seems to strike you
That you know that I left Lunnnon
Not so very long agoaw?

Hobson's Choice in Newspapers.

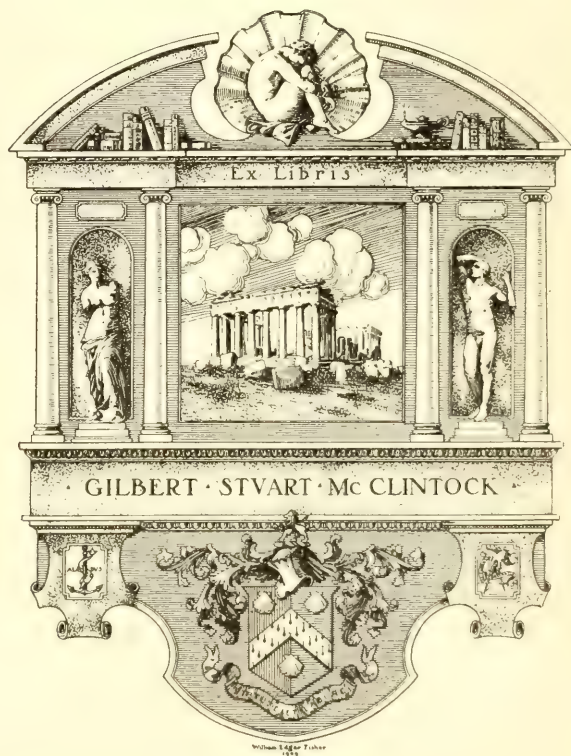
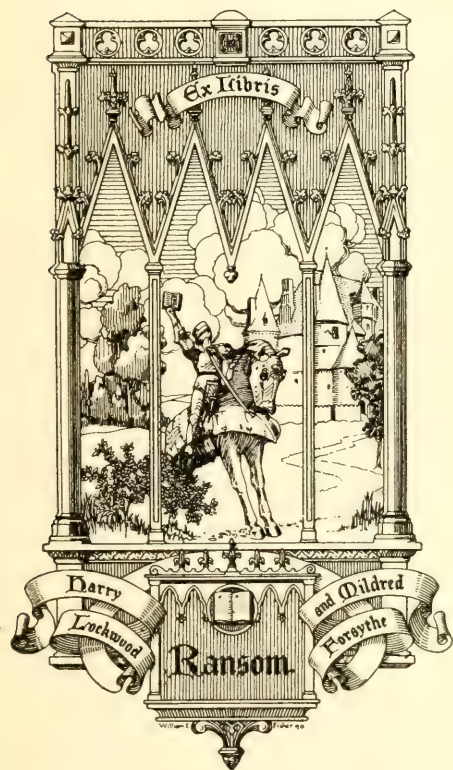
The newspaper proposed by Representative Hobson of Alabama will have none of the vexations the rest of us know all about, for it is to be a weekly publication for free distribution, and money is not to be one of its necessary objects. All the executive departments of the federal government will be its contributors. Its circulation will be provided for through the medium of the postoffice department.

Every Senator will be permitted to authorize through the postoffice the distribution of 25,000 copies of the "Official Journal" weekly.

Every member of the house will have 15,000 copies at his disposal each week. The new sheet will start out with a circulation of 8,895,000 copies, according to this scheme.

The bill provides an appropriation of \$75,000,000 for additions to the equipment of the public printer's office and \$275,000 to carry out the further provisions of the bill. With the sudden lopping off by the house in the urgent deficiency bill of all appropriations for the support of the various press agencies of the executive departments Mr. Hobson thinks that a reporting staff for the new paper will be obtained readily.

"Cotton" Mather, the wild Nebraskan copy reader on the W. G. N., has started using the clippers on his new crop of upper lip alfalfa. The W. N. says this is a trick conducive to a larger tonnage per inch of lip.



WHEN FLOWERS GO.

BY MERYL OPPEL.

God takes the flow'rs, but when they go
He sets the woods and trees aglow.
And when their glory all has fled
The holly gleams with berries red,
And pines and firs their green retain.
He clouds the sun, but sends the rain
And mist, which each their beauties claim.
The sun sets, but the bright stars flame.
The blind are given keener touch.
If health is ta'en from one, to such
He grants some gift to compensate—
Some blessing to alleviate.
Whene'er He takes away a grace
Another comes to take its place.

SOME INSIDE INFORMATION.

FROM THE LOG-BOOK IN THE ARGOSY FOR OCTOBER, 1913.

Editor of the Argosy:—I have been reading the August Argosy and notice that "Heroes Both" is published in book form. I suggest that you publish your stories to suit the seasons. "Heroes Both" was a mighty good story, but I would have enjoyed it better in cold weather with a few feet of snow on the ground and the thermometer around zero. Also the tropical stories in hot weather. "The Border of Blades" was a great story, the kind that stirs the blood, the best since "Heroes Both." I know the author personally, and always believed he could do some good work if he settled down long enough, but he is a great wanderer. You ought to poke him up and get him to write a Hudson Bay story. He can do it all right, for he knows that country well. Up North the Indians and half-breeds call him Soungatah. "The Man of Iron." There is a story about that name, but he won't talk. If he were a drinking man we could give him some red liquor and get him to loosen up, but he doesn't drink. As I heard the story, it is something like this:

Some years ago he was up in the north woods with an old half-breed guide. On the home stretch the guide broke his leg. Bedford-Jones set it as well as he could and made a travois and actually hauled the guide out to where they had left their canoe, but it took so long winter was on them and the river froze, and they had to hoof it some hundreds of miles. B.-J. sledged the guide until he was able to walk, and it was mid-winter before they made out. They had to hole up for storms and to make snow-shoes two or three times and had one Hades of a time, being reduced at one time to eating their moccasins. Then there was another story of his rescuing a young squaw from three Frenchmen and doing them up barehanded. Great boy and a thoroughbred sport, but he won't talk about these things. I guess the experiences were too tough. The booklength novels were a great improvement.

H. G. SHIVELY.

The Melrose, Wallson Lake, Mich.

Argosy:—Bedford-Jones, it is up to you to produce a Hudson Bay story.

(Note.—"The Border of Blades" was a full length

novel in the July Argosy by H. Bedford-Jones and W. Robert Foran.)

KNEW CAPTAIN FORAN.

Editor Argosy:—The "Border of Blades" by H. Bedford-Jones and Captain Foran was good reading, and I trust you will have more stories by these authors. I had the pleasure of meeting Captain Foran shortly after his return from Africa with Roosevelt and found him a very interesting chap, and I congratulate the Argosy upon its securing him as a contributor.

H. T. SAFFORD.

District Passenger Agent St. Louis and San Francisco Railway Company, New York City.

[Captain Foran has just sold to me for the Argosy a fine story of the Egyptian Sudan, entitled, "A Hand with God," which will be published soon.—Editor Argosy.]

All of which is stunning, and most of it is undoubtedly true. One point is modestly understated: Bedford-Jones and the guide did not eat their moccasins. They ate each other's heads off.

The First Recorded Hunger Strike.

What was the date of the earliest hunger strike? In the second or third century of this era a Greek student wrote: "Theon to his father Theon, greeting. It was a fine thing of you to take me with you to Alexandria. * * * Send me a lyre, I implore you. If you don't, I won't eat; I won't drink. There now!"

The Y. M. C. A

DEVELOPS MUSCLE—MIND— CHARACTER

A world-wide fraternity for the conservation of manhood.

Its multiform service commands the respect and support of private and corporate philanthropy.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago conducts work at twenty-one departments. Seven modern buildings located in the business and residential districts are equipped with standard Gymnasiums, Natatoriums, Dormitories, Educational and Social features. The fees are within reach of all young men and older boys.

Visiting members are invited to
be our guests while in Chicago.

TIPPING IT OFF STRONG.

Invocation by James Schermerhorn, publisher of the Detroit Times, at the opening of the ninth annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America in Baltimore:

Almighty God, Maker of Heaven and earth, abide with this multitude of business men, who wait before Thee as a sign and token of their desire to do their work in true relationship with Heaven and with earth.

We stand here as ambassadors of the winged word, knowing that by our words we shall be justified and by our words we shall be condemned.

We cannot escape stewardship; "boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds, but we cannot do that way when we are flying words."

We thank Thee for the gift of another day. May we accept it as a fresh and unsullied page out of Thine own book and commit to it the record of our craftsmanship in the spirit of the God-like men of old who dedicated tablet and scroll to life and light and liberty.

Give us to go manfully about our tasks, upborne by the spirit of service that seeks recompense only as the fruitage of good faith and diligence—a spirit that imparts majesty to every mission, dignity to every task, glory to every achievement.

Renew within us a right regard for the lesser service. Disclose to our stumbling lives the hidden springs of integrity.

May the meditations of our heart and the ministry of our proclaimed messages to the world be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer. Amen.

[What's past hope's past praying for. But it was a bully good prayer. Mr. Schermerhorn ought to be on the writing end of his paper.]

Says The Dial.

A weakness of the prize novel, as of the prize poem, the prize essay, or almost any other piece of literary work performed under the stimulus of a hoped-for reward in cold cash, is indicated in some of the communications from would-be prize-winners to Messrs. Reilly & Britton, the Chicago publishers who lately offered ten thousand dollars for the best novel submitted within a given time. "I will do my very best in writing one," hopefully promises one contestant; "I am only a young widow and would love to win a prize." "I never written an article for A Contest in my life," says another, "But I will try any thing once, Being A brick mason, I have some pretty good dope, scattered along Twenty-five years experience, which, if I can correll into proper shape, might be readable." Writers, both professional and amateur, are human, and it is only natural that they should, like the above-named young widow, "love to win a prize" even more than they love the labor that is to enable them to win it. The image of the honest brick-mason, laboriously building his story, brick upon brick, in the fond hope of securing by the prowess of his trowel the ten-thousand-dollar reward, is amusing, even pathetic, and richly significant in its illustration of the way real literature is not produced.

Joseph Medill Patterson and Leigh Reilly are among the applicants for membership. Director Mark S. Watson is sponsor for Mr. Patterson.

Goldenrod.

ELAINE G. EASTMAN.

When the wayside tangles blaze
In the low September sun;
When the flowers of summer days
Droop and wither, one by one,
Reaching up through bush and brier,
Sumptuous brown and heart of fire,
Flaunting high its wind-rocked plume,
Brave with wealth of native bloom—
Goldenrod!

When the meadow lately shorn,
Parched and languid, swoons with pain,
When her life blood, night and morn,
Shrinks in every throbbing vein,
Round her fallen, tarnished urn,
Leaping watch fires brighter burn;
Royal arch o'er autumn's gate,
Bending low with lustrous weight,—
Goldenrod!

In the pasture's rude embrace,
All o'errun with tangled vines,
Where the thistle claims its place,
And the straggling hedge confines,
Bearing still the sweet impress
Of unfettered loveliness.
In the field and by the wall,
Binding, clasping, crowning all,—
Goldenrod!

Nature lies disheveled, pale,
With her feverish lips apart,—
Day by day the pulses fail,
Nearer to her bounding heart;
Yet that slackened grasp doth hold
Store of pure and genuine gold;
Quick thou comest, strong and free,
Type of all the wealth to be,—
Goldenrod!

Latest Gossip from Mesopotamia.

According to a correspondent of the London Morning Post, interesting reports have reached Berlin with regard to Baron Oppenheim's excavations in the Tell Halaf region. Baron Oppenheim has arrived at the conclusion that Tell Halaf was the site of a Hittite capital which flourished about 1,500 years before the Christian era, and that before that the region was conquered by Ninevah.

Baron Oppenheim's most recent discoveries include the foundations of an ancient temple and an elaborate bathing establishment. In the neighborhood of Tell Halaf, in a district known as Tektek, numerous cave dwellings of Hittite times were discovered, several places being honeycombed with these caves, which penetrated far underground.

Traces were discovered of arches over caves bearing remarkable examples of Hittite sculpture. Several settlements were laid bare, showing the ruins of palaces ornamented with arches, and pillars with carved capitals. One palace of three stories, the Morning Post correspondent adds, remained so perfect that its reconstruction would be quite a simple matter.

It's too bad, but a cute little pig always turns into a dirty old hog.

PLAYING THE GAME.

SOMEONE IN THE PHILADELPHIA LEDGER.

Life is a game with a glorious prize,

If we only play it aright.

It is give and take and build and break,

And often it ends in a fight;

But he surely wins who honestly tries

(Regardless of wealth or fame);

He can never despair who plays it fair—

How are You playing the game?

Do you wilt and whine if you fail to win

In the manner you think your due?

Do you sneer at a man in case that he can,

And does, do better than you?

Do you take your rebuffs with a knowing gain?

Do you laugh though you pull up lame?

Does your faith hold true when the whole world's blue?

How are you playing the game?

Get into the thick of it—wade in, boys!—

Whatever your cherished goal;

Brace up your will till your pulses thrill,

And you Dare—to your very soul!

Do something more than make a noise;

Let your purpose leap into flame

As you plunge with the cry, "I shall do or die!"—

Then you will be playing the game.

SPORTING ENGLISH UNDEFINED.

Comes our regular London Times, with its usual quantum of sporting news, and by some freak of enterprise turning back a hundred years to reproduce a report of "A Boxing Match Near Margate" in 1813, which would stand up alongside a similar report made in the same shop today. Read it:

It has been the custom for a few years past to amuse the men of Kent with a fight on their coast; and in this instance, two men, higher on the list than usually exhibit in this part, were pitted—*Harry Harmer*, of the Belcher school, a man of first rate science, and *Ford*, whose former exhibitions ranked him amongst the more formidable on the list.

The spot selected was in the meadow of a Kentish yeoman, a mile to the eastward of St. Nicholas, a few miles from Margate. The various grotesque vehicles of Margate, drawn by donkies, mules and ponies, were in requisition early on Monday morning—and the combatants having arrived on the ground, they set to about twelve o'clock. The seconds were Joe Ward and Bristol Hall for Harmer; and T. Jones and J. Clark for Ford. Betting current 11 to 8 on Harmer.

Round 1.—Harmer made play by slashing hits right and left; but the right only told slightly, Ford having parried the left, and returned with about the same force. They closed, and both were down. Betting got down to 5 to 4, but slack, it being evident that Harmer would not be able to plant his favorite hits on his antagonist's head, as he had formerly done with Maltby.

2.—Both rallied, and some determined fighting took place, rather in favor of Ford, who had avoided his antagonist's right hand at coming in. In a trial of

strength both fell, but Ford had the best of the round upon the whole, and also the fall.

3.—Harmer made his right-handed hit on Ford's forehead, which told severely. Ford, however, bored upon him, to get to in-fighting, and he succeeded in doing so, after other blows; but he had the worst of the round, and was thrown. Betting as at the commencement.

4.—Ford began to show bad training. He was open mouthed and sparring for wind. Harmer, however, could not easily get at him. A tremendous right-handed blow on Ford's body was placed, and it was returned smartly upon Harmer's head.—2 to 1 on Harmer.

5.—Another rally followed, commenced by Ford, who kept hitting regardless of his own person, and execution was done on both sides, and Ford was thrown. At this time an armistice would have been acceptable to both, they having become much fatigued.

There were a number of other rounds, all favorable to Harmer, and in the tenth Harmer got his antagonist against the ropes, in a situation where a hit must have ended the battle; but having so much of it, he walked off, and let him to go down of his own accord. This act of bravery and coolness was much applauded.

REMARKS.

Harmer's fighting resembled that of James Belcher, his cousin, more than any other pugilist. Like him, he has a happy knack of *bobbing* his head on one side to avoid a blow, as exemplified many times in this combat. Besides, although more than Ford's weight, he has the gift of hitting as quick and as hard as any pugilist of the day, and his length enabled him to stand over his antagonist. The only plan Ford had to follow was to get in and fight; and when he was enabled to do so, he had the best of it. Ford is improved in fighting, but his condition was evidently bad in the third round. He sustained most injury in body hits. He was bled on the ground. The combat lasted 35 minutes, and the winner would receive 35 guineas.

How does that do for highbrow stuff? Oxford English, pure—good, matter of fact Oxford stuff. The English are a sporting people, to the core, and take their sports seriously. The hand that wrote this story has been dust this many a year, and his soul is with the saints, we trust; but the man who holds his selfsame job on that selfsame sheet writes just as he did.

And yet, as some delving philologist has dug it out, the English language produces 5,000 new words every year. At least this may be said to be the average. The latter part of the nineteenth century was especially prolific. A "Complete English Dictionary," published in 1616, contained 5,080 words; Johnson's dictionary, published in 1755, contained only 50,000 words. The first edition of Webster's dictionary, published in 1830, contained 160,000 words. The great Standard dictionary, published in 1874, contained 318,000 words.

Now another is in preparation, to be published this fall. It will contain 450,000 words. This is a marvelous growth and bespeaks for the people who use it a progress never before enjoyed in the history of the world.

Another fact is to be taken into account. The English language leads all others. More people speak it, as the following figures will show: English is spoken by 160,000,000; German is spoken by 130,000,000; Russian is spoken by 100,000,000; French is spoken by 70,000,000; Spanish is spoken by 50,000,000; Italian is spoken by 50,000,000; Portuguese is spoken by 25,000,000.

Whence does our English derive its growth? From slang, and the incorporation of scientific and industrial terms—but for the most part, from slang.

OUT-OF-DOORS.

BY MARTHA R. M'CAKE.

Oh, it's ho! for the fields today!
For the sweet, wide, out-of-doors!
For the air, like wine,
For the crisp sunshine,
And the asters along the way.

And it's ho! for the quiet wood!
For the flame on bush and tree!
For the stream, leaf strewn,
For the rifle's tune,
And the quail with her scuttling brood,

Oh, it's ho! for the everywhere
That's out under heaven's blue;
For meadow and stream,
And the hillsides a-gleam,
And the autumn that's in the air.

Walter Kilroy Harris, twenty-three years of age, has the distinction of having achieved the longest overland journey ever attempted in Australia with a single horse, an account of which he gives in his book, "Outback in Australia." The journeys include a 1,700-mile cattle droving trip in the far western parts of Queensland and New South Wales, and a 2,400 mile drive with a younger brother in a one-horse "sulky," a two-wheeled buggy drawn throughout by "a low-bodied, thick-legged seven-year-old bay pony mare." He found the people most hospitable. His expense bill amounted to 1 shilling (24 cents) for horse feed and 6 pence for bread for the journey from Melbourne to Adelaide, five hundred miles, while from Adelaide to Newcastle—a six weeks' trip of 1,100 miles—rations cost 28 cents for the horse and absolutely nothing for the two brothers!

LIBRARY EXPERIENCES.

If numbers and social and industrial importance warrant special library facilities for children, said Henry E. Legler in the course of his opening address at the Kaaterskill conference of the American Library Association, certainly the same reasons underlie the special library work with foreigners which within recent years has been carried on extensively in the larger cities. Rightly directed, the native qualities and strength of these peoples will bring a splendid contribution in the making of a virile citizenship. The problem is one of education, but it is that most difficult problem of education for grown-ups. Here, perhaps, the library may render the most distinct service, in that it can bring to them in their own tongues the ideals and the underlying principles of life and custom in their adopted country; and through their children, as they swarm into the children's rooms, is established a point of contact which no other agency could provide so effectually.

That the traveling library which goes into rural districts is a missionary of the most practical kind, no one who knows anything about the welcome which the books in such a library receive can for one moment doubt. Lutie B. Stearns of the Wisconsin library commission tells of a farmer's wife in that state who writes enthusiastically of what followed the coming of the first traveling library into her district. "We had a regular literary revival that winter," she says. "We talked books in season and out of season; and from talking about the books in the little library we fell to talking of other books; of books we had read in our younger days. It mattered little if in the course of these conversations books and authors were hopelessly mixed. I cannot say that we derived any great amount of knowledge from our first library, but I do know that it brought into our little backwoods settlement that which we needed much more, hope, courage and an interest in things."

For the purpose of making a friendly but effective appeal to its Italian readers to exercise care in the handling of books entrusted to them the Mt. Vernon (N. Y.) public library pastes on the covers of its Italian books the following notice, worded of course in Italian:

"Friend Reader!

"This book is full of wise advice and useful information for thee. Treat it well as thou wouldst a good friend. Do not rumple it. Do not soil it. Do not tear it. Think that after having been useful to thee it must be of service to a great number of thy compatriots. To damage it, to tear it, to soil it, would give a bad impression of thee and prevent other Italians getting benefit from this book. Respect this volume for the good name and for the advantage of Italians!"

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"What makes you stand on one foot and move your shoulders in that way?" asked the snipe. "Well," replied the crane, "there's no chance of my learning to sing so I'm practicing to see if I can't become a classic dancer."—*Washington Star*.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

This piece of stirring verse was written by our American Bayard Taylor, to celebrate a touching episode in the Crimean war. It has survived the poetic peltings of over sixty years. It is in the anthologies, but Taylor was a newspaperman, one of the best and greatest of his time, and this presentation of his song is for the fellows of his craft of today.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts tomorrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb, and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

"The Sightless Couriers of the Air."

Wireless telephone messages have been exchanged successfully between the famous wireless station at Nauen, a village near Berlin, Germany, and the technical museum at Vienna, Austria, 310 miles away. With a new machine that has been perfected, newspaper articles read in the Nauen station could be heard distinctly at Vienna and other intermediate stations. It is prophesied that still stronger machines will make it possible to talk from Paris to New York.

ROTTEN PRINCIPLE, FAIR APPLICATION.

BY BARTON A. ULRICH, PRESS CLUB.

Long upon the billows driven, like a vessel tossed and
riven,
Without rudder, chart or compass, safe to guide it to the
shore,
Was the poet, hope forsaken, by his own sad thoughts
o'ertaken,
By the voice of bird thus shaken, croaking o'er his
chamber door,
To the one, to bird, thus pleading, sayings of the Bible
lore,
Must be words, and nothing more.

Had his eyes but left the raven, and by chance have
seen engraven,
Near the pallid bust of Pallas, just above his chamber
door,
There in zephyr worked, a token wrought by her whose
loss had broken,
All his hopes her love had spoken—by his loved and lost
Lenore;
Words of Christ: "Believe in Me, and thou shalt live for-
evermore."
Still not words, and "nothing more."

Had that poet, bright and gifted, to his God that prayer
uplifted,
Saying: "Is there balm in Gilead? Tell me—tell me, I
implore—"
And then stilled the tempest, beating in his heart, by oft
repeating,
Words of truth, of love entreating, which the Saviour
spoke of yore;
His sad thoughts would have been lifted from that
shadow on the floor;
God forsaking nevermore.

Then "the air might have grown denser, perfumed from
an unseen censer;
Swung by angels, whose faint footfalls tinkled on the
tufted floor";
While a spirit, ever living, and the words of Truth e'er
giving,
And the seeking e'er forgiving, might have crossed his
chamber door;
While he pondered long and deeply o'er the words of
Bible lore—
If not words and "nothing more."

For the Bible, where it liveth, and to all men seeking,
giveth,
As it lay 'mid "quaint and curious volumes of forgotten
lore,"
Its bonds might then have broken, and the truth to him
have spoken;
Truth, arisen, might have spoken, as it oft had done
before;
A bright and radiant spirit, springing from the Book of
yore,
Breathing "Live forevermore."

Arthur Sears Henning, assisting Washington correspondent of the Tribune, was in Chicago the last week. Mr. Henning got a hurry-up call from Mrs. Henning, who was visiting in Plano, that his youngest daughter Elizabeth was seriously ill. The child has now fully recovered and left with the rest of the Henning family for Washington Thursday. Mr. Henning is well known in Chicago and also at the Club. He is a former member. He is R. H. Little's brother-in-law.

